THE PUPPET-SHOW.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:
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AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
MDCCCXLVIII.

TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

My Lord,—This number of the Puppet-Show
Completes Vol. I.—
Since 't was begun
I often have obliged you, as you know,
With good advice; but having yet in store
A portion more,
I thought an excellent occasion
To give it you was in my Dedication;
And for that reason headed with your name
My opening page;
Although my doing so, I 'm sore afraid,
Will cause at least a dozen foreign princes,
And several kings, who long have begged and prayed
For this same honour—
Hinting, besides, they 'd not forget the donor
(Which fact some taste for bribery evinces)—
To die for rage.

When Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, asks his mother—
Who, to his grief, he finds has done amiss—
To "look upon this picture and on this,"
The pictures can't be more unlike each other
Than is the Session just now finished,
Under *your* languid guidance, from the one
Which, under mine, triumphantly has run
Through Volume One with vigour undiminished.

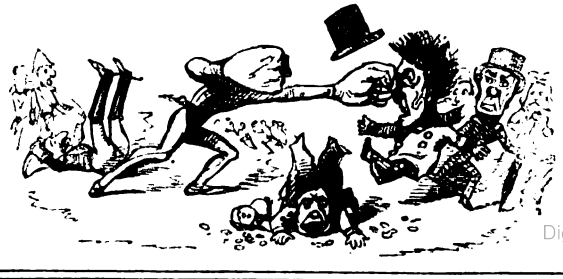
I 'll here enumerate a few
Of the more salient points between the two:—
In all *my* deeds I 'm frank and without guile;
Are you in yours the same?
I fear you 're not, my Lord;—your very name
Exhales deceit—else how
Can you allow
Yourself to be addressed
As a *prime* minister, when men—
Though not all happening to be possessed
Of the discernment of a Babbage—
Have long since seen and confessed
In public—private—newspaper and letter,
Again and eke again,
That e'en the veriest bumpkin would disdain
To christen thus his bacon or his cabbage
If 't were not better.

Again, my lord: while *I* have fostered mirth,
And lighted people's faces up with smiles,
Only abandoning my harmless fun
To lash some base impostor o'er the earth,
And tear from off his face his mask of wiles—
What have *you* done?
Come—tell me quickly, for I'd fain be taught—
Have you done aught
For Sanitary measures, Education,
For suffering Ireland, or for Emigration,
For Practices Corrupt, or Navigation,
Or Bentinck's sticky Sugar Duties, or
Produced one really useful law
For anything? *You* wot,
As well as I, You've not—You've not—You've not!
In short, I find
That all your Government may be defined,
As one inextricable Gordian *Knot!*

A few words more. Although
You're very slow
In many things, you've certainly stuck fast
Upon the Ministerial saddle,
O'er which, in merry mood, Chance cast
You once a-straddle.
But do not fondly think you're there for ever.
John Bull, the steed by you so long beridden,
Doing exactly all that he was bidden,
Has now grown tired of this, and swears he'll never
Be so enduring more, but rear and make
Your head acquainted with its brother blocks
Upon Disgrace's road—then quake,
For this most certainly will be your fate.

There's only one way to avoid these knocks—
Resign, my lord, before it be too late.
An act like this, of common sense
On your part, would excite a vast commotion;
The charm of novelty would be intense,
And move men's hearts as tempests do the ocean;
'T would quite dumfounder with surprise
The world at large, and, of a surety, no man
Beneath the skies
More than your humble servitor,

THE SHOWMAN.



NUMBER 1. LONDON, MARCH 18, 1848. ONE PENNY.

OUR NAME AND ADDRESS.

THE "SHOWMAN" presents his compliments and his portrait to the British Public, and introduces himself as a person who intends exhibiting the PUPPETS of the day in their true light.

In Politics he will attack every side with the strictest impartiality, and will patronise no parties except dinner parties. With regard to the Currency Question he need hardly state that he will issue his own paper, which will be exchanged for copper on every possible occasion. The publisher will be Liberal—in his allowance to the trade; but will not, it is hoped, testify such a "love of change" as might induce him to keep threepence out of a fourpenny piece, tendered in payment of a number of the PUPPET-SHOW.

The SHOWMAN will occasionally Review Books, and, what is more, will read them. He will not cut up works with the pen previously to doing so with the paper knife.

In Theatrical matters he will be "just," whether or not managers be "generous." It is a mistake to imagine that critics, like clergymen, cannot officiate without "taking orders." He will not support Her Majesty's Theatre because it happens to be the "old original Opera House:" some things—hats for instance—are not improved by age; nor will he attack the rival establishment on account of its being situate in the vicinity of Seven Dials.

OUR PORTRAIT.—BY GAVARNI.

With regard to the Newspapers the SHOWMAN need only mention that he will cultivate the fourth estate with a view to the production of a large crop of jokes. He will be constantly picking holes in the "happy broadsheet which not e'en critics criticize;" and, in fine, will allow himself the greatest liberty with the Press.

In the paragraphs published under the head of "Pins and Needles" particular attention will be paid to the points, which it is hoped will be found not deficient in sharpness, and always of the best-tempered description.

The "Distorting Glass" will, by caricatures of a novel style, reflect severely on all those who may be presented through its "happy medium." The SHOWMAN asserts, without fear of contradiction, that it will exhibit some totally new features, although not of a very flattering character.

The SHOWMAN will be general in his satire, but particular as to whether it be merited. Whenever he finds himself "called upon" he will of course have the person doing so "shewn up."

Doubtless some curiosity will be excited as to the cause of the Cyclopian appearance which the countenance of the SHOWMAN presents. It is well known in newspaper circles that a periodical called "THE EYE" was brought out solely with the view of allowing the Editor to exclaim on the day of publication, "Here we are with our *Eye* out." It was no such object that could have induced the SHOWMAN to part with his orb of vision; nor does he mean to state that it was in fact a voluntary action which deprived him of it. Suffice it to say that, until a future period, it must remain veiled by mystery—and a black patch.

The SHOWMAN will do his best to gratify his readers, and he has no doubt that they will be delighted with his first publication, for none can be so devoid of egotism as to think badly of NUMBER ONE. But if, at any time, a subscriber should consider that he has not received ample satisfaction, the SHOWMAN will be happy to give it him at the *Puppet-Show Office*, where pistols will be kept in readiness from ten till four, and where "rubbish may be shot."

A WELCOME TO LOUIS PHILIPPE.

WE do not cheer thee, faithless king,
Nor shout before thee now;
We have no reverence for a thing
So false of heart as thou:
We form no crowds to welcome thee,
And yet, we cannot hate—
Thou parricide of liberty—
An old man desolate.

When, in such sudden dark eclipse,
We see thine overthrow,
The hisses die upon our lips,
We turn and let thee go.
Poor vagabond of royalty,
So abject, so forlorn,
The greatness of thy misery
Shall shield thee from our scorn.

We saw thee yesterday elate
In majesty and pride,
Thy flowing wealth, thy gorgeous state,
Thy power half deified.
Tagged on the faults of humankind
We saw thy meshes lurk,
And constant Fortune's favouring wind
Still waft thee tools to work.

We saw thee building, building up
Thy pomps before our eyes,
And aye, in thine o'erflowing cup,
The sparkling bubbles rise:—
Alliance, worship, all were thine,
And, spectacle unmeet,
Even genius, drunk with bribery's wine,
Lay grovelling at thy feet.

When earnest men affirmed the right,
And asked the judging Heaven,
If ever, since the birth of light,
Had fraud and falsehood thriven?
Our fingers pointed with mistrust
To thee as our reply—
A living mockery of the just,
That gave their truth the lie.

All this thou wert but yester morn—
Thy fall is freedom's birth—
To-day thou art too mean for scorn,
A vagrant on the earth.
Too guilty for our sympathy,
Too paltry for our hate,
Thou parricide of liberty—
Thou old man desolate.

On falsehood built, thy basements shrunk,
And all thy pride and power
Toppled and crumbled—reeled and sunk,
And perished in an hour.
A truth pervading all the lands
Inspired the people's heart,
It throbbed—it beat—it nerved their hands—
It made thee what thou art.

Lo, like a coward, self-accused,
We saw thee skulk and fly,
And hug a life that none refused,
For want of strength to die.
To 'scape th' imaginary chase
That made thy soul afraid,
We saw thy shifts, thy shaven face,
Thy piteous masquerade.

We blushed, we groaned, to see thee seek
Mean safety in disguise,
And, like a knavish bankrupt, sneak
From sight of honest eyes.
Forlorn old man, our hate expires
At spectacle like this—
Our pity kindles all its fires—
We have not heart to hiss.

Live on—thou hast not lived in vain.
A mighty truth uprears
Its radiant forehead o'er thy reign,
And lights the coming years:
Though tyrant kings are false and strong,
Humanity is true,
And Empire based upon a wrong
Is rotten through and through.

Though falsehoods into system wrought,
Condensed into a plan,
May stand awhile, their power is nought—
There is a God in man.
His revolutions speak in ours,
And make His justice plain—
Old man forlorn, live out thine hours,
Thou hast not lived in vain.

A TOAST FOR THE TIMES.—May all Englishmen plant a firm foot against the income tax, and prove themselves not inclined to budge-it!

A REGULAR SELL.—The *Morning Chronicle* has been converted to Toryism. Can the "premises," which were lately whitewashed, lead to the "conclusion" that a similar process might otherwise have been found necessary by the proprietor? or

Was the change a conscientious one, and induced by the practical Liberality evinced by the Conservatives? or

Was it compulsory, and occasioned by the Whig Journal receiving a heavy check from the enemy? or

Was it caused by these three reasons united?

A CHEAP AMUSEMENT.—The best way of combining excitement with economy and amusement with duty—we mean police duty—is to get sworn in as a special constable. You will be provided with a *bâton*, with which you can keep the peace and break people's heads, while an innocent and healthful recreation may be obtained by chasing the mob about Kennington Common. If possessed of ordinary intelligence and corresponding strength, you may take an opportunity of paying off some old scores by knocking down or "taking up" those of your acquaintances who may at any time have annoyed you. If any person should be rash enough to question your authority, he renders himself liable to a penalty of twenty pounds: you will therefore have all the fun on your own side.

THE LAW OF HONOUR.—It has been stated by an Irish authority, that according to the present law relating to duelling it would be illegal, in case of a riot, to "call out" the military. Were it allowable, we are sure that something more than "satisfaction" would be given.

☞ *TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Want of space and want of time—both candid, honest apologies—prevent us from replying in detail to our numerous Correspondents, whose kind suggestions we nevertheless thankfully beg to acknowledge.*

KING SMITH AND THE NEWHAVEN PROTECTIONISTS.

CHARLES X. went out of France with the dignity of a gentleman. Louis Philippe slunk out; called himself SMITH; disguised his person; and fled when no man pursued him. On his arrival in England, the congenial name of SMITH met his eyes over the door of the inn of Newhaven. It was a happy omen. He knew he was in a comfortable land—a land of decent people—a land of Smiths: and KING SMITH (may the name we give him stick to him!) took courage for the first time, and thanked God that he was on British ground. He did not remember at the moment that he had very pertinaciously striven to overreach England, and had risked a war with her for certain unmanly projects in Spain. The people of Brighton and Newhaven were, however, as forgetful as his Majesty of this little passage in his life, and warmly received the Ex-King on his landing.

A magnanimous Briton (not a snob), named Stone, raised the shout of loyalty. He welcomed to England the Majesty of SMITH in the name of the people of England, exclaiming, as with their voice, "WE *will protect your Majesty.*" KING SMITH was "much agitated," and repeatedly thanked the representative of England for the powerful aid he had offered. There are "sermons in Stones," says a high authority. There was a national declaration in this. The words meant, that if M. de Lamartine, M. Arago, M. Louis Blanc, or the redoubtable Colonel Barbès, should attempt the forcible seizure of KING SMITH, while he was on British ground, Stone himself, at the head of the armies of England, would throw a shield over the fugitive, and dare the saucy Republic to do its worst. We have not heard of Stone since; but he is doubtless engaged in the noble task of arousing the people of England to do their duty in this emergency like *Stones*—we had almost said like *bricks*.

On the morning that followed the Ex-King's arrival, a whole tribe of similar Britons came to Mrs. Smith's inn to offer the tribute of their admiration. "At ten o'clock," says the *Sussex Express*, "Mr. Packham *introduced between forty and fifty of the principal tradesmen, &c. of Brighton, Newhaven, and the neighbourhood, to his Majesty, whom they heartily congratulated on his safe arrival.*" Every one of them was no doubt ready to do battle in King Smith's behalf against the French nation. There may possibly have been a lurking idea that King Smith had a million or two in the funds, and that he might expend a portion of the treasure among the Smiths, and the Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons, of Brighton and Newhaven, after he should have settled fairly down into private citizenship. But no—we will not wrong these noble tradesmen. It was a love of virtue that prompted them to visit the Ex-King. It was that sublime spectacle, a great soul greater than adversity, that they wished to behold. The old idea was still uppermost, however, in the mind of King SMITH. He had neither forgotten the dangers of his flight, nor the magnanimous promise of Stone. In the midst of much "agitation" and "excitement," he exclaimed, "I am delighted, gentlemen, to see you. *I feel that I am* SAFE." Poor old Smith! There is not a man in England who would hurt a hair of his head.

CHANGE FOR A LOUIS—IN FOUR CROWN PIECES.

I.

In Paris the cost of a dinner varies from 50 centimes to as many francs; while the price of a banquet is fixed at a Crown.

II.

Although the late Reform Banquet cost a Crown, the French consider the entertainment cheap at a LOUIS!

III.

The newspapers described Louis Philippe at Dreux with his finances reduced to a solitary crown piece, and constantly exclaiming, "Like Charles the Tenth!" Did this likeness, which Louis Philippe saw to Charles the Tenth, refer to the obverse of the crown in his hand, or to the reverse of the crown from his head?

IV.

Two days after Louis Philippe had abdicated, the newspapers spoke of him as being still possessed of a Crown, at Dreux! When and by whom was this petty French town constituted an independent sovereignty?

THE COURT OF ARCHES.

To prove that this court is antique,
There's no need of a splendid oration;
For on seeing the names of the clique,
You're convinced they're the *Fust Jenner*-ation.

PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE.

Messrs. Farren and Vandenhoff, Juniors, are spoken of in one of the papers as "promising actors." We don't mind their promising, but we wish they could be prevailed upon not to perform.

PLUSH INSIDE AND OUT.

According to report, Guizot made his escape in a suit of livery. Had he never consented to pander to the ambitious views of his former king, and act the part of a lackey, there would have been no necessity for wearing the garb of one.

"I PRAY THEE GIVE ME BACK MINE HEART."

The day after the late Bachelors' Ball a lady advertised in *The Times*, as having "*lost a small heart.*" In an assembly of bachelors, what else could be expected?

ON LOUIS PHILIPPE TAKING THE TITLE OF COUNT OF NEUILLY.

I.

Oh true is the saying, great Louis Philippe,
That as people sow they assuredly reap;
Just think of your acts, and to what they amount,
And you'll find 't is but right you are brought to *a Count.*

II.

Louis Philippe hab dubbed himself Count de Neuilly—
Rarder a fall for Him Majesty, truly;
But Marie Amélie, him Queen, need n't flount—
She 's got for her husband *de newly* made *Count.*

A REPLY TO "THE PATRICIAN."

An article is about to appear in a Chartist Journal, entitled "Not you by your asking;" it is addressed to the author of the inquiry "Who is a Gentleman?"

A FAMILY FAILING.

On leaving Paris, the Duke and Duchess de Nemours separated from each other, after agreeing to meet again at a certain point. The Duke only was there, the Duchess having mistaken the right road. This is an error to which the Bourbons appear peculiarly liable.

THE OLD UMBRELLA.

Louis Philippe left his umbrella at Paris. We suppose he had no use for it when the reign had ceased.

1.—The Banquet of which everybody had had enough.

2.—Louis Philippe dresses for dinner as though nothing is the matter.

3.—Thinks it advisable, however, to bribe the Commandant of the Forts to stick by him.

4.—Hears a rumpus in the street, and mounts a chimney-pot to reconnoitre.

5.—Finds the game is all over, and abdicates with tears in his eyes.

6.—The young Republic refuses to give him up his old Umbrella.

7.—Cuts his lucky along a file of Cuirassiers.

8.—Pulls off his hat and shouts—(what?)

9.—Is shoved most unceremoniously into a cab.

10.—As unceremoniously shoves the horse up a hill.

11.—His valet arrives at St. Cloud with a clean shirt.

THE FLIGHT OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

AN IRONICAL, BYRONICAL TRAVESTIE.

'T was after February's day,
  When Fortune left the Bourbon breed—
Around a slaughter'd people lay,
  No more to combat and to bleed:
When those who help'd to forge the yoke,
  And fix it on their fellow-men,
Had pass'd to the triumphant Folk,
  And Gallia once was free again:
When faithless Bugeaud, new-made peer,
As soon as he felt danger near,
Gave up to exile and to shame
Those who from him, at least, might claim
Some little thank, but, in their fall,
Learn'd Kings are men—and courtiers worse than all.

Such was the hazard of the die;
Old Louis was obliged to fly.
Behold him 'neath yon terrace wall—
But no; he is not there at all;
He 's just run back for something left,
Of which he would not be bereft.
Say what on earth can ever make
Him thus his hopes of safety stake?
What can it be for which he looks,
With trembling haste, in all the nooks
And corners of his cabinet?
La Charte, perhaps! but I forget;
He ne'er would waste his time to find
What he has always left behind.
It cannot be his toothpick, or
His spectacles, I'm certain, for
He casts them from him carelessly
With cold indifference—but see!
His bosom heaves—his heart beats high—
The long-sought object meets his eye!
He rushes quickly to the spot,
And in another moment 's got
His dear Umbrella in his hand.
His feelings he can scarce withstand,
But, lo! ere he 's had time to clasp
The handle firmly in his grasp,
  The floor divides, and from the gap
The young Republic out doth spring,
  With tunic—sandals—Phrygian cap,
And thus accosts the fallen king:—
  "I say, just stop a bit, old *feller*;
  "I 'll trouble you for that umbrell*er*."
Then striding tow'rds where he doth stand,
Twitches it neatly from his hand.
"At least," cries Louis, "don't take *that!*"
"Dear sir, 't is only tit for tat,"
The other answers; "'T is but fair
"That you, for once, should learn to know
"A little of the endless woe
"That others you have forced to bear.
"Dost think Morocco's emp'ror, then,
"Remained unscath'd by sorrow when
"The famous Bugeaud, duke of Isly—
"Who 's cast you from him, in a way
"So off-hand, easy, I may say
"That 't would do credit to a Risley—
"Made off with *his* umbrella, pray?
"'Come, come, leave wringing of your hands,'
"My resolution 's fix'd and stands
"Immutable; of that be sure—
"And now, my dear sir, there 's the door."
Old Louis stops to hear no more—
He sees his hopes are built on sand—
But hastens to the faithful band
Who 're waiting for him down below—
About two hundred men, or so,
Of different *corps*—a motley show.
Towards the Obelisk they go—
The Ex-King keeping in the centre.
At last upon the *Place* they enter:
Say, was it Destiny or Chance
  Which led the fugitive once more,
Ere he should quit for ever France,
  That dreadful spot to traverse o'er,
  The Sixteenth Louis wetted with his gore?

And now the People crowd around;
  This "vice of kings" they jostle, squeeze—
And cries significant resound,
  That set him aught but at his ease.
Then He, too, wav'd his hat on high,
And help'd to swell the gen'ral cry.
Some say t' was *Vive la France* he shouted—
But this, we think, will much be doubted;
As natural 't would be for Jack Ketch
To wish a long life to the wretch
Whose wizen he had come to stretch.
Perhaps *Vive la Réforme* it was
Which open'd his ex-royal jaws;
But this we won't affirm, because
'T was something else perhaps; in short,
He may have, after all, said—naught.

Bring forth the brough'm! The brough'm was brought.
  In truth, it was a seedy thing
  With not a too elastic spring,
Nor look'd as if the speed of thought
Was in its wheels; but it was *s'iled*
  With dust—though of the kind called "neat"—
No brush its panels had defiled,
  No cane its cushions ever beat.
Poor Louis, though, dar'd not complain,
He knew that all would be in vain;
He only look'd with wrath and dread
On one who on his corn did tread.
They shov'd him in, and shut the door;
Said, "Let us see *your* phiz no more;"
Then gave the sorry hack the lash.
Away, away, doth Louis dash,
As if towards immortal smash.

Away, away! the brough'm and he
  Went on the pinions of the wind,
  At such a rate that he would find
Both fin'd and pinion'd he would be,
Were he so fast to cut along
Among the crowd—the motley throng—
  That in the season, in Hyde Park,
  From half-past four till nearly dark,
Saunter the "ladies' mile" along;
And more than this, his name, I ween,
In print would very soon be seen
At all the keepers' gates and lodges,
  For racing on the queen's highway,
  And having been oblig'd to pay
For such aristocratic dodges.

The jarvey near'd St. Cloud, and tried
With all his might and main to hide—
Not Louis in some safe retreat—
  But into something like a trot
  The jaded horse that now had got
So tir'd it could not keep its feet.
But all in vain! do what he will,
It couldn't drag them up the hill;
Which made old Louis rather fear
'T was up with him—when there appear
Some men, who 're ask'd to help the brute—
  I think that here 't is right to mention
  I mean the horse—their intervention
Is sought to aid him on his route.
At first they all say "No!" point blank.
Then Louis' heart within him sank;
But knowing that a bad disease
Requires violent remedies—
  He, tells his name and hopes they 'd not
To help him "at a push" refuse.
They have no sooner heard the news
  Of what he is, than, like a shot,

Putting their shoulders to the wheel,
They say they most delighted feel
They're able thus to bear a hand
To sundry revolutions more—
Achiev'd, though, without human gore—
And from his presence rid the land.

At length St. Cloud's old pile he reaches,
And, heedless quite of mats or scrapers,
Seeks out his desk, and seizing papers,
With trembling hand into his breeches'
And paletôt pockets he doth stuff
A goodly quantity—enough
To line some fifty trunks or so—
Portmanteaus—not trunk-hose, you know.
While thus employed, suddenly
The folding-door doth backward fly;
He shudders, starts, but quick doth rally
On seeing that it is his *valet*,
Although he adds, with look severe,
"Pray, why so suddenly appear
And fright me thus? What are you at, sir?"
The man replies, "Excuse me, Sire,
I thought a change you might require,
And here have brought a clean Corazza,
With two new waistcoats." "Well, then pack
Them all," says Louis, "*dans mon sac.*"
The *sac* to which he here alluded
Was that which all his things included—
His carpet-bag, in fact, and not
The *sack* he'd from his people got.

And now to let our Public rest
Themselves some little period, lest
We tire them through too long *relations*—
How *his* at Croydon Louis seek,
And what they say, as also what
Befel him ere he so far got,
We'll not describe until next week.

"*Check to the King,*" by W. B. Jerrold.—This is the last of the thousand and one literary ephemera which poor Louis Philippe (and the press) has brought into existence. After the thousand and one shifts to which he resorted in his flight to this country, this "Check to the King" (who admitted to Mr. Packham on his arrival that he was very short of tin) must prove doubly acceptable.

We only hope the "check" signed W. B. Jerrold will be duly honoured.

"*Fly Leaves,*" No. 1, by John Leech.—Although we are aware Leeches are amphibious, we must still confess our surprise at this abortive attempt to "fly." Our microscopic eye has examined "Leaf, No. 1," and we pronounce it to be covered with the same dirty black and yellow smear which a *fly leaves.* We offer you one hint, Mr. Leech, with your leave—At sixpence the public will never buy your "leaves."

BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED.

The Life and Times of Louis Philippe.
Louis Philippe, his Life and Times.
The Times and Life of Louis Philippe.
Louis Philippe, his Times and Life.
The Life of Louis Philippe, with a Sketch of his Times.
The Times of Louis Philippe, with a Sketch of his Life.
The History of the First French Revolution.
The History of the Second French Revolution.
The History of the Last French Revolution.
The History of the Next French Revolution (*Nearly Ready*).

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES.

THE Operatic season has now commenced in earnes and the "competing schemes" are in full oppositio None of the *débuts* at H. M. Theatre can be considere as real successes, the chief attraction being Gardoni while at Covent Garden Persiani is the principal *poi d'appui*, Alboni having hitherto given no satisfaction- whether from absolute illness or only an indisposition perform, does not appear. The old practice of abridgin and interpolating operas is maintained in all its odiousne at the former establishment, but the new management the Royal Italian Opera is continuing the system acte upon during the last season by Mr. Beale—that of pr senting musical works in an unmutilated state. W think the public will prefer Delafield and Co.'s entire Mr. Lumley's disagreeable mixtures. The orchestra the Royal Italian Opera is in a state of the greatest pe fection, though we are sorry to observe that the *enten* between the instruments at H. M. Theatre is not so *co diale* as might be desired.

Drury Lane has been turned into a circus, and the de benches in the pit, the vulgar notices as to price whic are pasted about the theatre, and the badness of t music, by no means render the entertainments "far sup rior to equestrian performances in general," as M. Jullie promised. The public evince their appreciation of t attention paid to them by stopping away from what othe wise possesses all the elements of a most attractive exh bition. Auriol the clown, however, will alone repay visit, and the horsemanship is altogether excellent. W need not observe for the sake of a joke that several the horses will enjoy a very long run.

A LESSON FOR LITTLE LITERARY LIONS

(IN WORDS NOT EXCEEDING THREE SYLLABLES.)

IN a Street call-ed Fleet Street there was a School f lit-tle Boys, kept by Mr. Punch; and at this School we three lit-tle Boys nam-ed Doug-las, and Gil-bert, a Wil-lie, of whose Pen-man-ship Mr. Punch was ver proud, so much so that he us-ed to call them "the mo em-in-ent Wri-ters of the Day;" and, though No-bod else be-liev-ed him, yet these lit-tle Boys did, and ga them-selves Airs in con-se-quence, which shows how da ger-ous it is to praise lit-tle Boys be-fore their Fac-e One Day these lit-tle Boys play-ed Tru-ant, and we o-ver the Way to have a Lark with the Boys of an-oth- School, two of whom, Al-bert and An-gus, were ver- fast Writ-ers in-deed, and there was a deal of Jeal-ous- be-tween the two Schools on that ac-count. And M Punch heard of it, and, to fright-en them, told the that if they went o-ver the way Old Bo-gy would ha them; and Doug-las, who was the lit-tlest Boy of al cri-ed, and said he did not go o-ver the Way, for he di not like Mas-ter Al-bert; and Gil-bert and Wil-lie al- said they did not go o-ver the Way, al-though they ha brag-ged to the other Boys and told them they had bee o-ver. And the big Teach-er said they were ver-y un-ru- Boys, and that they should be pun-ish-ed. This wa be-cause, on-ly a few weeks be-fore, he had been mad Game of, and one Boy had drawn a Pic-ture of a Lem-o Boy, and an-oth-er (Mas-ter Gil-bert it was thought), ha writ-ten a Song un-der-neath it a-bout the "Cur-ly-head-e Jew Boy," and ev-e-ry bod-y knew this meant the bi Teach-er. So the big Teach-er made these three poo lit-tle Boys stand up in a dark cor-ner of the *Daily New* with a Pa-per be-fore them, say-ing they would nev-e do so an-y more.

This ought to be a Warn-ing to lit-tle Boys nev-er t play Tru-ant.

THE CHARING-CROSS REVOLUTION!

DESTRUCTION OF NELSON COLUMN HOARDING.

FORMATION OF A BARRICADE!

A POTATO CAN PLUNDERED!

VERY-GRAPHIC EXPRESS!

We have just received, by extraordinary express, intelligence that a Revolution has broken out in Trafalgar Square. A tremendous body of men, amounting to several thousands, marched down, singing in chorus, and immediately proceeded to raise a barricade, about a foot high, of two boards which formed a portion of the hoarding of the Nelson column. This was kicked on one side by two policemen, but not before blood had been shed! A small boy's head was broken by a body of a hundred police!

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Two o'Clock.

The insurgents have plundered a potato can! As I close this dispatch, the victorious citizens are revelling in its contents, and every kind of dissipation prevails. Alarm and consternation spread widely, and the worst fears are entertained by the proprietors of eel-pie establishments. A dreadful rumour prevailed that Mr. G. J. M. N. O. P. Q. W. Reynolds contemplated reading a chapter of his *Mysteries of London* to the populace! The military have been summoned to prevent this catastrophe. A Provisional Government will be formed of the following individuals:—

Mr. CHARLES COCHRANE,
Mr. G. J. M. N. O. P. Q. W. REYNOLDS,
Mr. RICHARD DUNN,
Mr. CHARLES SLOMAN,
Mr. JOSEPH ADY,

And other gentlemen distinguished for literary, scientific, and financial attainments.

SECOND EDITION.

Three o'Clock.

We have nothing new to communicate.

THIRD EDITION.

Four o'Clock.

Our worst fears have been confirmed. Mr. G. J. M. N. O. P. Q. W. Reynolds spoke! He was heard with great applause by a body of pickpockets, and, strange to say, lost nothing during his address—which was a violent attack on the institutions of the country (including it's grammar); and concluded with a pathetic reference to the fact—that his journal, in which his speech would be reported verbatim, cost only a penny. His friends the rabble escorted him home.

Half-past Four o'Clock.

OCCUPATION OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY BY THE MILITARY!

We are happy to be able to state, that the gallant household troops still occupy the barracks in the rear of this noble building.

FOURTH EDITION.

Five o'Clock.

BY SPECIAL CONSTABLE!

A special constable, who passed our office on his way home during his tea half-hour, informs us that the populace have not yet thought of

TEARING UP THE RAILS

Of Northumberland House!

FIFTH EDITION.

Six o'Clock.

Mr. Cochrane has fled—disguised as a respectable man—and abandoned the cause of freedom. The mob are calling out for his head; but it is hoped that the small value of the article demanded will lead them to abandon their desire.

We are happy to state that there is no chance of our having to announce in our next edition that

BUCKINGHAM PALACE IS IN THE HANDS OF THE MOB!

Interesting Particulars.—Previous to each division being marched to the scene of action, the inspectors rode along the ranks and inspired the veterans by shouting, "Scotland Yard expects that every man will do his duty." The War Office, however, is alarmed to find that two drunken grenadiers fraternised with the people.

SIXTH EDITION.

Eight o'Clock.

We stop the Press to announce the important fact, that

THE TRI-COLOR FLAG IS WAVING!

over the Lowther Bazaar (as usual).

*** If there is anything imperfect in the above account, we are sure our readers will excuse it when we mention the fact, that our own reporter, in his anxiety to procure the latest intelligence, had his head broken in the fray. We have sent him to a respectable carpenter to have it repaired.—Ed.

WHO BRAGS AND THEN RUNS AWAY.

A LAY OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Air.—"*Who loves and who rides away.*"

On hoarding and wall was a poster stuck,
At which crowds turned round to stare;
'T was signed by Charles Cochrane, who thought he could get
Up a meeting in Trafalgar Square:
But he looked at a note, dated "Scotland Yard,"
And at home he determined to stay.
Oh! was it not like that political gent
First to brag, and then run away.
Away, away, away,
To brag, and then run away.

So one o'clock struck—yet no chairman came;
And the many-headed mob
Set to hoot, and to moan, and to hiss, and to groan,
And to vote poor Charles Cochrane a snob:
And did you really summon us all
Such a dirty trick to play?
Oh! you never shall be our favoured M. P.—
You who brag, and then run away.
Away, away, away,
Who brag, and then run away.

But little, bold Cochrane thought or cared
For the mob he had tried to humbug;
"What matter who felt—the blows may be dealt—
While here I am sitting so snug."
So the candidate laughed a chuckling laugh;
But, Ten-pounders, mind what we say—
And never give vote for this sneaking gent
Who bragged, and then ran away.
Away, away, away,
Who bragged, and then ran away.

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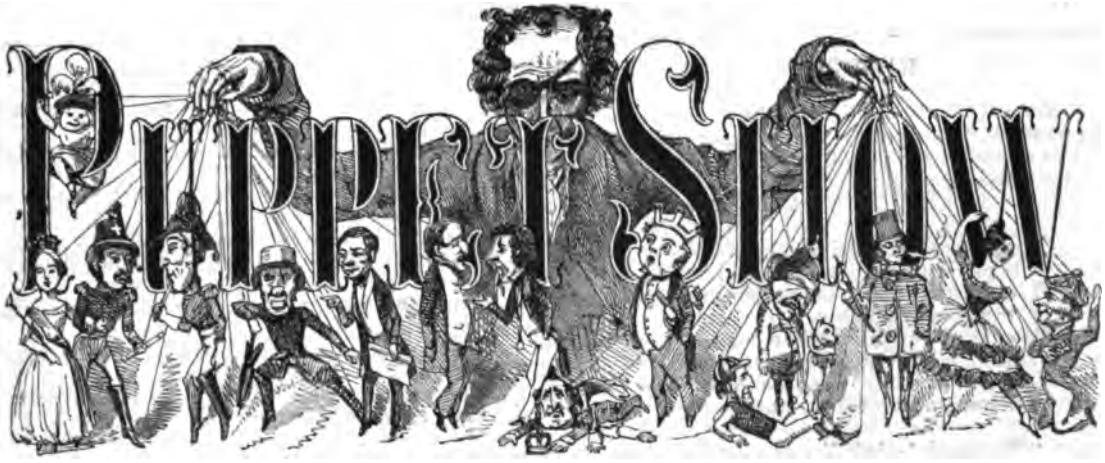


NUMBER 2. LONDON, MARCH 25, 1848. ONE PENNY.

Lord John—"WELL, MR. BULL, AS I DID N'T PRESS YOU FOR THE EXTRA INCOME TAX, I SUPPOSE YOU 'LL DO SOMETHING FOR THE 'BABBY?'"

KING SMITH.

"'Mr. *Smith!*' exclaimed the King. "'That is curious indeed, and very remarkable, that the first to welcome me should be a Mr. *Smith*, since the assumed name by which I escaped from France was SMITH; and, look! this is my passport made out in the name of Smith.'"

TIMES.—*March 6th*, 1848.

SAID great King Smith to great Guizot,
"Does Virtue dwell in this world below?
I 've travelled much, but never found
A true, good man above the ground.
How shall I curb this folk of mine—
This rampant, raging herd of swine?
To rule this people, what shall I do?
Tell me, Guizot—tell me true?"

"The people!—bah!" said great Guizot:—
"Bribe the needy, high and low;
Pay them, tickle them—scatter wide
Star and ribbon to please their pride;
Give them places, give them pelf:
The law of man is the love of self.
Every conscience may be sold,
Every man has his price in gold."

Said great King Smith to great Guizot,
"Thou art the wisest man I know:
Honour and Virtue are mist and cloud;—
Who looks for goodness in a crowd?
Inborn villany dwells in man,
And we will work it as we can:—
In one hand bribes, in the other a sword,
And Smith shall rule, unquestioned Lord!"

So great King Smith and great Guizot
Opened the sluice for the mud to flow,
And cast about for needy knaves,
Grovelling spirits, fawning slaves—
Paid their price, and ruled the land
With a strong and systematic hand,
Till the world avowed with stress and pith,
There was never a king so great as Smith.

Said great King Smith to great Guizot,
"Money 's the only god below;
And all my little Smiths must wed
Wives with money, or lack their bread."
Said great Guizot, "The truth is plain;
There is a glorious prize in Spain—
One bride to make, and one to mar,
And cash in hand—how lucky we are!"

And great King Smith and great Guizot
Played the trick, as all men know;
And never dreamed, in their great delight,
There was a day for the longest night—
Never dreamed that, in human hearts,
There lurked a scorn of treacherous arts;
Or that Retribution's arm of pith
Might do its duty even on Smith.

Said great King Smith to great Guizot,
"I hear a murmuring from below."
Said great Guizot, "The troops are strong,
Our game is sure—there 's nothing wrong:
We 'll send some grape-shot into the town—
We 'll keep the restless people down.
We rule, oh King, on a deep-laid plan;
We know the worthlessness of man."

But great King Smith and great Guizot
Made a fearful blunder, as we know;
The Virtue scorned, the Truth denied,
Surged o'er the land in a living tide—
It swept Guizot clean out of the track,
With all his system on his back,
And awakened SMITH, as he dozed and dreamt,

TRUTHS AND PARADOXES.

A man of genius is one who has come into the world with a glass of wine in his head.

A man of corrupted mind esteems only those of whom he entertains a bad opinion.

There are some people such liars that they do not even believe the contrary of what they say.

The best and most efficient manner of being revenged on a fool is to wait some time before telling him of his follies.

Some people have no idea of the evil they can cause by doing good.

You must be careful how you trust in those persons of whom you have never heard any ill.

A hypochondriac has always some hidden defect—physically as well as morally.

DANCING AND DEPORTMENT.—SIR ROBERT PEEL begs to announce to rising Politicians and embryo Ministers that he gives lessons in the above essential branch of Statesmanship, both at his private residence in Whitehall Gardens, and at the Public Academy of the House of Commons. Sir R. P. feels great pleasure in submitting the following highly flattering testimonial from *The Times*:—

"When Sir Robert Peel wishes to shirk any point in the House he slides, cuts, *pousettes*, capers, and sets to his partner; and in a few minutes we find him back at his exact point of departure, looking as self-satisfied as though he had achieved a fair two miles."

LONDON, MARCH 25, 1848.

"CRIME" AT CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

THERE are various modes of proceeding with duns: a respectable man settles their demands at once, an unfortunate one tells them to call again, and Lord Wm. Paget threatens to cut their ears off. The result is, that No. 1 has his account receipted, No. 2 is probably sued for his debt, and No. 3 is hunted about the country with a reward, far above his real value, dependent on his capture. A person who is or has been a student at Cambridge is liable to no such inconveniences—not even to that of paying; for if he be unwilling or unable to perform that painful ceremony, he is put to none of the shifts which ordinary debtors, in their fulness of imagination and emptiness of pocket, are led to devise.

It appears from a document dated "Sidney College, February 29th, 1848," that James Dimmock, a hairdresser, residing at Cambridge, "has been convicted of taking legal proceedings against a certain student of the university, without having given notice to the tutor of the said student, in violation of a decree of the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Colleges, bearing date May 18th, 1844."

As a punishment for this awful crime, it is decreed "that, during one month, no person in *statu pupillari* shall have any dealings with the said James Dimmock; and that if any person shall disobey this decree, he shall be punished by suspension, rustication, or expulsion, as the case shall appear to the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Colleges to require." In the meanwhile, as the growth of hair cannot be suspended by any decree, the consequences of this sentence will be that many of Dimmock's customers will find it necessary to resort to some other tradesman, and will perhaps ultimately leave their heads entirely in

Now the person who was sued by Dimmock, and who ought to have gone about like Absalom, or a modern seventh-rate genius, if unable to get cropped in an honest manner—this man, who seems to have considered a decent appearance as not worth paying for, had actually left college before the action was instituted, the costs of which will prove so heavy to the gainer. This obstacle, however, was removed by the Vice-Chancellor, who, ever attentive to the interests of the colleges, put their Heads together in order to make an addition to the decree of May, 1844; and the crime of "taking legal proceedings" was accordingly made equally great, whether the innocent and insolvent person against whom they might be directed should be resident or non-resident at Cambridge.

The only consoling reflection in connexion with the decree relative to Dimmock is that crime, as the word is understood in other parts of England, must be almost unknown at Cambridge; for it is evident that "taking legal proceedings" against a debtor is an offence of the worst description, or, as Dimmock the hair-dresser would say, of the deepest dye. It is a matter of notoriety that any one, who chooses to exercise the glorious privilege of a Briton, may get into a state of beastly intoxication in the most public place, provided he be prepared to pay five shillings; the most riotous conduct may be indulged in for a couple of sovereigns; and an approximation to murder may be committed for five pounds. Now, the loss of five pounds is as nothing compared with that which is being sustained by Dimmock—for a suspension of business during one month is not unlikely to end in a suspension of business altogether: therefore, measuring the degree of wickedness by the weight of the punishment inflicted, we arrive at the conclusion, that the crime of "taking legal proceedings" against a man who won't pay, is one of the very greatest known at Cambridge. How different is the state of things from vicious London, where the offence of making a gentleman pay his debts is in no way recognised, and where the institution of legal proceedings is even recommended by many persons—lawyers, for instance—in the strongest manner.

THE UNITED IRISHMAN.

Mr. Mitchell has been advising the Irish people to rebel against the government. The advisers and the advised are about on a par. It reminds us of Caliban urging the drunken Stephano and the fool Trinculo to attack Prospero. We have no great respect for that portion of the Irish likely to be influenced by this Newspaper Hotspur, but some compassion. A fool grinning through a horse collar may safely be left alone, but when he puts his head in a halter, it is time to help him out. Will the Irish allow themselves to be made the dupes of a man, who, put up to auction—talents and all—would n't fetch a groat in any other country? Do they think that he would adopt this line of business, if any other would pay? Cannot they see that those patriots play with the sword as the Indian juggler does? You think that he has wounded himself desperately; but it is only sleight of hand.

With Mr. Mitchell we have no intention of arguing. We leave him to time, obloquy, and the police. But to the mob whom he would cajole we are anxious to address ourselves in accents of warning. We do not wish them, like Egyptians, to sacrifice to an Ibis. Mr. Mitchell has proposed his plan of attack—let us propose ours.

We, therefore, beg that the peasantry of Ireland will arm themselves immediately—with the spade, the rake, or the plough; and that they will commence a most tremendous attack on all the dunghills within their reach. Let every man procure ammunition—such as soap and water—and repudiate the union with the family hog. The mantle of the late O'Connell will never keep their backs warm, nor the flowers of rhetoric of the present one, their beds soft. Again we say, let them prepare for an active contest with the soil, and a stirring campaign in the seed time. They will find, after all, the music of the lowing of oxen, or the sound of the shuttle and the loom, more pleasant than that of "those evening bells" which jingle so melodiously on the cap of Mr. Mitchell.

PINS & NEEDLES.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

The Workhouses diet the poor, it is said:
We say the poor *die at* the Workhouse in

AN UNTENABLE PROPOSITION.

We often hear the Modern Stage decried a immoral instead of a moral agent.

But has it not always been said the Stage the mirror in which society is reflected!

ON LOUIS PHILIPPE ARRIVING WITHOUT H

Poor Louis Philippe from the Tuileries ra
And tore off his wig, like a desperate ma
His children came rushing, pell-mell, int
And found that papa had no *heirs* to his

"THE VERY IMAGE OF HIS FATHER.

We are informed that neither the Marqui nor John O'Connell is the hero of the forthco by the Brothers Mayhew.

Maria Christina is so pleased at the Garnier Pagès' threat to shoot Ledru Rollin latter talked about calling in the mob, t determined to employ nothing but pistoles of course) in her dealings with the Provision ment.

The late French government wished to pu on the Press; M. Garnier Pagès prefers appl the heads of his colleagues.

The ex-Royal Family of France may adopt for their motto George Barrington's couplet,

"True Patriots we, for, be it understood,
We left our Country for our Country's good

Louis Philippe has sought an asylum at after the recent Spanish alliance, why did he one of his numerous *Chateaux en Espagne!*

At the restoration of the Bourbons, D'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) exclaimed a Paris, "Here is only one Frenchman more!"

When Louis Philippe left the capital, t with the recent massacres fresh in their memo have been glad to have felt that there wa Frenchman less!

A PLAIN ANSWER.

"Is Mark Lemon," writes a correspondent 'the most eminent writers of the day;' and does he write?" Yes, he is one "of the most," writes the Index to *Punch*.

THE (H)IDES OF MARCH.

It is getting fashionable—or at all events n for kings and ministers to run away from thei in disguise. We don't see why they should if they really want a good hiding.

TRAFALGAR-SQUARE WAR SONG.

We understand that an adaptation of "M la patrie" is being prepared for the express Cochrane. It is appropriately entitled "*Cou* patrie."

POLITICAL RUMOUR.

It is said to be the intention of the ex-K French to patronize the Whittington Club, of its "counter-revolutionary tendency."

INNOCENCE IN AN OMNIBUS.

"Oh, if you please, Sir, you're treading on my toes!"

Indian Intelligence.—The absence of Indian intelligence is sufficiently proved by the following conundrum, which we have just received from the east by express, it having been found too heavy for the ordinary mail:—

Q. Why is a poor man like a rich one?
A. Because he has a lac(k) of rupees.

"One Trial will prove the Fact."—It is said that acts of kindness are almost always thrown away. This is precisely as it should be in some cases, for who would benevolently accept a bill for a friend if he had no reason to expect a return.

Hudson's Last.—A short time since, a member observed in one of the Committee-rooms of the House of Commons, "I think that whatever motives Bentinck may have had for throwing up the command of the Protectionists, it still argued a great deal of irritability on his part."

"There is nothing extraordinary in that," replied Hudson, who happened to be within hearing; "you forget that he 's a sporting character, and consequently always ready to take offence" (a fence).

Beautiful Sentiment.—Hans Christian Andersen, the poet, who enjoys such a large nursery reputation, and whose works seem admirably fitted to take the place of such compositions as Daffy's Elixir and Godfrey's Cordial, says in one of his infantile stories, "I love children immensely when they begin to cry—for then they are immediately sent to bed!"

Q. Why do doctors resemble the potato plant?
A. Because the fruits of both are underground.

A Genuine Joe Miller.—Tom Small, a wit whose sayings have, fortunately, not been preserved, used to suffer much from a man called Quicke, who, as his name implies, was rather "fast," and who sponged upon the former to a frightful extent. Quicke, whenever his friend became hard up, and consequently economical, would leave him, but come back immediately on hearing that he had received money. When Small had met with a stroke of good luck he always knew whom he had to expect, and once observed, in allusion to his sponging acquaintance, that he evidently carried on business on the system of "Small profits and Quicke returns."

FLIGHT OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

(*Continued from No. I.*)

Now from St. Cloud he forth doth go,
And runs till, as the journals show,
He, all at once, to come is seen
Unto a stand—by this I mean
Of hackney carriages; he durst
Not stop as, if he 'd time, he 'd do,
To bate and haggle 'bout a *sou*,
But takes in haste the very first.
"Versailles!" he cries, in accents hurried;
The driver, though, by no means flurried,
Most quietly mounts the box, nor knew
What man it was his cattle drew.

Onward they went, but slack and slow,
For hackney-coach steeds do not prance
As "bits of blood" are wont, you know,
In England or in France.
At length, to Louis' great delight,
Versailles doth rear its form in sight;
And here again he pokes about
His desk, and takes more papers out;
The which he does, I make no doubt,
To lull Suspicion on his route;
For what, I pr'ythee, would it boot
Her—though at first p'rhaps wide awake—
To struggle not to fall asleep,
If once a glance, a single peep,
In those same papers she should take—
They were his Memoirs, by the way,
And well he knew, I'm forced to say,
The power that in those Memoirs lay.

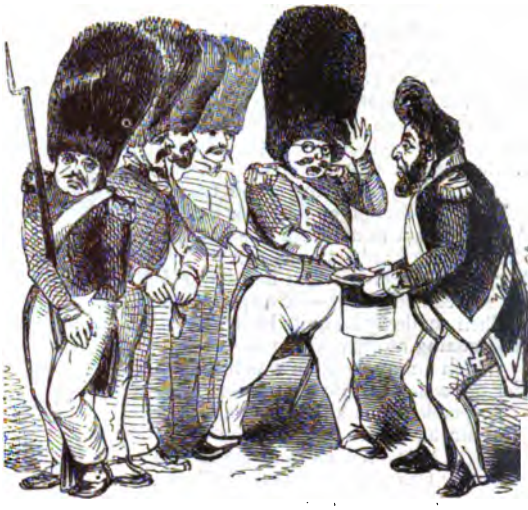
Again, again he hurries on;
But this time 't is to Trianon.
At this place he no longer stays
Than just to order a post-chaise,
And go—which I almost forgot—
With hat in hand, and humbly pray
Each National Guard upon the spot
To have a little *charité:*
"*Un sou, mon bourgeois, s'il vous plaît.*"
On hearing this, the gallant few
At first turn most uncommon blue;
But, after some slight hesitation,
Resolve to grant him his request.
They think this course by far the best;
Because they 've read in some narration
Indited by a sage of old,
Whene'er your enemy seems will'd
To fly before you, straightway build
Him, for his use, a bridge of gold.
To this thought tremblingly alive,
They deep into their pockets dive,
And, with a lavish hand, whate'er
They in their search discover there,
Without an after-thought, bestow
On him whom Fate hath brought so low.
What care they though the sum amount
To thirty sous! the sacrifice
Appears as nothing in their eyes:
Upon their country's gratitude they count.

The post-chaise comes—he tumbles in,
And cuts away through thick and thin,
But has not travell'd very far
When he perceives, behind the coach,
Six mounted cavaliers approach.
"Postilion, holloa—say who are
Those horsemen yonder, do you see?
Here, let me out: they come for me!"
Before the driver could dismount,
Or any one a dozen count,
Or say Jack Robinson, or ere
A bed-post twinkle, I declare
Old Louis had found time to rove,
And hide behind a guard-room stove.
At first to creep within he strove,

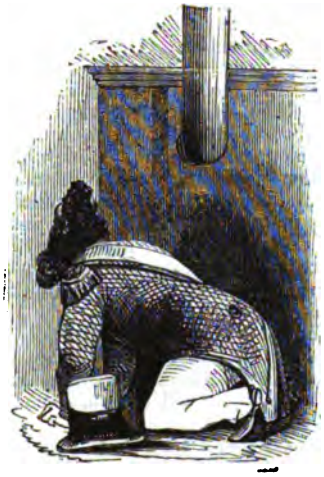
THE FLIGHT OF LOUIS PHILIPPE—(Continued).

12.—Louis Philippe calls at St. Cloud for Papers.

13.—Calls at Versailles for a further supply.



14.—The smallest donations thankfully received.



15.—Seeks refuge behind a stove.

16.—Sups in a free and uneasy way.

17.—Looks at his last crown-pie and moralizes.

18.—Sacrifices his Whiskers.

19.—Immolates his Wig.

20.—Passes a successful examination.

But soon drew back, because by chance
The stove inside a fire had got,
And, consequently, just like France,
To hold him was too hot.

The men at length have ridden by;
"Once more," cries Louis, "let me fly."
On, on tow'rds Dreux they dash away,
Nor for a single moment stay,
Until they reach the wish'd-for spot,
Where Louis gets some supper—hot—
Almost as hot as is the chace
He thinks they 're giving on his trace.
But little though could Louis eat,
Although you would have thought that he
Exceedingly hard-set must be,
For, since the civic storm first lower'd
He scarce had aught—save space—devour'd.
Then suddenly he quits his seat,
And gazing at a five-franc piece—
Which I may mention was his last—
For not a moment does he cease
To ponder upon all that 's past,
And mutter with a voice broken
By sighs between each sentence spoken:—
"*Comme Charles Dix! Comme Charles Dix!*

Old man! old man! that this is true
There 's no one bears the fault but you.
Had you not broken ev'ry vow
That you once took in Freedom's cause,
And fetter'd her with unjust laws,
You would not be thus wretched now.
Instead of five poor paltry francs
Of sordid dross, you still would see
Full forty million Franks (but they
All coined at dear Nature's banks)
To you and yours incline the knee,
And joyfully their homage pay.

At Dreux he also stops the night;
But early, ere the dawn of light,
He sets out guided by his host—
Who knows the country—to the coast;
But first his valet shaves off clean
His whiskers white, his famous wig
He puts, with sorrow, "up the spout,"
To pay his small account, no doubt.
(This clears the mystery up about
His having taken "cold without.")
He also buys a coat too big
By half: not many men, I ween,
There are who of themselves would guess
What once was king, nor more nor less,
Was hidden now beneath that dress.
The *Times* asserts that his disguise
Was such as must defy surprise,
And all attempts to scrutinize
"Of even his sincerest friends."
We only hope the *Times* intends
To tell us where to find the latter;—
We need some guidance in the matter.

He also took an English name—
'Twas Smith—which when the gendarmes came
And saw upon his passport, they
Ne'er thought to stop him on his way,
Convinc'd naught great could ever own that same.

But here, kind reader, once again
The Printer bids me end my strain.
How Louis, then, put off to sea,
And how he felt while crossing o'er,
And how at length he reach'd the shore,
And how to Claremont he did go,
If you would know,
E'en *you* must be put off to see
Till Number Three.

CONSOLING.

The Count de Neuilly consoles himself by reflecting that his family are always safe "in the long run."

COMMUNISM OF THE PRESS.

We are assured by several deeply interested parties, that no sooner had the news reached Whitefriars of the intention of the proprietors of *La Presse* to divide its profits with the editors, reporters, clerks, compositors, correctors, printers, and publishers, than the "spirited proprietors" of the Daily News magnanimously proposed a similar arrangement to their staff, which was, of course, unanimously refused, as the result would inevitably have been—all work and no pay!

THE FIRST STYLE OF ART.

Our attention has been called to the fact that whenever one of Lloyd's novels for the billion is advertised it is sure to be "embellished in the first style of art." At first thought one would imagine that to the advertisers truth was "strange—far stranger than fiction;" but the statement is, nevertheless, perfectly correct, for the first, or primitive, style of art was such, that it was necessary to write "this is a cow," "this is a horse," underneath the representations of those animals.

TO GLIDDON AND OTHERS.

In consequence of the erudite remarks addressed to correspondents on the subject of Chess in the *Illustrated London News*, we have determined, without leave, and with considerable license, to unite with the editor of that department in constituting an organ of the Divan—not the one in the East, but at the West End—in return for which we only demand, as the "*un*usual privilege of the press," to be placed on the Free List, at whatever establishment we may choose to patronize, for ourselves and friend, and for a cup of coffee and a cigar. The Smoking columns of the paper will be superintended by the writer of the present article, who will be happy to puff any books—he begs pardon—any cigars that may be forwarded to the office. The coffee, in which it is hoped there will be no grounds for complaint, will be passed through the filter of criticism by a subscriber to the *Morning Post*, and is expected to be of sufficient strength to enable a person of the meanest incapacity to read the Operatic criticisms which appear in that journal, and still remain in a state of wakefulness. We subjoin the following as a specimen of the information intended to be given in our

Answers to Smoking Correspondents.

Grey.—You will find that the smoke "comes out particularly strong" from a full-flavoured Havannah: if you wish to "draw it mild," you will of course choose one of an opposite description.

Sic Transit.—The best way for you to avoid the sickness which you complain of will be to leave off smoking. However, you may as well attend to Horace's maxim, "*cum* medio tutissimus ibis," or, in plain English, "you will get on most safely with a medium cigar."

Ingenuus.—We believe that *cigarettes* are smoked by the Spanish ladies: there are certainly no cigars known as widows' weeds.

Lucy.—Your husband ought certainly to be allowed "*ex* luce *fumum dare*," *i. e.* "to have a smoke out of Lucy's presence."

Cockney.—You cannot get a genuine Silva in the Minories, if you offer its weight in gold.

A Young Housekeeper.—Unfortunately there is no invention to enable gentlemen to "consume their own smoke."

"1830" and "1848."

"It is an old National Guard going to visit his ancient general," said Louis Philippe, as he rode up to the Hotel de Ville in 1830.

"It is an old despotic intriguer going to the devil!" cried the French, as their ex-citizen King drove from the Tuileries in 1848.

Q. What word synonymous with *dear*, is suggestive of a letter immersed in reflection?

A. X pensive.

A PUT-DOWN FOR A PALTRY PUBLICATION.

During the past week we have observed in some few shop-windows, with a feeling of unmitigated disgust, a sheet of wretched engravings, called "Chat's Pictures of the Revolution," professing to be "from sketches by that celebrated artist Garvani." Observe that the mean author of this wretched deception, to keep within the bounds of the law, although he does not scruple to overleap all bounds of morality, prints the name of this most distinguished artist, whose reputation is more than European, Garvani instead of Gavarni, hoping to fill his pockets with pence by fathering upon M. Gavarni some of the vilest productions that the most miserable wood-cutter ever scratched out with a graver. To show the extent of the fraud, we may further mention that two of the subjects contained in this sheet, which have been previously printed as portraits of Horace Vernet and Eugene Sue, are now styled Guizot and Lamartine, and bear, as one would naturally suppose, not the remotest resemblance to the names printed underneath. In a few days we shall doubtless have them reappearing as Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel.

While all this is taking place, the impudent projector of this and similar deceptions no doubt hugs himself with the idea that he will escape unscathed. We swear by our black patch to undeceive him. Let him no longer imagine that those who spend their pence and halfpence on his worthless wares, are to be swindled just whenever his weak brain is capable of inventing new frauds. We advise him that one glance of our single eye will be sufficient to see through him and all his paltry fabrications; and in the event of detection we promise him such a degree of publicity as not even all his humbug advertising schemes, if brought into play, could ensure. He shall be exposed in our columns in the same way that vermin are affixed to a barn door, as a warning to others of their kind. With this caution, we leave him for the present.

With regard to M. Gavarni, we may mention that the only publications on which his pencil has been engaged, since his visit to this country, are, first, the Puppet-Show; secondly, a series of highly finished illustrations, which will shortly appear under the title of "Gavarni in London;" and thirdly, the *Illustrated London News*, to which latter publication, by the way, he contributes a series of sketches of French character typical of the actors in the late Revolution.

BOOKS NOT YET IN THE PRESS.

"The Greatest Plague of Life; or, the Adventures of a Writer in search of a Publisher," by one who has nearly worried some of them to death.

"What to Publish, and how to get it Published," by one who has had twenty excellent offers refused at least.

Standard Edition—A newspaper edition not exceeding 100 copies.

Standard Novels—The novel leaders of the *Standard*, in which both point and plot turn upon Sir Robert Harry Inglis and Mother Church.

ADDRESSED TO MR. DILKE.

Q. What is the difference between ecclesiastical and literary excommunication.

A. In one case the offending party is Anathematised, and, in the other, Athenæumatised.

☞ *UNWORTHY OF LITERARY NOTICE.—*

The undersigned Gents have given no authority to Mr. BOGUE to announce their names as Contributors to a series in course of publication, called "Social Zoologies," and have no intention to contribute to that work.

(Signed) ALBERT SMYTH,
ALBERT SMYTHE,
ALBERT SMITHE.

ON SEEING AN INTOXICATED POLICEMAN.

[IMITATED FROM "CHILDE HAROLD."]

Roll on thou drunk and dark blue peeler—roll!
Thy *bâton* now thou wieldest quite in vain;
Thou 'rt conquered by blue ruin—self-controul
Hath ceased with thee;—the gin and watery bane
Doth mar thy course; nor dost thou now retain
One sign of human reason save alone,
When for a moment with thy might and main
Thou cling'st unto some lamp-post with a groan,
Without a hat, and, luckily, unseen, unknown.

His steps shake on the path—the hat he wears
Is but a sport for him—he doth arise
And kick it from him; the vile nap it bears
For four and nine-pence, he doth all despise,
Spurning it from the pavement towards the skies,
And sends it shivering in his playful way
Into the gutter, where perchance it lies
Till, stumbling over it as well he may,
He falls beside it;—there together let them lay.

"Just one Couple to complete the Set."—*Punch* is constantly advising the purchasers of the *Comic History of England* to lose no time in completing their sets. We understand that this recommendation is specially addressed to some Irish subscribers who have been educated in the belief that "there is luck in odd numbers."

An Un-English Principle.—Quinet, the French historian, aspired to the command of a legion of the National Guard, but having proved himself utterly ignorant of military tactics, his claims were ridiculed. This may do very well in revolutionary France, but in good old England things are managed very differently. Why upon this principle Prince Albert would cease to be Field Marshal!

How to Regulate the Weather.—If you wish for a fine day, go out with a large umbrella. To ensure wet weather, you should take a walk in a new hat. A fine passage across the channel may generally be procured by taking a preventive for sea-sickness.

Quite Evident.—The next French revolution will certainly be of a more severe nature than the one which has just taken place, for it will be quite out of taste for the "sovereign people" to accept any small change.

The Unkindest Cut of All.—The badness of the cuts in a certain halfpenny periodical has been excused on the plea that the persons by whom they are printed are unable to "bring them up." We always thought they were sufficient to make any one sick.

Monte Christo and "If."—In the paramount vanity of his heart, Alexandre Dumas (Marquis de la Pailleterie) has published in the columns of *La Presse* a letter addressed by him to the ex-Duke de Montpensier in which he says, "Prince—'If' I knew where to find your Highness, it would be by my speech, it would be in person that I would offer you the expression of my grief at the great catastrophe which has personally befallen you.' The literal signification of de la Pailleterie is *chaff* and the Marquis seems to have retained an abundance of the commodity, although deprived of the title.

FLY LEAVES, No. 3.

A TRIO OF PUNCHITES.

1st "Eminent Writer." I say, Douglas, what do you think of this PUPPET-SHOW?

2nd "Eminent Writer." Why, I think we ought to put down all rival publications.

3rd "Eminent Writer." Otherwise we shall be sold at the butter shops free, gratis, and for nothing.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

The Prussians turn'd their monarch out,
And sent him to the right about;
The monarch in his turn turn'd, too—
First tail, then visage—Prussian blue.

A HEBREW MELODY.

THE Bill for the removal of Jewish Disabilities has given rise to some extravagant hopes on the part of Young Houndsditch, and among the minors in the Minories a strong feeling exists. As one young gentleman has found a vent for his feelings in the following lay, we allow the youth to show his abilities on the disabilities question.

HOPE FOR ISRAEL.

No more shall the children of Judas sing
"Old Clo!" as in olden time,
Nor sell old harps with a broken string,
'Neath the sun of a northern clime!

Oh this was the lay of a young Jew boy,
Though not in his father's bower;
The poor old gent had been sold up for rent,
And was hid in a hole near the Tower.

But soon shall the sun of young Israel shine,
And—bailiffs and clothesmen no more—
We'll revel in swine, and the bright red wine,
And be honoured from shore to shore.

Advertisements to be inserted in No. 3 must be forwarded by Monday, March 27, to the *Puppet-Show Office, 11 Wellington St. North, Strand.*

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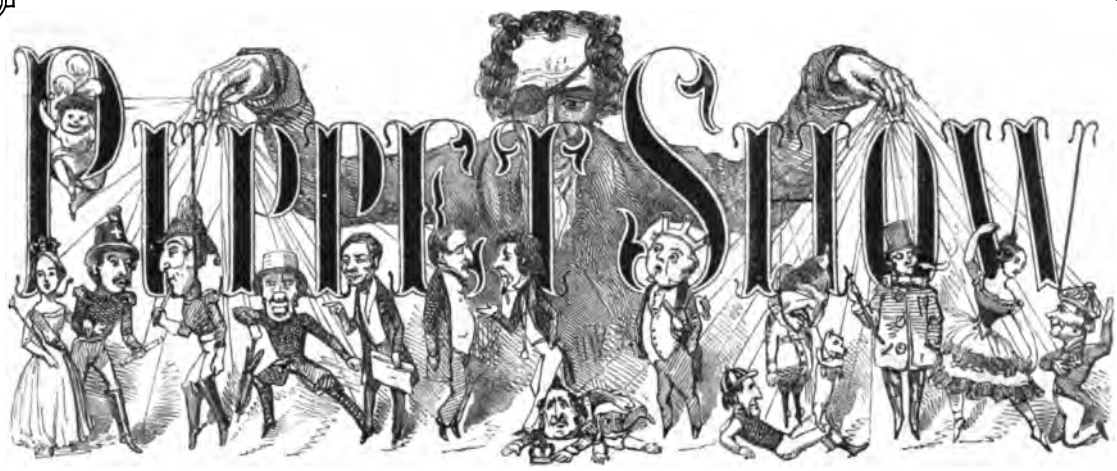


NUMBER 3. LONDON, APRIL 1, 1848. ONE PENNY.

OUR DISTORTING GLASS. No. I.

MR. COBDEN AS CERES.

RICHARD COBDEN lately appeared in the character of Ceres, and not only acquitted himself with much credit, but obtained a large amount of ready money by the part. The plot of the performance was as follows:—Richard Cobden is much enamoured of Free Trade, and having overcome the giant Protection by means of the club of Public Opinion, is enabled to espouse the object of his affections, and reap, with the sickle of the Anti-Corn Law League, an abundant harvest from his countrymen's crops of gold. We only hope that the public will be pleased with our series in general as well as our Ceres in particular.

A WARNING VOICE TO THE PARISIANS.

I.

Beware, O France! to-day
Of the dangers in thy way.
In thy majesty and might,
In the splendour of thy Right,
Thou may'st look, with unconcern,
Upon despots fain to turn
Their swords upon thy bosom free and fair—
Thou may'st view, without alarms,
Hostile monarchies in arms,
And with Justice for thy captain thou may'st dare
All the hate of foreign foes;—
Yet, for dangers worse than those
Look around thee, young Republic, and beware!

II.

Thou hast overturned a throne
That was based on fraud alone;
Thou hast swept in sudden wrath
All its panders from thy path;
Thou hast done a glorious deed,
And immortal be thy meed—
May thy garlands ever flourish green and fair!
But take heed, and ponder well,
Lest the tyranny that fell
Have not left a worse to follow as its heir.
Unhappy is the land
Where a mob is head and hand:
Thou hast known the peril once—oh, beware!

III.

Of the fool of good intent,
With his schemes impertinent;
Of the stubborn theorist;
And the dense philosophist,
Who would mould the world afresh,
And make men of wood—not flesh,
Mathematically modelled on the square;
Of the false and glib-tongued knave;
Of the sycophantic slave,
Who would lick the wild beast's feet in his lair;
Of the frenzied zealot, blind
In his love of human-kind—
Oh beware, for Freedom's sake—oh, beware!

IV.

Though the nations yet bow down
To the sceptre and the crown—
Though they bend the fawning knee
To a titled luxury;
More contemptible than this
To behold a people kiss
The mire-bedraggled tatters hanging bare

Of the rabble in the street,
And sit slavering at the feet
Of the ignorant and hungry *proletaire*,
As if virtue fled the breast,
That could sport a decent vest;—
Oh, beware of mob-idolatry—beware!

V.

In the universal heart
Throbs a pulse that takes thy part;
Through the nations, far and near,
Runs a sympathy sincere,
Burns a hope that thou wilt be
An example to the free—
A people that can think as well as dare;—
Thou can'st mar, and thou should'st make,
Thou should'st build as well as break,
And raise a noble structure firm and fair.
Mighty hopes pervade the earth;
It was thou that gav'st them birth:
Beware lest thou destroy them—oh, beware!

SPREAD OF POPERY.—We regret to mention, as a oof of the gradual extension of popish doctrines, that e ceremony of "taking the veil" was again performed sterday. The convert took it from a shop in Cheapside, d bolted before a policeman came up.

A LUCKY DISCOVERY.—It seems that several coal-ines have been discovered in the Republic of Chili. his is a fortunate event for a Chili climate.

SYMPATHETIC.—We understand that Mr. Feargus 'Connor and his colleagues contradicted the statement the ex-King of the French, that he lost his throne in tempting to uphold the Charter.

SNOBS AND RELIC-HUNTERS.

APPY is the little town of Newhaven. It does not know elf for joy. It is honoured above all towns in England. ILLIAM SMITH, *alias* LOUIS PHILIPPE D'ORLEANS GALITÉ, slept in it for a night! Happiest of all women—ost favoured of all hostesses—is Mrs. Smith, of the Newhaven n, who received the fugitive, her namesake, too, under her of; and acquired for her hostelry a renown that will stick to it r ever! The majesty of WILLIAM SMITH, although denuded the wig, the whiskers, the hat, the umbrella, and all the istomary paraphernalia of kingship, shone upon the humble ot, and it is humble no more. Pilgrims resort to it as to a rine; they kiss the holy ground where the rejected of France, e scorned of all Europe, but the beloved of Newhaven, placed s illustrious feet. There is not a snob in the town who is not ised in his own estimation since that auspicious day, and who es not boast of the smile, the look, the kind word, or the ake of the hand that he received, from a king who has oken faith with thirty-five millions of Frenchmen. Their love the majesty of SMITH approaches the sublime—nay, it anscends it—but only by *one* step.

The furniture and household utensils of Mrs. Smith (*not* e Countess of Neuilly, but the happy and honoured inn-eper), have been transformed into Royal relics, says the *ondon Telegraph*. The very pillowslips on which SMITH sted his wigless head and whiskerless cheek upon the happy ght when he thanked fate that he was on English ground, safe om the fancied pursuit of the gendarmerie of M. De Lamar-ne and the fiery Ledru Rollin, have been disposed of for a high ice. If the barber who shaved his Majesty have not thrown way the lather, he may yet turn a decent penny by it; and for the shaving brush and the razor that he used, we may e certain, as long as there are snobs in England, that he will ot be so green as to dispose of them for a trifle. We have eard of strange fancies on the part of relic-hunters. They are ot at all particular between fame and notoriety—between a reat king and a great scoundrel, and would buy the wig of ouis Philippe, or an inch of the rope that hanged Thurtell, auntleroy, or Greenacre, with almost equal alacrity. Happy, appy Newhaven! Crowds will visit thee yet, and every snob thy favoured precincts will bless the 24th of February that ent to their snobbery such a prize as "SMITH."

DISGUSTING FEAT.—Last week a bold young savage under-ook, for a trifling wager, to devour the contents of *Howitt's ournal*, besides swallowing a great deal of other trash, includ-g a theatrical criticism from the *Observer*. After the last dose, he began dosing, and soon fell into a sound sleep.

TO LEGITIMISTS.

IN consequence of the success attendant on the sale of Shakspere's house, a party of gentlemen have formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of purchasing the site of the Globe Theatre, in Blackfriars. As the scene of the immortal bard's greatest triumphs, the property is of a peculiarly interesting description; and though great doubt may be thrown on the identity of the house in which the poet was born, there can be no question but that the site of the theatre in which he acted, occupies precisely the same position as during his lifetime. The ground is at present covered by three small tenements, considerably in arrears, and possession may easily be obtained, either by forgiving them the rent, or by adopting legal measures for their ejectment. The proprietor—an intimate friend of the writer's—has consented in the kindest manner to dispose of them for the sum of £17,500; one half to be paid down, the other to remain on mortgage at five per cent. until the completion of the purchase. All persons desirous of testifying their admiration for our great dramatist are invited to forward their subscriptions to the PUPPET-SHOW Office, where they will be taken particular care of. [N.B. Mr. Bunn has kindly offered to write a *libretto* in aid of the funds.]

THE ONLY SAFE METHOD.—Some astonishment has been expressed that the office of *Howitt's Journal* should be situate on the first floor of a grocer's shop. We understand that this arrangement was entered into "at the request of numerous subscribers," among whom it is usual to purchase *Howitt's Journal* and an ounce of tea conjointly; it having been found impossible to get through the former, without having recourse to the latter.

CURIOUS HISTORICAL FACT.—It is not generally known that Pliny the Elder died of drink. Yet who can doubt that he perished through "a drop of the crather."

SIXES AND SEVENS.—We have been asked to state our opinion as to whether monomaniacs should be held answerable for their own acts, or allowed to cut any one's throat for which they may happen to have a taste—or, more likely, a distaste.

We all know that one maniac can be kept in order by the presence of six sane men, and maintain that on the same principle six sound senses are, or ought to be, sufficient for the subjugation of one that is diseased. Besides, if a monomaniac go to law and lose his suit, will not his solicitor consider him liable for his action, and for all expenses?

STOPPAGE OF THE BANK OF FRANCE.

A GREAT deal has been said about the headlong rashness of the French Republicans, but recent events show clearly that they know where to stop—for the Bank has stopped payment. The populace, after running on the banks of the Seine, took to running on the Bank of France, and the result was that the last comers got the sack—not containing their money, as they expected—but simply their dismissal. The Government talked of issuing notes, but, though the people await the issue patiently, no notes have yet made their appearance. Numbers of persons, owing to the want of specie, are obliged to take credit to themselves—for as much as they can get; and Paris presents the melancholy spectacle of a town living upon tick. Hoarding gold will now become the fashion among the horde of Paris, and it will require a revolution to put an end to it, as was the case with the absurd hoarding of the Nelson column. This pecuniary difficulty is part of Louis Philippe's legacy to France, which comprised altogether an involved Exchequer, a bad character, a cotton umbrella, an old wig, and a pair of whiskers!

It will gratify the public to know that our foreign relations are on a very good footing notwithstanding this state of things, for our uncle at Berlin has recovered from the gout, our aunt at Vienna has died and left us a legacy, and our pretty cousin in Paris married a respectable man with money.

PARIS FASHIONS.

There have been several changes in fashion lately, and the Orleans family have recently patronised mourning. The use of all ornaments has been abandoned, and silver and gold are scarcely ever seen. The lower orders generally carry pistols and bludgeons, and are particularly partial to the blouse trimmed with blood.

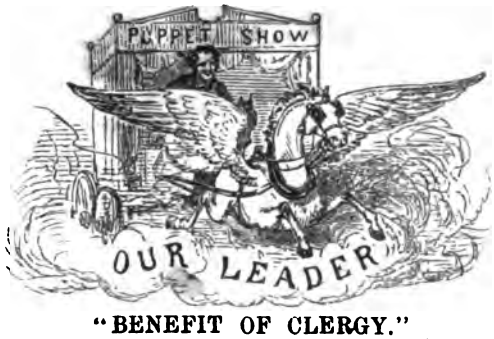
THE LAY OF THE CREDITOR.

AIR—"*You are going far away, far away from poor Jeannette.*"

You are going far away, far away from all your debts,
There's no one left to pay me now, for you have no assets;
My bill it will be with you, wherever you may go:
Can you look into my ledger, and deny me what you owe?

When you wear the light moustache, and the vest of brilliant blue,
I fear that you'll forget then all about my I O U.
With the reins between your fingers, and a *danseuse* by your side,
You'll spend your uncle's legacy, and all your duns deride.

Oh, were I Lord John Russell, or, still better, Robert Peel,
I would pass a stringent measure that would make you debtors feel;
I would put a stop to swindling, or at least would find a way
That the man who had the goods should be the only one to pay.



"BENEFIT OF CLERGY."

In the good old times of ecclesiastical power, when the black gown hid the cloven hoof, and it was customary to make bonfires of heretics, the clergy procured for themselves immunity from the consequences of crime, on the curious principle that they were men of God, and *therefore* ought to be allowed to sin uncontrolled. Now-a-days, when common sense is dominant, they are held in greater check, but still there is too frequently a disposition shown to claim something like the old privilege, which is doubtless much envied and regretted. Not long ago, a Reverend Mr. Cavendish was brought to Marlborough Street Police Office, charged with obtaining some of those delicate little worldly vanities so dear to the ecclesiastical heart—diamond brooches—on false pretences. Evidence was given, bail was called for, but was not forthcoming. Time came round—so did the van; and the man of God was taken off in it. Well, so far here was nothing remarkable; a delinquent parson is nothing new, but mark the sequel. On his next appearance, it was stated that an "arrangement" had been made for the return of the brooches and the abandonment of the prosecution; and His Reverence made off in a great hurry—so said the reports—to escape the officers of the civil law, who were waiting outside, till those of the criminal law had done with him within. Now we look upon the dismissal of this prisoner as a gross outrage on justice, which demands that a felony shall not be compromised. There was evidence given sufficient to imprison the man, circumstances brought forward exhibiting fraudulent conduct, but because he offers to return the property he is suffered to depart free,—as if taking it in the first instance were no offence at all! This is Benefit of Clergy with a vengeance. Parsons are for the future to bear, we presume, a charmed life. "Open locks, whoever knocks," cries the magisterial witch, and away goes the captive! But so long as we have the Justice Shallow school on the Bench, it is useless to expect decisions dictated by common sense, or even common honesty.

PRUDENT ADVICE.—The Irish patriots have been telling the English people that if they wish to gain their rights they must follow the example set them by the French. But if the model were to be strictly imitated, many thousand Irish labourers would be turned out of England to starve!

CURIOUS BLUNDER.

Mr. Mitchell, in a recent speech, stated that his party were now hastening to the "goal" of their ambition. By an unfortunate misprint it was made "gaol," and this now appears to have been the proper version.

TANTALIZING.

The *Olympic* playbills assert that on every night of Mr. G. V. Brooke's performance, hundreds turn back from the doors. What a pity they cannot be prevailed on to enter.

AN UNDENIABLE FACT.

The author of the *Comic History of England* states, that he has not taken the work of any particular historian as his basis. We don't know how far this may be true, but we can aver that the production is anything but Hume-rous.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Louis Philippe has, for the last few years, been lavishing immense sums, and descending to all sorts of mean intrigues, in order, like Louis XIV., to be able to exclaim, "The Pyrenees exist no longer." The result has been that the Pyrenees still retain their former situation, while Louis Philippe has been ejected from his.

A CURSE NOT DEEP BUT LOUD.

The orchestra at Her Majesty's Theatre possesses at least one merit. This "band still unsubdued" makes so much noise that it prevents the chorus from being heard.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Mr. Mitchell said, on March 23rd, that he meant to commit high treason.

It appeared the next day that the Government meant to commit Mr. Mitchell.

BETTER OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

Sir Robert Harry Inglis, encouraged by the success of his measures against Billiards and other games on a Sunday, intends shortly bringing in a bill to prevent vessels at sea from playing pitch and toss on the day in question.

AN EXPLANATION.

Mr. Brooke failed in performing *Shylock*. In this there is nothing extraordinary, for how could he expect to succeed in doing a Jew?

A SENSIBLE FELLOW.

The reason for which the King of Bavaria abdicated was, not to escape from the weapons of the people, but to fly to the arms of Lola Montes.

A CURE FOR BLINDNESS.

The King of Prussia says in his speech of the 21st instant, "Prussia henceforth rises into Germany." How very extraordinary that, before he could discover this, his people must rise in insurrection.

AN UNSEASONABLE CHANGE.

Queen Victoria has just changed her Gentlemen Pensioners into a "Body-guard," for which no one at all connected with trade is eligible. The sooner this corps is sent to the right about, the better; for it certainly, at a time like the present, can have no "business" anywhere.

"BOOKED."

Mr. Libri, the learned librarian convicted of robbing nearly all the public libraries in France, is certainly a great adept at book-keeping, yet, strange to say, his accounts (of the manner in which he obtained the different works) are anything but satisfactory.

THE POLITICAL GAME OF NINE-KINGS.

JOHN BULL AND THE YOUNG REPUBLIC.

John Bull—"IT'S ALL VERY FINE, MY YOUNG REPUBLIC, BUT YOU DON'T LODGE HERE."

21.—His host—with a host of others—bids him adieu.

22.—Not understanding the language of Liberty, he engages an interpreter.

23.—Gives Mr. Packham all his circulating medium to convert into English money.

24.—The Napoleon of Peace in Exile.

THE FLIGHT OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

(Concluded from No. 2.)

THE coast is gain'd, but what to do,
They 're still in a confounded stew,
Or pickle, which you will—no boat
Is there to set them now afloat;
And he who but a week ago
Had decorated high and low,
Stands wildly pond'ring, at a loss
How he himself shall get "a-cross."

It smacketh somewhat, I confess,
Of falsehood, neither more nor less,
That after the sad smack which fate
Had, at a point of time so late,
Administer'd unto the cheek
Of Louis' fortune, he should seek
To get another; yet I speak
The truth, though you must understand
That 't was no fresh one from the hand
Of fate he sought, but, in its place,
A fishing-smack, in which he might
Continue smack his rapid flight.
And, by a short and easy *sail*,
Sell those he still thought on his trail.

How Louis' breast with joy heaves
On seeing that the boat 's hove to!
He goes on board, and quickly leaves
The land behind him; also you
Might have beheld, kind reader—if
You had been there—upon the cliff,
His host stand waving in the breeze
A dirty handkerchief. To these
Adieus old Louis quick replies,
Unable quite his grief to smother!
Oh, sight most meet for human eyes,
One kerchief* waving to another.

In order better to defy
The sailors' curiosity,
The ex-King did pretend to know
Of French not e'en one word, and so
A live interpreter he'd caught,
And with him in the vessel brought.

Now onward, onward under press
Of sail they scud along the main,
Until the steamer, hight "Express,"
They 're fortunate enough to gain.
Her steam is up—no time is lost
Her prow is quickly turn'd to sea,
When Louis on the billows tost

* Query, *cur-chief*.

Most quickly to his cost doth find
He 's leaving more than land behind.

And now he asks what course they steer:
The mate replies "he thinks they near
St. Helen—"; ere he 's time to end
The word, the ex-King and his *suite*
With cries and screams the welkin rend,
And in despair Britannia greet
As "*Perfide Albion*" thus to send
Them into treach'rous banishment.
The mate declares, to calm their fright,
He means St. Helens, Isle of Wight,
Not St. Helena—all in vain
He strove their confidence to gain,
With nothing would they be content
Until bold Captain Goodridge said
He would towards Brighton turn the vessel's head.

Look where above the waves they see
Newhaven with its friendly *quay*,
Which waits, we may say, to receive
And *look* them in its arms—the sight
Doth make their visages turn bright,
And puts them, while on deck they stood,
As 't was most natural it should,
Immediately on the "*qui vive.*"

A few short fleeting moments and
Old Louis jumps upon the strand.
No sooner had his foot touch'd ground
Than turning unto those around
He said—"Although once nearly floor'd,
I now again feel quite *a-shor'd.*"

He sits within the Bridge Inn—see
How cosey he appears to be.
Newhavenites now, short and tall,
Come sneaking in to make a call,
And find him deeply plunged in thought
Behind the *Times;* in this there's naught
Which should surprise the meanest mind.
Think but a moment, and you'll find
Behind the times had been for aye
His favourite station in life's race:
And now he saw no reason why
He all at once should change his place.

With creaking buffer, groaning chain,
And steam like some wild courser's tail,
Up puffs in haste a special train
On the all-even rail.
Yet Louis stops—'t is very plain
From his behaviour all 's not right.
To Packham, to get chang'd it seems,
Ten *sous* he'd given; and he deems
It possible that Packham might
Be keeping quietly out of sight
Till he was gone. This would have placed
Him in a disagreeable plight;
'T was all the tin he now had got.
His fears are groundless, though; in haste
Runs Packham, breathless to the spot.
In spite of all his pains, he'd not
Been able for the ten *sous* piece
More than a Joey to obtain,
Although his pray'rs he would not cease,
Nor yet from his demands refrain,
Until the people said they 'd send,
Unless he quickly made an end,
Their servant girl for the police,
"Who'd straightway stop his mouth—they would—
Like that of, be it understood,
A *suer* noxious to the neighbourhood."

Towards Croyden tears the train along,
And soon arrives. A servile throng
Of toadies is already there,
With cringing knees and heads all bare,
O'erjoyed they can their incense bring
To one who, though he now doth own
No crown, and just has lost a throne,
At any rate once *was* a king.

Whirl'd onward by four prancing steeds,
Old Louis now tow'rds Claremont speeds,
Where, after a most jolting drive,
At last he safely doth arrive.

At present, through the fields and groves
Of Claremont, then, the ex-King roves.
He sometimes also may be spied
Upon the river Thames' side,
With folded arms and musing eye,
Intently gazing on the tide
Which flows in murm'ring ripples by.

I cannot tell what thoughts may fill
Your brain, old man, but this I will
Tell you in confidence—Give o'er
Lamenting for your name of king,
Or any such like worthless thing,
The world will reverence no more;
Think rather for the time which yet
You call your own, to spend it so
That people may relent; and, though
They be unable to forget
The life of vile intrigue you've led,
May pity you perhaps when dead.

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

A well-known puffing firm lately issued an advertisement, in which their "leather" was much vaunted, and made to rhyme twice with "whether" and once with "weather." The last two lines run thus:

"No doubt you 'll tell what I have told,
And hint at where the calf is sold."

Now we appeal to a jury of any twelve unenlightened customers of this establishment, whether the use of the word "calf" be not a sly piece of sarcasm applied by the proprietors to every one who has been sold at their mart.

HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

Dionysius of Syracuse, from a mighty monarch, became a schoolmaster at Corinth.

Louis Philippe of Orleans, from an indifferent schoolmaster, became a citizen-King of France.

From 1830 to 1848 the Parisian tyrant treated the Liberty of the Press like a modern Damocles, by suspending a sword above its head. Little, however, did he reckon when, and upon whom, that sword might fall!

Between the Syracusan and the Parisian tyrant there is a striking resemblance:—Neither was necessary to the welfare of his country.

WHO 'S TO DECIDE?—During the recent debate on the Tea Question, Mr. Alderman Sidney asserted that "if any honourable member consumed a quarter of a pound of tea he would find his nerves so highly strung that he would be unable to get any sleep at night."

This is quite at variance with the experience of Dakin and Company, as to the power of royal nerves—they confidently recommend "six pounds of strong breakfast tea for a *Sovereign!*"

Astronomy may be defined the Attic Science, as it is frequently practised in attics, through achromatics; is worked by quadratics, and often ends in rheumatics.

"My dear Doctor," said an exquisite the other day to Dr. Chambers, "I've really no appetite—I'm quite miserable—do you think a bath before dinner would do me any good?" "Well," replied the fashionable physician, "it would certainly give you a whet!"

"TWO OF A TRADE SELDOM AGREE."

A SHORT time since some excitement was occasioned to ourselves, by a report that a deputation from the School attached to the Westminster Hospital was about to be formed, for the purpose of congratulating the students of Paris on the great success with which the late revolution had been performed. On our instituting inquiries, we ascertained that our information was correct as to the general fact, although there were different rumours afloat as to the details; for while one person assured us that the students had determined, with only one dissentient voice, as to the course to be pursued, another persisted in alleging that one-half of the college was completely opposed to the other on the subject. Our readers will imagine that one or other of our informants must have been wrong—or, in other words, they will easily fall into a mistake; for, as the school in question only numbers two pupils, it was quite possible for both our accounts to be correct, as they in fact were. It appeared that there was but little chance of any complete understanding being come to, although a half-and-half arrangement was at one time entered into with much good will on both sides. Previously to this state of affairs, a public meeting had been held, at which the students (Messrs. M. and N.) attended *en masse*. We are enabled to furnish the following

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

The meeting was opened by Messrs. M. and N. tossing for the office of chairman, when the former, who cried heads, was declared winner, and accordingly took up his penny and his position.

The Chairman having explained the object of the meeting,

It was moved by Mr. N. "that a deputation be formed," &c.

The resolution having been seconded by he same gentleman,

It was also supported by him; when

It was put from the chair, and carried unanimously!

Mr. N. then moved that the deputation should consist of himself, and that the chairman should pay his (Mr. N.'s) expenses.

The Chairman refused to put the question, and was therefore called upon to resign; when

Mr. N. took the chair.

Mr. M. then moved that the deputation should consist of himself, and that the chairman should pay his (Mr. M.'s) expenses.

The Chairman refused to put the question; in consequence of which he was in his turn called upon to resign.

Some unusual compliments then passed between the late chairmen; and the meeting separated in disgust.

DEPUTATION OF BAKERS.

WE perceive that our friends the bakers—a body of men notorious for "having a finger in everybody's pie"—have been waiting on Sir George Grey to bring their claims under his consideration, and that he has deferred them for some time. We certainly hoped that the Minister, so far from being crusty to this estimable batch of men—the very flower of our tradesmen—would have administered some crumbs of comfort to them, calculated to effect a rise in the business. Whereas, his postponement of their claims must have been what *Bell's Life* calls "a blow in the bread-basket" of no ordinary severity. We should not be surprised if the injured bakers were to seek revenge for the affront by sending "seconds" to Sir George as soon as possible.

SONG OF THE PICKPOCKET.

AIR—"*I'm afloat.*"

There's a flat, there's a flat on the opposite side,
The country's his home, and his nose is his guide.
Quick, quick, trip him up, knock his hat o'er his eyes,
And we'll take out his wipe on the ground as he lies.

I heed not the beaks, I fear not their claws;
My object I'll compass in spite of the laws;
I ne'er will give up to a tyrant of Peel's,
Nor yield to a soul while I still have my heels.

CIVILISATION IN ENGLAND.

We were much startled last week by a statement in the *Familiar Herald*, to the effect that "many gentlemen bring out their pipes after dinner on Sundays, even among visitors, and begin to fill them before they ever think of putting the formal question, 'Do you object to smoking, Miss P. Q.? Because you have only to say so, and we won't, you know.'"

This idea is almost as funny as that of the French dramatist, who makes the *elite* of the English nobility spend their evenings at a low pot-house on the banks of the Thames.

FELIX FLUMMERY'S ART MANUFACTURES.

HAMLET was a goldsmith as well as Prince of Denmark. Designs for smoky chimneys are to be seen surmounting the roof of every public building. Ross, of Fenchurch Street, invented the Gent's real head of hair. In a garret in Drury Lane is a plaster cast by Brucciani, and the Italian image-boys carry one similar in character. The domes of the National Gallery were constructed in imitation of pepper-boxes. Watson makes tea-spoons of Albata plate; and Dixon tea-pots of Britannia metal. Even Felix Flummery has invented a Milk-Pot, which gained the prize awarded by the Society of Arts in 1846. The beautiful in sentiment and poetic invention is already associated with advertisements of matters of every-day life—"So it ought to be," says Moses, "and shall be still."

Humbug is pre-eminent and abounds; but ART MANUFACTURES have still to be wedded with it. An attempt will now be made to effect this; and this intention will be made strikingly manifest when the name of Felix Flummery (the inventor of the Milk-Pot that gained the prize, &c. &c.) is mentioned.

The following articles are uncommonly unique, and made public for the first time:—

1. The MILK-POT, designed by Felix Flummery, which received the prize awarded by the Society of Arts, in 1846. The bas-reliefs are emblematical of the manufacture of genuine London cream; the chief compartment representing the mixing of the chalk and water, as being the most important process (*sky blue inside*). £5 5*s*.

2. A TEA-POT to match the Milk-Pot, designed by Felix Flummery, which received the prize, &c. &c. &c. Ornamented with devices of the gathering and preparation of the sloe leaf, and of the country tea-dealer examining a sample. £8 8*s*.

3. The WEST-INDIA SUGAR-BASIN, to match the Milk-Pot, designed by Felix Flummery, which received the prize, &c. &c. &c. With figures of Lord George Bentinck and Jacob Omnium, as guardian angels, forming the handles. £6 6*s*.

4. NUTMEG-GRATER, *chased* on the back with the figure of the Yankee pedlar and his wooden nutmegs, as described by Samuel Slick, Esq., in his autobiography. £3 13*s*. 6*d*.

5. A BUCKET in *Wood*. The bas-reliefs are selected from the old heroic ballad of Jack and Jill going up the hill and tumbling down again. £3 13*s*. 6*d*.

6. "Modesty, or Madame Warton as Lady Godiva." A STATUETTE in *brass*, designed after the celebrated Tableau Vivant at the Walhalla. £10 10*s*.

7. A SHAVING-POT, with a design of a goat claiming relationship with Mr. Muntz. £4 4*s*.

8. "Bubbles bursting:" ornamenting a CHAMPAGNE-GLASS. The subject represents the commotion in Capel Court during November, 1846, after the celebrated attacks by the *Times* on Railway schemes. £1 11*s*. 6*d*.

9. A LUCIFER MATCH-BOX. The lid ornamented with the Ingoldsby legend of St. Dunstan and the Devil. £2 12*s*. 6*d*.

10. An EXTINGUISHER, *chased and gilt*: surmounted by the figures of Guy and Hopkins. £8 18*s*. 6*d*.

"Hopkins, who prided hymself vastly on hys penuriousness, heard one day that Guy far excelled hym in thys respecte. He therefore payd hym a visit late one evening, and havinge explained to Guy ye objecte of hys callinge, Guy immediately put out ye candle, savinge, 'yf that is all, we can talke in ye darke.' Convinced of hys ryval's superioritie in ye arte of savinge by this one acte, Hopkins thanked hym for hys lesson, and at once tooke hys leave."—*Holinshed's Chronicles.*

11. A PAIR OF SNUFFERS. The sides chased with figures of a Highlander and a Virginian, from an ancient snuff paper in the British Museum. £3 13*s*. 6*d*.

12. A SAVEALL in *Silver*, formed of a figure of Joseph Hume, Esq., M.P. £7 17*s*. 6*d*.

13. A PLATTER in *Wood*, carved by a knife and fork, with a design illustrating the old poem by Shakspere, commencing, "Jack could eat no fat." £3 2*s*.

14. A DECANTER for home-made wine. The stopper surmounted by an original design of the "Black-boy and Belly-ache," alluded to by Mr. Dickens, in the *Pickwick Papers*. £4 4*s*.

15. The "Editor of the Quarterly" in *Lead*, surmounting a PAPER-WEIGHT; being emblematical of the heavy articles placed on paper by his direction. £1 11*s*. 6*d*.

16. A FOOLS'-CAP in *Paper*, ornamented with bells, surmounting Felix Flummery (the designer of the Milk-pot which received the prize, &c. &c. &c.), being strikingly suggestive of its proper position. *This article is given gratuitously.*

SINGULAR HALLUCINATION.—The other day some ignorant seamen in Guernsey proceeded to the beach with a view to eating the Chinese junk!

☞ NOTICE.—If the heavy joke which was sent to the UPPET-SHOW Office last Monday, and for which two and nepence carriage was charged, be not forthwith removed, it ill be sold to *Punch* to pay expenses.

GODIVA:

(A *Pose Plastique*, by Madame Warton, *before* the forthcoming picture by Edwin Landseer, R.A.)

OR, THE PEEPING GENT OF COVENTRY STREET.

waited in the street named Coventry;
hung outside the 'bus from Putney Bridge,
o watch the three short fares; and there I shaped
he last new "Tableau Vivant" into this.

NOT only we, the smartest blades on Town,
'ast men that with the speed of an express
un down the slow, not only we, that prate
f Gents and Snobs, have loved the genus well,
nd loathed to see them unamused; but she
id more, and undertook, and overcame,
'he Venus of the *Tableaux Vivans*—Madame
Varton, queen of the Walhalla, near the street
f Coventry: for when there was nought up
o take the Town, the Gents all came to her,
lamouring, "If this last, we die of slowness!"
he sought a painter—found him, where he strode
bout the room, among his dogs, alone,
Iis beard shaved close before him, and his hair
ropped short behind. She told him the Gents' fears,
nd prayed him, "If this last, they die of slowness."
Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,
What would you have *me* do—an animal painter—
or such as *these?*" "A *Tableau* paint," said she.
Ie laughed, and talked about Sir Peter Laurie:*
hen chucked her playfully beneath the chin;
O ay, ay, ay, you talk!"—"Talk! yes," she said,
But paint it, and prove what I will not do."
nd with a sly wink there was no mistaking,
Ie answered, "Ride you as the famed Godiva,
nd I will paint it;" she nodded, and in jest
'hey parted, and a cabman drove her home.

All was arranged. The boardmen in the street,
s curs about a bone, with snarl and blow
Iade war upon each other for a board:
he best man won. She sent bill-stickers forth,
nd bade them cover over every hoarding
Vith large placards, announcing she would please
er favourite Gents; who, as they loved her well,
rom then till Monday next, in crowds should come
nd gaze at her—each one his shilling paying
or seats within the public promenade.

Then went she to her dressing-room, and there
nhooked the wedded fastenings of her gown,
ome soft one's gift; but every now and then
he lingered, looking in her toilette-glass,
ougeing her cheek: anon she shook herself,
nd showered the rumpled raiment 'neath her knee;
hen clad herself in silk; adown the stair
ole on; and like a bashful maiden slid
hrough passage and through passage, until she reached
he platform; there she found her palfrey trapt
ith pewter logies and mosaic gold.

Then rode she forth, clothed all in silken tights:
e fiddles played beneath her as she rode,
nd the reserved seats hardly breathed for fear.
e little wide-mouthed heads beyond the stalls
ad cunning eyes to see: the crimson rouge
ade her cheek flame: a fast man, winking, shot
ght horrors through her pulses: the saloon
as all in darkness; though from overhead
e flickering gas-light dimly flared: but she
t less through all bore up, till, last, she gave
e signal to the workmen in the flats,
nd round upon the pivot slow she turned.

* Some years since Sir Peter Laurie undertook to put down the ale of plaster casts of undraped figures by the Italian image-boys n the streets.

Then rode she back, clothed all in silken tights:
And one low Gent, decked out in Joinville tie,
The certain symbol of a Gentish taste,
Using an ivory opera-glass he 'd hir'd,
Peeped—but the glasses, ere he had his fill,
Were shivered into pieces, and the curtain
Was dropt before him. So that the deposit,
Left on the glass, was forfeit to the Jew;
And he, that knew it, grieved: Now all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the interlude
Was scraped on catgut from a dozen fiddles,
One after one, for neither did keep time,
Nor play in tune: and Madame Warton gained
Her chamber; whence re-issuing, as "Venus
Rising from the Sea," the ennui passed away,
And she made everlasting lots of tin.

A*FR*D T*NN*S*N.

THE NATIONAL GUARD EXHAUSTED BY SERVICE.

"WHAT A PITY IT IS I WAS NOT BORN A QUIET ENGLISHMAN."

A SATISFACTORY ARRANGEMENT.

The Irish patriots have determined that Ireland is not to strike a blow against England until the French steamers shall have obtained possession of our principal harbours. After the matter has been thus settled, we do not see what necessity Lord John Russell can find for keeping a military force in the sister isle.

TO ADVERTISERS.—In consequence of the great success of the "PUPPET-SHOW," *we have decided to devote our entire space to the current topics of the day, and to insert no more Advertisements. We have, therefore, to apologize for the non-appearance of those Advertisements forwarded for insertion in the present Number, as also for the omission of several in our last.*

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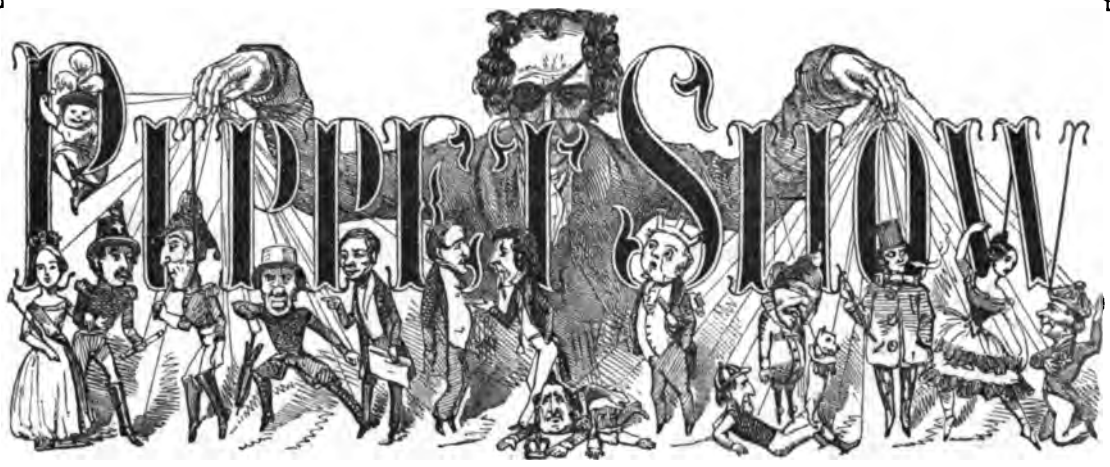

NUMBER 4. LONDON, APRIL 8, 1848. ONE PENNY.

THE PUPPET-SHOW.

GAZE, ye crowd of happy idlers,
  Gaze upon it, girls and boys;
Here is life to charm your fancy,
  Mimic show of griefs and joys.
Paper queens and tinsel princes,
  Pasteboard monarchs play their part;
While you laugh, admire, or pity,
  Seeing Nature, and not art.
Little think you as ye wonder,
  As each enters, struts, retires,
That they are but wooden playthings,
  Senseless puppets, moved by wires!

Screened from sight, behind the curtain,
  Cunning fingers work the show;
At whose touch the unconscious figures
  Stand or tumble—come or go.
When hereafter, men and women,
  Ye shall mingle in the strife,
Busy actors in the tumult
  And perplexity of life—
You will find the world divided
  (Or be blinder than your sires)
'Twixt the puppets, great and little,
  And the movers of the wires.

When you see a fool acquiring
  Name and station and respect,
And a supple-sinewed cringer
  Walking steadfast and erect;
When you see a silly monarch
  At an opera-dancer's feet,
And the opera-dancer braving
  Mobs and factions in the street;
Ask yourselves behind what curtain
  Stand the men whose high desires
Set the little dolls in motion,
  And whose fingers pull the wires.

When you see an able statesman,
  Trained to love and do the right,
Acting like a stubborn maniac—
  Deaf to reason, blind to light;
When you see a hoary monarch,
  Taught in Fortune's roughest school,
Scorning all his own experience,
  And becoming knave or fool;
Ask if Fate, or those who work it,
  Shaping meaner men's desires,
Stand behind to play the showman
  To these puppets of the wires.

When you see a greedy rabble
  Crowding to the public way,
Scenting plunder in disorder,
  As the raven scents his prey,
Moved at once by nobler motives,
  Scorning pillage as a shame,
Overturning thrones and systems,
  All for freedom, all for fame;—
Give not these the only credit,
  Millions plod, while one aspires,
High ambitions work behind them,
  Clever fingers pull the wires.

When you see that daily drama,
  Goodness drawn into a snare,
Genius yoked to drudgery's waggon,
  Virtue driven to despair,
Innocence betrayed to ruin,
  Youth inveigled into vice,
And the blind man unsuspecting
  Led, to stumble on the ice;

Sigh that good men's prayers and efforts
Cannot quench the base desires,
Cannot stay the ruthless fingers
Of the villains at the wires.

Watch the show, and learn the lesson,
That with men and mortal things
He alone is truly potent
Who can guide and work the springs.
Learn how great to curb the vicious,
Help the weak, the sinking save;
Learn how mean to be a puppet,
Misdirected by a knave.
Learn to look behind the curtain,
Wisest he that still inquires,
When he acts for self or others,
Whose the hand that pulls the wires.

FRANCE FOR THE IRISH.—A few weeks since the Young Ireland party were much gratified at hearing that the French had sent over large bodies of men to Ireland. The Repealers felt disappointed on discovering that the auxiliaries consisted of the Irish labourers who had been employed on the French railways.

PRETTY CERTAIN.—As the natural consequence of Mr. Mitchell advising all his hearers to get "pikes," there is but little doubt he will soon find himself in a pretty kettle of fish.

GREAT PUBLIC MEETING OF THE SMITHS.

[FROM OUR OWN REPORTER.]

April 1st.

THIS day a great public meeting of gents, snobs, tailors, and people of all classes, bearing the name of SMITH, assembled on Kennington Common, pursuant to public announcement, to protest against the indignity offered to that illustrious name by the illegal assumption of it on the part of a well-known individual. It is calculated that not less than fifty thousand people were present, including not only those whose names were SMITH, simply, but the SMITHES, the SMYTHES, the SMITHERSES, the FITZ-SMITHS, the FITZ-SMYTHES, the SIDNEY SMITHS, the SIDNEY SMYTHES, &c., &c.

Mr. JOHN SMITH, of Tooley Street, was unanimously called to the chair. He said:—Gentlemen, you know the affront that every one bearing the ancient, the honourable name which it is our pride—(*hear, hear, and loud cheers*) our glorious privilege (*tremendous applause*) to bear, has received within the last few weeks from a notorious character, whose real name is said to be EGALITE (*groans*). I have no desire to bear harshly upon that individual (*hear, hear*). If he has sinned, his punishment has come upon him (*hear, hear*). But what I complain of, gentlemen, is, that he should have brought into disrepute among the people of Europe, generally, the time-honoured, and I will say it, honest and manly name of Smith (*vehement applause*). Of his conduct in that respect we are met to express our disapprobation; and I trust that every genuine SMITH who shall address you this day upon the subject, will mark his disgust in the most emphatic terms at this cruel and unprovoked outrage upon so numerous a body of the British people (*loud cheers*).

Mr. WILLIAM SMITH rose to propose the first resolution. He said he felt peculiarly aggrieved by the assumption of which they all complained; for not only was his name Smith—it was William Smith: the identical name by which the individual alluded to had designated himself when he skulked out of France. He used to be proud of his name: but he must say that he felt at present somewhat ashamed of it. He should like to know what injury he had done to any member of the EGALITE family, that the chief of that family should bring his (Mr. Smith's) honest patronymic into disrepute? (*hear, hear*). He would simply move a resolution to the effect that that large and influential public meeting of the Smiths of England, utterly repudiated the Mr. Smith alluded to; and informed Europe and the civilised world, that he was not in any way, directly or indirectly, entitled to bear the name of Smith.

Mr. JOHN SMITH, of Spitalfields, seconded the resolution in a short speech; and it was about to be put from the chair, when

Mr. JOHN SMYTHE arose and requested the indulgence of the meeting for a moment. He quite agreed in all that had fallen from the preceding speakers, but he thought that the resolution would be more complete if a few words were added to it. Not only were the *Smiths* aggrieved, as the resolution stated, but the *Smythes* also. He could answer for himself, and he believed that every other gentleman bearing that name was of the same opinion (*loud cheers from the Smythes*). He thought so—he knew it (*loud cheers*). He thought, too, that the Smitherses were not less decided (*loud cheers*), and the Fitz-Smythes (*prolonged cheers*), and the Sidney Smythes (*renewed cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs*). That was honest. It did his heart good to see the unanimous reprobation which the conduct of the *soi-disant* William Smith had excited (*renewed cheers*). He would not detain them longer, but merely move "that the words Smythe, Smithers, Fitz-Smythe, Fitz-Smith, Smithson, Sidney Smith, and Sidney Smythe, be added to the resolution."

Mr. JAMES SMITH said it was high time to put a stop to this constant trifling with the name of Smith. It hurt a man in his tenderest part: all his domestic feelings were injured by it; and a father could not look upon his little Smiths without a blush for the dishonour that it had been attempted to fasten on the name (*hear, hear*). There was no knowing where this kind of thing was to end. Why they would next have M. de Metternich coming over here in the name of Smith (*groans for Metternich*). The King of Bavaria, if the thing were not checked, might be calling himself Joseph, or Thomas, or John Smith when he came to this country, and might, perhaps, bring a certain lady with him, and take lodgings for her as Miss Smith (*laughter and loud cheers*). Nay, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia might take it into their heads to procure entrance into decent society, during their approaching exile in this country, by assuming a name that was of itself a passport to the good graces of Englishmen (*loud applause*).

Mr. JAMES SMITH, jun., asked if it were true that M. Guizot had assumed the name of Smith at any period since he left France?

The CHAIRMAN said he believed not. M. Guizot had, he had heard, called himself Jeames, and dressed the character in plush; but he had not, as far as he (the chairman) was aware, called himself Smith. Besides, it was not likely that, with his notions of his own position, he would have presumed to take the same name as his master (*hear, hear*).

After some other gentlemen had addressed the meeting, the resolution, as amended by Mr. John Smythe, was put from the chair, and carried amid the most vehement applause. The vast assembly then quietly dispersed. It is believed that this was by far the largest public meeting that ever was held in the neighbourhood of the metropolis.

ARE YOU AN ATHEIST?—In consequence of hearing the term "atheist" applied to an alarmingly large number of persons, many of whom passed among their private acquaintances as tolerably religious men, the SHOWMAN lately issued a commission in order to ascertain in what sense the word was understood—or misunderstood—by those who were in the habit of using it. It appeared that it was usually employed as a mark of disapprobation applicable to certain obnoxious persons, among whom may be specified:—

1. Those who play the piano on Sundays.
2. Those who think bishops ought not to sit in the House of Lords.
3. Those who dislike contributing towards the support of a church which they do not attend.
4. Those who object to paying twopence to see the interior of St. Paul's.
5. Those who interfere with the conduct of their betters in penny publications.

A MODEL JAILER.

A CASE was recently brought under the notice of Parliament, which exhibits such a want of justice and decency, on the part of the Governor of the House of Correction, as we have rarely seen evinced even by jailers hardened by continual practice into stolid and immovable brutality. A respectable person of the name of Pollett was sentenced to be imprisoned for the non-payment of a debt of two pounds, and was (strange to say) taken to that vile Cacus den, the House of Correction. Here, the governor, notwithstanding Mr. Pollett's explanation and remonstrances, subjected him to the treatment of a felon, ultimately succeeded in destroying his health, and then turned him out, sick, destitute, and disgraced! This conduct has not escaped the single but vigilant eye of the SHOWMAN.

Was the governor ignorant of the law by which Mr. Pollett was imprisoned; and did he imagine that a person confined for an act of contempt, even though the official sinned against were the judge of a Small Debts' Court, was to be put on the same level with one convicted of a crime! Has a continual intercourse with criminality hardened his intellect and feelings; or was his conduct the mere wanton cruelty of a man, to whom the spectacle of misery was a sort of luxury, and who, far from satisfied with the common-place pleasure of tormenting the really guilty, aspired to persecuting the comparatively innocent, and now sought to witness the novel effect of an unjust punishment on a sensitive and educated mind? We are inclined to adopt the latter supposition, and to believe that the jingling of the prison keys, the groans of the miserable, and the sighs of the diseased, are as delightful music to the long ears of this asinine jailer. If Sir George Grey does his duty he will dismiss this man from his situation, and if any further punishment is required for him, the best that could be devised would be to make him secretary to a Benevolent Institution, where the mere consciousness, that he was diffusing happiness, would render him miserable and discontented. This would be better than any other chastisement: better than a horse-pond, even supposing—what we are strongly inclined to doubt—that one could be found in England, sufficiently foul, to be fit for his reception.

HINTS TO IDIOTIC M.P.'s.

ANY one who wastes his time glancing through the reports of the Parliamentary Debates, must be struck by the circumstance that whenever a more than ordinary common-sense opinion is expressed, the speaker is sure to be received with "ironical cheers," cries of "Oh! Oh!" and "laughter." During the frequent visits of the SHOWMAN to the gallery of the house, he has had his eye upon the foremost of those gentlemen who indulge in this intellectual after-dinner recreation, and who, as would naturally be expected, belong to the Calf's-head or Country party. As folly, like vice, to be hated, has only to be seen, the SHOWMAN intends engraving a few of their portraits, strongly marking the peculiar silly, baboonish sort of expression their faces invariably assume, and surrounding them with the appropriate frame of a horse-collar; and he thinks he can promise that the publication of one or two of these likenesses, will produce such an impression on the originals and those who, in parliamentary phrase, "act with them," as will check their unseemly grimaces for the future.

RUMOUR.

It is said that the Conciliation Hall gentlemen are going to "depose" Mr. J. O'Connell. This is cheering; although it is far from right to depose anything that is false.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

The Dean charges for admission to St. Paul's, to raise money to keep up his dignity. This is on the old principle—"Twopence more, and up goes the donkey."

LOOK AT HOME.

We do not deny the assertion of Messrs. Mitchell, Meagher, and O'Brien that many an abuse requiring instant abolition exists in Ireland. We question, however, whether any abuse can be found worse than that contained in their own speeches.

VERY PLAIN.

Those who batten in idleness on the abuses of the present order of things, say that the "system works well;" these persons would be in a queer plight if the people did not work better.

BEHIND THE TIME.

Had Guizot lived half a century or so ago, not only would his ideas have been better suited to the times, but, with his talents for the situation, what a capital Running Footman he would have made!

ON SALE OR HIRE.

We perceive, by an advertisement in *Punch*, that the entire work can be purchased for £4 10*s*. Judging from its ridiculous puffs of Her Majesty's Theatre, we should say that it could always be bought by a box at the Opera.

QUITE OBVIOUS.

We observe that English residents in Paris are obliged either to pay nearly twice the old price for goods, or else leave the republican city. This is carrying out the old principle of "double or quits."

A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE.

If the Irish follow the advice given them by Mr. Mitchell, the sooner Englishmen leave off travelling in Ireland the better, since every Irishman will be keeping a 'pike and levying a toll of death on all Saxons who may happen to pass.

A GOOD RESOLUTION.

The Italians have always hated the intimate acquaintance the Austrians wished to force upon them. Their late sanguinary struggle shows, however, that in future they are determined to keep their oppressors at arms' length.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

Guizot is said to have written to the Provisional Government, claiming his salary for the month of February. The different members of that body entirely concur, for once in their lives, with the ex-minister; there is not the least doubt that, as regards his request—they wish he may get it.

QUERY FOR THE AUTHORS OF "WHOM TO MARRY AND HOW TO GET MARRIED."

Many persons in the state of single blessedness are often heard to say that they have not married from their inability to please themselves; is it not, perhaps, from their inability to please others?

A DEAD CERTAINTY.

The Papers say that at the funeral of the victims of Berlin the King stood on the balcony of his palace deeply affected. There is not the least doubt that his Majesty's grief was still more affected than himself.

A PICTORIAL PARODY FROM PUNCH.

SHAMEFUL ATTEMPT AT OVERCHARGE!

MR. BULL *(a Commercial Gentleman)*—"HALLO, MR. PUNCH, THREEPENCE! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THREEPENCE? WHY, THE PUPPET-SHOWMAN SUPPLIES A BETTER PAPER FOR A PENNY! YOU MUST MIND WHAT YOU 'RE ABOUT!"

MR. PUNCH—"WELL, SIR, YOU MAY THINK IT TOO MUCH, BUT REALLY THE ARTICLE IS SO VERY HEAVY I CANNOT SELL IT FOR LESS."

AN ANSWER WILL OBLIGE.

Some one has written to the *Times* to ask why may not Marylebone, which placed Lord Dudley Stuart at the head of the *pole*, spare *their* (*i. e.* Marylebone's) beloved representative to become the head of the *Poles!* Why does not the *Times*, if it allows its correspondents to make bad jokes, at least prevent them from writing worse grammar?

BEG AND BORROW, BUT DON'T STEAL.

Last week *Punch* published a joke which had previously appeared in the PUPPET-SHOW. We hope that *Punch* will be honest enough, the next time it does us the honour to quote from our pages, to imitate our more respectable contemporaries and acknowledge the source from which its fun is derived.

CONSTITUTIONAL CONDUCT.

Mr. Mitchell contends he is but following the laws of England in telling every Irishman to "rush to the pole," as a means of freeing himself from the Saxon yoke.

"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS CORRUPT GOOD MANNERS."—As the number of dethroned princes threatens shortly to become very considerable in England, we propose, in the interests of public morals, to distinguish these royal fugitives—as many have never distinguished themselves—by some mark or other—one of the crosses, for instance, which they have lately met with.

GREATNESS.—Mr. G. V. Brooke was advertised to perform at two theatres at the same time. Like the large Yankee oyster that took three men to swallow it whole, we presume Mr. Brooke is so great an actor that he requires two theatres to hold him.

THE "PAS DE FASCINATION,"

AS RECENTLY PERFORMED BY LOLA MONTES AND THE KING OF BAVARIA.

LUDWIG AND LOLA.

HISTORY affords many examples of melancholy love-stories. There is that of Dido, who, not being able to pierce the breast of Æneas, pierced her own, and Thisbe, renowned for being able to see through a brick-wall better than anybody, and Sappho, who was "found drowned" at a classical watering-place, and Romeo and Juliet, and those of Heloisa and Abelard, and Miss Smith and Lord Ferrers. But not one of all these tales is so touching, in our opinion, as that of the King of Bavaria and Lola Montes—Ludwig the brave, and Lola the eccentric. Since "the bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour," as Johnson says, has resigned his crown, we fear that Lola will not be faithful—for there is some difference between a king in royal robes and power, and an elderly gentleman in difficulties and gaiters. We beg to subjoin a Pastoral. Let our reader fancy the ex-king as a shepherd, with his pipe (a meerschaum), and Lola, in her riding-habit, with her beauty, her bull-dog, and her whip.

LUDWIG.

Sweet was the hour and lucky was the night,
When first my Lola burst upon my sight!
When Munich saw her bounding in the dance,
Grace in her steps, and rapture in her glance!
Lola! my crown I lose, my country flee,
Content with nought but happiness and thee.
I governed others—now I'm ruled by you.
O say, my Lola! will you now be true?

LOLA.

Upon my word, sir! this is pretty work!
I'm not a slave, sir, even if you're a Turk.
You lose your kingdom at your time of life—
You, who should now be dining with your wife!
And coolly come, when all your power is fled,
To bother me with your old foolish head!

LUDWIG.

Is this my Lola!—

LOLA.

No, sir, not at all,
Not your's—far from it—since your foolish fall.
'T is fine to have a palace with a king:
An old man's lodging is a different thing.

LUDWIG.

Ungrateful Lola!

LOLA—(*shaking her whip*).

Pray, sir, have a care;
My whip is ready, and my bull-dog's there!

LUDWIG.

Madam, for shame—

LOLA—(*using her whip*).

Take that, you vain old man!
(Heigh Presto!) Leave the house, sir, while you can!

THE PURSUIT OF MEANING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

UNDER this heading the *Musical World* has published he first of a series of literary and illiterate curiosities. We think the following announcement is deserving a place n our contemporary's collection :—

"Mr. Barry challenges *all Europe* for £200 to produce *their* equals in any of *their* feats of dexterity on his night."

Now it is neither reasonable nor grammatical to call upon all Europe to produce *their* equals for the mere purpose of gaining £200. When divided amongst all Europe, £200 appears, like Euclid's definitions of a point, o be "that which has no magnitude," and certainly would be no inducement to make "all Europe" produce its equals when it—or *they*, as Mr. Barry would say—might otherwise pass for being unrivalled. Besides, "all Europe" cannot be celebrated for feats of dexterity; and even then there would not be sufficient room for "all Europe" in the interior of Astley's theatre.

HENRY OF EXETER.

HENRY of Exeter, the Shepherd of the West—whose notions of discharging his pastoral duties include none but those of branding and shearing the sheep—has again taken the field against Mr. Latimer of the *Western Times*, wishing, we suppose, to make him as great a martyr as his celebrated namesake. Exeter is the most belligerent of bishops. He would knock a man down with a crucifix, if it was the only weapon handy. He is a vessel of grace—filled with vinegar. He lets "his light shine before men"—but only to scorch them. It may be worth the SHOWMAN'S while to point out the discrepancy between the precepts of the Gospel, and the conduct of this minister of it—a man, we fully believe, more dangerous to religion than a dozen professed enemies.

The Gospel directs us to do unto others as we would they should do unto us.

Does Henry wish Mr. Latimer to prosecute him for a free expression of opinion?

The Gospel tells us to turn the other cheek to him who smites the one.

Is this the Exon. policy? Henry certainly does give cheek to his opponents—but in a sense far from evangelic.

The Gospel preaches "peace on earth, good-will among men."

Henry persecutes ministers with pamphlets, curates with episcopal authority, and public writers with actions-at-law.

His life is a practical opposition to his precepts—he turns the mitre into a helmet, the crozier into a club.

AMERICAN MARKETS.—AMERICA, MARCH 10.—There was a rise to-day in the price of Niggers. Old Dan Tuckers were done as high as forty dollars, while Buffalo Gals fetched even a hundred. Yellow Gals, too, were brisk; and considerable business was done in fat elderly men slaves. Their feeding is found expensive, and as much as a quarter of a dollar a-day is charged by the dealers for their keep (flogging included).

SHOWER OF ROYAL FROGS.—Europe was recently very much startled by the falling of a shower of royal frogs, whirled from their native ponds by the whirlwind of revolution, and cast upon shores at a considerable distance. They chiefly belong to the well-known Bourbon breed, remarkable for the voracity of their appetites and the loudness of their croak. By the kindness of a gentleman upon whose lands some of them fell, we were allowed to inspect one. He was old and stout. Having placed him on our dissecting-table, we applied the knife, and discovered a large digesting apparatus, a shrunk small withered heart, and a decayed brain. The examination showed that he had been living in very dirty water, and in an unwholesome situation, for some time. This frog may doubtless be looked on as a type of the *genus*; but it seems probable that other showers will fall shortly, and that the ponds will in fact ultimately be cleared from the brood.

SHOCKING PROSPECT.—The mapsellers of London are horrified at the rapid changes which threaten to alter the face of Europe. If things go on in this manner, these gentlemen must shortly sell their present stock on trade to the buttermen; the head of one celebrated firm in the Strand is already *Wild*.

HIGHLY PROBABLE.—Lord Normanby, we perceive, has left Paris, giving the diplomatic functions to an *attaché*. This is a high honour to the youth, and was probably granted on Shakspere's principle—"sweets to the *suite*."

ARISTOCRATIC ACQUAINTANCES.

OF all the nuisances with which society is overrun, we reckon those persons among the worst who are continually boring you with a long list of their aristocratic acquaintances. The company of such characters is a moral morass; you can't take a single step without having to fear that you "have put your foot in it." The slightest reference even to a Smith, or allusion to a Jones, is inevitably followed by a desire to be informed whether you mean him of that name residing at Mount Vernon Hall, or Florence Villa, and whose second daughter, Caroline, had a mole on her left elbow, and married Captain Fitz-Orldet, of the Bengal Cavalry, or somebody else equally aristocratic and quite as uninteresting.

One of these bores, Augustus Bragfield, was talking very largely of Lord This and Lady That, when, at each description of a rowing-match, or a horse-race, or a flower-show, which his distinguished friends had honoured with their presence, he was interrupted by a gentleman's inquiring whether "Fisk—Tom Fisk" had also been there—and how he looked—and what he did? These questions annoyed Bragfield very much, as his inability to answer them implied his ignorance of such a leader of fashion as it was evident Fisk must be.

Watching his opportunity, he drew his interrogator aside, and, as an especial favour, begged the latter would introduce him to Fisk.

"Introduce you," said the gentleman; "have you ever seen him?"

"Why," returned Bragfield, "there is not the least doubt that I have often met him—casually—casually, you know—but never having been formally introduced——"

"*Formerly!* you wish to be so at present," observed the gentleman.

"Ha, ha, ha, very good," responded Bragfield. "The fact is, I have been absent from England, and—I don't mind telling you—I can't even recollect the name. Who *is* Fisk?"

"Why," replied his companion, with the greatest possible coolness, "I really don't know; but as I was coming here to dinner, I happened to see his name on a brass door-plate in Wardour Street.

NOT BAD FOR A STOKER.—The stoker of the *Bee* says, that when Lord Dundonald was dismissed the service, he resembled gas, because he was "turned off the main."

THE NEXT MORNING.

[DESECRATED FROM BYRON.]

He who hath looked with aching head
Where pipes and glasses still are spread,
In the first hour of seediness,
The last of seeing such a mess
(Before the housemaid's clumsy fingers
Have swept the rooms where smoke still lingers)
And marked the rank unwholesome air,
The evidence of gin that 's there,
The upset trays that plainly speak
Of what has caused that pallid cheek;
And but for that strong stale cheroot
Which sickens now his very soul,
And but for that half-empty bowl,
Where sugar limes and rum to boot
Appal the seedy gazer's heart,
As if they ne'er had formed a part
Of what he 'd lavished praise upon—
Yes, but for these, and these alone
Some moments, aye till office hour,
He still might doubt the whiskey's power.
But no, to bed he faintly reels,
So sad the sight that room reveals.

THE LANDLORD AND TENANT QUESTION.—We have submitted this question to an Irish barrister, who thus defines the rights of the two classes :—

"*A.* I am of opinion, that the 'landlord' has a right to send in his bill for lodgings when he thinks proper; and that the 'tenant' has a right to pay it—if he likes.

"PHIL. O'DOODLE.

THE CLASSIC CONCERT.

[BY OUR ELECTRIC REPORTER.]

WEARY, weary, sad and dreary
Were the stagnant hours he spent,
When your critic (slightly beery)
To the Classic Concert went.
'T was the street where Mr. Mitchell
Acts French plays with morals lax;
'T was the room whence dowdies rich ill
Brook exclusion—called Almack's.

Ten and sixpence cost his ticket,
Coins, he hints, he scarce could spare,*
Into such disbursement trickèd,
Drinking tea in Bedford Square.
Much he grudged the pains of dressing,
More he mourned the price of kids,
Cursed the mud (the cabman's blessing),
Which the briefest walk forbids.

Hot the room, and crowded densely
With a wealthy ill-dressed crew—
Orientals love immensely
Tunes Belgravian Squares eschew.
White cravats (whole months exploded),
Ochre coats with buttons brass,
Bonnets big, with lumber loaded,
Costume of the centre class.

Mark yon orchestra extensive,
Two pianos, tail to tail,
While one fiddle, calmly pensive,
Leans against the platform rail.
"Wha 's yon lady, maybe *you*'ll ken?"
Speered a Scotchman, ferret-eyed,
Of your critic. "Madame Dulcken,"
Your good-looking friend replied.

Madame's desk containing in its
Clutch a volume thick and red,
Madame played, for forty minutes,
Some one's "Symphony in Z."
Sleep, with which your critic struggled
(Tribute due to Madame's sex),
Came while two men bumped and gurgled
Through a "Symphony in X."

Now that healing sleep 's invaded,
See, 'tis Madam's sable robe—
Hark, she plays (by fiddle aided)
Handel's "Overture to *Job*."
Livelier music! Lindsay Sloper
Pours on air a joyous strain;
'Tis a "Hymn by Vandalgroper,"
(Organist to Charlemagne.)

Now! Sensation! That 's a man who 's
Written a "Duet MS.;"
Hear it on those two pianos,
Sixty pages, more or less!
For the third time enter Madame,
Hushed each whisper, mute as death;
List, the nursery air which Adam
Framed for Eve to sing to Seth.

Piece the last—Beethoven's *Janus*,
With our whole orchestral power;
Bagatelle that won't detain us
More, alas! than half an hour.
Weary, weary, very dreary,
Were the stagnant hours we spent,
When your critic, bland and beery,
To the Classic Concert went.

* The SHOWMAN, however, is impervious to all such hints.—ED.

A PIECE OF ADVICE.

Let all those Irishmen who have anything to lose join with their brothers of England in opposing Meagher and Co., otherwise they will find that the Saxons are not the only parties who will be "rifled."

THE LAST FRENCH REVOLUTION.

A HISTORY IN THREE BOOKS. BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

BOOK I.—THE BANQUET.

SICK, nigh even to death, lies that fair France of theirs, and an obscene brood of spectral nightmares presses heavily on her bosom. Belief has well-nigh vanished out of all hearts, and cash from all Pockets. The Divine is no more recognised. Arouse yourselves, ye earnest men! And they have aroused themselves. They will have a Banquet. The Immortal is not yet fled from this wide universe. Multitudinous sounds are heard, piercing the azure vault of Heaven. Great deep hearts throb wildly. Frenchmen, be firm! They will be so; and in loud reverberating peals of Noise is heard the word—Dinner!

BOOK II.—THE UMBRELLA.

Shaded by that old Umbrella which so long, like some deadly Upas Tree, overshadowed France, sits the King, Satanic cunning grinning on his wrinkled visage. "Order up the troops;" and forthwith, at the word, is heard the dull rumbling of artillery waggons, and the clash of steel. Prepare yourselves now, oh stern patriots! Sounds the trumpet, roar huge voices; smoke, as from the pit of Tophet, darkens the air. Livery-bedecked Guizot is dismissed; his very shoulder-knots trembling with dread. The Throne shakes. France reels like a drunken man, and prepares to vomit that foul Orleans mixture too hastily swallowed.

BOOK III.—THE BROUGHAM.

The noise and din increase. "I will abdicate!" Miserable old man, thou must fly! Hearest thou not the bullets against those windows of that Tawdry palace of thine? The dynasty of deceit is in its death-throes. Once more the voice of Truth is heard proclaiming, that not by trickery and charlatanism, nor by ever so cunningly devised centralisation, but by Justice, is this planet of ours governed. Doff those robes of thine, false monarch. He has abandoned his Wig! Those false Whiskers of his, nourished at the expense of nations, are gone—shaved clean off; and the political hopes of his family drowned in the Suds! In a rickety hack Brougham flies the political Cagliostro, his juggler-tricks now over. France trusts to the deep, beautiful-minded Lamartine, and the great wild heart of the Cromwellian Rollin. Clap your hands, oh Frenchmen! The sun of civilisation has emerged from the clouds.

OUR DISCHARGED CONTRIBUTOR.

THE SHOWMAN has felt it his duty to dismiss one of his assistants with ignominy and a month's salary. His crime consisted in making jokes of a nature calculated to injure the readers of the PUPPET-SHOW; but as the unfortunate man's manuscript has been paid for, it must not be altogether wasted, and a small portion of it is accordingly administered in a careful manner. Mankind will probably approve of the conduct pursued towards the degraded wretch, but in case any large portion of it should feel amused by the monstrous creation of his unnatural brain, and inform us to that effect by letter (prepaid), he shall be hired—and thus lowered—in order to pander to their vitiated tastes. The following are some choice specimens of his humour:—

Q. Why is the publication of a novel in shilling numbers like a popular writer's hat?—*A.* Because it's Dickens' *style* (tile).

PERFECTLY SENSELESS.—It is a remarkable circumstance that the bakers on the continent are opposing the use of chloroform, because they have heard that it quite does away with *pain*.

A *FLAG*ITIOUS JOKE.—The *Standard* certainly bears a very appropriate name, for it flags exceedingly.

A COMPLIMENT FOR MUSICAL YOUNG LADIES.—Are you going to play that piece from notes, Miss ——, because I should much prefer your playing it from *here*.

AN OPEN QUESTION.—It seems incredible that Admiral Stopford should ever have been a pot-boy, but who would positively deny that such was the case with the evidence before him that the gallant fellow once took beer out (Beyrout).

STRANGE SIMILARITY.—A difficulty has been said very justly to resemble a nobleman's fishing apparatus; for every one must admit that it is an obstacle (a nob's tackle).

FASHIONABLE CHANGES.—After the present season, the fashion of young ladies riding out with their grooms will, we understand, be discontinued, and in its place their brothers will ride out with the housemaids. Although this arrangement does not come up to our idea of propriety, yet as it is a great change for the better, we have much pleasure in giving it publicity.

HOW PUNCH GOT UP HIS LAST NUMBER, AND THE PENALTY HE PAID FOR IT.

THE PUPPET-SHOWMAN, in his number for March 25th, introduced the following joke to the public :—

"ON LOUIS PHILIPPE ARRIVING WITHOUT HIS WIG.

Poor Louis Philippe from the Tuileries ran,
And tore off his wig like a desperate man;
His children came rushing pell-mell into town,
And found that papa had no *heirs* to his crown."

PUPPET-SHOW, March 25th.

Punch, in his number for April 1st, just seven days later, distorted the joke as follows, and published it as an offspring of his own cloudy brain :—

"The following has been forwarded us by electric telegraph. * * *

"*Q.* Why is there no chance of the Count de Paris being king of France?

"*A.* Because Louis Philippe sacrificed the *heir to the crown* when he threw away his wig." PUNCH, April 1st.

The above Literary Felony has not escaped the vigilant eye of the SHOWMAN; and as his readers may desire to know the whole history of the affair, he makes it public in the following six tableaux :—

Punch cuts out the joke from the PUPPET-SHOW, and gives it to his "eminent writers" to dress up in a different form.

"Eminent writers" all hard at work dressing up the PUPPET-SHOWMAN's joke.

Punch examines the result of their efforts; but several of them having disguised the joke so effectually that it is quite lost, *Punch* falls asleep during the perusal.

Punch, aroused by the application of the original joke, selects the best imitation of it, and prefixing the announcement that the joke was forwarded to him by electric telegraph,* gives the joke to the printer.

* The electric telegraph must have been almost as slow as *Punch*.

The PUPPET-SHOWMAN here comes in, discovers the felony, and collars *Punch*. *Punch's* "Eminent writers" all cut away.

The SHOWMAN, considering that *Punch* had stolen the very worst joke in the *Puppet-Show*, and considering, moreover, that *Punch* had made the joke very much worse, inflicts on him a public castigation.

TRYING IT ON.—It was stated last week that M. Guizot had applied to the Provisional Government of France for the salary due to him as Minister during the month of February. This, however, was untrue, for M. Guizot knew very well that a dishonest servant could be dismissed without either notice or wages.

"NOW AND THEN."—Mr. Warren must be allowed to be the most popular author of the day, for every educated person reads Now and Then.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.—The papers state, that Louis Philippe is going to "settle" in Lancashire; but from what transpired at a recent meeting of his creditors, it is very evident they would greatly prefer his settling in Paris.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO INQUISITIVE CORRESPONDENTS.—Numerous persons have written to inquire who and what we are. In reply, we beg to state that we introduced ourselves in our First Number, and in the most approved style. We, moreover, went to the expense of presenting our portrait, that no mistake might be made as to our identity—and, while we are on the subject, we may as well observe, that the *Times* erred grossly when it stated in a recent article that "Gavarni sins in imparting to his designs a grace which the originals do not possess." However, "truth will out," and we may, therefore, state candidly that the SHOWMAN'S principal *employé* is the presiding genius of the *Quarterly Review*, which may in some measure account for the slashing article in preparation for the generality of the light-literature publications, and from which ONE, at least, will be excepted.

TO AN INSANE CORRESPONDENT.—A man cannot be said to be of regular habits because he goes to bed regularly at five in the morning and gets up regularly at two in the afternoon. Our correspondent must be a regular madman.

TO MYSTERIOUS CORRESPONDENTS.—ALEPH.—To your first question, Yes; to the second, No; to the third, We can't tell.

TO LITERARY CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot insert the old joke from *Joe Miller*. You had better try *Punch* with it. The riddle about a door not being a door has already appeared in print. The charade shall be inserted—in the waste-paper basket.

TO DISSATISFIED CORRESPONDENTS.—Call at the office: the editor will be represented by a stout Irish compositor who has studied under the Tipton Slasher. The person who signs himself "A Hater of Stupidity," is advised not to allow his hatred to carry him to violence, or he will, in due consistency, begin by attacking himself.

TO CORRESPONDENTS WHO DON'T PAY THEIR POSTAGE.—Profit by the example of Joseph Ady, and save yourselves from Post-office prosecution.

CUTTING THE (FLY) LEAVES.

The *Fly Leaves* are now advertised as being "published occasionally." We can see no occasion for publishing them at all.

Q. How is it the New River water is dear?
A. Because the Company lay it on thick.

SCENE LAST FRIDAY MORNING AT THE "PUPPET-SHOW" OFFICE.

INTELLIGENT MAN.—"Have you the PUPPET-SHOW of to-morrow?"

PUBLISHER.—"No, sir; they were all sold yesterday."

[We may as well observe, for the sake of the joke, that the PUPPET-SHOW, although dated Saturday, is really published on Thursday.]

☞ *To meet the unexpected and greatly increased demand for the* "PUPPET-SHOW" *of last week, an inferior quality of paper had to be used for a portion of the Edition. The Proprietors beg to assure their subscribers that measures have been taken to ensure a sufficient supply for the future, and thereby to prevent a repetition of the circumstance.*

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OUR DISTORTING GLASS. No. II.

HARRY OF EXETER.

WE beg to call the attention of our readers to the portrait of Henry of Exeter, as he lately appeared in his celebrated characters of "notorious brawler," "consecrated perverter of the truth," and "slanderer." It was the opinion of twelve competent critics, who were well acquainted with Henry's general mode of acting, that he had distinguished himself equally in each of his parts; but although he was known to be quite at home in the two former, it was doubted by some whether his identification with the latter *rôle* would be so complete as it afterwards proved.

We shall confine ourselves to some brief remarks on Henry's new assumption; for it would be a work of supererogation to praise him for his performances of characters in which he has long been recognised as perfectly unrivalled.

On the occasion of his last successful representation, he had challenged Mr. Latimer (who was acknowledged to be quite unequal to him in most of his parts) to appear against him as "slanderer." Every one was of opinion that Henry would gain the laurels, and such turned out to be the case, for Latimer proved himself totally unsuited to the character which his opponent had assigned to him. It is considered that Henry is entitled to much credit on account of his courtesy in placing Latimer in fair competition with himself; and our artist has suggested, in the above cut, that the honour which he thus paid to his unwilling rival has returned *boomerang*-like to himself.

CRUEL ATTEMPT AT MURDER, BY THREE "UNITED IRISHMEN."

(*A new ballad to the old tune of "Sir John Barleycorn."*)

THERE were three patriots in the west,
Three patriots fierce and high,
And they swore one day a solemn oath
That COMMON-SENSE should die.

The first was MITCHELL of the pikes,
With his blood at boiling heat;
The second was MEAGHER of the sword,
His steady com-rogue meet.

The third was O'BRIEN of the tongue—
A vaunting man was he—
Nor king nor kaiser could with him
Compare in vanity.

They ran a-muck at COMMON-SENSE,
And mauled him in a speech,
They crushed him in a newspaper,
And smote him, all and each.

They took him to a famous Hall,
And there, in darkness dim,
They spattered him o'er with dirty words,
And pulled him limb from limb.

They swore that brawls were better than toils
For Irish heads and hands;
That 't was better to fight with pikes and swords
Than to plough the fruitful lands.

They dragged him forth to the public streets,
With shouts and noises loud,
And pelted him with sticks and stones,
In the sight of the thankless crowd:

In the sight of a crowd whom they taught to curse
The kindly hand that fed—
The Saxon hand that, when millions starved,
Provided them with bread.

In the sight of a crowd whom they taught to give
Evil, for good achieved,
And hatred, black as Tophet's pit,
For benefits received.

For they thought, these patriots fierce and high,
That when COMMON-SENSE was slain,
They might sit at the side of Anarchy,
And share her fearful reign.

They thought when COMMON-SENSE was scorned
As a thing of no avail,
They might rule, three kings of Beggardom—
Three monarchs of *Repale*.

But COMMON-SENSE, though harshly used,
Recovered from his fall;
There was sturdy life in his panting sides,
Which sore surprised them all.

Though he was sad and sick at heart,
And smitten by force and guile,
He arose again in his pristine strength
'Mong the true men of the isle.

And fiery MITCHELL of the pikes,
O'BRIEN of frothy words,
And MEAGHER, foe of moral force,
O'MEAGHER of the swords—

Were sore dismayed as he raised his voice,
And cried in the public way,
That the time had come for COMMON-SENSE
To resume his ancient sway.

And so it proved; from far and near
Men gathered at his call,
And vowed these patriots fierce and high
Were humbugs one and all.

And watchful LAW that was standing by
Outstretched his potent arm,
And sent O'BRIEN to Norfolk isle,
For fear of further harm:

Sent furious MEAGHER of the sword
To join him across the sea,
And shaved the head of MITCHELL the hot
To cool his lunacy.

And all the people shouted aloud,
As they joined with heart and hand,
"There never was king like COMMON-SENSE—
Hurrah! for old Ireland."

ANOTHER "PURSUIT OF MEANING UNDER DIFFICULTIES."—The *Musical World* speaks of a chorus in *Nino* as "a tune with bald accompaniments." What is a bald accompaniment? We suppose it is what our "discharged contributor" would have called an accompaniment without any (h)air!

HOW TO OBTAIN FAME.—Enter a shop and suddenly decamp, having first taken, in the sight of half-a-dozen shopmen, two or three articles for which you have not paid. You will soon find that you are much run after, and will be sure of obtaining celebrity—in the Police Reports of the following day.

IMPORTANT MOTION.—The Emperor of Russia, we see, has "moved for a return" of all the Russians now in France—to their native country.

VERY VERDANT.—A hotel-keeper recently begged permission to "board" the Chinese Junk!

MELANCHOLY FAILURE.—We thought the Iron King was in good circumstances, but now regret to see that Messrs. Blackwood have been advertising "Hudson's Bay" for sale, price nine shillings! We hope that the rest of the stud will not be sold at such a "tremendous sacrifice."

EX-MINISTERIAL MOVEMENTS.

Brompton Square, April 1.

M. GUIZOT gave an audience to-day to his tailor. It is understood that if certain measures which the latter has already taken should lead to a favourable result, he will be prepared to bring in a bill.

A deputation from the band which had been playing on the other side of the square waited on M. Guizot, upon a matter relating to the currency. M. Guizot, with great presence of mind, escaped by a back-door, in the disguise of a maid-of-all-work.

M. Guizot, on his return, read the PUPPET-SHOW, and expressed an opinion that the press of England was remarkably free.

A deputation from the establishment of Mr. Simmons, costumier, waited upon M. Guizot to inquire whether he would part with his footman's dress, which was likely to prove in request at the next *bal masqué*. We understand that there was some dispute as to the terms.

Madame Tussaud also waited upon the ex-minister, with the view of arranging a "magnificent addition; consisting of M. Guizot, in his celebrated character of footman." His acquiescence was only obtained upon the condition that Louis Philippe would consent to appear with him—and without his whiskers—as Mr. Smith.

At dinner, M. Guizot waited upon himself.

"THE PUBLIC SPIRIT OF THE WHIGS."

THE Whigs have at present but a slight hold on the respect or affections of the community, and such as it is they seem determined to lose it; but they should remember that, willing as they may be to sacrifice their characters, the public are not equally ready to lose their rights. What shall we say to a Government which proclaims itself, with brazen lungs, a liberal one, and on the first opportunity interferes with our ancient right to meet and petition? In 1831 a body of 100,000 men marched to the Home Office, with a Reform petition; in 1834, 100,000 men marched to the House of Commons, with a petition for the recall of the Dorchester Labourers. The Time river has flowed on since then, washing away—like scum upon its surface—stagnant abuses and corrupt dynasties; and England now finds her rights encroached upon by a Liberal Ministry, under cover of a statute raked from the filthy obscurity of the most disgraceful period of her annals! What will Mr. Macaulay—the one honest and brilliant man of the party—think of this employment of an obsolete enactment—a despot-weapon of Charles II.'s—when he next looks at his Essay on Milton, and sees what he has said therein of the reign of that Stuart? The statute provides, that no persons outnumbering ten shall repair to his majesty, or to the Houses of Parliament, to present any petition. We have shown that this statute has more than once been disregarded. Is it necessary to show that it is unreasonable?

The Whigs also have a bill in progress for strengthening the power of the crown and the government—a measure very appropriate as a companion to one weakening that of the people. In the meantime, the labouring classes are unrepresented in the Parliament which is preparing to gag them; discontent is spreading widely; and Europe is in convulsions. Lord John Russell bids fair to be author of another tragedy—of more "interesting situations" than his insipid Don Carlos. This oppres-

sive act was passed in consequence of Lord William Russell having marched, during a despotic reign, at the head of 200 Members of Parliament to present a petition to the crown. Lord John Russell should be the last man to employ against the liberty of the people an Act which was first inflicted on them in consequence of the efforts in the cause of freedom made by his illustrious ancestor, from whom is derived all the honour that pertains to the family name.

MR. JEREMY DIDDLER.

Last week, at the Woolwich Police Court, Cecil Le Mesurier and Henry Denne, two "gentlemen" cadets, as they are ironically styled, were charged with violently assaulting Mr. Palmer, a grocer. It appeared that Le Mesurier had called Palmer "a fool;" and, upon the latter venturing to deny the imputation, had struck him, assuring him, at the same time, that he was a liar. Mr. Palmer went to the barracks and reported the conduct of the man who had felt so aggrieved at his (Palmer's) contradicting the allegation of folly, when out came Denne, swearing, and asking the unfortunate Palmer how he had dared to inform against *him*. The grocer replied that he had interfered about the conduct of Le Mesurier alone, when Denne expressed how directly opposite his own conviction was by calling him a liar, at the same time blackening both his eyes. A person named Goodbody, who came to Palmer's assistance, was beaten severely by some of the cadets, and had his coat and hat completely destroyed, besides losing two sovereigns in the struggle.

The result, as given in the newspapers, was, that "the parties having apologised to Mr. Palmer, and made good the loss sustained by Goodbody, were discharged!"

Justice, as personified by Mr. Jeremy, the Woolwich magistrate, cannot be called "blind," for it has evidently an eye to particular interests; but it presents a horrid squint which is disgusting in appearance and awful in its effects. To compare the above case with any half-dozen others which appear weekly in the metropolitan journals, and to prove that there is "one law for the rich, and another," &c., would be too old a story for us to place before our readers; but we must really do ourselves the pleasure of calling public attention to the remarks which Mr. Jeremy thought fit to make on the occasion, and which could only have proceeded from a very imbecile or a very impudent person. It appears, then, that Mr. Jeremy, on dismissing the prisoners, "reminded them that they were always amenable to the laws, and that the superior education which they had received ought to be a guarantee for their good conduct; for, whatever allowances might be made for the thoughtlessness of youth, coarse language and violent assaults could not be expected from gentlemen." Now, Mr. Jeremy must either possess so weak an intellect that he cannot perceive how utterly at variance the principle he lays down is with the conduct which he pursues, or he must possess that impudence of triple brass which can alone enable a man to prove his own injustice and glory in his own perverseness. Mr. Jeremy, after discharging the prisoners without the slightest penalty, informs them that they are "always amenable to the laws!" He then states that "coarse language and violent assaults cannot be expected from gentlemen," although every one knows that it is just the conduct which may be expected from gentlemen cadets; and that as their taste lies in that way, it will probably be cultivated as long as the Jeremies of the magisterial bench allow it to go unpunished.

FINE OPENINGS FOR LEADER-WRITERS.

We are standing on the brink of a precipice, &c.
When we survey the state of Europe, &c.
Affairs have at length arrived at a crisis, &c.
The news which arrived last night by the Indian Mail, *and which we were the first to publish*, &c.
In another part of our columns will be found, &c.
Last night's debate was remarkable as presenting, &c.
Sir R. Peel reminds us of the man in the fable, who, &c.

The above can be supplied at so much per mile on application at the Puppet-Show Office.

RESTLESS TIMES.

Although the Sappers and Miners were working throughout Sunday, and Sunday night, in fortifying the Bank of England, we are happy to state that the "*rest*" of the old Lady of Threadneedle Street was not disturbed.

It is usual to propose, as the second toast at public dinners, "Prince Albert, and the rest of the Royal Family." When we consider the very little rest that has lately been enjoyed by royal personages, we cannot but look upon this sentiment as exceedingly appropriate.

The inhabitants of Modena, evidently sympathizing in the above sentiment, favoured their duke with a(*r*)rest as he was endeavouring to escape from his dominions.

The Chartists have sworn never to rest themselves—from their exertions—until they have wrested the Charter from the Government.

THE SIX POINTS OF THE CHARTER.

MORAL REFLECTION.

How much better is the People's Charter than the Jokes in *Punch*—the former having six points, and the latter having no point at all.

A HINT FOR A BARRICADE.

Procure a set of the thirteen volumes of *Punch*. Behind these the enemy may be attacked with perfect impunity, for no living man, let him strive how he will, could ever succeed in getting through them.

CLEAR ENOUGH.

Some parties in this country shake their heads at the mention of the Provisional Government, and declare that it "won't answer." We beg to refer these gentlemen to its reply to the Irish Rebels.

A CONTRADICTION.

Mr. Cobden, *fêted* extensively on the Continent, gets laughed at, and abused, in England. It may thus be affirmed of him, with justice, that he is quite at home abroad, and quite abroad at home.

CHEERING.

The great corruption existing in certain antiquated Institutions of this Country ought to be regarded as a good sign; for is not corruption synonymous with decay?

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

"There is only one difference between myself and Byron," said the Comte de Neuilly.—"'I awoke one morning, and found myself *in*famous!'"

NAUSEA.

The draught of the new constitution was lately presented for approval to the King of Prussia. Despite all his majesty's seeming patriotism, we believe this is the bitterest draught he has ever had to swallow in his whole life.

A GRAVE OMISSION.

The turtle-eating corporation of London have let an excellent opportunity for a guzzle escape them. Why did they not get up a feed in honour of Guizot, to show their sense of his partiality to the Livery?

TENANT-RIGHT.

The following queries are proposed by the SHOWMAN, as calculated to elucidate this important matter in its bearings on the lodgers and landlords of the metropolis.

1. Has a tenant any right to play the trombone, when his next neighbour has gone to bed with a sick headache?

2. Does the right of a tenant to a latch-key lapse and determine, when he regularly comes home in such an excited state as not to be able to find the key-hole?

3. Has a tenant any right to burn holes in the chimney-piece (supposing it to be of wood), in order to try experiments with reference to slow combustion?

4. Has a tenant any right, in the absence of another tenant, to use that absent tenant's razor for the purpose of opening oysters?

5. Has a tenant on the second floor any right to water the mignionette-pots on the window-sill, while the tenant beneath happens to have his or her head out of his or her respective window?

THE SPECIAL CONSTABLE AT HOME.

"SPECIAL CONSTABLERING, INDEED! AND A PRETTY FOOL YOU LOOK COMING HOME SUCH A BUNDLE OF RAGS AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, WITH THE HOUSE ROBBED, AND NEVER A POLICEMAN TO BE FOUND IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD!"

EVERY ONE TO HIS TASTE.

AN "Admirer of Jam Tarts" has written a letter to the *Times*, calling on the Royal Academy to provide refreshment-rooms for the public at the ensuing exhibition. He has not favoured us, however, with any suggestion as to the particular style of refreshment he thinks desirable for exhausted cognoscenti, so that we are left in doubt as to whether an attendant with apples, oranges, and ginger-beer would be considered sufficient, or if it would be preferable to add to these a few oyster-tubs, with supplies of bread and butter and bottled stout? If the recommendation is acted upon, we may certainly look for a conspicuous notice in each apartment, announcing the interesting fact, that parties bringing their own tea will be supplied with boiling water at 3*d.* per head, and that shrimps will be charged 3*d.* extra.

SERIOUS CHARGE.—The *Daily News* is very angry with the management of the Strand Theatre for forestalling that of the Royal Italian Opera by the production of *Haydee*. It even says that the score is not the real one, but a something composed of merely infinitesimal portions of Auber's music, diluted with a great deal of stuff from some one else. This is a serious charge: if true, every one of the actors, aye, even peerless Poole herself, will find themselves some fine morning arrested, for uttering forged notes.

THE POLICEMAN'S COMPLETE ART OF LOVE.

BY AN EX-MEMBER OF THE FORCE.

1. Choose for the scene of your affections some quiet and respectable square, where there are no thieves to distract your notice. Do not commence your attack in the morning, as servants do not like to be seen until the afternoon, when they have "cleaned themselves." About four o'clock they are dressed and at the kitchen window, when you can pay your slight attentions and take your choice.

2. Remember that prudence is the better part of affection; in accordance with which maxim you will, before proceeding further in your amorous pursuit, make yourself acquainted with the quality of meat supplied by the butcher. This you may easily manage by stopping the boy some evening, and insisting on being informed where he is going to and what he is carrying; after which you can dismiss him with a knowing look, which will impress any one who may be passing by with a high opinion of your vigilance. Some authorities would go so far as to recommend you to choose the meat first and the servant afterwards, but this conduct I can only look upon as heartless.

3. Having settled these minor matters of taste, try the area some night when you are going your rounds, always contriving to make as much noise as possible. After a few of these experiments you will be asked what you are "doing with that gate," when you may reply that you "wished to see if it was all right, as there are many suspicious characters about." After this you must walk on, as you will of course be much dearer to the servants by not making yourself too cheap.

4. On passing the house two or three nights afterwards, you will be sure to find the gate unfastened. Walk straight down to the kitchen (this time without making a noise), and inform the servants of it. You will find them very grateful, and quite unable to think who could have "been and done it," or rather undone it. An hour or two afterwards you will see the cook or housemaid, as the case may be—by-the-bye, the cook is strongly recommended for victualling purposes—so dreadfully frightened that she is afraid to go to bed. Use every means to reassure her, in spite of which you will find that she will positively decline to be comforted until you have promised to keep a constant watch on the house for at least a week.

5. Having gone thus far, you must be unworthy of your cloth if you cannot succeed in introducing yourself into the kitchen. You must immediately ascertain whether there is a cat in the house; and if not, get one, as the cat is known to be the policeman's best friend.

6. Do not appear offended if the refreshments offered in the first instance be not what the advertisements call "of the most *recherché* description." Those love tokens, which commence with a slice of bread and butter, soon rise to the leg of a cold fowl!

7. It is considered safe to fall in love with the cook when the housemaid is already attached to a soldier. You need not be afraid of meeting him, as he must be in barracks early, and you will derive considerable advantage from the arrangement generally, as the principles of reciprocity will be carried out to their fullest extent by the two domestics, and they will keep each other's secrets with all the strictness of self-interest.

8. In all matters connected with the fair sex, regard your inspector as your natural enemy. I was dismissed the force because my "wife" brought me a "cup of tea" when I was on duty. The inspector, however, maintained that it wasn't my wife, and that it wasn't tea.

THE "WAR ORGAN!"

Policeman Clarendon—"Come, I say, you Mitchell—My Sergeant Russell has given orders to have you took up—You 're a perfect nuisance."

IMPORTANT TO REVOLUTIONISTS.

Gentlemen desirous of overthrowing the government of their respective countries are requested to apply to the *Daily News* Office, where kings are daily dethroned, cities bombarded, and Republics declared, contrary to all expectation, at the very moderate charge of three pence. Our contemporary has clearly entitled himself to public patronage, by bombarding Warsaw, and making the King of Prussia abdicate, both of which feats he performed last week without the aid of any other party.

N.B. Green gentlemen receive a very liberal allowance.

Mr. Hume has done much to correct the extravagance in the expenditure of the House of Commons. He would render an almost equal service were he to correct the extravagance in some of the members' speeches.

Extraordinary Sincerity.—The *Morning Herald*, scorning to deceive its customers, has the words "Latest Intelligence" printed in large capitals at the top of its despatches, more or less electric, from the Continent. After this piece of sincerity, if readers find the news is stale, they have no right to complain that they were not warned before hand.

A certain right reverend prelate, in order no doubt to prove his humility, makes even his sons and daughters address him as "My Lord." Recent events have proved it not quite so easy a task for his grace to *lord* it over Latimer as over his own family.

Government made the most extensive preparations to meet the Chartists. The latter regret that Government is not as ready to meet their demands as it is to meet them.

IMPORTANT DEMONSTRATION AT THE CASINO.

On Saturday last, when some were in fear, and all in doubt as to what would be the result of the Chartist Meeting on the following Monday, it is gratifying to reflect that the Casino remained faithful to the Government: in the hour of need, or, in other words, at half-past eleven, it did not forget the allegiance due to that crown under which it enjoyed liberty and an annual license.

On the occasion to which we refer the unanimous, universal, uni-everything cry was raised for "God save the Queen." For about half a minute no notice was taken of the call, not from any disloyal feelings on the part of the orchestra, but for the simple reason that the instruments had been packed up for the night. A shout was then raised of "The Casino doesn't answer," which insinuation was at once met by M. Laurent, the conductor, who responded to the appeal in a manner which must raise his *bâton* to a higher position in the scale of loyalty than can be claimed even for those of the special constables.

A report has come to our ears—but we do not vouch for its veracity—to the effect that the most popular *danseuses* of the Casino refused with indignation several magnificent offers of sherry-coblers and ices from secret emissaries of the Chartists; and one of the spies was led to confess that he had been tampering with the best *deux-temps* in the room, and had endeavoured—though ineffectually!—to gain her over to the unpopular cause by means of a ticket for the Adelphi. This we cannot but look upon as a very free admission on his part.

It will doubtless be alleged by those persons who take a pleasure in sneering at everything, that the adhesion of the Casino will be of little value to the executive. They will probably insinuate that an adept at the *galop* will always be ready to "Courir *pour la patrie*"—which, it must be admitted, is not "*le sort le plus beau*," *&c.*; and many hint that a person who is in the habit of waltzing will always be ready to turn round. On the other hand, it may be alleged—and this in our opinion settles the matter at once—that those who possess sufficient courage to dance *vis-à-vis* to some persons who are to be met with at the Casino, must certainly be prepared to face anything and anybody.

"Comparisons are 'Oderous'".—"I wonder, Madam," said a young German merchant to Mrs. M——r G——, "that smokers in this country are not in good *odour*." "Possibly," was the reply, "it is because they are so disagreeably *perfumed*!"

TO GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS.

We understand that a class is about to be formed for the purpose of instructing gentlemen of the press (by means of six difficult lessons) in those branches of education with which most members of the middle, and even of the upper, classes are supposed to be familiar. Amongst the pupils will, or at least ought to, be numbered—

The critic who lately translated *La Reine des feu Follets* as the "Queen of the *fireflies*."

The German correspondent of the *Times*, who speaks of some students having sung *Der Rhein, &c.* (meaning probably *Das Rhein*), and who introduces us to a "countess" who talked to him in very bad French.

The writer in the *Sunday Times* who talks about omnibi; and

The musical critic of the *Morning Post*, who will be admitted on his general demerits.

It is expected that numerous additions, which we shall be happy to chronicle, will shortly be made to the above number.

Suppressed Jokes.—If some of our correspondents, who forward unpaid letters to the Puppet-Show Office, do not cease the disreputable practice, we threaten to publish the jokes which they send us, and which would otherwise have been suppressed out of respect to the authors.

Good Law.—We have been requested to ask our learned puppets, the judges, why rebellion generally breaks out in the capital of a country? Their answer is, that in every country rebellion is a capital crime.

A NOVEL TURN

TO AN AULD SANG.

Jews—as every one has read—
Jews—as Charles Bruce lately said—
Know that you are born and bred
The World's Aristocracie.

Now 's the day and now 's the hour,
See auld Inglis looking sour;
On you he abuse doth shower—
Inglis—Cant—and Mummerie!

Wha would be a Jew-boy, Jew?
Sell old almanacks for new,
When he 's one of—say Bruce true—
The World's Aristocracie!

Wha for Israel's right, by law,
In the house to sit, will draw—
Member stand, or member fa'—
Son of Judah, on wi' me!

By auld London's streets and lanes,
By great Rothschild's cunning brains,
We will spend our hard-earn'd gains
But he shall be an M.P.

Lay our proud opponents low—
Agnews fall in every foe—
Parliament 's in every blow—
Opposition 's all my eye!

THE VERANDAH QUESTION.

At a period when the social system of Europe is being shaken to its very centre, when the transformation of kingdoms into republics, of serfs into men, is taking place as instantaneously as the tricks in a pantomime, a certain house of sage grave men can find nothing better wherewith to occupy their time than the removal of a few crazy verandahs, in the town of Colombo, in the Island of Ceylon.

It appears from the statement of Lord Beaumont, that the Governor of Ceylon had forcibly removed certain verandahs which encroached upon the already too narrow streets of Colombo. This is monstrous. The idea of doing away with an abuse which had existed Heaven knows how long!

There are some people so totally devoid of all sense of propriety as to applaud the governor's conduct. Such misguided individuals say that the governor was acting perfectly right; that the demolition of a few rotten verandahs could be no great cause for outcry; that the proprietors, of course, retained the materials, or even if the government had ordered an immense bonfire to be made of them—the materials, not the proprietors—in sign of joy at the abolition of a public nuisance, it would have been no great evil, as most of these structures, so dear to the Colombians, were erected at a period little posterior to the deluge, and were as rotten as touchwood, or certain boroughs which have lately figured very conspicuously in the public papers.

But people who reason thus, do so on a wrong hypothesis; they suppose that, in Ceylon, as in England, any object which is sound and new is better than another, of the same kind, that is rickety and old. No such thing. In Ceylon the case is very different, at least as regards verandahs. The inhabitants hold that verandahs, like wine, improve by age; for they offer to sacrifice, without compensation, all such as have sprung up within the last ten years, provided they get heavy damages for the removal of those erected at any former period. What steps will Government take on this eventful subject?—Time, which, according to the German proverb, brings roses, will perhaps bring an answer to our question.

Others, again, unable to appreciate the immense importance of the verandah question, say, sneeringly, that the sage grave men of the upper house waste their time upon the verandah question from their intellectual impotence to grasp any subject of a more serious nature. To those detractors we reply, at a moment when all the Continent is sweeping away the smallest vestiges of the rotten old political verandahs which obstructed the thoroughfare of freedom, the sage grave men occupy themselves with the Colmobian verandah question, in order to prove that, however the other authorities of the world may choose to succumb to public opinion, they, at least, will manfully defend the last remnant of their verandahs, which have encroached for so many, many years on the liberties of this country, and, *therefore*, must be good; under their shade they are resolved to sit and smoke, as hitherto, the cigar of privilege, attaching no belief to the promises of sundry demagogues that the people will soon put them in the shade altogether.

EDITOR'S BOX.

At the Haymarket, a drama from the pen and French dictionary of Mr. T. Morton, and entitled *Old Honesty*, has been produced. It is written with a "purpose," and is intended to illustrate the very novel idea that "Honesty is the best policy"—a species of morality which one of our wittiest writers designates as worthy of a returned convict. The great point in the piece is Webster's making-up for the hero; and—if he will take the compliment as it is meant—we may be allowed to state that he assumed the part of the honest man with prodigious talent.

At the Olympic a (*mal*) *à-propos* farce has been produced under the title of *Lost a Sovereign*. The piece contains several very venerable jokes which have been going the round of the press for many weeks past; but unfortunately the author has not shown the best taste in his selection. Two children, of the ages of seven and nine respectively, who play nearly as well as children of five and six, have made their *débuts* at this theatre. They will never fill the house; how can they, being so small?

At the Strand a lamentable attempt has been made to perform Auber's *Haydee*. There is a chorus at this theatre of which one-half does not sing at all, and the other half out of tune. The orchestral accompaniments are what might be expected from a few scratching violins, two screaming cornets, a grumbling ophicleide, and a few other instruments whose merit consisted in not being heard. The music pleases us as much as that of the most successful of Auber's operas—though, of course, we can only speak of the melodies; while the plot is quite as ingenious and rather more improbable than any of Scribe's *libretti*. The actors produce some amusement by speaking of the heroine throughout as *Idy*: this suggests to us that a much more reasonable pronunciation would be Ady; and that a very good burlesque might be given under the title of *Joseph Ady, or, A Secret Worthy Knowing*.

NEW READINGS.

If an ignorant charity-boy is told to read a-b ab, and reads it b-a ba, it is a new reading, though one for which the pupil obtains little credit. But when an actor represents the reverse of any character which he may be required to interpret, it is considered a proof of genius; and he is lauded for an originality which might be equally claimed by the obtuse child.

Every one except the critic of the *Fawning Post*—who, after all, is nobody—is aware that Jenny Lind made *Norma* a quiet sort of young lady disguised as a Druidical priestess, who constantly carried a dagger about for a mere show, and who was far too well-mannered to lose her temper, in spite of any injuries that she might have received from *Pollio*. It appeared to us that Miss Jane's intentions were honourable so far as they went, but that, from the character being unsuited to her, she was, in spite of her evident endeavouring, unable to do it justice. Her friends, however, maintained that her perverse reading was intellectual; and that, in fact, she wished to play *Norma*, with the "character" of the priestess entirely left out. Now if this *ad libitum* interpretation be encouraged, we shall not be astonished to see *Lucia* represented as a regular flirt; and all respectable mammas will agree with us that the clandestine meetings and correspondence with *Edgardo* indicated a certain levity of disposition. Her fickleness is a matter of notoriety, and in order to prove that she experiences no regret at her lovers discovering it, we have only to observe that she acknowledges her fault, and, without condescending to explain, merely makes one exclamation, which, according to our "New Reading," should be given with an air of the most unblushing effrontery. Her subsequent madness may be accounted for on the supposition that *Edgardo* has, immediately before her marriage with his rival, inherited a large property, and has thus become a very desirable match. *Lucrezia Borgio* might be easily turned into a good hospitable woman who imprudently entertains her guests with British brandy, and thus poisons them. Hypercritics would object to this "New Reading," as being inconsistent with other portions of the opera, but that is an objection of no moment whatever; in fact, so little care need be given to the author's real intention, that we do not despair of one day seeing *Iago* represented as a virtuous man, on the strength of the epithet "honest," which is applied to him in so significative a manner.

GREAT MEETING OF HOTEL AND LODGING-HOUSE KEEPERS.

A very numerous meeting of the Hotel and Lodging-house keepers of the metropolis was held the other day, to consider what measures ought to be adopted by them at the present eventful crisis.

After the preliminary forms of taking off paletots, ordering goes of gin-and-water, and electing a chairman, had been gone through, several of the most influential gentlemen present said that they viewed with feelings of unmitigated disgust the mode of warfare adopted by the inhabitants of Paris, Berlin, Milan, and other places, which consisted in showering down chairs, tables, work-baskets, pianoes, bandboxes, desks, chest of drawers, paper-knives, and other articles upon the heads of the military—that such a course of things, if permitted to take its course, was most destructive of social order and household furniture, and that its effects would be most prejudicial to theirs. That they (the Hotel and Lodging-house keepers) had no wish to restrain in any way the liberty of the subject; and that, therefore, they should offer no objection to the householders of London transforming the contents of their houses into a sort of cabinet grape-shot, if such were their pleasure, but that they (the Hotel and Lodging-house keepers) deprecated in the strongest terms, and would oppose, with all the energy of which they were possessed, the conduct of any individuals occupying rooms in their establishments who should show symptoms of manifesting their patriotism in a similar manner.

It was then proposed, with a view of conceding in some degree to public opinion, that worthless and heavy lumber should be stowed away under the beds, sofas, and in the cupboards of the several apartments, in order that the lodgers might not be deprived of taking part in an amusement which was every day becoming more popular. One gentleman begged to suggest, for this purpose, the buying up the volumes of *Punch* from the butter-shops; but this was negatived by an immense majority, on the plea that the great superincumbent weight of the said numbers would materially strain and endanger any edifice in which they might be placed. The words "paving-stones" were then substituted, and the resolution adopted without opposition.

It was further proposed, that every individual, wishing to hire rooms, should have a printed paper, containing the following questions, given to him:—

"How old are you? Where were you born? Was your father married? To your certain knowledge, did he ever suffer from the tooth-ache or take Morison's pills? Do you read the *Daily News?* Are you subject to sea-sickness? And, do you prefer the Italian Opera to Her Majesty's Theatre?"

That if the answers to these questions, particularly the last, showed that the individual's mind was tinted with Chartism, he should be required, in order to ensure the interests of the hotel-keeper, to do the same with his furniture, for such time as he, the individual, remained in the former's establishment; and in case of his refusing to enter on such an engagement, he should not be allowed to enter the house. This was carried unanimously, and the meeting separated.

An advertisement of Professor Holloway's is now going the round of the papers, headed, "The greatest *sale* of any medicine in the globe." It should evidently be, "The greatest *sell* of any medicine in the globe." If the University—(of Humbug we mean, whence Holloway derives his degree)—notices this matter as it ought, it will certainly strip him of his professor's gown for such a contemptible blunder.

THE FALL OF METTERNICH.

"In mercy help! help the bewildered blind,
Surprised by tempest, and infirm by age;
From every quarter yells the whistling wind—
Say, where shall he find refuge from its rage?
The trusty bridge, whose time-worn arches bore
Such crushing weights, must now yield to the stream:
Oh! help blind Metternich he doth implore,
And his poor old pet dog, *Ancien Regime.*

"Where is Lord Castlereagh? long dead and gone;
But Wellington, staunch friend, say where art thou?
Ye English Tories, have your hearts turn'd stone,
That ye are deaf to my distresses now?
E'en Aberdeen betrays the faith he swore,
Regardless whether I may sink or swim—
Oh! help blind Metternich he doth implore,
And his poor old pet dog, *Ancien Regime.*"

The Eagle's wing'd—the blind one shakes with fear;
Adieu, ambition, honours, and rewards!
For, lo! the system which he loved to rear
Tumbles around him like a house of cards—
All gulph'd at once—the feudal sway is o'er,
His policy he finds is all a dream.
"Farewell, blind Metternich, thy reign is o'er—
Thou 'rt banish'd with thy dog, *Ancien Regime*—"

We had not brought the sentence to an end,
Ere, washed from the old bridge on which he stood,
Himself and worn-out dog—his slow-paced friend—
Were swallow'd up by the surrounding flood.
There, sunk some hundred fathom deep and more,
They lie together 'neath the rushing stream,
Confounded with forgotten things of yore—
He and his old pet dog, *Ancien Regime.*

Better Late than Never.—The Government was blamed for its great tardiness in assisting the Bank of England during the late panic. Determined not to merit this reproach during the present one, it resolved to bolster up the establishment at any price, and accordingly sent down in a most liberal manner several thousand bags of——gold dust? No——sand!

Newest from Paris.—Messrs. O'Brien, Meagher, and Co., adduce as a proof of the great sympathy for Ireland existing in France, that they actually saw in a shop-window in the Palais Royal, the glorious words, "Here they spike the English."

THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE WORLD.

"They (the Jews) are the aristocracy of the world."—*Vide* Mr. C. Bruce's speech, in the House of Commons, Tuesday, April 4.

Peers of England, Magnates of Hungary, Palatines of Allemania, your reign is past! What are your titles of nobility compared to those of the people of Israel? You are but the aristocracy of small portions of the globe—they are the Aristocracy of the World! The most ancient Christian potentates are but mere genealogical mushrooms, springing up around the base of the towering trunk of Judah!

To think that, like Molière's rich citizen, who had spoken prose all his life without knowing it, we should have existed so long in ignorance of the fact which it was reserved for Mr. C. Bruce to proclaim! We shudder at the idea, and can only restrain our grief at the past by giving full vent to our joy at the future.

No sooner was the startling intelligence generally known than the sensation created was immense: Belgravia was deserted, Park Lane was desolate, and even Buckingham Palace itself was, for a time, nearly empty. Every one had rushed to procure mansions in Holywell Street and the Minories at any sacrifice, however great. His Grace the Duke of Sutherland has been fortunate enough to obtain the whole of Mr. Burgess's premises. Not many, however, have had such good luck. The Duke of Devonshire, for instance, has only succeeded in renting the shop and back-parlour where, in former times, portraits were taken with the greatest accuracy and a pair of scissors, in black paper and two minutes, for the small sum of one penny; while Hudson himself has not been able to get more than a damp cellar and a cold—but he is buoyed up by the promise of a front attic at no distant day. The *Morning Post* is negociating for an early coffee-stall at the corner. "Hebrew spoken here" is to be seen in all the shop-windows of the vicinity. Stults's customers have taken their measures to save him the trouble of doing so, and have gone to Moses: the latter, without the least hesitation, has determined not to imitate the exclusiveness of the German *Schneider*, but to make for all such as may come to him, even supposing they do not bring letters of introduction from three Rabbis, two Archbishops, the Puppet-Showman, and Young Disraeli.

Let it not be supposed that this sudden recognition of their worth will make any change in the manners of the Children of Israel: taking the merchant nobles of Genoa for their models, they will still continue to exercise their calling—of Old Clo!—and to dispose of hundred-bladed knives and Russian leather pocket-books, at an immense loss—to the purchaser—as usual. How vivifying is this! how generous their even now not taking the shine out of their Christian imitators, but contenting themselves with imparting it to their oranges in the different public thoroughfares! How sublime is their pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, when you refuse to say how much you will take for your coat; and how kind their correction of your ideas as to its value!

The True Version.—The editor of an intended edition of Lord Byron's hitherto unpublished works, announced in his advertisements that the most valuable of all the M.SS. had been furnished by the poet's own family. This is quite correct: the contribution in question was a notice from the family solicitor, that if the individual did not desist from his design, legal proceedings would be commenced against him.

Great Nonsense.—It has been foolishly remarked that the practice of laying wagers is likely to increase with the spread of education; as at present many persons refrain from it solely because they don't know any better.

HYMENEAL PROBLEM.

Given—All the marriages reported (and paid for) in the *Morning Post.*

To find—A single case where the bride is not described as looking "exceedingly beautiful, and being splendidly attired;" or where the "manly grace of the gallant bridegroom" is not the *point de mire* of the fair sex present.

How to Read Punch.—Peruse it without cutting it open. You save time, and you lose nothing.

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THE SPECIAL CONSTABLE ON DUTY.

A SCENE FROM "THE RIVALS."

MR. BOB ACRES (*a Special Constable*)—"WELL, LET THEM COME—HEY, SIR LUCIUS! WE—WE—WE—WE—WON'T RUN."

SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER (*a Grenadier*)—"RUN! WHAT THE DEVIL'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?"

ACRES—"NOTHING—NOTHING—MY DEAR FRIEND—MY DEAR SIR LUCIUS—BUT I—I—I DON'T FEEL QUITE SO BOLD, SOMEHOW, AS I DID."

HOW TO MAKE A "MONSTER" PETITION.

GET half-a-dozen skins of dirty parchment, some deal tables, pens and ink, and unwashed clerks. Go to work briskly, transcribing all the names in the *Court Guide* and *London Directory*. Write down the name of the Queen, and be particular in putting down as often as possible the names of such persons as are notoriously opposed to the sentiments contained in the document. Next, dash your petition with a little blasphemy, and add obscenity and slang in abundance. Having carried out these instructions to the letter (or rather to the signature), count up the names; multiply twice their number by fifty, and add a million. Take the gross amount, and proclaim it the genuine one; and you will then find that you have succeeded in making a "monster" petition—and no mistake!

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

[SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM THE GERMAN ORIGINAL.]

ON the Common men call Kennington the midnight hour is dark;
No Gent is there on business—no Gent upon a lark;
But a pale and spectral drummer paceth slowly up and down,
And the music of his instrument rolls sadly o'er the town.

Then straightway is the Common peopled thick with shapes of air—
The signers of the Chartists' great petition all are there;
Four millions of Nobodies, without or flesh or blood—
Their shadowy high-lows never left a foot-print on the mud.

In apocryphal battalion the "Pugnose" heroes stand,
The "Flatnose" regiment musters near—an awful phantom band;
The martial form of Sibthorpe goes dimly stalking by,
And the Roman nose of Wellington is seen against the sky!

But mark that group of chieftains, with faces long and wan—
'T is the Delegates who travelled in the Snigsend patriot van—
There scowls the warlike Cuffey, there smiles the phrensied Jones,
And there the gallant Harney goes prancing o'er the stones.

But round one awful leader the shadowy staff attends,
Before one warrior phantom each General lowly bends;
That ghost hath burly bearing—that ghost hath reddish hair,
'T is he! Salute, ye squadrons! Great Feargus' self is there!

Right down the long battalions he casts his glittering eye.
In warlike pomp the proud array tramps, slowly marching by;
And as he marks the dusky ranks of every wheeling file,
The sham Napoleon's curling lip relaxes to a smile.

He whispers low to Murphy—that podgy man of war—
And 'mid the rustling legions flies the message, fast and far.
'T is the watchword and the countersign which through the ranks have spun—
The first is "Cut, and Conquer," but the last is "Cut, and Run!"

Ha! see amid the darkness stalks a figure stern and tall!
And Feargus faintly murmurs "*Sauve qui peut!*—a Special!"
It dimly shook a staff aloft, and all the vast array
At that shadow of a Special faded meltingly away.

THE CHARTISTS AND THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

We believe that "measures, not men," is a popular cry with the Chartists, and certainly, whatever may be said about some of their measures, it must be admitted that many of their men are scarcely worthy of the name. There are, of course, some honest-minded persons among so large a body, but they generally manage to keep out of sight, and are found among the silent believers in the Charter, not its noisy supporters. These latter appear to consist chiefly of low-minded and low-mannered men, who hate the middle and upper classes just as the fox did the grapes—because they can't reach them.

On Thursday last the "Convention" had a debate as to whether it would be expedient for their party to be on good or on bad terms with the middle classes.

The most popular view of the question seemed to be that the middle class would be found useful, in case of a collision between the mob and the military, in restraining the ferocity of the latter, and that, therefore, it ought to be patronized.

A Mr. Hitchen complained, and with great justice, of having been deprived of his situation solely on account of the opinions which he held; and denounced a whole class on account of the brutality displayed by a single member.

Then came Mr. Walter, who, after boasting in a significant manner that he himself was a member of the middle classes (which, if true, is a great stigma upon them), declared himself to be so egregiously stupid that he could not perceive any difference between Prince Albert and a chimney sweep.

But the most amusing of all was Cuffey, the "ugly little old man," as he aptly describes himself. This gentleman favoured the "Convention" with a long account of respectable acquaintances, which, however, was evidently looked upon as "chaff" by his wide-awake auditory. He was continuing to prate about "his friends of the middle classes," when unfortunately he spoilt the whole story by confessing that whenever he met either of them—and there were two!—he was sure to be saluted with "Here 's that Cuffey; I should like to have the shooting of him." In conclusion, we must be allowed to congratulate Cuffey on a circumstance which he communicated with peculiar glee to the "Convention," and which was, that his "friends of the middle classes" were willing at any time to become bail for him! When will Cuffey put the sincerity of his "friends of the," &c. to the test?

NOVEL DEFINITIONS.

Drilling a soldier—Running him through.
Breaches of trust—Trowsers not paid for.
Ball practice—A dancing lesson.

A CANDIDATE FOR THE BELT.

It is satisfactory, when so many constitutions are breaking up every day, to see that of Lord Brougham as vigorous as ever. The other night, no sooner had he walked into the House of Lords than he began to walk into the King of Sardinia, and half the powers of Europe, in the most ferocious manner. In half an hour he had given the Pope a facer, knocked down all the Italian Dukes, inflicted a black eye on the Emperor of Austria, and, by a sudden turn, bestowed a back-hander on the Provisional Government. This last, we presume, was because they did not "naturalize" him in France. We understand that they refused to do so, on the ground that to make his lordship a "natural" citizen of any country was beyond merely human powers.

THE REVOLUTIONARY MARKET.

During the whole of last week Special Constables were in great demand, and in the early part reached as high as 5 feet 11 in., but towards the close 5 feet 8 in. was the favourite figure. Staves were offered and taken pretty freely. From seven to ten o'clock on Monday there was a general rise of the population—to breakfast; but a heavy fall of Chartists was expected—beneath the truncheons of the Police. On Monday afternoon Specials, in many instances, were done—brown, their houses having been robbed during their absence. Prison bonds were at a premium, and, without exception, closed firm.

LORD BROUGHAM NOT A FRENCH CITIZEN.

Without doubt it was Lord Brougham's love of talk which made him wish to be naturalized a French citizen. This was the first step towards getting himself elected a member of the National Assembly, in order that at the close of the session of the English Parliament he might favour the Parisians with his eloquence, and at the same time gratify himself with listening to the music of his own voice. But as this could not be managed without abandoning his privileges as an English peer, and his pension as Ex-chancellor, His Lordship declined the honour, and contented himself with abusing the Provisional Government in the House of Lords, with this advantage, that as they have not the privilege of a reply, he can have all the talk to himself.

FAILURE OF THE EXECUTIVE IN PUTTING DOWN THE CHARTIST DEMONSTRATION.

In one of the proclamations lately issued by the Government against the Chartists, it was announced that "no procession *or other persons*" would be allowed to follow the petition which it was intended to present to Parliament. We never knew, as is here assumed, that "procession" and "person" were synonymous; but as the Commissioners of Police (who signed the composition from which we quote) are evidently of that opinion, we may expect shortly to hear of the issue of a notice forbidding "any person or other processions" from climbing over the railings at Hyde Park; or declaring that any "person or procession" found sticking bills on any given wall, will be prosecuted according to law. We understand that the Commissioners were invited, directly their gross grammatical failure became a matter of notoriety, to attend an evening school for the instruction of adults; they have however no wish to improve themselves, and have entered into an arrangement with a charity boy, by which he will in future correct their proofs prior to publication.

MR. JOHN MULLINS TO HIS FRIEND BOB LINT, *alias* THE "BANTAM," MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL.

"*Chiswick, Wednesday, April* 12, 1848.

"Dear Bob,

"I am the most unfortunate devil that ever existed. I thought to have come out rather strong this vacation, and to have shown myself worthy of the name of a "fast man," which I obtained at College by getting plucked for my "Little Go;" but it seems I shan't be able to come out at all—at least for some time—being confined to my bed, a perfect cripple. It serves me right though. I was fool enough to go and get sworn in as a Special Constable for last Monday. I thought that this would give me some importance, and, between ourselves, enable me, under pretence of looking after some malefactors I had reason to suppose were concealed in the house, to enter the Establishment for Young Ladies—you know—just opposite our place, and thus get an interview with, or at least give a letter to, Miss Muggins, who is one of the teachers—such an angel, Bob—but more of that when we meet. What, however, has been the case? Instead of entering on our functions at about eleven o'clock—or even stretch a point, and say half-past nine—after a comfortable breakfast, and so on—I'm hanged if we were not called out of our beds at two o'clock in the morning, like a set of precious Accoucheurs, or Metropolitan Firemen, and made to do duty all night, with the rain pouring cats and dogs. They would not even allow us umbrellas; they treated us exactly as if we had really been nothing more or less than so many regular peelers. I was put on a *beat*, as they call it—Paradise Row—such a hole—you don't know it: I hope you never may. Fancy me walking up and down a dirty lane, bordered by dunghills and pigsties, diversified by a few hovels almost as wretched. Really this conduct on the part of the authorities is nauseous to a degree. The sum total is, that I have spoilt a new pair of boots—annihilated a good hat—lost the right skirt of my coat, which, with the handkerchief in it, was taken by a Chartist—got awfully laughed at for my appearance in the morning—and contracted a fever, which prevents me coming to your spread.

"Remember me to all your fellows at the Hospital, and believe me yours truly,

"Jack Mullins."

SONG OF "THE OUT-AN-OUTER."

No fun, no facts—no bills, no acts,
No Parliament dictation—
No queen, no king, no anything
To rob or rule the nation.
No law, no priest—no great, no least,
No high nor middle classes;
No lordly hall, no houses small—
No—nothing but the masses.

No well-filled purse to make things worse,
No bank, no cash, no labour—
Let each man see he hence must be
Co-equal with his neighbour.
No church, no state—no tax, no rate,
No gin—no whiskey toddy;
Henceforth we strike for "share alike!"
No nothing—no nobody!"

THE GREAT UNPAID *versus* THE GREAT UNWASHED.

After Feargus O'Connor had dismissed the meeting on Kennington Common, the petition was entrusted to certain of the Delegates, to take down to the House. One of these gentlemen, Mr. Clarke, on his arrival at Vauxhall Bridge was told by the Police Inspector there that he could not pass. While Mr. Clarke was arguing the point, "two young men galloped up at a furious rate, one of them evidently in a state of great excitement." The first "young man" immediately commenced proceedings by spurring and lashing his horse, so as to cause him to go through a set of manœuvres which might have done honour to the "Cirque National," but were totally out of place in a public thoroughfare: this characteristic violence of his behaviour immediately led Mr. Clarke to suspect that the first "young man" might be a magistrate. On his asking if this were so, the second "young man" replied, "Yes, we are magistrates;" while the first "young man," spurring his horse up to the cab in which Mr. Clarke was seated, continued, "Yes, I am. Who are you that asks? Go and be damned"—besides more in the same elegant but ungrammatical strain.

How lucky it is that proverbs sometimes err; for if that which declares "Manners make the Man," were true, the first "young man" would have had but little chance of figuring among the Lords of the creation, but would long ere this have been shut up among other wild beasts in the Zoological Gardens or Wombwell's menagerie. What a pity this would have been: what a superb specimen of the great Unpaid—what a model of refined, gentlemanly, magisterial behaviour we should have lost! There, ye misguided, sanguinary Chartists, compare your behaviour with that of this Chesterfield of the bench, and tell us whether there is any resemblance between the two. *You* talk of obtaining universal suffrage! first fit yourselves for it by learning to behave after the manner of your betters: when you have succeeded in that, it will be time enough to think about letting you share in their rights.

Signs of "The Times."—The fictitious signatures of the editor to the Chartist petition.

A SATISFACTORY REASON.

Forty-five rounds of ball cartridges were served out to each soldier on duty last Monday week. The knowledge of this fact conduced greatly to keeping the Chartists quiet, for they feared that they might get served out as well as the cartridges.

A CAPITAL JOKE.

The *Times* maintains that London owed its security to the Special Constables. This is not the only instance of a capital having been saved by Geese.

THE SAME THING.

The Chartists have been talking for some time past about purchasing the Charter with their blood. We see by an advertisement that it can now be bought for one penny.

A FAIR CONCLUSION.

The *Times* proposes that "an ample Old English Repast" shall be provided on Easter Monday, exclusively for Special Constables. This, we suppose, is on the principle that "none but the brave deserve the *fare*."

MOST PROBABLE.

Mr. Meagher, we believe, has been heard to intimate his intention, as soon as a Republic is formed in Ireland, of having his "pick" of places. It is far more likely he will have his "pick" of oakum instead.

ON A PRINCE.

That Albert's a very great "leader"
Of troops, must be plain to a dolt;
But this you'll allow, my dear reader,
He's deucedly given to "bolt."

ADVICE GRATIS.

We should advise all gentlemen addressing public meetings, after the passing of the Gagging Bill, to take particular care not to allow themselves to be transported by their feelings, otherwise they may find themselves transported by Government as well.

SOMETHING BEYOND A HUG.

Sir G. Grey says his Gagging Bill will embrace England as well as Ireland. With Sir G. Grey, as with Bruin, the words *embrace* and *crush* appear synonymous.

NO SUCH LUCK.

It appears that extensive alterations are being made in the Royal drains of Windsor Castle. We fear it will be some time ere there will be any alterations in the Royal drains on the country.

AN EXPLANATION.

Mr. Feargus O'Connor declared that if the Convention decided the procession should take place, he would be found in the van. By this he did not mean that he would lead the Chartist forces, but simply that he would ride in the vehicle provided for the Delegates.

A CONCLUSIVE REASON.

In prohibiting the Chartist meeting, Government was obviously not justified in resorting to a measure of Charles the Second's, for who ever heard of an "act" of that king that was not discreditable.

NO EXCUSE.

Some disgust has been caused to ourselves and other respectable persons by one of the Chartists speaking of the *Times* newspaper as the "bloody old thunderer." After all it must be admitted that this language is purely Convention-al.

THE CHARTIST BOMBASTES.

(Slightly altered from George Cruikshank's well-known design.)

BOMBASTES (*Feargus O'Connor*)—"BEGONE, BRAVE ARMY, DON'T KICK UP A ROW."

AUDACIOUS OUTRAGE.

THERE is one circumstance in the conduct of the Chartists calculated more than every other to inspire all loyal hearts with disgust: we allude to their having caused Prince Albert to leave London so precipitately for the Isle of Wight. The only excuse that can possibly be offered is, they were not aware what terror their meeting was destined to cause. Had they once imagined the effect it would produce on His Royal Highness, we trust, for the sake of humanity, that they would have desisted. Are these misguided men not aware that the place of a colonel is at the head of his regiment when the latter is called out, and can they ever forgive themselves for having caused the Prince to forego the privilege of his rank—to adopt a line of conduct diametrically opposed to all the sentiments of chivalry, the thirst for military renown, the desire to distinguish himself, which are the natural characteristics of every Field Marshal? His sense, however, of the poignant sorrow which any accident, however trifling, to himself, would entail upon his adopted country, was stronger than his pardonable longings after Fame: he sacrificed his own wishes on the altar of England's weal, and left his regiment to take care of itself. Well may he exclaim to the Chartists, in a similar strain to that used by the Archers towards Polichinello:—"Rascals, villains, scoundrels, jail-birds, blackguards, caitiffs, thieves, robbers, how dare you frighten me!"

A TOTAL ECLIPSE.—Last week *the* Lablache made his appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre, and totally eclipsed the son, whose attempts to shine were quite futile.

ABSURD FALLACY.—It is a mistake to suppose that the Patent Ramoneur Association has had any effect in doing away with Derby Sweeps.

THE JUVENILE CHARTIST.

"SUCH A CAPITAL LARK, SIGNING MY NAME TO THIS CHARTIST PETITION. I ALWAYS SIGNS IT WHEN I GOES OVER THE BRIDGE AND WHEN I COMES BACK."—*Vide Errand Boy's Statement, quoted in the Times, April 13th.*

*** It appears that the name of the Duke of Wellington was appended no less than nineteen times to the petition, so that there is good grounds for supposing His Grace was the juvenile Chartist referred to above.

PROOFS OF LOYALTY.

THE events of the last two weeks have established the fact that loyalty consists in singing "God save the Queen" out of tune, and in keeping the head uncovered when exposed to a thorough draught. Any one who neglects either of the above essentials is looked upon as a Chartist and a rebel, and accordingly has his hat knocked over his eyes, and sometimes—his pocket picked. At the minor places of public amusement, loyalty may be witnessed in its most distressing form; and we have seen several old gentlemen who not only took off their hats but also deprived themselves of their wigs. It is said that a linen-draper's shopman became so excited at the Casino, that, after divesting himself of his coat and waistcoat, he shouted frantically for a boot-jack, when he was humanely taken care of by the authorities.

RESPECTABILITY.

THE Secretary of the "London Peace Society" h written to the *Times* stating that a Mr. P. Edwards not a member of that Association; although, at the sam time, he does not wish to "imply the slightest reflecti on Mr. Edwards's respectability." The SHOWMAN us formerly to "keep a gig," which for years past has be considered a proof of respectability; but on reading t above statement, he gave it up, and became a member the London Peace Society, as a new economical mea of maintaining a station in society.

BEYOND A DOUBT.—According to the papers, t Chartist petition was placed on the floor of the Hous being too big to lie on the table. The recent scrutiny in its contents proves that as long as it exists it will anywhere.

THE BILL.

A BALLAD, FREELY ADAPTED FROM THE LENORA OF BURGER.

A LODGER on the quarter day
From restless slumber started;
"Have you a letter for me, pray?"
As down the stairs he darted.
He waited for it until night,
And then was in a pretty plight
At having had no token
To prove his means unbroken.

And up and down the stairs he flew
To ask about his letter;
The landlady could give no cue
To satisfy her debtor.
And when the latest post had called
He tore his wig (for he was bald),
To earth his bills all flinging,
The bell in fury ringing.

The servant ran to him and cried,
"Why did you please to ring, sir?"
Good heavens he 's mad! (this is *aside*),
"Can I do anything, sir?"
"Oh, Mary, I am lost for aye,
The last post now has passed away,
The governor has done me;
It 's deuced hard upon me!"

"Your governor should know no rest
Until he does befriend you;
Bore him, be one continual pest,
And soon some tin he 'll send you."
"Oh, Mary, Mary, useless trick,
The governor has done me slick;
Since thus my prayer 's unheeded,
His aid shall not be needed.

"Alas, that thus I should be done,
How falsely have I counted;
A bill is now my course alone,
My bill must be discounted.
Oh, Mary, I am lost for aye,
The last post now has passed away,
The governor has done me;
It 's deuced hard upon me."

Urged by despair and void of sense,
His rent resolved on paying,
He rushed with mad improvidence
To Mister Levi's, saying
He must have cash. The cash was lent
Upon his bill; full soon 't was spent,
And he himself absented
Ere the bill was presented.

• • • •

Hush, listen, listen, tramp—tramp—tramp,
Three heavy steps he counted,
As up the stairs with clattering stamp
A man most quickly mounted;
And listen at the door a tap,
More and more loudly sounds rap—rap,
And then these words were muttered
With Jewish accent uttered:—

"Halloo, undo that door, young man,
Come, you 've no time for sleeping;
You're cotched at last, so now you can
Give up—you 're in my keeping."
"Be off! Who 's this so late at night?
I can't come out in such a plight;
So quickly hence be walking,
Nor waste your time with talking."

"'T is true you 're in a precious plight,
By luck you 're quite forsaken;
I thought I 'd catch you some fine night,
And now you 're safely taken."
"But stop, I think I have some change,
And probably we may arrange"—
"Pooh, if I wait for ever,
I 'll take you, though so clever."

The young man felt that he was booked;
He flung a coat around him,
And loosed the door; the bailiff looked
Delighted to have found him.
Off in a cab they rolled with speed
(Which sorely did distress the steed),
The driver, who 'd been drinking,
Lashing away like winking.

And right and left on either side
The drunken cabman blundered,
And oaths he scattered far and wide
As o'er the streets he thundered.
"Your honour, I am very dry—
I knows a public-house close by—
I wish you 'd stand a pot, sir;
Yer know it 's very hot, sir."

Three pots were brought: vanished the beer,
The bailiff his aid lending;
His victim prayed 't would make him queer,
But no; the cab was tending
Its proper course, and now the steed
Flies faster still with whistling speed,
The driver mad with drinking
Lashing away like winking.

And swiftly towards a massive gate
With tearing speed they hurried;
Descended, reached an iron grate
(The youth felt greatly flurried);
The doors unfolded creaking wide,
The victim spake not, but he sighed,
For now the sun had risen,
And shone not in that prison!

And when he sleeps, unto his glance
Round in a circle scowling,
Linked hand-in-hand, wild spectres dance,
And with these words are howling:
"Though pressed for rowdy e'er so ill,
Forbear, forbear, to give a bill;
From bills thy thoughts all sever,
Or thou art lost for ever!"

THE TWO STUDENTS.

THE two students who compose the school of the Westminster Hospital have, since their meeting, which we reported in our third number, been devising all sorts of expedients for procuring the necessary resources for the deputation to Paris. Last Saturday student No. 1 had himself sworn in as a Special Constable, in the hope that student No. 2 would assault him, and thereby render himself liable in the penalty of £20; but as student No. 2 had, in the meanwhile, pursued a precisely similar course, it seemed doubtful whether either would derive any benefit from the proceeding. It was subsequently proposed that students 1 and 2 should assault each other, with the view of mutually recovering damages; and it is understood that this line of conduct will be adopted as soon as its judiciousness shall have been confirmed by the opinion of counsel.

A PUBLIC INSULT.—People often talk of the insolence of the mob, but we are sure nothing can equal that of the Government, by whose orders a number of Royal Engineers have for some time past been actually taking sights of all London.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.—Delicate young people, desirous of a profession where but a small premium and little exertion are required, should apprentice themselves to Mr. Beard, the photographist. He advertises to "take" any one for half a guinea, and it is beyond a doubt that his business is a *light* one.

"YOUR *IF* IS THE ONLY PEACE-MAKER."

Shakspere.

THE following very serious *fracas* occurred last week at a celebrated club in the neighbourhood of Westminster. It appears that the inhabitants of the Alley behind the club, after an attentive perusal of Catnach's most favourite ballads, the Newgate Calendar, and Reynolds' Miscellany, had come to the conclusion that they had a right to share in the billiard-room, dining-room, reading-room, smoking-room, to loll in the easy chairs, to lounge on the divans, and to put their feet on the mantle-pieces of the aforesaid club; and Mr. O'Donnor had presented a petition, signed by the immense number of fifty-three names, praying that the petitioners' claim might be allowed, but at the same time hinting that it did not much matter whether it was or no, as in case of its not being granted by fair means they intended to appeal to force.

Mr. Crisp observed that the extraordinary number of names to the petition had induced him to make some inquiry as to its contents. He had found it signed by three old washerwomen, a fact Mr. O'Donnor had not mentioned. The number of signatures Mr. O'Donnor had represented to be attached was more than the whole adult population of the entire Alley. Why there were even such names as Lola Montes, Heavy-wet, Shandygaff, and Half-and-half, to be found in the list. He had no desire to throw any ridicule either on Lola Montes, whose dancing he much admired, nor on Heavy-wet, Shandygaff, and Half-and-half, which were liquids he was very partial to himself (*oh, oh*), but on Mr. O'Donnor he was desirous of throwing both obloquy and ridicule. He had no hesitation in saying that he should never believe Mr. O'Donnor again.

Mr. O'Donnor then said it was unfair to make him accountable for all the names attached to the petition. As for his not being entitled to credence, he would answer that charge elsewhere. Mr. O'Donnor then left the club, when Mr. Lushy, fearing from Mr. O'Donnor's last words that a hostile meeting was intended, hurried before a magistrate with Mr. Crisp, who was as anxious to prevent one as himself, and stated the whole case.

The worthy Magistrate then despatched a messenger for Mr. O'Donnor.

The messenger shortly after returned, but without Mr. O'Donnor.

Magistrate—Where is Mr. O'Donnor?

Messenger—He—(hesitating.)

Magistrate—What did he say—did he refuse to accompany you?

Messenger—He used very violent language, and said he 'd see you d—n'd before he came.

The worthy Magistrate then issued a summons, which he entrusted to a Police Sergeant, and shortly afterwards it was reported Mr. O'Donnor was awaiting the pleasure of the Court.

Magistrate—Show him in.

Mr. O'Donnor immediately made his appearance, when

The worthy Magistrate observed, that expressions had fallen from Mr. O'Donnor, which he himself had not heard, as he had not been present, but from which it appeared that Mr. O'Donnor intended a hostile meeting with Mr. Crisp. Mr. Crisp was sorry—

Mr. Crisp here hurriedly interrupted the worthy Magistrate by saying that he had certainly said that he should never again attach any credence to Mr. O'Donnor; he also might add that he looked upon him as an impostor, a blackguard, and a petitioning swindler, and further, that he should very much like to kick him on the first opportunity: he meant, however, nothing personal or hostile towards Mr. O'Donnor; and IF he had been betrayed into any expressions which were unbecoming on the part of one gentleman towards another, he deeply regretted it.

Mr. O'Donnor said, that after the very satisfactory explanation given by Mr. Crisp, their friendship could not but rest on a still firmer basis than before, adding that he was incapable of retaining any rancorous feeling in his breast.

THE WAR-SONG OF THE CHARTISTS.

AIR—"*The Blue Bonnets are over the Border.*"

MARCH, march, thieves, rogues, and beggar-men!
Now, lads, hoist high your great "Pugnose" defrauder!
March, march, husbands of charwomen!
All ye brave Chartists, march onward in order.
Many a banner spread
Flutters above your head,
Many a man now is ripe for disorder;
Up, lads, and at them, then,
Down with the "Special" men,
Fight for King Feargus, the sham friend of order.
March, march, &c.

Come from the towns where your looms now are lazy,
Come from the caverns of iron and coal,
Come from the Hall where men speak that are crazy,
Come with the bludgeon, the pike, and the pole;
Specials are quaking,
With fear their knees shaking;
Screw up your courage and mind what you 're *arter;*
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloodless fray,
When the brave Chartists fought not for their Charter.
March, march, &c.

A LESSON IN SYNTAX FOR THE MANAGER OF THE HAYMARKET.

IT appears from the newspapers that some letters have recently passed between Mr. G. V. Brooke and Mr. Webster, respecting the engagement of the former at the Haymarket Theatre. It is well that the subject of the correspondence is not of the slightest interest to the public, otherwise they could not but feel thoroughly tantalized at Mr. Webster's statement. His ignorance of grammar renders his explanation so obscure, that any one who will take the trouble to read his letter, will know less about the subject than he did before he laboured through the three-quarters of a newspaper column, which Mr. Webster has found necessary to thoroughly conceal his meaning. As a fair sample of the whole, we extract the following passage, preserving the original punctuation:—

"Mr. G. V. Brooke sent his agent to me on Monday the 21st of Feb., the next days Tuesday and Wednesday, he waiting in the neighbourhood of this theatre, on the two first days, but I would not see the party (Mr. H. Holl) until Thursday, the 24th."

From this we gather that Mr. G. V. Brooke sent his agent to Mr. Webster on Monday; "the next days, Tuesday and Wednesday, he (Mr. G. V. Brooke) waiting in the neighbourhood" of the Haymarket Theatre. So far, although the style of composition is anything but elegant, we fancy the meaning is intelligible; but in the next breath we are told, that it was "on the two first days" that Mr. G. V. Brooke was waiting, which, of course, would be the Monday and Tuesday, instead of the Tuesday and Wednesday, as just stated. Not content with thus embarrassing his meaning, Mr. Webster goes on to say, that he "would not see the party, Mr. H. Holl," whereas a line or two above he gave us to understand that Mr. G. V. Brooke was the personage intended.

If Mr. Webster, during his intercourse with Mr. G. V. Brooke, talked the same wretched grammar that he seems to write, and if, moreover, as he allows us to suppose, he prepared the agreement himself, we are not in the least degree surprised that Mr. G. V. Brooke should, as Mr. Webster elegantly expresses it, "not have known the import of *what* he was signing." In a rational point of view, Mr. G. V. Brooke has, therefore, good grounds for repudiating an engagement which neither he nor any one else could understand; nevertheless, if the matter is to be settled by the aid of gentlemen of the long robe, he can hardly expect justice to be rendered him; for, judging from the comments made in the House of Commons on the grammatical construction of the clauses in the new Crown Security Bill, the lawyers, as a body, seem to be as inveterate enemies of Lindley Murray as Mr. Webster himself.

DURING the excitement of Monday, the 10th inst., a large body of miscreants made an attack on the PUPPET-SHOW Office, lured by the valuable "articles" always on sale there. As the SHOWMAN expected something of the kind, the marauders were soon repulsed, and his property, as well as the ringleaders, secured.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ALIEN ACT.

THE Marquis of Lansdowne having been put on duty as "a Special" in Leicester Square, a place he had heard persons speak of, but never before visited himself, was petrified at the immense number of individuals with large beards and scowling faces that everywhere met his view: to be frank, His Lordship felt anything but comfortable.

Two of these individuals made such an impression on him—acting as a sort of mental nightmare—that he could only rid himself of them by throwing off their portraits, which we have had engraved, and now present to our readers. So horrified was he at such a focus of *ragoûts* and Republicanism existing in the very heart of London, that on being *relieved* by a loyal cheesemonger,

he immediately got up his famous Alien Act. This will completely refute the calumnious report that the patriotic nobleman brought in the bill because he was anxious to get rid of his tailor and his bootmaker, as well as his wife's dressmaker, all foreigners, who had dared to press for a settlement of theirs.

THE SHOWMAN'S ARISTOCRATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. SHOWMAN,

Perceiving by the reports in the papers that the signature of Snubnose has been attached to the Chartist petition, I have to request of you to state, in your next Number, that such signature was not written by me, nor was any one authorized to append it on my behalf.

BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

SIR,

Having observed that my name has been appended to the Chartist petition, I beg to say the same is an impudent forgery.

Your obedient servant,

Commerce House, Borough. J. SMITH.

SIR,

Having observed that a Mr. Cuffey has boasted about his having received from me an invitation for himself and wife to dinner, I beg most unequivocally to deny the truth of his statement. I never have and never will invite Mr. Cuffey or his wife to dine with me; and every one of my acquaintance knows that I should be the last to disgrace myself, my family, the constituency I have represented for twenty years, and my reputation as a man of sense, by ever being guilty of such an act. I only hope Mr. Cuffey will present himself at my door: I shall then have the pleasure of administering to him the damnedest hiding mortal man ever received.

Your obedient servant,

SIBTHORPE.

A SPANISH BALLAD.

SAY, what sounds are those which issue
From the streets of fair Madrid;
What, those lurid flashes darting
Through the night in which she 's hid?

Cries for freedom are the former,
Louder than the whirlwind's blast:
Lightnings from the people's muskets,
Fired in Freedom's cause, the last.

Where is pandering, vile Christina,
Whose intrigues have caused this? See!—
First to doom the unresisting;
When oppos'd, she 's first to flee.

With her pale-face mate and bastards,
From the city walls she speeds—
For her country's weal she cares not—
Self alone is all she heeds.

Trembling, recreant wretches, turn ye!
Every danger 's long since o'er:
Freedom for the present mourneth,
Steep'd in pools of human gore.

Once again that dastard caitiff,
Narvaez, has won the day;
Once again, must Spain, submissive,
Bow before his despot sway.

Now once more this band of traitors
Think their might stands on a rock
Which can brave all Freedom's efforts—
Which can laugh to scorn each shock.

Fools! the day is not far distant
When your boasted might shall fall,
Serving, for your bodies mangled
By it, as a funeral pall:

For from Heaven, trickling slowly,
Drop by drop, the blood you 've spilt
Soon shall wear away the basement
On which all that might is built!

DER. Sollte DER Lust haben, die *Times* vom 10ten März nachzuschlagen, so wird er in der 4ten Spalte der 6ten Seite den Ausdruck „*das* Rhein" finden. Daraus wird er ersehen können, dass die Wörter „der" und „das" in unserem Artikel zufälligerweise versetzt worden sind.

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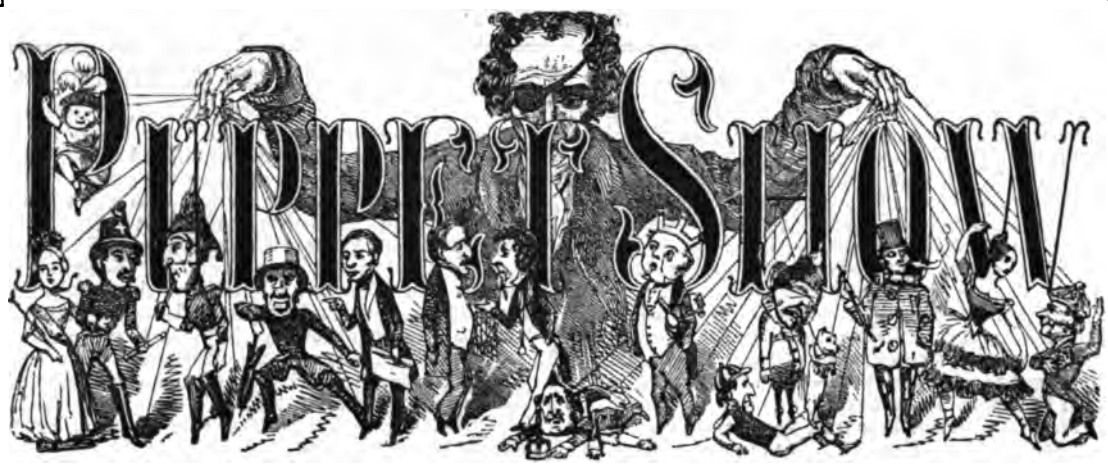


NUMBER 7. LONDON, APRIL 29, 1848. ONE PENNY.

OUR DISTORTING GLASS. No. III.

THE IRISH CERBERUS.

THE Irish Cerberus has made a great deal of noise lately, and some persons are now fully acquainted with its unnatural history. Its breed is similar to that of the cur, with which it has many peculiarities in common. When in want of food, it will beg with the greatest earnestness; but will nevertheless growl at its benefactor even while the proffered victuals are being devoured. The Irish Cerberus barks in a loud and offensive manner; but it is, of course, not allowed to bite. Its eternal snarling, however, has been so tiresome of late, that Grey, the modern Hercules, has felt himself called upon to put a stop to the nuisance. In order to accomplish his end with greater facility, he solicited Parliament to invest him with increased powers, and his request having been granted, decided not to destroy but merely to muzzle the troublesome beast, after which it will probably behave for a short time with a little quietness.

FRATERNITY.

I.

WHAT though the crowds who shout the word
Pervert the meaning it should bear,
And feel their hearts with hatred stirred
Ev'n while their plaudits load the air;—
Yet shall not we, thou mighty THOUGHT,
Despair thy triumph yet to see,
Nor doubt the good that shall be wrought
In thy great name, FRATERNITY!

II.

By prophets told, by psalmists sung,
Preached on the Mount by lips sublime,
The theme of every sage's tongue
For twice a thousand years of time;
What happy progress hast thou made?
What bliss to man has flowed from thee?
What war and bloodshed hast thou stayed?
What peace affirmed? FRATERNITY!

III.

Alas! the years have failed to teach
The obvious lesson to mankind;
A myriad preachers failed to preach
Conviction to the deaf and blind.
Still do we rush to furious War,
Still to the slayer bend the knee,
And still, most Christian as we are,
Forget thy name, FRATERNITY.

IV.

And shall we, crammed with mutual hates,
Despise our neighbour for a flaw?
And sneer because he promulgates
Before he understands thy law?
No! let us hail the word of might,
Breathed by a nation of the free;—
Thy recognition is a light—
Thy name a faith, FRATERNITY.

V.

The preacher may belie his creed,
But still the truth preserves its flame:
The sage may do a foolish deed,
Yet wisdom shares not in his shame.
Be scorning hushed—be cavil dumb—
Whatever evils France may see,
We'll look for blessings yet to come
In thy great name, FRATERNITY.

TAKE NOTICE.

Elihu Burritt cautions the public against confounding his newly published "Voice from the Forge" with the Chartist petition, which is a "Voice from the Forger."

"FAST" AND "SLOW" MEN.

After all, the "fast" and "slow" men may shake hands: they both agree in abusing whatever happens to be above their respective powers of execution or even comprehension. The "fast" man is far from having any wish to produce compositions of a high class—which is a lucky thing for him; as he might fall a prey to disappointed hopes; nevertheless he thinks the feat is perfectly easy, provided a person be dull enough to attempt it. The "slow" man is astonished that any one, having the smallest pretensions to the epithet of literary, can parody Tennyson's poems, or indulge in a joke at the expense of a person who has written a five act play: *he* would not condescend to such trivialities—and if he did, the public would be unable to read them.

The "fast" men, it is true, have proclaimed openly their preference of *Box and Cox* to any of Shakspere's plays; but, on the other hand, the "slow" men have given such a definition of the word "fast," that, to be consistent, they must look even upon Aristophanes as one of that class. We don't say for an instant that they can really admire a writer who has been guilty of producing a species of parodies, but then he lived so many centuries ago; and as "age before merit" is one of the maxims which the "slow" coaches act upon (and which induces them to yawn over the identical pieces that sent their grandfathers to sleep before them), we hope they will be duly shocked when they reflect upon the error they have fallen into.

The "fast" men, in attacking modern five act dramas, resolved, for the sake of generalisation, to "make the rule absolute" and accordingly "went at" Shakspere along with the rest—partly because his ideas had required more than two acts for their development, and principally because it was not worth while to spoil the beautiful unity of their pet design, by making an exception even in favour of our greatest dramatist. The "slow" men also generalised and fell into a mistake similar to that of their opponents; they reproached the "fast" men with that which had received the sanction of the best models, but have not yet had the ability to perceive the glaring error which they have committed.

However, it is by no means a bad thing to be a "fast" writer, if we accept the definition of the enemy, which would place Thackeray and Bon Gualtier among the number. Besides, it would only be necessary to leave out all the points from a "fast" article, in order to make a very good "slow" one. Still, we must confess, that if compelled to adopt the character either of a "fast" or "slow" man, we should hesitate much as to which was the most desirable to be avoided; we should reflect whether a rogue or a fool was the most to be despised, and in fact should feel (if our self-respect will permit the simile) like a donkey placed between two very offensive bundles of hay.

A Rival to our "Discharged Contributor."

A correspondent, whose name we will endeavour to forget, sent us some prose articles and conundrums, which were intended (by himself, not by us) for the Puppet-Show. He actually wrote the week afterwards to inquire whether we should take any notice of his prose and cons! We shall, of course, not answer him.

Quite Unnecessary.—Lord Brougham, in his speech relative to the business of Parliament, complained that at present the judges "were compelled to make meaning out of that which had no meaning, to reconcile contradictions that were irreconcileable, and to do many things that were impossible—all which might be prevented by a revisal of acts of Parliament." We cannot understand why the judges should be prevented from practising the supernatural feats attributed to them by Lord Brougham; for if there existed no persons to "make meaning out of that which has no meaning, to reconcile contradictions that were irreconcileable," &c. &c., there would be no one to interpret the orations delivered by His Lordship, and the world would be loser to a very large extent!

FLATTERING OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

In the advertisement of a book entitled, "Sketches of her Majesty's Household," certain "opinions of the Press" are inserted which cannot fail to have the desirable effect of "keeping it off every one's table." One journal hints that "the writer has been much behind the scenes," while another intimates, that "like the boy Jones, the author has taken a secret survey of the royal household." So far it only appears that the author has been skulking about the palace like a thief, and we involuntarily imagine him lying concealed in a chimney by day, and prowling about at night in search of "authentic particulars." Then, as to the other merits of the book, we find a sporting authority pronouncing that it is "calculated to attract attention"—meaning, probably, the attention of the Showman, who has made up his mind to "push" the book—on one side. The last opinion is, "that the book is a dangerous one;" from which we conclude that its grammatical inaccuracies would render it by no means fit for young persons who have not "completed" their education. We were astonished to find that the failing was carried to such an extent as to prevent him keeping even his own little secrets. Why tell all England that a certain journal considers him every bit as bad as the boy Jones? Why blazon forth that another looks upon him as a palace sneak? and why glory in the prediction of a third that his book of tittle-tattle, with all its dangerous grammar, "is calculated to attract attention?" If this suicidal writer were to emerge next week from the House of Correction, he would doubtless walk about London with his hat off, in order to prove that he had been "behind the scenes," and that he was "dangerous" to persons with pocket-handkerchiefs about them. We need scarcely add that he would be "calculated to attract attention" from the police.

How to contract a Debt.—Pay off half of it.

Very Green.—We understand that a simple-minded pawnbroker has just commenced business in the immediate vicinity of the Hall of the Chartist Convention, from having heard that "spouting" was carried on there to a tremendous extent.

Q. What is the root of misfortune in Ireland?
A. The potato.

FRIENDSHIP—A Fragment.

1*st Mutual friend.* Ah! my dear fellow, how do you do to-day?

2*nd Mutual friend.* Middling, thank you; how are you?

1*st Mutual friend.* Pretty well (*a pause*). Fine weather, is it not? Warm for this time of year. By the way, have you heard how our poor friend, Bob Gauntlet, is going on?

2*nd Mutual friend.* Well, I don't know; I'm afraid there's not much chance of his recovery.

1*st Mutual friend.* Ah! I thought so from the beginning. It will be a severe loss to us. I do not know what we shall do without him. I—*àpropos*—I've got two stalls for the Italians to-night—if you like to accept one—

2*nd Mutual friend.* You are very kind; I certainly will avail myself of your offer. Ah! here's my fellow. I sent him to inquire about poor Gauntlet. (*to Servant.*) Well?

Servant. Captain Gauntlet died this morning, sir.

[*Exit* Servant.

1*st Mutual friend,* 2*nd Mutual friend,* } (*shocked,*) { Died this morning! Is it possible!

[*a Pause.*

1*st Mutual friend.* I wonder where he'll be buried.

2*nd Mutual friend.* Oh! at the family vault at—what's the name—I suppose. As his most intimate friends we shall be requested to attend, no doubt. I hope they won't name a day on which the hounds meet.

1*st Mutual friend.* Oh! his family could never be so devoid of all respect for decency as to do that.

2*nd Mutual friend.* I should think not. Poor Gauntlet—dead. (*a pause.*) Well, I must be going.

1*st Mutual friend.* Good-bye, then. If we are invited to the funeral you can meet me here, and I will drive you down in my cab—it's a melancholy thing.—Ah! by the bye, don't forget the Stall—Grisi and Mario both sing . . .

BUSINESS OF THE HOUSE AFTER EASTER.

LORD BROUGHAM to apply for leave to become a citizen of the Cannibal Islands.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL to draw his quarter's salary.

SIR ROBERT PEEL to inquire "what is a pound?"

MR. J. WILSON to explain the difference between capital and currency.

COLONEL SIBTHORPE to make himself ridiculous.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN to bring in a Bill for the removal of Her Majesty's head, and its being brought up to the bar of the House.

MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR to be hissed and hooted.

LORD MORPETH to abandon the Sanitary Measure for another year.

THE "FINALITY" GOVERNMENT.

WHEN a coach is beginning to go down hill, the driver puts on a drag-chain to retard its movement. This, we presume, is the principle on which the Government are acting. They see that their descent has begun, and are anxious that it should proceed as slowly as possible. But Lord John Russell is scarcely heavy enough to encumber the progress of an Empire, and if he attempts it, he will be certainly hurled from the machine, and, possibly, crushed under it. We are advocates for dealing briefly with this kind of people—in fact, we like "something short" in politics: so we will expose the consistency and character of this Government in a few propositions.

The Whigs promoted the Reform Bill—which was a change in the Constitution—by violent language, tumultuous meetings, and coarse threats.

The same men now affect to shudder at a whisper of physical force; and are hurrying on a measure which in 1830 would have gagged the mouths of their whole party.

The old Whigs under Fox, of the "buff and blue" school, praised the first French Revolution.

The new Whigs under Russell, of the "milk and water" school, condemn the example, and (through their organs) attack the proceedings of the last French Revolution, infinitely milder, and juster, than its predecessor. In short, they are acting on Tory principles without the merit of honesty, and elaborately fortifying, by the ammunition of despotism, against the people, the position of power in which the people has placed them.

THE ALIEN BILL.

THE SHOWMAN gives notice to his friends and the public, that he intends to move in the House of Commons the insertion of the following clause in the above Bill:—

"Provided always, and be it enacted, That nothing in the above Bill shall apply to, affect, reflect on, touch, move, influence, interfere with, agitate, or excite, any such foreigners, strangers, or aliens, as shall by cookery, buffoonery, singing, acting, fiddling, writing, horsemanship, artificial-flower-making, balancing sticks with plates on their chins, or other similar pursuits, amuse, exhilarate, refresh, interest, or gladden the British Public. Wherefore, be it enacted, that Benjamin D'Israeli, Venetian Jew; Jules Chack, French citizen; Messrs. Moses, Jews; A. Soyer, Jullien, Celeste, and others of like employment, trades, habits, professions, and callings, be, and the same are, hereby exempted from the operation of said Act."

A BAD PLEA.

It is maintained that the "Gagging Act" will not, in any way, affect the spouting patriots of Ireland, inasmuch as the orations of these gentlemen are specimens of "open and *ill*-advised speaking."

ROBERT LE DIABLE.

Our friend the *Charivari* announces, that in France the "Robert Macaire system" has given way. Given way, as it would seem, to the "devil-may-care" system.

A CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.

Charles Cochrane has given over playing the guitar—but he has taken to playing the fool.

INDUBITABLE.

What the Communists desire is, that Government should supply the raw material, and the people the labour, each man getting an equal share of the profits, without regard to industry or talent. To accept such conditions as these, the people themselves must be as raw as the material.

ABSURD REPORT.

The Germans talk of discarding the costume of the present day, and adopting one of the sixteenth century. They would show their wisdom much more by their re-dressing all existing abuses than by their puerile ideas of re-dressing themselves.

THEATRICAL RUMOUR.

On account of the empty state of Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Lumley has determined on praying the Queen to grant him an "audience."

AN OBSCURE REASON.

Jenny Lind is fulfilling her engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, in consequence of Mr. Lumley's representation that he possessed the first operatic company in London. The director, doubtless, imagines that nightingales sing best when kept in the dark.

A PLEASING SOUND.

The *Observer*, in noticing a Concert which took place at Her Majesty's Theatre, speaks of "a volume of sound which seemed to *fill the house*." This volume of sound appears to have done more for Mr. Lumley than all his company together have yet been able to accomplish.

VERY PRUDENT.

With reference to C. Cochrane's intended procession, the Commissioners of Police advised all well-disposed persons to leave the disturbers of the peace to be "dealt with" by the public authorities. The advice was complied with, under the impression, no doubt, that the authorities might prove "ugly customers."

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.

On the evening of the Monster Meeting, several Chartists got very tipsy, from an over-indulgence in gin. We suppose this is the "cordial spirit" which, according to the Delegates, prevailed among the assembled multitude.

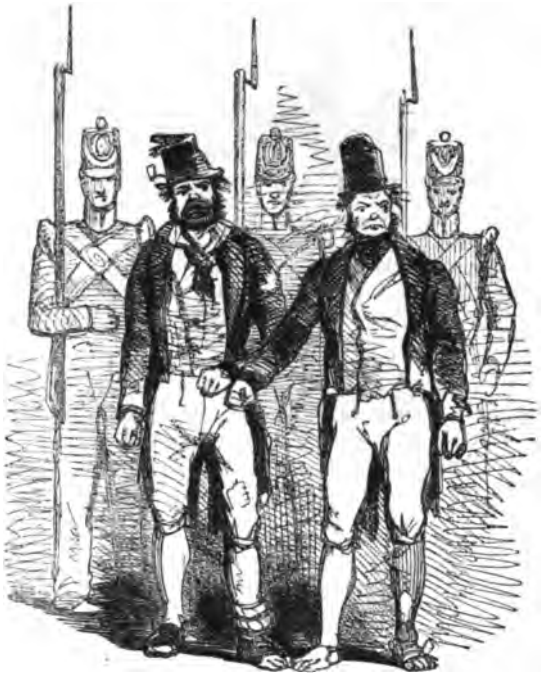
A PREMIUM FOR REBELLION.

The King of Hanover lately told his subjects that, should anarchy break out among them, he would immediately abdicate. After this it cannot be doubted that next post will bring us intelligence of the most frightful disturbances.

A BAD CONCLUSION.

Mr. Cuffey is always talking about his favourite tavern the "Black Horse." We understand that he goes there in order to prepare himself for argument, but that in the most illogical manner he often manages to get drunk on the premises.

THE UNITED IRISHMEN.



REMARKS ON REMARKABLE DINING PLACES.

By an Habitué *of all of them.*

No I.—The Albion.

In executing a series of the nature of the present, an unprejudiced person with extended ideas, and appetite to correspond, is necessarily somewhat at a loss where to begin. After carefully weighing the matter in our mental scales, patriotism and alphabetical order have united to turn the balance in favour of The Albion, which we therefore make No. I., as it is of course letter A.

Whence the Albion derives its name does not appear certain, but it is an admitted fact that the expression "*perfide Albion*" was first used, in reference to it, by an irritated Frenchman, who had arrived too late for the five o'clock joint. It is separated from the French colony established at Drury Lane by a narrow channel, of considerable intercourse, and is subject, as midnight approaches, to constant invasions from its opposite neighbours, who issue forth in hungry bands, and, thirsting at the same time for stout, commit vast ravages on whatever the establishment and themselves can afford. It is but just to add that the spirited proprietor invariably makes them pay for these incursions.

A dinner at the Albion is attended with moderate expense, and by efficient waiters, who instead of avoiding work, like domestic servants, appear to take a positive delight in it, for they almost entreat gentlemen to "give their orders," and these, we must allow, are executed with religious strictness—we say "religious" because the waiters are of course supposed to be thorough supporters of the establishment.


MAKING A HASH OF IT.

In dining from the joint there are two modes to pursue, and by a person's adoption or rejection of either of these his general disposition may be predicted with tolerable—but to him intolerable—accuracy. The indolent man, to whom dinner is the one grand object of the day, will not put himself to what he considers the unnecessary exertion of carving. The waiter will feel—that is, he will hear—himself called upon to perform that operation, and the lover of ease will thus be enabled to commence business with his day's work cut out for him. The active man, on the other hand, cuts without any shuffling, and never loses sight of the adage, that "Heaven helps those who help themselves."


THE FIRST CUT.

The government of the Albion partakes largely of the nature of a republic, as nearly all classes are admitted to enjoy its advantages, although, of course, to do so to any extent, a slight property qualification is requisite. There are certain discretionary powers invested in the head waiter and a well-disciplined *corps* who "serve" under his direction. In case any breach of the *entente cordiale* should occur among the *Albionnais*, the only reference from the above functionaries would be to the proprietor of the establishment, from whom there could be no appeal except to the better feelings of the offending party. In the kitchen there is, we need hardly say, a provisional dynasty, the head cook being of course the *chef*.

In the coffee-room—probably so called because a cup of coffee was never seen in it—the *droit de visite*, or right of visiting, is not only permitted but encouraged. So different is the Albion policy from that pursued by our Gallic neighbours!

Before concluding our remarks we have something—it is only advice—to give the waiters of this establishment. Civility is pleasing and costs nothing, or at all events nothing except a few pence on settling the bill, but we would recommend that politeness be not carried too far, as, on the principle that extremes meet, it may at last assume an appearance of insult. Now the waiters at the Albion have a habit, most unpleasantly polite, of addressing a person when his last moment has arrived, when he has just made up his mind for the worst, and has intimated that he feels prepared for it, when he has, at considerable mental expense, with pecuniary ditto in immediate expectation, brought out his purse and his philosophy to meet the trying occasion—of addressing a man in this state with the words, "Do you *wish* to pay, sir?" If the question were put in good faith the natural answer would be "No; of course I don't;" or, "Well, if it's the same to you I'd rather not;" but we always suspected that there was a deep sarcasm concealed in the interrogatory, which in fact meant, "Do you wish to pay, sir? because if you don't, you'll have to pay all the same." But, in whatever view the question be considered, we ask seriously whether it is right, when a man has signified his readiness to settle an account, thus to trifle with the best feelings of his nature, and suggest the wicked idea of "letting it stand over." Few persons really like paying, although justice and the waiter may require it; and the idea of any person absolutely wishing to pay—as if he longed for the luxury—is unnatural, and consequently disgusting.


GIVING THE WAITER SOMETHING FOR HIMSELF.


"GIVE ME MY BILL."

We have said nothing about the wines of the Albion, but, *à propos* of the subject, what is the meaning of calling a wine "generous"—for what did it ever give except the headache? For the rest, we may observe that Mr. Simpson does not compose his own sherry, although, like Jullien, he evinces excellent taste in his selections; nor does he act upon the principle, which is put in practice by too many hotel-keepers, that "any port will do" not only "in a storm" but on every occasion.


COLD WITHOUT.

THE GREEDY LITTLE BOY.

"Oh! You Covetous Little Fellow! You can't have the Others unless you give up Those you've already got!"

CONSOLATIONS IN DISTRESS.

When your journal doesn't sell, it is consoling to reflect that the ignorant public can't appreciate it.

When lying in the gutter, from the effects of previous undue elevation, it is consoling to reflect that you will soon be taken up.

When reposing there a second time, it is consoling to reflect that, although a very low fellow, you will soon be re-fined.

When all a manager's productions are damned, it is consoling to reflect that it proves there are no *claqueurs* in the house.

When unable to write a tolerable parody, it is consoling to reflect that "you're not one of those fast men."

When you have finished a bad article, it is tremendously consoling to reflect that you will be paid for it.

A Nice Point.—If Lord Brougham could succeed in becoming at once an Englishman and a Frenchman, what would he do in case of a war between the two countries? Would he take up arms against himself; and if so, is he the kind of man who can conquer himself on all occasions? Would he side with the English during the session of Parliament, and fraternize with the French in the autumn, while residing at Cannes? Or would he do a little fighting on his own account, cruising about the channel and descending upon whichever coast might chance to be unprotected? And if caught by the English, would he be hanged; and would the body be afterwards sent to Paris in order to be guillotined?

A happy misprint in a Dublin paper represents the star of the Repealers as having reached its *calumniating* point.

BENTINCK O'LYNN.

It has been remarked of late, that the Noble Lord, the steward of the Jockey Club, the keeper of the British Lion, and the member for Lynn Regis, has been absent from public affairs in a most unaccountable manner. It must be admitted that this has caused no very lively regret, but the Showman does not hesitate to avow, that he feels some interest in this wizard of statistics, when remembering how the latter, though a cipher himself, managed to raise such confusion among the figures in the revenue returns. He therefore inserts a ballad on the Noble Lord's political career, which may possibly have the effect of awakening the dormant interest of the public on his behalf.

Air—"*Brian O'Lynn had no breeches to wear.*"

Bentinck O'Lynn had no party to wear,
He joined with D'Israeli, and made up a pair,
But the Tories were out, and the Whigs they were in—
A bad state of things for poor Bentinck O'Lynn!

But Ben he was bitter, and Bentinck was loud,
And bigoted Inglis joined, too, with a crowd,
And Hudson's bad grammar came usefully in
To match the statistics of Bentinck O'Lynn!

The Parliament met, and the braying began;
Ben sneered like a serpent, as only Ben can;
And Sibthorpe, the long-eared, assisted to win—
"We 'll be Ministers yet, boys," quoth Bentinck O'Lynn.

The Parliament laughed, and the newspapers sneered,
The kick of those donkeys by no one was feared;
And now we need care not the ghost of a pin,
For the Tories themselves have sacked Bentinck O'Lynn!

BOB LINT (*alias* THE BANTAM) TO HIS FRIEND JACK MULLINS, CHISWICK.

"Dear Jack,

"So, you've been Special Constablering, have you, and got laid up with the rheumatism in consequence? Serves you right—I do not pity you one iota. To prove, however, that you are not the only one who suffered for his zeal, I will just tell you how *We* served out a 'Special.'

"At my spread, which your rheumatism prevented your attending, there was a gent named Snorsdell, newly imported from the country. In the course of the evening he let out that he had been 'sworn in,' and talked a good deal of what he had done on the day of the Meeting. On hearing this, Hawker, of University—the 'Whitechapel Pet,' as he's called there—tipped me the wink, and we plied Mr. Snorsdell so briskly that he soon got pretty considerably screwed. Hawker then pretended to entertain an unbounded amount of veneration for his loyalty, and made such a fool of him, that he invited us all to supper the next evening.

"On the following morning, Hawker and I, who had arranged our plan, went to his house. He was particularly seedy, and quite oblivious of the invitation. On being reminded of it, and seeing there was no means of escape, he requested us, seeing he did not know much about town, to undertake the affair for him, he of course to pay the damage. On this we went to the hostess of the Spread Eagle, next the hospital—'Mother,' as we call her—and ordered a good supper for the evening. At nine o'clock we were all assembled. Mother had done wonders. In fact, she had been guilty of all kinds of unnecessary luxuries; she had launched out into a sort of eastern magnificence—floor newly sanded—clean spittoons, with fresh saw-dust—and a large nosegay in a quart pot on the mantel-piece. The supper itself consisted of all the delicacies of the season—oysters—rumpsteaks—boiled beef—greens—potatoes—and lots of "thick," which is a name we use to designate a superior species of half-and-half, composed of stout and porter. But *pocas palabras*, as Christopher Sly observes—to the point.

"Just as we were going to take our places, the 'Pet' rushed in with a confounded look of dismay, and inquired if there were any one present who had served as a 'Special.' Snorsdell said that he had. The Pet replied, in that case, he had better look out. There was a Chartist debating club down below, and some of the members had sworn to having seen a person go up stairs who had been very severe towards them on the day of the Meeting, adding that they were determined to serve him out. This put Snorsdell in a precious funk. Suddenly the noise of a great many people coming up stairs was heard. 'There they are,' cried the Pet. We all declared there was not a moment to lose, and advised Snorsdell to hide. We told him that, the better to allay suspicion, we would go on supping as if nothing were the matter, and let him out when the rascally Chartists were gone. We then shoved him into a cupboard, in the upper part of which glasses, and the lower one coals, are preserved.

"He was no sooner 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' than the Chartists—students of University, who were in the secret—entered the room. After kicking up a tremendous shindy, and swearing they would massacre Snorsdell if he fell into their hands, they allowed themselves to be pacified by an invitation to supper. We then all sat down, and pitched into the edibles like bricks—Snorsdell's heart in the cupboard beating to the tune of our knives and forks all the while. On the removal of the cloth, pipes, gin-and-water, whisky-toddy, and the like emollients, were introduced. After doing justice to the same, the supposed Chartists said they would retire to their club down stairs. No sooner were they gone and the cupboard unlocked, than Snorsdell rushed out—such a figure! as black as a coal-whipper—and in an awful state of trepidation! He wanted to be off immediately. We told him, however, that this would not be advisable, as some of the humbugging democrats might still be below and see him. The best course he could pursue was, in our opinion, to return to his hiding-place until we had assured ourselves that the coast was clear. Well, in he went, and we out, locking the room-door behind us.

"At about three in the morning all the inmates of the house were aroused from their slumbers by a most horrible noise. Tired of waiting, Snorsdell had been groping his way towards the door, and had knocked over the table, with everything on it, in so doing. On his saying, in reply to their questions as to what he did there at that time of night, that he was the founder of the feast, which you recollect the Pet and I had ordered, taking care not to mention Snorsdell's name, he was walked off to the station, charged with an attempt at housebreaking. On his sending, next morning, from the police court to his landlord for a testimonial of respectability, that worthy individual refused to give him one. We had knocked him up at 2 A.M. to tell him that Snorsdell had been convicted of stealing five silver spoons and a plated salt-cellar from a house where he had been invited to dinner. It was not until late in the afternoon that our 'Special' was released by the instrumentality of his father's solicitor, who vouched for his good character. I rather think he suspects us, but he has said nothing, and—he'd better not. At any rate he has had to pay five pounds ten—the price of the spread—for the pleasure of being locked up six or eight hours in a musty cupboard, and then figuring at a police-court as an individual endowed with burglarious propensities. Let this be a warning to you not to go Special Constablering again, or, by Jove, we'll treat you in a similar manner. Come up and see us as soon as your rheumatism will allow. The Pet makes you as profound a salaam as his means and back-bone will admit of.

"Yours ever,
"Bob Lint."

Pursuit of Meaning under Difficulties.—The following line appears in an acrostic addressed to Alboni in the *Musical World*:

"Love springeth fledged and full grown from thy tongue."

If any person in the confidence of the writer will inform us of the meaning of the above, we promise to take in the *Musical World* every week, and what is more, to read it.

Halevy, the composer, offers himself as candidate for the National Assembly, and our Discharged Contributor offers his opinion that this is one way that popular distress may be *h*alleviated.

The *Athenæum* has been reproving Mr. Tegg for issuing "mutilated" editions of *Tom Jones*, and other works containing passages which a parent would withhold from a child. Mr. Tegg replies that "such editions are not for England, but for the Colonies." Is not this a delightful sense of the duties of a Mother-country?

Birds of a Feather.—The "Odd Fellows" have lately been getting Lord Brougham to present a number of petitions in their favour to the House of Lords. They did this, no doubt, on the principle, that no one could be more interested in the granting of their demands than such an odd fellow as his Lordship most certainly is.

A LITTLE LEADER FOR A YOUNG IRELAND NEWSPAPER.

"Ourselves alone! Our own right arms! Stab, stab, stab!"

We offer the following course of instruction for the juvenile patriots of this slave island.

Carving knives are good for sticking soldiers in the back. They may be bought cheaply at the ironmongers. It would be well to notch the blades. The wound inflicted would thus be more severe and more troublesome to cure. If a pike be not handy, a pitchfork is not a bad thing for poking up a Saxon. If you can heat the prongs red hot, previously, the effect will be excellent. We would advise patriotic barbers to cultivate an extensive acquaintance with Saxon customers. The wielder of the razor has many good chances—*verb. sap.* We know the hint will not be thrown away.

There are many Saxon vessels in the harbour—could a few holes be bored through their bottoms at low water? but you must be careful in performing the trick. The thing is to make the leak slow, but uncomeatable. The ship will be, perhaps, out of sight of land before the damage be discovered. The blackguard Saxon flag will then be probably hoisted—reversed—and in a few hours more it will be draggled at the bottom of the sea.

Hurrah then for our Immortal Isle!—Hurrah for Liberty!—Hurrah for broken bottles!—Hurrah for cold vitriol! We shall have our own again! Let the Viceregal Butcher do his worst! We have cleavers as well as he; and can, and dare, and will use them on his own marrow bones! If this be Treason—Hurrah! We mean it! Sedition is mere milk and water—Treason is burnt brandy! We 'll quaff our full of it—more, and more, and more—till we 're roaring, shouting, burning! —Mad drunk!

INSANITY OF MR. WEBSTER.

It is now beyond a doubt that the manager of the Haymarket Theatre has taken leave of the small amount of senses which he originally possessed. The disease with which Mr. Webster is afflicted is of rather a peculiar nature, and may be described as grammatico-phobia, while his hatred of the English language is so great that his friends declare he will murder it whenever he has the opportunity. The Showman, on being consulted as to the best means of cure, replied, that he thought he could give the patient one or two articles which would do him good. He also recommended that pen, ink, and paper should be kept carefully out of the lunatic's reach. There is no accounting for the strange fancies of madmen; but it is a fact worth mentioning, that Mr. Webster firmly believes that Mr. Spicer lives in a portable house of such small dimensions that it can be enclosed in a letter, and sent post-free, on payment of one penny, to all parts of England. This plainly appears from a letter in which his worst symptoms are manifested, and in which, among other similar extravagances, he declares that "every letter of Mr. Spicer was dated from the Union Club, until that of the 17th of March, *which contained his private residence!*" We are afraid that there is little hope for the poor man, as grammatico-phobia is a disease which is seldom cured in the case of a person of mature age.

AN ILLITERATE PERSON.

"A clergyman, late head master of a public school," advertises for a gentlemanly young man as articled pupil, and to be prepared for the universities or for holy orders, *which can be guaranteed as a literate person.* Now we beg to ask of any of our readers the following plain questions:—

1. How can holy orders be guaranteed as a literate person? and what does the expression mean?

2. Was the advertising clergyman really the head master of a public school, and if so, was he dismissed for thrashing every boy who wrote decent English; and was he the preceptor of Mr. Webster, who exhibits strong evidence of having been under his tuition?

If the illiterate person should favour us with any communication calculated to throw light on his advertisement, let us request that he will get his "gentlemanly young man," if he obtains him, to make the document intelligible before it is forwarded.

HINTS FOR COCHRANE.

Mr. Charles Cochrane is the most indefatigable man of his age. If he does not attain the notoriety at which he aims then is there, in defiance of all proverbs, a something which perseverance cannot conquer. Next week Mr. Cochrane is to be peculiarly busy. We have been favoured with a programme of his arrangements, which we have much pleasure in making public.

On Monday, Mr. Cochrane will shave himself in Trafalgar Square, at 9 o'clock precisely. He will then stand upon his head on each of the dumpy pillars bounding the southern extremity of the square; after which he will sing comic songs all day on the top of a twopenny omnibus.

On Tuesday, Mr. Cochrane will promenade up and down Regent Street, under the shade of one of the monster umbrellas used in Covent Garden Market. The honourable gentleman will wear a yellow hat, a black shirt, a pink coat, red trowsers, and white boots.

On Wednesday, Mr. Cochrane will, for a wager, eat a roast sucking pig and a beefsteak-pie, and drink three dozen of Stout under the Duke of York's Column. He will then exhibit some ingenious conjuring tricks on the esplanade behind the Horse Guards; after which, he will stand on his head on the point of a corkscrew in various parts of the Metropolis.

On Thursday, Mr. Cochrane will drive an omnibus from Charing Cross to the Bank, drawn by two giraffes and a laughing hyena, from the Surrey Zoological Gardens. He will then recite "My name is Norval," and "Romans, countrymen, and lovers," at Alderman Waithman's Column; and in the evening will appear at Astley's, as clown.

On Friday, Mr. Cochrane will have a line stretched from the top of the Duke of York's to the top of the Nelson Column—on which elevated tight-rope he will dance the College Hornpipe, cut his own hair with a breakfast knife, balance three duck eggs on the tip of his nose, and, finally, jump down on a feather-bed in Cockspur Street.

On Saturday, Mr. Cochrane will wind up the astonishing feats of the week by sailing in a tub from Westminster to London Bridge, making—in the tub in question—eighteen pancakes, changing his dress so as to appear in four-and-forty different characters, diving under twelve coal barges, and upon his landing in the City, playing Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony upon his chin. In the evening he will appear at Her Majesty's Theatre as Norma.

THE PUFF OF THE TEMPEST.

What has become of the *Tempest* which was announced by Mr. Lumley to be in readiness for Her Majesty's Theatre more than a twelvemonth since? We shall be truly sorry if it is not produced, as the *libretto* will be one of the most curious compositions that literature, theatrical or otherwise, can boast of. In the first place, the *Tempest* by Shakspere will have to be done into the kind of English which is intelligible to M. Scribe, who in cooking it up will probably throw in a few French *roles* by way of improvement. It will then be translated into German for the use of the composer, who, it is expected, will be inspired with some of the Shaksperian spirit (considerably diluted). The "book" must be put into an Italian form previously to its production at Her Majesty's Theatre, and finally, an English version will be published for the benefit of ignorant subscribers. If this point should ever be arrived at, the Showman intends bringing out an edition which shall contain the original *Tempest*, by the Swan of Avon, on one page, and the translation of *La Tempesta*, by the Goose of the Haymarket, on the opposite one. The contents would produce an exceedingly novel effect.

A Great Fact.—Lablache did not reach London quite so early as was expected: the eminent *basso* has, however, written to the Showman in explanation; and it must be admitted that the alleged reason of his non-arrival is perfectly satisfactory. It appears that Lablache is, from personal considerations, in the habit of engaging two seats in the *diligence* which he intends to patronise: he had sent to book his places when about to leave Paris, but imagine his horror at discovering that one was in the *coupé*, while the other was in the *intérieur*. Without losing his integrity, it would of course have been impossible for him to make the journey.

A Musical Journal.—The *Morning Advertiser*, being the Publicans' paper, may fairly be styled a "barrel organ."

A LESSON FOR OPERA GOERS.

We hear that Demoiselle Zoja is coming out at Covent-Garden, as a rival to Jenny Lind, in *La Figlia del Reggimento*. However popular this opera may have been, we knew hardly any one who could get over the title. If two persons spoke of the *Figlia* it was generally somewhat in the following style:—

"I was at Her Majesty's Theatre last night. Saw Jenny Lind in the—the—you know—where she plays the dr——"

"Oh—ah—yes—the Druidess——"

"No—the Drum——"

"You mean the Fil—Fil——"

"Yes—that 's it—the Fil—Fil—charming is not she? It 's extraordinary what vivacity she throws into the part," etc.

It struck us the publication of the true mode of pronunciation would be a boon to society. We therefore present it to the million enlightened readers of the Puppet-Show:—

La Fil-yar del Red-je-mentoe.

HINTS TO ORGAN-GRINDERS.

A SWEEPING CHARGE.

1. The best time to commence practising is when young ladies do the same, *i. e.* about ten or eleven in the morning. Play in such a manner as to make it worth their while to get rid of you; and remember the hour of the music-lesson and the number of the house.

2. If you see a young man of spooney appearance walking with two young ladies of any appearance whatever, ask him for money: it will look shabby to refuse, and young ladies are all charitably disposed when there is a gentlemen present who will not allow them to give their own money.

3. Always endeavour to find out where there is a dinner-party, and favour the company with the *Eclipse* polka, or *Post-Horn Galop*, played in *adagio* time; if this should not be considered sufficient, a very good effect may be produced by "rendering" the *Sicilian Mariner's Hymn* with each succeeding bar given more slowly than the former one, until you end with a most expressive howl. But the safest music is that of Macfarren, whose airs have done more for the organ-grinders than would be readily believed.

4. Never lose sight of the maxim that "the illness of the inhabitant is the organ-grinder's opportunity;" and look upon a knocker covered with leather as an invitation to commence the noisiest of French quadrilles. As sickness, generally speaking, does not last long, it would be desirable, wherever you discover its existence, to give the address to every organ-grinder you meet. This is a delicate compliment, which will be appreciated and probably returned.

5. If you can find out the residence of some literary or professional man, to whom quiet is essential, a little money may now and then be gained from him. Should he, however, become annoyed by your constant attentions, and desire you to "move on," throw your organ on the ground, and say he did it. Any magistrate will award you damages—though of course this is a trick which must not be played off twice in the same neighbourhood.

T 'IS BROUGHAM NO MORE!

(*Ce n'est plus Lisette.*)

BY A COCKNEY BÉRANGER.

What, Brougham, is it you?
You with that awful beard?
Your moustache meets my view
With perfumed *cirage* smeared!
No, no! it cannot be!
Brougham you are no more:
No, no! it cannot be
That Brougham I knew of yore.

With accent of the north
No more your words are spoken;
Nonsense you now bring forth
In French a good deal broken.
No, no! it cannot be!
Brougham you are no more:
No, no! it cannot be
That Brougham I knew of yore.

To gain some honours new
'Gainst Albion you would tend;
'T is not long since you knew
To English mobs to bend.
No, no! it cannot be!
Brougham you are no more:
No, no! it cannot be
That Brougham I knew of yore.

Erewhile our nation's prayer
You urged on bended knee,
But that 's an old affair;
How altered you must be!
No, no! it cannot be!
Brougham you are no more:
No, no! it cannot be
That Brougham I knew of yore.

When at our greatest men
The shafts of wit you 'd throw,
You 'd settle eight or ten,
And yet you were no foe.
No, no! it cannot be!
Brougham you are no more:
No, no! it cannot be
That Brougham I knew of yore.

But now to France you go,
Nor heed your English fame;
Farewell, my lord—but no,
Citoyen is your name.
No, no! it cannot be!
Brougham you are no more:
No, no! it cannot be
That Brougham I knew of yore.

The Great Unwashed.—An "honourable delegate" recently informed the Convention that he had allowed his wife to go out for a few days' washing. Instead of bestowing her services on strangers, why does not the worthy lady commence operations on her husband and his colleagues?

A counter-feat—Persuading people to buy what they don't want.

The Sooner these are Done the Better.—Red herrings, classical concerts, bills, bill discounters, tooth-drawing, Chartist speeches, a hungry man's dinner, and this paragraph.

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NUMBER 8. LONDON, MAY 6, 1848. ONE PENNY.

SCENE.—*An Omnibus Loitering Place.*

OLD GENTLEMAN (*very much enraged*)—"CONDUCTOR! IS THIS OMNIBUS GOING ON?"

CONDUCTOR—"NO, SIR! THE 'OSSES IS STANDING QUITE STILL."

THE VALUE OF LOYALTY.

THE burlesque at the Haymarket ends with a song in honour of Her Majesty, which, while it prays for the safety of the Queen, at the same time ensures that of the *Castle of Otranto*. As the piece is deservedly successful, the author's ingenuity is, in this instance, quite thrown away; but in case of failure, the expedient of introducing a loyal sentiment, just as the curtain is about to fall, would be found very useful, as of course any one daring to hazard a hiss would be treated as a Chartist and a traitor. Any farce concluding with "Well, you young dog, I suppose you must have her: and now, three cheers for Her Majesty," would be sure to have a long run; and there would be a fair chance even for a sentimental comedy in blank verse, provided "God save the Queen" were played *fortissimè* after each act.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF NATIONS.

AN ANTICIPATION.

[Suggested by Beranger's "*Sainte alliance des peuples.*"]

I.

The wars had ceased: the weary nations furled
Their tattered flags, and sheathed their blunted [swords;
And, sick of blood, the decimated world
Counted its scars, its glories, and rewards.
A little whisper, raised in doubt and fear,
Made an appeal to all the suffering lands—
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands.

II.

Old men left childless and disconsolate;
Widows forlorn, and maidens sorrow-crowned;
The children loitering at the cottage gate;
The young men mournful, gazing on the ground,
Joined in the cry, lamenting, yet of cheer—
Repeating ever, *Oh, ye ruined lands,*
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands.

III.

The ploughman singing at the early morn,
Stopped in his task, and shuddered to behold,
Through the long furrows for the future corn,
Half-buried skulls projecting from the mould—
Bones of his brethren, scattered far and near;
And sadly gazing sighed, *Unhappy lands,*
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands.

IV.

The whisper spread—it gathered as it went;
From crowd to crowd the aspiration flew;
Distracted Europe staunched the wounds that rent
Her bleeding bosom, pierced at Waterloo;
Her wisest sons with voices loud and clear
Took up the words and bore them o'er the lands—
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands.

V.

"Why should ye drag," said they, "the furious car
Of blind ambition? why with sweat and moil
Follow the panting demi-gods of war,
And with your blood make runnels through the soil?
Long have ye suffered—long in mad career
Borne fire and sword and sorrow through the lands—
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands.

VI.

"Sheathed be the sword for ever—let the drum
Be schoolboy's pastime—let your battles cease,
And be the cannon's voice for ever dumb,
Except to celebrate the joys of peace.
Are ye not brothers? God, whom ye revere,
Is he not Father of all climes and lands?
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands."

VII.

The words grew oracles; from mouth to mouth
Rapid as light the truthful accents ran,
From the cold Norland to the sunny South—
From East to West; they warmed the heart of man;
The prosperous people with a sound of cheer
Passed the glad watchword through the smiling lands,
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands.

VIII.

They spread, they flew, they fructified apace;
The spear and sword hung rusting on the walls,
Preserved as relics of a bygone race
When men went mad, and gloried in their brawls.
Peace, the fair mother of each bounteous year,
Dropped corn and wine on the prolific lands.
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands.

IX.

England forgot her deeds of battle done,
France blushed at "glory" gained in fields of gore,
German, Italian, Spaniard, Pole, and Hun
Taught kings a lesson and were foes no more—
KNOWLEDGE achieved the circuit of our sphere,
And LOVE became the gospel of the lands—
When that alliance, holy and sincere,
Had joined all hands.

NO SUCH LUCK.—Speaking of the Schleswig-Holstein war, the *Observer* says, "Prussia stands alone in this affair." It strikes us that, in the present state of their coffers, the insurgents only wish Prussia would "stand a loan."

RETORT COURTEOUS.—The SHOWMAN was conversing the other day with a lady of violent temper, when the name of a third party was mentioned. "I wish I could revenge myself on that man," said the lady. "Marry him," was the polite reply.

MORE PROOFS OF LOYALTY.—Several placards, dated from St. Pancras Workhouse, and headed "Children deserted," were posted up lately at the West End. The SHOWMAN could never have supposed that Prince Albert's example had been so rapid in its effects on the juveniles among the lower orders.

LOVE.—A FRAGMENT.

SCENE.—Doctors' Commons.

1*st Gentleman* (*discovered reading a will*). "I give and bequeath unto my daughter, Fanny, the sum of forty thousand pounds—hem—hem—to be paid unto her—hem—hem—in form following"—hem—

[1*st Gentleman, after having finished his perusal of the will, is about to leave, when 2nd Gentleman enters.*]

2*nd Gentleman.* Holloa! What brought you here?

1*st Gentleman.* Oh—a—merely a little business for my aunt—relating to my late uncle.

2*nd Gentleman.* By the way, there's a report that you're going to marry Fanny Hawthorn; but I would not believe it. You can't be so foolish as to give up the little widow. Recollect, she has twenty thousand—

1*st Gentleman* (*interrupting him*). Yes—but Fanny has much more (*stops; correcting himself*) has much more—more *naïvete*—more truthfulness—she is all—all nature. Ah! Tom, you've yet to learn the power of pure, fervid love. What is all the wealth of—of—Araby to—to——Her heart and a cottage are the summit of my wishes . . . .

PALMERSTON THE DICTATOR.

IF a fiery temper and an obstinate character were the best qualifications of a Foreign Minister, Lord Palmerston would certainly bear away the palm from every diplomatist in Europe. He makes them all swallow his instructions as Mrs. Squeers made the boys at Dotheboys Hall bolt the treacle and sulphur. On the 10th of March he addressed a dispatch to Mr. Bulwer at Madrid, peremptorily requiring the Cabinet to change their policy. We are far from wishing to undertake such a grievous task as to explain his conduct on reasonable grounds, but it seems to us that he is endeavouring to become Dictator of the World; and we should not be surprised to see, some of these days, the publication of such dispatches from him as the following:—

LORD PALMERSTON TO MR. BULWER.

SIR,—You will be pleased to read this dispatch immediately to the Minister for Foreign Affairs. I see that the Queen has been in the habit of riding out in her carriage in the afternoon. This I cannot permit. As the Minister of the foreign policy of Great Britain, I must protest against this undue assumption of power; and I beg likewise to add, that I have observed with disgust that General Narvaez wears a green coat buttoned up. This cannot be permitted—*I* wear black. By-the-bye, it rained at Madrid, I see, last month. Were you consulted beforehand on it as British Ambassador?

I am, &c., PALMERSTON.

LORD PALMERSTON TO MR. DOBBS, CONSUL AT THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

SIR,—His Majesty Wankee Fum drinks rum and water. Be pleased to express to him my disapprobation of this. For the future, he will limit himself to two sixpenny—not four, as I said in my last dispatch. PALMERSTON.

THE "SPREAD" OF EDUCATION.—A school dinner.

HOW TO ENJOY A YACHT CRUISE.

AS the season is approaching when yachting will become the prevailing amusement, the SHOWMAN thinks it right to give some hints to cockneys which may enable them to enjoy a cruise to the best advantage. He promises faithfully that, if these are attended to, the reader will find his cruise a most interesting one; nay, more, remember it to the last day of his life.

With regard to the kind of vessel to select, a wise man will go in any one he can get. Only very rich people can make a choice on that subject, and they are too proud to take advice. Choose a day when it blows very hard, and particularly when the glass is low, and the sky to windward full of dark heavy clouds flying fast. Breakfast before starting very richly, and drink a good deal of wine of different sorts. This is an important point.

Dress with great care. We should recommend your newest coat, and tightest trowsers strapped down. You should wear a glossy hat, rather small for you than otherwise. Be sure to put on a new pair of white kids before coming alongside in the boat. They enable you to get a firm hold of the side-ropes.

If the captain recommends a reef being taken in, pause, and tell him to wait a little. It looks knowing and plucky; and, besides, if you take the craft you have a right to be obeyed.

Should the wind be high, and there be a rough sea, make a point of sailing close on the wind, and go forward and station yourself on the weather bow. This is an admirable place for observation under these circumstances; and you will find that the sharp contact with a meeting wave will be attended with lively and interesting results. As to the important question of sea-sickness—of that dire affliction we know but of one unfailing preventive: not brandy, not bottled stout, not devils and hock and soda-water (which last was Byron's method), not even courage and fresh air, but simply this—*to stop on shore.*

If on deck while the vessel is being put about, be sure to stay aft and watch the main-boom swing across. It is an interesting spectacle; do not be out of the way of it. While work is going on, mix with the men at work. Go in among them, and see where the ropes lead, and how things are managed.

When tired and anxious to slumber, ask the nearest sailor to wrap you round with the main-sheet, and lie down in the lee gangway just over the scuppers. You will find every accommodation on board a well-regulated craft. You can amuse yourself by playing with the fore-top, and need never be short of money, for the guns (if any) are always provided with coins.

A BALLAD FOR CHARLES COCHRANE.

AIR—"*When the heart of a man.*'

WHEN a mob is convened in Trafalgar Square,
It soon is dispersed when the Peelers appear;
Like the sprigs of a birch-broom they quickly, quickly
Sweep all the place and the thoroughfares clear.
Letters and numbers their necks disclose,
But on their staves they count more than those;
Press them—distress them—with bruises, their use is
To answer and fell you beneath their blows.

PROSPECTS OF LIBERALISM.

AFTER all that has been said, and justly said, about the absurdities committed by the Chartist agitators during the recent excitement, let it not be forgotten that the cause of progress is a sacred one, and that the stupidest of its supporters cannot make it unjust, though they may make themselves ridiculous. The blustering of O'Connor, and the boobyism of Cuffey, must not induce us to neglect the fact that Hill advocated the Ballot, and Brougham Triennial Parliaments. The world must keep moving, and if two or three clamorous mendicants choose to ride behind and shout, by all means whip them off, but don't stop the vehicle. Religion is no less a holy sentiment because, acting on some weak minds, it has driven them into fanaticism. Neither is the fruit of the cocoa-tree less pleasant because apes gambol on its branches and wanton among its leaves. We perceive a strong disposition among the Tories, and among the members of that recreant Government which assumes the name of Liberal, to make the follies of a few demagogues an excuse for practising a retrograde policy; and to exaggerate the embarrassments of the French Republic, in order, by inspiring a dread of change into the minds of the timid, to obtain power to carry on the government of the country on the old and hacknied system of dilatory progress, which has long been repudiated by every one of energy and foresight. It now, therefore, becomes the duty of the people to watch over their interests, and insist upon Reform being carried out; above all, to protest against the paltry notion of the Whigs that the Reform Movement did all that was expected from it when it brought them into power.

Have we no need of change? Is England so thoroughly perfect now? Is all right so long as Russell draws his salary, and Morpeth eats public dinners? Let those who think so, defend the barbarous corruption of the last election; let them show a plausible reason why thousands of our countrymen should be in a state of destitution; let them eulogize the "asinine noises" with which arguments are answered in our senate; and prove it to be fortunate that Ireland is in arms. These considerations must be met with some other reply than the "Oh, oh" of a government lackey, or "Not at home" from Sir George Grey. Lord John Russell would be better occupied in inditing common-place prose or verse, and calling it literature, than in labouring to reconcile Pitt policy with Fox professions, and inventing false speeches to excuse false conduct. The man who stands still among a crowd in progress is knocked down and crushed; he falls without sympathy, and lies without assistance.

A MELANCHOLY FACT.

Mr. Feargus O'Connor, when addressing his followers, is in the habit of calling them his children. Doubtless the reason of this is because none of them have arrived at "years of discretion!"

THE TRUTH.

The Chartists indignantly deny the wishing to divide the property of the middle classes and aristocracy. We believe them. They would prefer taking it entire.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

A distinguished Chartist has gone to perform the grand *tour*—at Brixton of course.

A DIFFERENCE WITH A GREAT DISTINCTION.

A weekly journal speaks of the perfect manner in which the orchestra at Franconi's executes its music. Our contemporary was probably thinking of the complete manner in which the musicians murder it.

QUITE WORTHY OF HIM.

A gentleman who writes under the pseudonym of Rosenberg, has published some letters (in a periodical of which we forget the title) in defence of what he calls the "slow" school of literature. We expected last week to have seen an attack upon Good Friday on account of its being a "fast day."

HERALDIC.

On a door-plate in Wardour Street are the words—"Arms, Crests, and Ciphers." We fancy that this is not the only instance where arms and crests are to be found in close connection with ciphers.

A "PROGRESS" JOKE.

Carlotta Grisi has performed so often with Perrot, the ugliest man that has yet appeared on any stage, as to have excited the admiration of Douglas Jerrold, who praises her, because she generally "dances with an object!"

MYSTERIOUS NONSENSE.

The *Musical World* speaks of a very ordinary musical transition as "a cunning device of the author, and pleasant to hear." We cannot but consider the affected style of writing in the *Musical World* as "a stupid device of the editor, and most unpleasant to read."

WANTED AN ANSWER.

Some individuals have asserted that Jenny Lind will not "take" much this season. What do they call, then, the five or six thousand pounds she will receive from Lumley?

A DOWNY AGITATION.

Mr. Smith O'Brien has been using only the softest phrases since the passing of the Gagging Bill. But the fact is, that no man could speak hard words when he's so much "down in the mouth."

THE GAGGING ACT.

It may not be generally known that Mr. Wright, of Adelphi celebrity, was a strong supporter of the late Government measure. This, however, will be readily believed by those who are acquainted with the gentleman's "gagging propensities."

VERY DEEP.

A morning paper says that since Sir G. Grey's Act, Messrs. Mitchell, Meagher, and Co., have adopted a *lower* tone than formerly. Looking at the awfully vulgar abuse they indulged in, we should have declared this impossible.

THE POLITICAL SHOWMAN.

SHOWMAN RUSSELL—"WALK UP, WALK UP! WE 'RE JUST ABOUT TO BEGIN: WE 'RE A-GOING TO GO THROUGH SOME OF THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY FEATS EVER PERFORMED!"

JOHN BULL *(to himself)*—"OH, OH! I KNOW THAT CHAP; HE 'S ALL TALK! HE TAKES YOUR MONEY, AND THEN YOU FIND IT 'S ALL OUTSIDE SHOW!"

TEMPERANCE AND THE *PUPPET-SHOW.*

THE SHOWMAN'S attention has been called to a statement published by a teetotalling hosier, from which it appears that any person who chooses to cut down his daily allowance of grog by one glass, may enjoy the luxury of wearing three pairs of stockings, five shirts, and an indefinite number of flannel waistcoats, instead of the number to which the majority of the human race are at present necessarily confined by their indulgence in alcoholic liquors. It has been also satisfactorily proved by a temperate cobbler that the man who drinks his two bottles of wine per day, might (supposing him to pay his wine-merchant) for the same outlay rejoice in the delight of wearing a new pair of Blucher boots every morning and evening of his existence. Now, these calculations may be perfectly true, but they are lamentably one-sided; and the SHOWMAN engages to demonstrate, that whatever may be the advantages of abstaining from alcohol, there are also many benefits to be derived from giving up coffee and ginger-beer. For instance, the man who spends fourpence a-day in ginger-beer might purchase twenty-eight copies of the PUPPET-SHOW instead, thus benefiting not only himself and friends, but also the proprietors of the periodical in question. Supposing him, moreover, to expend twopence a-day in coffee, he might, in addition to his twenty-eight weekly numbers, become a regular subscriber for ten monthly parts; and, taking for granted that he revels in one cup of tea (at twopence a-cup) every afternoon, the very satisfactory result is obtained that the cash thus thrown away might be profitably employed in buying several of the half-yearly volumes.

THE SHOWMAN AT GREENWICH FAIR.

ALTHOUGH the Public were absolutely overwhelmed with criticisms of the different amusements on Easter Monday—the said criticisms, like the National Guard at the grand fête in Paris, lately, presenting a seemingly interminable array of serried columns—no mention was made of Richardson's! Indignant at this neglect, the SHOWMAN determined that he himself would supply the deficiency, and accordingly set off to Greenwich immediately. On his arrival he soon discovered the truth of the poet's remark, that "none but the brave enjoy the fair," and that those who possess the largest amount of courage, more or less moral, are the persons who obtain the most amusement. The great fun consists in scratching everybody's coat with an instrument which produces a disagreeable noise, resembling—as we were informed—the tearing of cloth. The joke is harmless, and was probably very amusing when first invented: but half a century's use has somewhat brushed off the bloom of novelty; and it is only by increasing the size to a prodigious extent that the makers now hope to obtain a sale for the ancient and innocent contrivance. The SHOWMAN confesses that, "for this occasion only," he descended to an old joke; for, being determined to "come up to the scratch" in a proper manner, he procured a coat-tearer of the very largest dimensions, and performed feats which will not, it is thought, be soon forgotten.

The SHOWMAN, of course, went into one of the Shows, and, *in a courteous manner*, saluted the person who holds the same office with reference to beasts which he himself exercises towards men. The principal objects of attraction were a horse with only three legs, which after fair time (as the SHOWMAN understood) is enabled, by means of a wooden one, to draw a four-wheeled chaise and an old lady about the suburbs of London; together with "an elephant re-

sembling a pig"—and it must be admitted that in this animal the resemblance to a pig was so very strong that, Heaven forgive him! the artist of the PUPPET-SHOW asserts that it actually was one! However, a likeness of the animal is presented to the reader, and he may judge for himself.

Of course the SHOWMAN, who has a cut at everything, indulged in a few throws with the sticks. From a calculation made on the spot, it appeared that pincushions could be knocked off at an average cost of four shillings each;

although the SHOWMAN, who possesses more than the usual amount of dexterity, obtained several at the rate of two for six and eleven-pence.

The SHOWMAN, of course, went into a swing. Whom he met there he will never divulge. He would only hint to a certain small gentleman who made one of the number, that the swing is very typical of party—at one moment

up in the air, at another quite the reverse. The SHOWMAN would also call to the little gentleman's recollection, that the latter only saved himself from being thrown out by catching hold with both arms when the car was at the highest point. This should impress on the little gentleman's mind, that although he may at present be in full swing, caution is nevertheless advisable.

At the "Crown and Anchor" a placard was to be seen, requesting gentlemen to "change their own gold at the bar." In accordance with this advice, the SHOWMAN proceeded to "change his gold at," &c., and by that financial operation obtained possession of two bad half-crowns (which, by-the-bye, are left at the PUPPET-SHOW office for the use of the Shakspere Committee). He subsequently endeavoured to change his bad half-crowns at the bar, but there was no demand for the article, in consequence, no doubt, of there being an abundant stock in hand. There is a great deal of kicking, and a little dancing at the "Crown and Anchor," and it need hardly

be observed that hops make persons inclined for malt, and that when people get elevated they become exceedingly low.

Of Richardson's Theatre who would attempt a description? Certainly not the SHOWMAN, who contents himself with offering his readers a *verbatim* copy of a very legitimate drama which was performed there on the occasion of his visit, and which rejoiced in the very appropriate title of

THE MYSTERY.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

VIRTUOUS AND HANDSOME LOVER.
VICIOUS AND UGLY DITTO.
WEAK-MINDED FATHER.
INNOCENT AND (CONSEQUENTLY) INJURED MAIDEN.
SOMEBODY'S GHOST.

ACT I.

Inn. and Inj. Maiden.—I am virtuous, though poor, and will not yield to the temptations of a moustachioed libertine!

ACT II.

Inn. and Inj. Maiden.—Avaunt, caitiff! Thy black moustache cannot conceal thy still blacker heart!
Vic. Lover.—Ha, ha! say'st thou so! We may meet again!
Inn. and Inj. Maiden.—Nay, believe it not. Adieu for ever.

ACT III.

Virt. Lover.—What, ho! Do I behold the base persecutor of innocence?
Vic. Ditto.—Rash boy, prepare to meet thy fate!
Virt. Ditto.—Is it even thus? This broken blade shall suffice to slay my hated rival!

ACT IV.

Weak-minded Father.—Destroy not life! I prithee take not that which you cannot give!
Vic. Lover.—Take that, old man! *(Kills him.)*
Virt. Ditto.—It is my father!
Vic. Ditto.—I know it is. Ha, ha!
Virt. Ditto.—Then die! *(Runs him through.)*
Vic. Ditto.—Perish, vile slave! *(Returns the compliment.)*
[*Enter Inn. and Inj. Maiden.*]
Inn. and Inj. Maiden.—Oh, misery! Why do I survive this scene of horrors! *(Stabs herself.)*

ACT V.

Resurrection of all the characters, for the purpose of producing a grand final effect. SOMEBODY'S GHOST *appears and frightens everybody into a tableau.* GHOST *pulls a string, and curtain falls.*

After the representation of the above affecting drama, the SHOWMAN felt so unwell that he was obliged to return immediately to London; nor did he feel relieved until he had thrown off four or five articles of the most slashing character.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—The week before his intended procession, Mr. C. Cochrane sent to the different workhouses letters addressed at random to Mr. Jones, or Smith, or Williams, each letter containing a slip of paper with the words "No Poor-law Bastiles," to be worn in the hat of the recipient on the day of the meeting. The workhouse authorities resolved in consequence to let no pauper go out on that day, taking care that though Mr. Cochrane might give Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith the "slip," the latter should not give it to them.

A "THUNDERING" MISTAKE.—The *Times* concludes a favourable notice of the Lyceum burlesque by stating, that "the audience expressed the greatest delight at the fall of the curtain!" We at first thought of asking the critic for an "explanation," but ultimately determined that it would be useless to do so, as such a careless writer could not be expected to give satisfaction to anybody.

NEVER TOO LATE.—We see that a few days since a lecture on Manners was delivered at the Whittington Club. This is a step in the right direction.

THE SHOWMAN IN THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

A SKETCH.

Now that the reign of pillories is o'er,
And stocks confine the "patriot" no more,
What splendid prospects open on the sight,
Of realms illumined by O'Connor's light!
Of tailors sitting cross-legged on a throne,
And making laws—and small-clothes—of their own;
Of private soldiers making monarchs bleed,
And shoeblacks polishing a nation's creed;
While purblind tradesmen, by delusion queer,
Trust those in Government they won't for beer!
In yonder narrow street, that crowded hall,
With dirty tables, and a whitewashed wall,
Sees forty "patriots," daily met to bawl:
With cautious step, soft gliding through the den,
Armed with our pencil, we will sketch the men.
As on a dunghill, 'mongst the feathered race,
He who crows loudest holds the highest place,
So here, the noisiest brawler leads the rest,
The worthy offspring of a rebel nest—
Feargus,—still used to share, for many a year,
The poor man's profit, and the rich man's sneer;
For who, within our dark and foggy clime,
Prefers hard labour to unpunished crime?
Say, who would till the land, or plough the deep,
If lies could clothe him, and sedition keep?
Better than shuttle, anvil, spade, or flail,
The workman's dole, derision, and the jail.
Next on our list, see yonder babbler rise,
Whose glasses half conceal his goggle eyes;
He gilds, with harlot ornaments, his lead,
And writes at once for buttermen and bread—
Skilled in describing all the burglar race,
Or raising blushes on a virgin face.
Eccentric Cuffey, shalt thou miss the pen,
Bravest of tailors—foolishest of men?
Shall he triumphant from the lash escape,
Whom Nature's self stamped kinsman of the ape?
Or England's laws be altered at his will,
When no clown trusts his breeches to his skill?—
When such are leaders, who would dare describe
All the inferior creatures of the tribe?
Sad will be England's fall, if fall it must,
And these shall gibber o'er the sacred dust!

THE "FAST AND SLOW" QUESTION.

THE writer of the Alboni Acrostic, a poetical enigma, recently published in the *Musical World*, finding himself unable to answer our query as to the meaning of the line

"Love springeth fledged and full-grown from thy tongue,"

coolly asks us to explain the meaning of a certain Master Howard "knocking down his little playfellows with the gay *brioche*."

We candidly reply that we have no more conception of what is here meant than we have of the meaning (if any) contained in the articles of the *Musical World*. The "gay *brioche*" writer himself might have had some faint idea of his own meaning, though *we* are in noways bound to interpret that which we never even read. Really the writer of the Alboni Acrostic ought to understand the phrase, since he is so eminently qualified *à faire des brioches!*

PATRIOTIC DEMONSTRATION OF THE LOWER CLASSES.

ON Easter Monday a dinner was given, by some of the City wards, to all such poor Special Constables as liked to partake of it. It is an extraordinary fact, that since this every man and boy in Bethnal Green wished to be sworn in as a Special. On being told there was no need at present of their services, they wanted to know when it was likely they should be required, for they were always ready. This is a lesson for the Chartists, from which they may see how widely diffused the feeling of loyalty is even among the lower classes. We reject with ignominy the idea that the hope of a dinner has anything to do with this demonstration.

MR. COCHRANE'S INVITATION.

THANKS to the considerate kindness of Mr. John Smith, of North Muggleborough Workhouse (Lancashire), we are enabled to present our readers with a copy of the letter of invitation lately received by him from Mr. Charles Cochrane.

"MY VERY DEAR SIR,

"Can you make it convenient to be in town on Easter Monday? Pray come if possible, as I have invited several friends—deuced pleasant fellows, from establishments similar to that which you honour by residing in—to meet you. Our plan is to assemble in Leicester Square in the morning, and proceed to the Home Office with a petition against the Poor Laws. I shall count on your attendance, so pray do not disappoint me. There will be no difficulty in your getting here. The first-class fare from North Muggleborough is only two pounds four, and (if you like quick travelling) there are two or three express trains every day. You had better contrive to get here by Sunday evening, so that you may have a night's rest previous to commencing the fatigues of the day. They make up capital beds at the Euston Square Hotel, which also has the advantage of being near the station. As I presume you are a stranger to London, you will have some difficulty in finding your way to Leicester Square alone, but that is easily obviated—take a cab.

"I remain, my dear Sir,

"Your (and every other poor man's) sincere friend,

"CHARLES COCHRANE.

"P.S. Come in full uniform to make the thing more imposing."

THE "TICK" OF OTHER DAYS.

THE "Tick" of other days is faded,
All chance of trust is past;
My uncle has been so degraded,
And ta'en a wife at last.
While looked on as his heir, I never
Yet failed the "tin" to raise;
But now adieu—I fear for ever—
The "Tick" of other days!

Cremorne, that aye towards autumn closes,
Balloons which there take wing,
And fast men, new rigged out by Moses,
Come forth fresh ev'ry spring—
The very *Daily News* from ruin
Is saved, so Rumour says;
But my hopes alone see no renewing
The "Tick" of other days.

WHAT MR. ADDERLEY THOUGHT.

IT used to be a subject of great astonishment to the SHOWMAN when a boy, how on earth the reels and other ingenious contrivances he sometimes saw contained in a bottle could ever have got there. Time, however, which dispels the *nimbus* of mystery around everything almost, bringing that which we loved to admire as a star down to the level of a common lamp-post, most satisfactorily did away with the impression which had begun to implant itself in the SHOWMAN'S bosom that the introduction of the reels and other objects into the bottles was the work of some of the fairies or gnomes of whom he had often read. There is one mystery, however, which forms an exception to the general rule, and which, in the SHOWMAN'S opinion, not even Time will be able to clear up—a moral ocean no plummet has ever sounded, a second Gordian knot, that not even Alexander himself could hope to cut through; and this is how certain ideas managed to find their way into the heads of certain Hon. M.P.'s.

Extraordinary, however, as some of these ideas have been, they must all yield the palm to those lately announced by Mr. Adderley, in the House of Commons, as to the measures to be taken for the benefit of the lower classes. The SHOWMAN has always considered himself to be a man of the most humane principles. He generally gives crossing-sweepers a trifle; has at different periods laid out a good many sovereigns at fancy fairs, for pincushions and other objects worth so many pence; and subscribed regularly to dinners, at which, as is well known, Englishmen display their charity and their powers of guzzling at the same time; but still he must own that he is far behind Mr. Adderley in the race of benevolence. The SHOWMAN frankly owns that in doing something for his poor fellow-creatures he still reserved the lion's share for himself; but Mr. Adderley scorns to do this. With an amount of disinterestedness seldom met with in these degenerate days, "he thinks that the richer classes ought to make every sacrifice, EVEN TO THEIR LAST SHILLING, that they may diminish the distress around them."

Now it somehow appears to the SHOWMAN, that by "making every sacrifice, even to their last shilling," the richer classes would in nowise diminish the distress, as they would only be shifting its position; for in thus ameliorating the condition of the present poor, they themselves would instantly occupy their places. What would Mr. Adderley do when he was thus voluntarily reduced to the condition of a pauper? Although the duties in the House are, no doubt, very fatiguing, the SHOWMAN can assure him that he would find breaking stones on the highway infinitely more so. No, no; had Mr. Adderley proposed making every sacrifice, with the reservation of a few pounds—say a paltry hundred, wherewith to enter on the grocery business, or to purchase one of the numerous "excellent opportunities" in the coal and potato line, which are so often advertised in the weekly papers—the SHOWMAN might, on the spur of the moment, have allowed himself to be overpowered by his philanthrophy; but at present he has had time for reflection, and prefers retaining what he has got. Mr. Adderley's charity is, it is true, a blood mare without a blemish; but so full of friskiness that she will for ever be carrying her rider into all sorts of difficulties. The SHOWMAN must not be thought a monster, for preferring to pursue the beaten road on his less valuable but far more sober hack.

RATHER VULGAR.—It has been said that the principles of Fourrier are widely spread in Paris. This cannot be true, as they are only entertained by the *communists* (commonest) people.

TO CLASSICISTS.—The SHOWMAN has been taunted with depreciating classical music. The accusation is not altogether true; but, nevertheless, is not a long *dose* often followed by a sound sleep?

GREEN.—A well-known aeronaut says he ought to be ranked among the noblest personages in England, as his descent has often been traced from the greatest height!

Our friend the *Observer*, in alluding to Tom Steele, speaks of "some of his friends who take a deep interest in his misfortunes!" This notion of friendship reminds us of a similar one entertained by a police reporter, who stated, with reference to a recent murder, "that the deceased received his death-blow from a friend, and not from a stranger, as had been at first supposed."

STRANGE OVERSIGHT.—St. Paul's Cathedral was the only one of the Easter exhibitions not noticed by the newspapers. This, we understand, arose from none of the journals being on the Free List at that establishment. We object strongly to the "privileges of the press" being withheld by the Dean, who must commence a new chapter if he wishes his concern to pay.

THE RING: EQUESTRIAN, MATRIMONIAL, AND PUGILISTIC.—Speaking of Astley's, one of the papers observes that "Widdicombe will do the honours of the ring in his own unequalled style." According to the police reports, some time since, of his having beaten a female with whom he had been living without having taken her to the altar, it appears that this celebrated individual "*does* the honours of the ring" in more senses than two.

A FRAGMENT FROM "BURKE ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION."—It is now two months since I first saw the Comte de Neuilly, then Louis Philippe, outside the Tuileries, and surely never lighted on this orb, which he rolled about on like a tub, a more ridiculous vision! I saw him just as he was leaving, decorating and cheering the ugly Brougham he had just began to move in, setting like the evening star in darkness and night! I would have thought that every humbug would have leaped from his seat to avenge even a look that threatened insult. But the age of humbug is gone; that of common-sense and the people has succeeded to it, and the glory of monarchy is extinguished for ever.

EASTER AMUSEMENTS FOR THE MILLION.

AMONG the numberless individuals who have devoted their talents to the amusement of a British public during the Easter week, are the three persons whose portraits accompany this sketch. M. Tremplin, who forms the subject of the first cut, and who is husband and father of the lady and young gentleman, respectively, who are portrayed farther on, informed the SHOWMAN in confidence that the unsettled state of things had driven him from Paris; on further inquiry the SHOWMAN found that this referred to M. Tremplin's accounts with his butcher, baker, and a host of others, all of which were decidedly "unsettled." This exile from his country attributes the recent apathy of the French public for his performances to the great competition he has had to struggle with on the part of the ex-king and his ministers, whose tricks, he said, were not to be equalled. But Marshal Bugeaud, it appears, gave him the *coup de grâce*, for after the manner

in which, on the downfal of the Orleans dynasty, this celebrated individual twisted and turned about, it must be allowed that other men's efforts were not worth looking at. In England, however, the SHOWMAN does not doubt that the hero of his sketch will meet with proper encouragement. What, after all, was the celebrated feat of Alexander's cutting through a knot to the making such a one as that which the engraving represents M. Tremplin as tied up in. The Discharged Contributor, whom the SHOWMAN has found it utterly impossible to shake off, observed, on seeing M. Tremplin's Gordian performances, "That individual is not a man, he's *an otter* (a knotter)."

At present the feats of M. Tremplin's son consist principally in getting up a ladder, balanced on his father's chin, the successive mounting of each round of the ladder being generally accompanied by one of applause from an admiring audience. Most persons desire "a lift in the world," but the young gentleman in question, from the many falls he has had, while obtaining this summit of other people's wishes—and of the ladder at the same time—has more extended and less ambitious views. His other performances consist of promenading and dancing on the stomach of his mother, who supports herself first—as represented in the cut—on two chairs placed at an inconvenient distance from one another; and secondly, in common with her lord and her offspring, on the halfpence they may manage to collect.

On the SHOWMAN's asking the lady in the purest French, learnt in the Faubourg St. Germain, whether this reducing her stomach to the level of a ball-room floor, or a public thoroughfare, was not prejudicial to her health, she immediately answered, "*Mais, non, Monsieur: je m'en trouve bien: ça facilite la digestion.*"

A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.—The reason the yellow plush gentlemen are so profuse in their use of the knocker, is that they like to "have their *whack* out of it."

OPEN AND ADVISED JOKING.—The public, who have all along found fault with the performances of the Whigs, say that their last Act is intolerable. At the close of the entertainments, they will, of course, not be "recalled."

TO THE SUN.—Should this meet the eye of the luminary in question, who has been out of the way for many months, he is earnestly requested to return to his disconsolate admirers. No unpleasant questions will be asked.

A TOAST DONE BROWN.

THE SHOWMAN having received numerous letters from his subscribers, requesting the pléasure of his company at Greenwich Fair on Easter Monday, was unable to accept the pressing invitation of the Shakspere Committee to dine with them at Stratford-on-Avon that day. Nevertheless, he candidly confesses that he felt a strong sympathy with the object of their meeting—which, by the way, he believes to have been the enjoyment of a capital dinner—and he consequently looked into the *Times* of the following morning to see how the entertainment went off, when his eyes lighted on the following passage in the report of the proceedings:—

"The Chairman proposed the health of the immortal William Shakspere, which was acknowledged," &c.

The SHOWMAN feels himself bound to call upon those learned mystifyers of the poet's text who took part in the day's proceedings to enlighten him as to the meaning of the above sentiment? The absurdity of toasting the "health" of one who has been dead nigh three hundred years is glaring enough in itself, but it becomes doubly ridiculous when a party of respectable gentlemen, troubled with hiccups, join together and drink the "health" of one whom they style "immortal." The SHOWMAN does not dispute the immortality of the poet, but he may fairly call in question the necessity for the toast; for, in common with all reasonable persons, he thought immortality ran no risk from either indigestion or the gout.

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NUMBER 9. LONDON, MAY 13, 1848. ONE PENNY.

GREATNESS IN AN OMNIBUS.

FAT WOMAN—"DON'T DISTURB YOURSELVES, GENTLEMEN; I SHALL GET COMFORTABLY SETTLED PRESENTLY."

A SEASONABLE GOSSIP.

(Suggested by SOUTHEY'S "*Battle of Blenheim.*")

It was a Sunday evening,
Old Simpson's pipe was fill'd,
And on the hob his porter stood
(He always took it "chill'd"),
And near him, from the *Times* outspread,
His little grandson Thomas read.

He read the tidings from abroad,
By Telegraph Express,
Editions seventh, eighth, and ninth,
(What paper now gives less?)
He learnt how Freedom's proud advance
Made English workmen run from France.

"Now tell me what it 's all about,"
Young Thomas then he cries;
"Is what this paper tells us true,
Or is it only lies?
What could these English folks have done
That they are forc'd to cut and run?"

"'T is Freedom's cause," old Simpson cried,
"Makes all this fuss and rout;
Though by what right they make thus free
I cannot well make out;
But 't is, as far as I can see,
What Frenchmen call Fraternity.

"Queer things they do in Freedom's name;
Folks tremble for their lives—
For Freedom's arguments are guns,
And stones, and clubs, and knives:
But ev'ry one admits," says he,
"They 're famous folks for Liberty.

"And people at the slightest noise
Start from their beds in fright,
Thinking to see the sky above
One mass of lurid light:
For conflagrations seem to be
Expected, where there 's Liberty.

"All travellers, I'm told, they stop,
Through certain towns who come,
And ease them of their cash and notes
Above a certain sum:
The soul of Turpin seems to me
To haunt the land of Liberty.

"And money in the Banks that 's plac'd
Folks cannot get therefrom"—
"Why, 't is a most atrocious thing!"
Exclaimed the youthful Tom.
"Nay, nay, my little boy," said he,
"'T is Freedom and Equality.

"Great praise, no doubt, the men deserve,
Who for their rights have fought."
"But what will come of it at last?"
Asked little Tom in thought.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But not, I fear, Tranquillity."

A DISTINCTION WITH A VERY GREAT DIFFERENCE.—Should Mr. Ernest Jones, the Chartist barrister, after he is disrobed, take to trading in sedition instead of law, he will in all probability be called to the bar a second time, but in this event the ceremony will be at the Old Bailey instead of the Middle Temple.

PARLIAMENTARY FASHIONS.

A DECREE has been issued by the Provisional Government of France, suggesting the adoption by the members of the National Assembly of a species of legislatorial uniform. To our English notions, the plan of dressing M.P.'s with the same uniformity as that which characterizes the costumes of those respected bodies, the police and the charity-school children, seems a little absurd. Should, however, in our admiration of French fashions, any similar plan be adopted in this country, the SHOWMAN begs to submit the following costume as one adapted to summer wear:—

M.P.'S SUMMER COSTUME.

		s.	d.
Coat . .	MOSES' Elegant Gent's Paletot, "the Slap up," at	17	6
Trowsers	HYAM'S Registered Gents' Pants, "the Ticket," warranted to button neatly over ankle boots, at . . .	13	4
Waistcoat	Brown Holland Vest, "the Go," at .	4	6
Shirt . .	(Ballet-Girl Pattern), at . . .	2	1
Neckerchief	Joinville (red, blue, yellow, and green), at	3	2
Hat . .	Gossamer, at	4	9
Boots .	Oxonians (or Highlows for the Members from the manufacturing districts), at	9	8

Sixpenny Walking Sticks, and Half-Crown Ginghams.

A SUPPORTER OF MONARCHY.—We see by the papers that, during the debate in the House of Lords on Lord Palmerston's extraordinary despatch, M. Guizot, who was present, "stood by the throne," and we are happy to say, with no such disastrous result to the monarchy as was the case in France.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.—We have often wondered what was the exact meaning of the expression "Tea and turn-out." The late affair at Limerick perfectly explains it.

THE ROSHERVILLE QUADRILLE.

THIS New Descriptive Quadrille, composed during M. JULLIEN'S recent tour around Gravesend, and which will be performed at his next series of Promenade Concerts, is as follows :—

INTRODUCTION.—The scene takes place on a Gravesend steamer, at London Bridge, about mid-day. Perfect stillness reigns around, broken only by the mewing of the steward's cat, and the neighbouring factory bell calling the workmen to dinner.

No. 1.—Suddenly the calm is dispelled by the approach of the Cockneys, who sally forth in pursuit of pleasure. The whistling of the steam is heard, and the call-boy (an uncouth instrument of the captain's) gives the cry of "Go on ahead," when shortly the motion of the vessel proclaims the success of the manœuvre.

No. 2.—NATIONAL TOPIC, "THE WEATHER." Dialogue for Smith, Jones, and Brown.

No. 3.—THE BITTER ALE. This national beverage has such an extraordinary effect upon the appetite, that its consumption by policemen has actually been prohibited; indeed it so affects these poor fellows, and so forcibly reminds them of cook and cold mutton, that many have been known to hurry down the area steps, under the influence of the tone which it produces on the stomach. The gin-palace and person of more than one licensed victualler, are still under the care of the police.

No. 4.—NATIONAL REFRESHMENT, THE SANDWICH. Arranged with variations for beef and ham, with an *ad libitum* accompaniment of mustard.

No. 5.—A Rosherville Fête is in course of celebration. The visitors have just sat down when Baron Nathan arrives. The hour at which the terrific egg-dance takes place has arrived; and the thunder-like noise in the orchestra warns the company of the near approach of this awful exhibition. The sounds of the shrill clarionet, the squeaking fiddle, and the screaming cornet, are mingled with the wild cry of Mrs. Smith's baby, and other affrighted infants. The excitement of the people increases with the violence of the music, when, suddenly, the Baron rushes blindfold into the midst of the room, threatening to overwhelm the devoted eggs. The convulsions of the Baron at last detach one of these; with a trembling gesture he endeavours to replace it—a moment's suspense, and the egg is safe!! The pier-bell rings, a cry of "last boat" is heard, and the noise of the paddle-wheels announces that the vessel has left for London Bridge.

PARENTAL AFFECTION—A FRAGMENT.

Distracted Mother. Oh, my poor child—my poor Edward—lost for ever—where—oh—where—can he have got to—oh—dear—oh—(*sobs*).

Cook. La, ma'am, don't take on so; if the gipsies has a took him, we'll soon find out where they're gone to with the electric telegraph—

Housemaid. You're sure to find him again, ma'am: if he *is* drownded they're certain to fish him up with the drags.

Distracted Mother. Oh—no—I shall never embrace my darling more—and his poor father, when he hears of it—

[*Enter Nursery Maid, considerably out of breath.*]

Nursery Maid. Oh—if you—please—

Distracted Mother. Well—well.

Nursery Maid. If you please, Ma'am—Master Edward's found—he was asleep in the stable, on his poney.

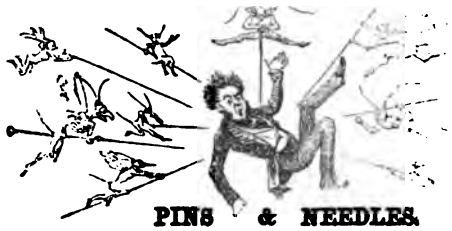
[*Enter Master Edward. Overjoyed at his recovery, his Mother rushes up to him, and having, in the intensity of her affection, administered a sound beating, sends him off immediately to bed.*]

THE LIMERICK ROW.

THE peace of Limerick and Mr. Smith O'Brien's head were both broken on the evening of the 30th. The young gentlemen of the "physical force" school had resolved to form a party—a tea-party—at a store in Thomas Street; there were to be toast, cakes, sedition, and other delicacies of the season: Meagher of the sword was to have handled the kettle, and Mitchell of the pike to have presided at the urn. So far the affair looked reasonable, and no one anticipated that it would lead to anything but the usual amount of impotent, frothing oratory—the *insana verba*, which delude the Irish ear. But Fate and the "moral force" party decreed otherwise. Whether they were annoyed at not being asked, does not appear; but certain it is, that they mustered in formidable numbers, and marched off to attack the "physical force" party, who were meditating no assault but one on the muffins, and who, though they "speak daggers," take care to "use none." A figure of straw, very ugly, and (therefore) bearing a strong resemblance to Mr. Mitchell, was contemptuously burnt, as a preliminary, and then the storming of the store began. The gentlemen who had threatened the armies of England shrunk from the rabble of Limerick; a thick—we may say a *very* thick—brick-bat broke the head of the descendant of Brian Boru; and his companions in arms fled by a back way, in a cab, and gained the safe obscurity of their inn. Vinegar and brown paper were applied to the cellar martyr, and peace restored to the fugitives such calmness of intellect as Nature has deigned to bestow on them. If we may be pardoned a classical pun we may say—*sic transit gloria immundi.*

To comment on the affair is scarcely necessary. It has done more harm to the cause of repeal than might have been hoped even from its most foolish supporters. It was, in short, thoroughly ridiculous. The chief points of its absurdity may be summed up as follows:—

A "moral force" party commencing an assault; a "physical force" clique running away from a row; a Christian priest organizing a riot; the soldiers of a Government saving traitors from each others' violence;—such a combination beats even Irish absurdity. And, strange to say, Mitchell was attacked for pronouncing O'Connell a humbug—for writing the only sensible thing that his pen has yet produced!



PINS & NEEDLES.

A LUCID EXPLANATION.

We have often been puzzled to know the meaning of a phrase common among poetical lovers, viz., "an aching void." The old Irelanders have given us a practical explanation—Mr. O'Brien's head, after the row at Limerick.

SYMPTOMS OF RETURNING CONFIDENCE.

We understand that another butcher has trusted the Whittington Club.

BEYOND A DOUBT.

It is said that the metallic reserve at the Bank of France has increased during the last week. We fancy, nevertheless, that it will be some time before it equals the present metallic reserve of English merchants towards their Gallic neighbours.

CLASSICAL.

Before leaving Troy, King Menelaus offered his daughter as a victim to the gods, in order to win propitious breezes for the voyage home. We are reminded of this in modern society when we hear of some match-making parent sacrificing his daughter to "raise the wind."

TOO TRUE.

In rendering an account of the capture of Limoges by the mob, the papers wind up by observing, "the liberty of the person has been respected. Families in easy circumstances have been permitted to leave the town without any impediment." They might have added, "and without anything else."

A PUZZLER.

The papers assert that Limoges is still in the hands of the insurgents. How they can call any place "still," in which such disturbances are going on, is a marvel to us.

A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE.

The Editor of the *Musical World* condemns the Old Irelanders as being "fast men;" doubtless on account of the "pelting" rate they lately went on at Limerick.

POLITICAL GAME OF DRAUGHTS.

Continual drafts of fresh troops are being sent to the army of the Alps, to march to the assistance of Charles Albert, if required. We fancy these will prove bitter draughts to the Austrians.

A GRAVE SUPPOSITION.

A member of Blanqui's sanguinary-minded club asserted the people had withdrawn from the streets too soon—they had suffered the *Réactionaires* to gain ground. We suppose all the ground this gentleman would like each of them to gain would be about six feet each beneath the surface.

AN UNEXPECTED BLOW.

People were rather astonished at the late Limerick row, especially the owner of the hotel, Mr. Cruise, who was very forcibly struck—on the head.

FLATTERING OPINION.

The Austrians, although Charles Albert's enemies, say that he will never meet reverses; they pretend he will turn tail, and run away.

A CRUEL SELL.

The physical force party in the provinces were in high spirits on hearing that the National Convention had been "proclaimed" in Dublin. Their disappointment was very great on finding that it was the Government, and not Mr. Mitchell, who had "proclaimed" it.

THE SHOWMAN AT THE COLLISEUM.

On Saturday last the SHOWMAN started off for Paris, having previously left word with his black page that he should be back again to dinner. The magician who had put in his power to effect this miracle was that talented artist Mr. Bradwell, who has actually transported to the Regent's Park the capital of France. How Mr. Bradwell managed—whether he had an immense Daguerreotype constructed expressly for the occasion, or whether he, Faustus-like, concluded a treaty with his Satanic Majesty to assist him—the SHOWMAN knoweth not: all he can say is, that the view is certainly not one of the "evil doings" of Mr. Bradwell's life.

Two objects, above all others, arrested the SHOWMAN's attention: the little attic where he once resided, in the *Quartier Latin*, on his first visit to Paris, when his heart was as light as his purse; and the window of the apartment in the Tuileries where he housed his carpet-bag last January. What a world of events are contained in the space between this Alpha and Omega of the SHOWMAN's Parisian life!

But to return to Mr. Bradwell's picture. On that class of English who can never visit foreign parts with satisfaction, unless they are surrounded by English servants, English pickles, English porter, and English prices, Mr. Bradwell has conferred an immense boon. They can now gratify their curiosity without sacrificing their national mode of life, or being obliged to depend for their sustenance on "a lot of foreign kickshaws."

Those, also, who are of opinion that "discretion is the better part," &c., will not be sorry that the opportunity is afforded them of visiting Paris, without the chance of a stray shot from behind some barricade; and if they want to extend their rambles, a cab will convey them to Leicester Square and Vienna, a ride in a threepenny omnibus to the Surrey Zoological and Rome (where Sir H. Inglis can study antiquity without fear of meeting the Pope); while, lastly, at the Diorama they can admire the glories of St. Mark at Venice; and the more warlike find something to their taste in the View of Mount Ætna, with all the excitement of a regular "flare-up," strongly enhanced in value by the fact of its being unattended by personal danger.

JENNY LIND'S FIRST NIGHT.

As the SHOWMAN had promised Jenny, the last time he met her in Stockholm, to be present at her first appearance this year in London, and as, by some involuntary oversight, Mr. Lumley had forgotten to send him a box for the occasion, he wended his way down the Haymarket, at two o'clock on Thursday afternoon, towards the Opera pit entrance. The crowd was already immense. At the end of the colonnade, however, he managed to find room for his camp-stool, and sat down to despatch a trifling lunch, for which he had first despatched his black page to the *Café de l'Europe*. After this, he read the daily papers, and prepared for further exertions. About half-past four he had managed to elbow his way to the colonnade wine-cellars, under pretence that he lodged there. Once arrived, he recruited his strength by a tumbler of champagne and a biscuit. He then again set out, and at about six reached the pit door.

At this stage of the proceedings the SHOWMAN dined, Mr. Lumley having provided refreshments at the principal entrance, and at a moderate charge. Dinner being over, the SHOWMAN managed to reach the inner doors. The monotony of waiting was occasionally diversified by a noise behind them. This the impatient public instantly imagined to portend the opening of the said doors; not being aware, like the SHOWMAN, that, on the contrary, it was merely a carpenter come to put up an extra barricade inside.

At last the doors were opened in earnest; the rush was terrific. The SHOWMAN flung down his money, narrowly escaping being flung down himself. On arriving at the stairs, the SHOWMAN partook of a bottle of soda water; then, like a giant refreshed, proceeded onwards, and soon gained that long-wished-for haven.

The daily and other papers have already spoken in the most glowing terms of Jenny; and although, from the fact of free admissions being given to them, they are terribly given to exaggeration, the SHOWMAN is happy to say that in this case their praises were deserved.

THE RETURN FROM OSBORNE.

(AFTER STEUBEN'S FAMOUS PICTURE OF "THE RETURN FROM ELBA.")

PRINCE ALBERT'S FLIGHT SATISFACTORILY CLEARED UP.

CONFIDENCE and Prince Albert are restored to the metropolis. London is itself again, while the gallant fellows of the Scotch Fusileers, in the consciousness that their Royal Colonel is once more near them, are as proud as omnibus horses, decked out in all the glory of new reins and gigantic floral head-knots on the first of May.

The pardonable vanity of these brave warriors is all the greater from the true reason of their Colonel's late journey to Osborne having now transpired. Whatever motive Chartist envy may have assigned to the Prince's precipitate departure, the real one is as follows.

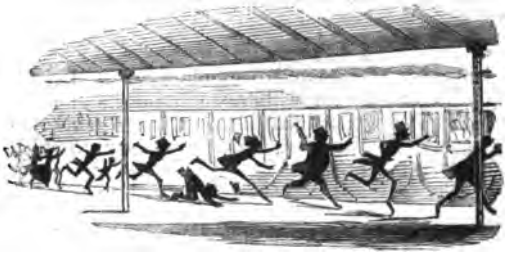
It appears, then, intelligence had been received that in case of any disturbances in London, Ledru Rollin had fifty thousand *sans culottes* in readiness to make a descent on the Isle of Wight. Listening to naught but the voice of his valour, he determined that he alone should defend Osborne, and accordingly went at once "where glory waited him." It is true that the great speed he used on the occasion was not wanted, as glory seem to have been in no hurry to move her quarters, wherever these might be, as she certainly waits him still; but this, of course, he could not know.

After having lingered some weeks, in hopes of having an opportunity of displaying his prowess, His Royal Highness determined on returning to London, and directing his energies against the Chartists. But here, too, Fate was adverse. To his great disappointment the Prince found that the Movement had already been suppressed.

Deeply convinced of the truth that it is the "will," and not the actual deed, that must be regarded in all matters, the SHOWMAN certainly thinks that Prince Albert has won never-fading laurels by the great exploits he *would* have achieved, had he had an opportunity. The SHOWMAN is therefore of opinion that some fitting acknowledgment should be decreed to His Royal Highness, and as a column has been erected to each of those great men, George IV., Nelson, and Alderman Waithman, the SHOWMAN begs to mark his sense of the extra-heroical nature of His Royal Highness's services by dedicating to him a column in one of the opening pages of the ninth number of the PUPPET-SHOW.

NOTICES NOTICED.

THE SHOWMAN observed, on the occasion of his recent visit to Greenwich fair, a notice hung up at the railway station, stating that "no return tickets would on any account be issued," which he considered by no means astonishing, as it is well known that return tickets are only intended for persons who are not likely to have an opportunity of using them; and at the time of the fair most of the London passengers were as sure to come back as one of Mr. Duncombe's promissory-notes. Most of the placards addressed to railway travellers were well worth looking at, which is more than can be said for the clerks, although they seemed to entertain a very different opinion on the subject. Many of these—we mean the placards, not the clerks—afforded really important information, such as, "It is dangerous to stand on the rails when an engine is approaching;" or, "Persons will not be allowed to enter the carriages when the train is in full motion,"



which latter notice most people will think unnecessary by reason of the impossibility of any one's managing to effect that which it prohibits. There is, however, one announcement which is not to be seen at any railway station, although it might with great justice be exhibited at all of them: we allude to a placard stating that "any instance of civility toward a third class passenger will, if reported to the directors, meet with the severest reprehension."

THE "COMING MAN."—A waiter.

A CUTTING ARTICLE.—A knife.

(Smith O'Brien.) (Young Ireland.) (John O'Conne'l.) (Lord Clarendon.) (Mr. Mitchell.)

THE CONVALESCENT FROM LIMERICK.

After Mulready's celebrated Picture, "The Convalescent from Waterloo."

A POSER FOR THE WHIGS.

TROUBLESOME aliens are to be sent out of the country. That is settled. But where are they to be sent? That the Government is to decide. But other countries may refuse to receive them. You may ship a troublesome intriguer at Folkestone for Boulogne, and the folks there may ship him back for Folkestone. What is to be done? Europe will be covered with unhappy aliens, going about like Wandering Jews or Flying Dutchmen. They will be kicked from frontier to frontier. We shall have set the ball in motion, and every state in Europe may give it a bang. One only alternative appears. We must send our deported aliens to the end of the earth—to some such wonderfully out-of-the-way sort of places that they shall find nobody to drive them out again. With this view the SHOWMAN recommends the formation of Alien Settlements in Boothia Felix, at Cape Horn, in the centre of the Desert of Sahara, and in the Exeter Arcade.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.—Late on Thursday night, the 4th inst., the SHOWMAN was disturbed by his black page, who, with a terrified look, announced that a very mysterious-looking stranger wished to speak with him. On the SHOWMAN's desiring him to be shown in, a person of foreign and strongly-marked Hebrew appearance entered the room. This individual, whom the SHOWMAN recognised immediately, having met him on several occasions during his travels in the East—was no other than the Wandering Jew! He had called upon the SHOWMAN, immediately after the third reading of the Disabilities Bill, to inquire whether he stood any chance, in the City of London and in the opinion of the SHOWMAN, of being returned as a Member of Parliament in conjunction with his friends Lord John Russell and Baron Rothschild, at the next election. What the SHOWMAN answered he will reserve for history; let it suffice the public to know, that had the bill not passed, by this time Sir Robert Inglis would have done so—into another and a better world, the erratic Israelite before mentioned having vowed his destruction.

TREASON AND TEETH.—Sir George Grey in the House of Commons the other night threw the charge of treason in the very teeth of Mr. Smith O'Brien. If he intends doing so again, he will have to throw the charge down Mr. O'Brien's throat, whither his teeth were despatched at the Limerick row.

ABSURD EFFECTS OF PATRIOTISM.

A species of mandate has been issued by Her Majesty, by which all ladies attending her drawing-room will be obliged to appear in dresses of British manufacture. This will make Her Majesty very popular with a certain class of people who fancy that patriotism consists in never going to the Italian Opera, and in getting drunk on London porter. A short time since these patriotic persons were convinced (in consequence of the length of the speeches and the largeness of the meetings of the Anti-Corn-Law League) that "Free Trade was what England wanted;" the weekly journals to which they subscribed said the same thing, and yet now we find the identical noodles and the identical newspapers raving about the national feeling shown by Her Majesty, in an order which, if not utterly absurd, must make us consider Lord George Bentinck as a great man, and look upon Mr. Cobden as a fool.

If it be requisite for ladies to wear dresses of British manufacture, whether or no these dresses be to their taste, why should not gentlemen be called upon to drink British brandy and smoke Hornsey havannahs? Supposing the English example to be followed by foreign nations, we should have many French gentlemen reduced to the very painful necessity of shaving with their native razors, while our unfortunate compatriots in various parts of the continent would be, alas! compelled to abandon the stout imported from the mother country for the swipes produced in the land of their adoption!

We would by no means interfere with the conduct of those patriots who quaff the wines of Britain (at 1*s.* 6*d.* a bottle), and who go to the Lyceum or Princess's Theatre with the insane expectation of listening to an English piece; but we object to sensible persons being called upon to follow their example, or we may in time find ourselves called upon to eschew French beans, and give up all thoughts of Spanish onions.

An Act for the Regulation of the 'Bove Bridge Steamers.

WHEREAS it has been represented to the SHOWMAN that the River Season is now close at hand, and that the readers of the PUPPET-SHOW—in other words, the population at large—will have frequent occasion to avail themselves of the halfpenny, penny, and twopenny boats, now plying, or destined to ply between London Bridge and Chelsea: The SHOWMAN DECREES and ENACTS, and it is hereby DECREED and ENACTED, that the following Rules and Regulations be strictly observed on board the aforesaid boats during the approaching season:—

CLAUSE I.—Every intending passenger shall purchase a copy of the PUPPET-SHOW.

CLAUSE II.—No intending passenger shall purchase a copy of *Punch* (unless, indeed, he take tickets for six), owing to the weight of the articles in the aforesaid publication being calculated to sink the steamer.

CLAUSE III.—No Gent, during the passage, shall be permitted to point to a waterman, and wonder how he don't have a cold in his head as he is so often dipping his scull in the Thames.

CLAUSE IV.—And no Gent shall be permitted to say, in approbation of the above, "Wherry good." Such jokes being manifestly threadbare and dismal to a degree.

CLAUSE V.—Upon the starting of every boat, every old gentleman shall say to every old lady on board, "Wonderful thing this steam;" as it is believed that no boat could ever yet get under way without the pronounciation of the above mystic formula.

CLAUSE VI.—The starting time of every boat shall be arranged so as to ensure its missing some train, either on the Brighton or the Southampton lines.

CLAUSE VII.—Not more than eight Gents in each boat shall be permitted to declare upon their eight honours that they pulled the stroke-oar in the Leander, at the last grand match between that Club and the Cambridge.

CLAUSE VIII.—All the ladies in the vicinity of the funnel shall be bound to scream, and say, "Oh, my goodness! what's that?" every time the steam is blown off.

CLAUSE IX.—It shall be an object of unmitigated and never-to-be-solved wonder for all the ladies in the vicinity of the wheel—"What good that round thing does, that the man is always turning?"

CLAUSE X.—Immediately upon the starting of the boat, the most consummate Gent on board shall perch himself on the bulwark in the extreme bow, with his legs hanging over, one on each side of the cutwater—in which position he shall light a cheroot, and state that that is the cheese.

CLAUSE XI.—In order to prevent the overloading of boats on fine Sunday afternoons, no more than three times the number which every boat can safely contain, shall be admitted.

CLAUSE XII.—All these Clauses shall be strictly binding, except those to which any one may have an objection.

Given—(with other entertaining matter, for the incredibly small charge of One Penny)—at the PUPPET-SHOW *Office.*

TO YOUNG EUROPE.

Since insurrection and revolt
Are rife in every nation,
The present seems, *par excellence*,
The *rising* generation.

OUGHT NOT A COMMISSION IN LUNACY TO ISSUE?—In a vapid, affected, and singularly silly article on Beethoven, in the *Musical World* of April 29—though not so singularly silly after all, when we consider the publication it appeared in—the writer, who confesses, by the way, that he was a little boy so many as forty years ago, making it evident that there is no hope of improvement for him now, informs us that "Beethoven used to be considered a madman with occasionally lucid intervals," and winds up by coolly wishing he was only half such a madman. Of his *perfect* madness, and the madness of the editors and writers of the *Musical World* generally, any one who chooses to throw away threepence in buying a number of that journal may be made fully aware; and we, who have looked at it for the last four numbers, are prepared to state that for a month at least not the slightest symptoms of lucid intervals have manifested themselves.

"*The Fallacies of Hope*," a Poem in two cantos. By J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

THE absence of Mr. Turner's name from the catalogue of the present Royal Academy exhibition, is accounted for by the circumstance of his having devoted much of his time during the last twelvemonth to the completion and revision of the above poem, an early copy of which we have been politely favoured with. Every admirer of Mr. Turner's genius has long been aware of its existence in manuscript, and will now rejoice that after years of delay it has at length been given to the public, and that an opportunity has thereby been afforded of beholding Mr. Turner in a new and kindred walk of intellectual beauty. Mr. Turner is not the only great painter who has devoted the powers of his mind to poetry. Salvator Rosa wrote satires in verse, which were universally admired for their vigour and beauty; and, in our day, without citing other examples, we shall merely mention Sir Martin Archer Shee, whose "Rhymes on Art" must be well known to every reader.

The "Fallacies of Hope," unlike the "Pleasures of Hope," by which it was probably suggested, is written in blank verse. This style of composition requires, perhaps, more skill than rhymed verse, and certainly greater severity of taste. To say that Mr. Turner has succeeded in it is high praise; but those who remember the exquisite snatches which have appeared for many years in the catalogues of the Royal Academy, under the titles of his pictures, will at once acknowledge that it is not undeserved. The pervading characteristics of the poem are strength of expression, gracefulness of sentiment, and luxuriance of imagery. These good qualities are marred here and there by an incongruity and confusion of colouring, such as we see in the pictures painted by this great R.A. This confusion, though it inspires wonder at the writer's boldness, not perhaps unmixed with anger, is never entirely offensive, and the work unfolds beauties upon every successive perusal which were not discoverable at the first.

The poem opens with a charming description of a "*mirage*," than which no scene could be more appropriate as an introduction to the long catalogue of the delusions with which Hope deceives those who trust in her.

The succeeding passage describes the appearance of the mirage at sea with a richness of metaphor, and a modulation of rhythm, so exquisite as to tempt us to quote it; but its length warns us to forbear.

We shall nevertheless quote a few extracts from detached scenes, which, besides being complete in themselves, and therefore the more easily understood by the general reader, will, at the same time, serve as specimens of the superior excellence in the art of poetry which Mr. Turner has so silently and secretly attained. Our wonder after perusing them is not that he is so gifted (for we were prepared to think him a true poet, by the gems of poetry which he, alas! too sparingly permitted to appear in the catalogues of the Royal Academy), but that he has so pertinaciously refrained, until now, from giving to the public a work which all will admit to be one of the most remarkable productions of the present day. The first quotation appears to have given rise to an extraordinary picture in the exhibition of 1843 or 1844, we are not sure which, entitled, "Speed! Steam!! Storm!!!" or some such a name, representing a train passing over a viaduct in a shower of sleet and snow:—

"The crimson clouds pour forth the yellow sleet
On the dun arches, streaked with blue and green,
As down its iron path the engine roars
Louder and louder: from its blatant throat
Spurting thick fire and folds of purple smoke.
Aye! rage, ye elements! Ye storms and rains,
Vent all your fury! Vainly ye attempt
To stay the progress of triumphant STEAM.
Lo! where it comes! a Hydra ribbed with steel;
As strong as Vulcan, swift as Mercury,
And bellowing like Pan, when agony
Has seized his vitals; but with all its strength
Far more obedient to the guiding hand
Than gentlest steed that ambles through the park."

Almost equally good is the description of the Nymphs Bathing by Moonlight, near Naples:—

"The shadowy fair ones lave their verdant limbs
In the cool waters, streaked with golden fire,
Caught from the emerald sun-set. Now they sport
Their long loose tresses in the playful brine
That glows with pleasure to be so caressed;
Now, with sweet laughter, ringing on the air,
Pursue each other thro' the crystal flood—
Their dim arms, and white breasts, and glancing eyes,
Floating confused before the gazer's sight.
While on the shores of the translucent wave
The city stands, with all its palaces
Mingling in one great mass of light and shade;
Various the lights as in the rainbow's form,
Various the shadows as on windy days
Peep in and out upon the mountain's side."

Q. What is the difference between forms and ceremonies?

A. People sit on the former and stand on the latter.

JUST LIKE HIM.—One of the writers attached to the *Musical World*, who is labouring under severe mental indisposition, actually thought of seeking relief in a County Court, having heard that he could "recover" there at a very small expense. Our mad friend was ultimately dissuaded from his intention by a person who assured him that the process of recovery would not be complete until some time after the "day of judgment."

No Go.—The Chartists talk of employing physical force. Little need be apprehended, however, we imagine from the threat, since, according to their own account, they have not got "a shot in the locker."

MILITARY FLOGGING JUSTIFIED.

The cat, which most men do attack,
Of drilling 's an essential part;
For, dropp'd upon the soldier's back,
It 's very sure to make him *smart*.

TO MATHEMATICIANS.—A weekly paper states, that the greatest dinner which ever took place in England was that given by Lord Romney to the Kent volunteers, when George III. reviewed them near Maidstone. The tables extended seven and a-half miles, and the boards which formed them cost £15,000. If it cost so much to board the tables, we should feel obliged by some profound mathematician informing us how much it took to board the volunteers on the occasion in question.

A BLOW FOR A BALLOON.—We fancy, few persons will feel inclined to trust their necks in the Royal Cremorne Balloon; for it is well known that it is accompanied on every ascent by a "Gale."

HINTS ON GRAMMAR AND ETIQUETTE,

FOR THE USE OF MR. CUFFEY AND OTHER CHARTISTS WHO MAY SHORTLY BE CALLED TO THE COUNCILS OF THEIR SOVEREIGN.

THE past participle of the verb to *go* is *gone*, not *went*.

The letter *s* is not used to form the plural of verbs: it is therefore improper to say "they goes."

Although very expressive, the word "howsomever" is not to be found in Johnson, or any other received authority.

It is not a mark of politeness towards a person to turn your back upon him when you desire to use your pocket-handkerchief.

It is preferable to keep the said handkerchief in your pocket to carrying it in your hat.

It is not necessary, when in the company of a few friends, to sedulously avoid looking at the one who is occupied with the pint pot, and appear to be immersed in solving some intricate mathematical problem, or devising some means of paying off the national debt, but in no ways to be thinking of beer.

It is not necessary, when quarrelling with your wife, for both of you to go out in the street and there settle your difference for the edification of your neighbours.

It is not the acme of refinement to turn your coat-cuffs up when you take a holiday trip, or to sit in your shirt-sleeves on a Sunday afternoon.

It is not requisite to leave your hat under a chair in the hall, when you call with a deputation on Sir G. Grey.

CRITICISM:

A DIALOGUE AT THE PRESENT ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

The Rat. It strikes me that the shoulders want a leetle more roundness.

The Snipe. No, there I differ with you; but I think his nose very much too short.

The Bull-dog. Too short, indeed! Pshaw! One never has the nose too short.

The Owl. I wonder what they think of my statue?

OUR DISCHARGED CONTRIBUTOR AGAIN.

This wretched being has had the excessively bad taste to send us some more "jokes" as he calls them, in spite of the remarks which we published about him a short time since, and which, we were in hopes, would have hurt his feelings sufficiently to have prevented his ever communicating with us again. The fatal letter which conveyed us the (want of) intelligence in question, was written in a disguised hand and pre-paid: this latter circumstance did not allow us to suppose that it could have proceeded from our Discharged Contributor. However, unconscious of its noxious contents, we opened the missive and found our degraded friend praying that he might only be allowed to appeal through us to the discernment of the public, adding that he cared not for lucre but panted for fame alone. We at last determined that our best course would be to publish two or three of our correspondent's perpetrations, in order at once to call down public odium on his head, and endeavour, if possible, to excite his worst feelings against ourselves. We think the following will settle the business at once!

Q. Why is the feeling produced by the inhalation of ether like Mr. Cochrane?
A. Because it 's a new sense (nuisance)!

Q. Why does the news published in the morning papers "by (very) extraordinary express" often prove insipid?
A. Because it 's given without any source (sauce)!!

Q. When is a rabbit like Colonel Sibthorpe?
A. When he has a burrow (borough) of his own!!!

Q. Why should Mark Lemon be hated by all Christians?
A. Because he 's Pontius Pilate (Punch's pilot)!!!!

Jack Ketch again.—We learn, from a connoisseur in painting, that the Council of the Academy have hung Mr. Hudson in a favourable position. Who inherits his property?

PURSUIT OF MEANING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A gentleman who writes letters in a weekly publication, for the purpose of proving that which no one of the slightest importance ever denied, makes use of the expression, "grovelling before Shakspere;" "for such," observes the writer, "is the word used with reference to one of the greatest geniuses, if not the greatest that ever lived, in a periodical *to which* his name *and that of Mr. Reach are attached.*" Does the author of this passage mean to assert that Shakspere edits the *Man in the Moon?* or, if not, what else can he mean? and, in either case, have his words any meaning whatever?

EASTER AMUSEMENTS AT LIMERICK.

The following programme of the amusements at the town of Limerick is submitted to the public. The love of the Irish for fun is well known; and, from the specimens of it subjoined, will doubtless be thoroughly appreciated. The details were carried out with the greatest minuteness.

PROGRAMME.

Messrs. Smith O'Brien, Mitchell, and Meagher, will enter the town in triumph, in a hired chaise, at four, P.M. A crowd will be assembled to welcome them with brick-bats and paving-stones (these being known favourites of theirs); after which the pleasing excitement of running for their lives to the hotel will begin. Mr. Mitchell will be burnt in effigy—a "man of straw" having been constructed for the purpose, as emblematical of the honourable gent.

Tea and treason will be served out, at six—and the agitators served out immediately afterwards. A crowd will assemble outside the place of meeting, and commence the evening's amusements by attempting to burn the house, by firing shots, and throwing stones at the windows.

Mr. O'Brien's head will be broken at half-past six precisely, his ribs stove in, and his eye blackened at three-quarters past, and several of his front teeth knocked down his throat by five minutes to seven; at half-past seven he will be comfortably settled for the night, presenting very much this appearance—

Messrs. Mitchell and Meagher will be hunted back to their hotel, where (after breaking the landlord's head as a finale), the revellers will break up for the night.

A band—of soldiers and police, will be in attendance, and the whole will be under the superintendence of a Minister of the Christian Religion—viz., the Rev. Dr. O'Brien.

NATIVE MANUFACTURES ENCOURAGED.

We perceive that Her Majesty has given an order for native manufactures to be worn at court, a piece of news which, as she seldom gives an order for native produce at all, will doubtless be very welcome. It is to be hoped that Her Majesty's patronage will be extended to other home productions, and that the original British joke will be the only one used, in preference to the foreign importations (particularly in the dramatic line) so largely patronised by unpatriotic dealers. Let us also suggest that home-spun sedition may receive its due share of encouragement, and that the plain but useful Cuffey article may not be neglected for the more showy Parisian fabric. It would be easy to multiply examples (as the newspapers say, when they have used up a subject), but these will suffice for the present.

To Correspondents.—Jeremiah Muggins will oblige us by forwarding his address.

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CONSOLATION IN DISTRESS.

SYMPATHIZING ATTENDANT.—"IT'S NO USE A HOLLOWING, SIR—HE WON'T LET GO."

PROTECTION TO BRITISH TALENT.

WE have heard, on the most indubitable authority, that a certain august personage has determined on giving the fullest possible extension to the measures lately adopted for the encouragement of British industry. With this view, orders have been issued for the dismissal, after the present season, of all foreigners connected with the two Operas; their places to be filled, next year, by singers of English extraction. We believe we are not premature in assuring the public that Miss Isaacs and Mr. Horncastle have already accepted engagements at H. M. Theatre, while Paul Bedford and Henry Russell have ranged themselves under the adverse banners of Covent Garden.

A RISING SUBJECT.—We think Sir R. Inglis was wrong in telling Mr. Hudson that the latter's immense wealth did not raise him the least in his estimation. At present we shall not be surprised at Mr. Hudson's sacrificing regularly to Bacchus; it will be the only means he has of being at all "elevated" in Sir R. Inglis's eyes.

THE WARNING-BELL.

I.

THE world is on the move,
Look about!
There is much we may improve,
Never doubt;
And for all who understand,
A Warning-Bell at hand
May be heard throughout the land,
Ringing out.

II.

The shadows that are found
We may scorn,
In the sunny rays around
They are born;
And as dawn succeeds to night,
So the rays of Freedom's light
Turn the darkness of our sight
Into morn!

III.

Though gloomy hearts despond
At the sky,
There's a sun to shine beyond,
By-and-bye.
Ere the vessel that we urge
Shall beneath the surface merge,
A beacon on the verge
Shall be nigh.

IV.

Step by step the longest march
Can be done;
Single stones will form an arch,
One by one;
And with union what we *will*
Can be all accomplished still—
Drops of water turn a mill—
Singly, *none!*

V.

Brag and bluster float as froth
O'er the wave;
Gory treason, worse than both,
Fools may rave;
But the honest hands that link
With the solemn heads that think,
And for pikes use—pen and ink,
Are the brave!

VI.

Let us onward then for *Right*,
Nothing more;
And let Justice be the might
We adore.
Build no hopes upon the sand,
For a People hand-in-hand
Can make this a better land
Than before.

ARISTOCRATIC STICKS AND THEIR NON-USES.

A FOREIGNER, just arrived in London, was very much astonished the other day, by observing two of the yellow plush gentry planted before a carriage with large silver-headed sticks in their hands nearly as tall as themselves. He asked the SHOWMAN what was the use of these sticks. On the latter telling him that they were of no use whatever, he immediately inquired why people did not do away with them. The SHOWMAN answered that such a question implied most democratic, levelling, and revolutionary principles on the part of the questioner. That if things were to be done away with, merely because they were of no possible use, hundreds of our old English institutions of which we are so proud would be ruthlessly abolished. That the sticks to which his foreign friend had called the SHOWMAN's attention, had, with numerous other things, been handed down to us from our ancestors, and that it ill became loyal and true men to wish to meddle with them. That, if we once declared war against all sticks, we threatened an immense mass of the aristocracy themselves—a proceeding evidently of a most vulgar and Chartist description; and that if the scions of England's noble houses were once foolish enough to open the door to innovation by cutting their footmen's sticks, they would have themselves to blame if, in a short time, they had to cut their own.

A DECIDED IMPROVEMENT.—An old lady of Whig politics has written to complain of the unfeeling manner in which the SHOWMAN's artist "takes off" Lord John Russell. If the noble lord does not speedily improve in his conduct, we will endeavour to have him removed altogether.

CURE-IOUS.—We perceive by a recent advertisement, that "A young clergyman of high church principles wishes for a *cure*." We are glad to discover such favourable symptoms on his part.

UBIQUITY OF THE SMITHS.—A Mr. H. Smith, addressing a meeting of his brother Chartists at Liverpool, said, "I stand before you as one of the forty-nine delegates now sitting in London." Although we knew that the Smiths were to be found everywhere, we were not aware that any member of the family was so far ubiquitous as to be in two places at the same time.

VERY NEAT.—The Discharged Contributor, whom we lately kicked *ex officio—i. e.*, out of the office—declares that after all the SHOWMAN cannot deny that he has *turned out* a clever man.

FAME.—A FRAGMENT.

[*Scene—A Public Meeting in the City.*]

Alderman Stubbins (*arriving with Country Relation*)—There. We can see very well here: just in front of the chair. The Prince can't be long.

Country Relation—Where's the Lord Mayor?

Alderman Stubbins—Waiting to receive his Royal Highness. But we've got a tolerable sprinkling of celebrities already. Do you see that stout man?

Country Relation—What—with the bald head?

Alderman Stubbins—Yes. Well, that's the famous Moggs—you've heard of him—in the tallow line—worth half a million.

Country Relation (*with great reverence*)—Oh!

Alderman Stubbins—And there's Sir Peter Laurie. He put down Suicide, you know—committed it to Newgate for trial.

Country Relation (*standing on tiptoe, and looking at Sir Peter with great deference*)—Ah!

Alderman Stubbins—And I declare there's Soyer—the *chaff de quizzing!* and—well you *are* lucky—there's Hudson himself—King Hudson.

Country Cousin (*with rabid curiosity*)—Which—which do you mean? That pale, thin man?

Alderman Stubbins—No—I don't mean him. I don't know who he is.

Gentleman (*who has overheard the conversation*)—Why, that's Alfred Tennyson.

Alderman Stubbins—Alfred Tennyson! Who's he?.....

ARE ALL MEN EQUAL IN THE EYES OF THE LAW?

ON Saturday, the 6th of May, a most extraordinary charge was brought against Lord Chandos Leigh before four of the County Magistrates at Warwick, and which, although at the time we write nearly a week has elapsed, has been passed over without comment by the daily press.

A man named Richard Barnett comes forward, and deposes to the murder of several individuals at His Lordship's instigation, and points out one particular spot, under a certain stone of the abutment of a bridge in His Lordship's park, where two of the victims lie. Other evidence brought forward at the same time seems in some measure to corroborate this man's statement.

All that the counsel for the prosecution required was leave to remove that stone, and see if Barnett's statement was really founded on fact. This permission Mr. Jones, on behalf of Lord Leigh, refused, on the pretence that the proposed search would disclose nothing, and that if one portion of the bridge were removed, the complainants would then require the destruction of the whole edifice, followed by that of the Abbey itself, and every building on the estate, before they were satisfied. As well might Mr. Jones say to a creditor, "I shall not pay you your account; for if I do, you will then require my income for the year, then for the year next ensuing, and finally my whole property."

As to the search, if permitted to take place, ending in the total demolition of every building on the estate, that is mere nonsense; were the bodies not found on the spot pointed out, the man Barnett's accusation would probably fall to the ground. But supposing that it did not, we should say that any man, with the least spark of honourable sensitiveness in his breast, would rather see every stone from his hearth rooted up and grass growing in its place than suffer such a foul aspersion to rest for one instant on his name.

Mr. Adderley, M.P., Lord Leigh's son-in-law, with several other persons present, seemed, by the unbecoming levity of their behaviour, for which they were deservedly reproved by Mr. Pollock, to treat with contempt any idea that it was possible for a lord to be a murderer. Without in the least desiring to say aught in condemnation of Lord Leigh, or to refuse to a nobleman the right enjoyed by the poorest prisoner, of being supposed innocent until proved guilty, we would merely remind Mr. Adderley, that, if he is at all acquainted with history, he will not fail to recollect that some of the most atrocious crimes ever known were those perpetrated by noble, nay more, royal hands; and that the lordly and regal purple has often attained a still deeper hue from blood.

Although the magistrates—acting upon some principle which it is utterly beyond our power to understand—have dismissed the matter, the Secretary of State is bound to take it up; by so doing, at the same time that he fulfils a duty towards the public, he will be conferring a positive boon on Lord Leigh himself, by proving, if such be the case, the calumnious nature of the charge preferred against him.

QUITE UNNECESSARY.—The *Observer* says that two gentlemen, in the pay of Government, "assisted" at the demise of the National Assembly. There was no need of this; it would have died a natural death without their "assistance."

PINS & NEEDLES.

A CONSOLATION.

After all it is consoling to hear the Whigs talk so much nonsense, for it is well known that they never do what they say.

PARLIAMENTARY WANDERINGS.

In a speech which had for its theme Mr. Hudson, Sir R. Inglis referred to the "aristocracy of talent." When will hon. members break themselves of the practice of lugging in topics which have nothing to do with the subject of their discourse?

AN ORATOR ABROAD.

It was stated in the House of Commons the other night, that there was a great deal of discontent abroad. The speaker in one sense went too far, for there is plenty of discontent at home.

WORTHY OF NOTICE.

The *Musical World* critics pride themselves on having "good ears" for music. We think them a great deal too long!

WHY METTERNICH HAS LIVED SO LONG.

As toads will live a hundred years in stone—
In a dark system nourished, he has grown!

HUMAN BURDENS.

The motion for an inquiry into the "burdens upon land" has not been made this session. This is lucky for the Irish landowners, as they would probably have been the first to be removed.

HIGHLY APPROPRIATE.

Mr. James has given his new novel the second title of "Laurel Water"—we suppose because it's a potion nobody will swallow.

CAUSES AND EFFECTS.

Philosophers talk about the intimate connexion of cause with effect. In the present state of the law we see an equally close connexion between a "cause" and no "effects" whatever.

CHARTIST MOTIVES.

Most of the Chartist spouters have been exceedingly anxious to get into Parliament. The disappointed politicians seek their revenge in abuse, on the principle that, as they cannot serve their country in the senate, the best thing for them is to *serve it out*.

A BAD LOOK-OUT.

We fear that the Chartists will not be able to help Peel on the currency, for at present very few of them know "what a pound is."

A CONTRADICTION.

It has been falsely asserted that Mr. G. V. Brooke does not "go down" with the public. This is untrue. He "goes down" very much, and if not better supported will sink altogether in their estimation.

AN OBJECTION REMOVED.

It has been objected to universal suffrage, that its adoption would entitle numbers of ignorant persons to have votes. But is not ignorance even now represented in Parliament?

CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

We have often heard of the very stones in the street almost rising up in indignation against an offender. They actually did so at Limerick, the "city of the violated"—head!

SMILE AGAIN, SIR ROBERT HARRY.

DEDICATED, WITHOUT PERMISSION, BY THE RAILROAD KING TO SIR R. HARRY INGLIS.

AIR—"*Smile again, my bonnie lassie.*"

SMILE again, Sir Robert Harry,
Harry, smile again;
Prithee do not scold, sweet Harry,
In that awful strain.
If to speak, when half seas over,
Be a fault in me,
Thus to cut me down, like clover,
Is not kind in thee.
Oh, smile again, Sir Robert Harry,
Harry, smile again;
Oh, smile again, Sir Robert Harry,
Prithee smile again.

Hear me tell, Sir Robert Harry,
Harry, hear me tell,
What I 'll keep, Sir Robert Harry,
Scrupulously well:
If again I tipple ever
With some kindred sprite,
Rest assured, while drunk, I'll never
Come into your sight.
Then smile again, &c.

AURIOL IN PRIVATE LIFE.

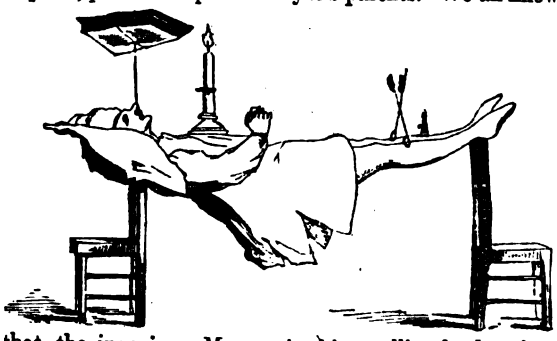
THE private life of public characters is a matter which has excited our interest from the earliest infancy, and even now we are often visited by strong desires to ascertain how a tragic actress looks in curl papers, whether Wright always wears clothes warranted not to fit him, and how many pints of cold water are consumed in the course of the day by Paul Bedford, &c., &c. We have felt a similar interest in the habits, more or less domestic, of political men, and may safely say that most of our readers have experienced sentiments akin to our own. Who has not pictured to himself Sir Robert Peel sitting in his study in Whitehall Gardens, examining with a microscope a sovereign which is on the table before him, and ever and anon exclaiming, "What is a pound?" Again, every one must have imagined Lord John Russell reflecting, after measures have been taken by his tailor, as to the manner in which they shall be carried out, and hesitating, with his usual indecision, "whether" (to use the expression of a friendly publication) "checks or stripes is nobbiest." Of course Mr. Brotherton appears to the "mind's eye" packing all his family off to bed at half-past eight o'clock; while Mr. Spooner is depicted by the same optic lying in bed during the whole of Sunday for fear of breaking the Sabbath—a crime which would, of course, be effectually committed were he to put any of his clothes on. Perhaps, also, some sort of curiosity may have been felt as to how the SHOWMAN passes his days and nights; whether he has the habits of any country in particular, or, in his character of cosmopolite, by turns adopts those of each—at breakfast sipping the coffee of Mocha, at dinner employing the talents of the French cook, the Swiss pastry-cook, and the Italian confectioner; drinking like an Englishman, marrying like a Turk, and smoking like both of them put together.

But has any one ever thought of Auriol in private life? Has any one ever considered whether the eccentric clown of the *Cirque Olympique* is a different being to what he appears on the stage, or whether he in fact indulges in the same preposterous postures and antipodean attitudes which characterize the "disjointed" performances that have gained him so much celebrity both in London and Paris? The latter supposition would be the correct one, as our readers shall be convinced. Auriol, when at home, puts himself into a variety of positions, which, strange to say are *not* attended by excruciating pain; and, in fine, applies his limbs (as on the stage) to purposes for which Nature certainly never intended them.

In fact, Auriol has conquered Nature. Nature gave Auriol arms for certain objects: Auriol thinks fit to use them as legs. Nature endowed Auriol with a head:

Auriol thinks proper to stand upon it, at the same time elevating his legs to the position intended for his *caput*.

But perhaps Auriol has been the victim of a base deception, practised upon him by his parents. We all know



that the ingenious Mavor, in his spelling-book, gives much valuable information to the youthful student, to the effect that eyes are intended to see with, ears to hear with, &c. &c. Now our friend Auriol has evidently suffered from false tuition. *He*, poor man, never knew the real use of legs; and if —which we scarcely believe— Auriol actually sees with his eyes, and hears with his ears, it is merely the happy result of inattention to his instructors. We may, at some future period, present our readers with a copy of Auriol's Instruction Book, in which, we have no doubt, will be found such questions and answers as—

Q. What is the head for? *A.* To stand upon.
Q. What are arms for? *A.* To walk with.

Perhaps some of our readers may disbelieve our assertion as to Auriol's domestic peculiarities. In return, we beg to say that we have *seen him at his private residence*, and that the whole of the cuts in the present article were taken on the spot, and on a wood-block, by an eminent R. A. who accompanied us; they have, moreover, met with the approbation of the great original (and if ever an original existed it is certainly Auriol), who was pleased to observe that the attitudes were, above all, characterized by their extreme naturalness. The PUPPET-SHOW reading public will have been enabled, from the preceding illustrations, to acquire some idea of Auriol's private peculiarities. And here we are reminded that a certain author remarks in a certain book, that the person who throws light upon the true character and habits of great men, confers an inestimable benefit on society. The public are, then, the SHOWMAN's debtors to a considerable extent; and, in order to increase the debt (which, by-the-bye, as it consists of gratitude alone will of course never be paid),

we hasten to offer a representation of Auriol as he appeared when receiving a letter of self-introduction from the SHOWMAN, at the hands of his black page. On the SHOWMAN, together with his artistic friend, making their appearance, they discovered Auriol in the subjoined position, and, as was at first imagined, undergoing penance. However, as his face wore a pleasing expression, and the paper in his hand was not the *Daily News*, it became evident that the supposition was wrong, and that Auriol was, in fact, "skipping over the pages" for amusement. On discovering who his distinguished visitor and his distinguished visitor's friend really were, M. Auriol received them in the most gracious

manner, and in an attitude which (one would have thought) must have been dictated by civility rather than convenience. The conversation which passed between the greatest wit of the press and the greatest wit of the stage, was, of course, of the— but the SHOWMAN's aversion to self-praise is well-known; and he therefore contents himself with prophesying that when Auriol shall be a mummy, and even the PUPPET-SHOW shall have ceased to exist, the dialogue which took place between the SHOWMAN and his esteemed but eccentric friend, will be remembered as if but an affair of the previous day.

THE MODERN THETIS.

Lord Morpeth, in the character of **Thetis**, subjects his young bantling the **Health of Towns Bill** (**Achilles**) to the ordeal of the **Styx**—that is, the parliamentary **Sticks**; but having left out the heel—viz **London**—his offspring is vulnerable in this part to the attacks of every parliamentary Paris.

ANCESTRAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SHOWMAN, in his perusal of the daily papers, has lately observed the increasing frequency of a circumstance which has afforded him matter for much thought.

He alludes to the practice of giving, in the announcements of marriages, a kind of short genealogical tree—an ancestral stump, as it were—of the bride and bridegroom. For instance:—"May 5. Andrew Smithers, Esq., nephew of Sir G. Magsman, to Arabella, eldest daughter of J. Volpers, Esq., and grand-daughter of the late Viscount Dummy, of Dummy Hall, Yorkshire."

One thing, though, has always struck the SHOWMAN; he has never by any chance seen an announcement anything like the following:—"May 4. At St. George's, Hanover Square, Augustus Logger, Esq., of Railroad Castle, Derbyshire, and grandson of Jem Logger, bone-picker, formerly of Saffron Hill, to Eliza Anna, youngest daughter of William Pugfield, Esq., of Harley Street, and distantly related, by her mother's side, to Robert Pugfield, many years errand boy in Day and Martin's blacking establishment, High Holborn."

Is it possible that Pride has aught to do with the style of these announcements?

VERY NATURAL.—Smith O'Brien never alludes to the accident that befel his head at Limerick. We believe the reason is because it 's a sore subject.

MODERN BOBADILS.—In Mantua it appears that the Austrians, who are pressed for provisions, supply the want of salt by the use of gunpowder in their food. This is fire-eating with a vengeance.

Q. Why is a lighterman like a diplomatist?
A. Because he has always to do with craft.

TOUCHING THE "SPANISH."—People have wondered at the great attention lately paid by the House of Commons to Spanish matters. Every one ought to know that the Spanish is the only subject in which the ministers really take a profound interest.

A FRAGMENT FROM TOM MOORE.

Oh! ne'er be my rooms with such rank odours filled
As that in which brandy so lately we swilled;
You may scour, and may air it, as long as you will,
But the scent of tobacco will hang by it still!

HEROD OUT-HERODED.—We beg leave to call the attention of the *Musical World* to the fact that of all the fast men it so admires, not one approaches Lord Palmerston; for whose "despatch" can in the most remote degree be compared to that for which his Lordship has lately obtained so much celebrity?

AN EXEMPLARY PARSON.

THE Reverend Hugh Stowell, who, as one of the noisiest, passes of course for one of the most eminent of the Protestant Association, gave vent at the last assembly to an opinion so absurd that we do not expect to see it matched even at the next meeting. He said, "That if Christianity were nothing else than Popery, he would become an infidel himself to-morrow." Now, though we readily admit that it is not of the slightest importance whether he turn Turk, or worship Mumbo Jumbo, this very evening, it is nevertheless worth while to look this absurdity in the face. Here is a clergyman of a church which claims apostolical succession through and by the Church of Rome, coolly telling a religious assembly that he would rather be an infidel than belong to it. And, mark again, this said Church of Rome holds, in common with the church of this clergyman, the great fundamental doctrines of the Trinity and the Redemption—and yet he would prefer rejecting these—denying God and the Saviour *in toto*—to joining it, for no other reason than that he does not approve of some minor matters of belief!

"Thorough bigotry, or nothing at all," is the Rev. Hugh Stowell's motto. If the Bishop of London is not too busy among Greek particles, we would recommend him to look to this reverend gentleman, whose conduct lessens our surprise at the daily increasing strength of the opinion, that ministers of his class can neither reason for themselves nor feel for other people!

EDITOR'S BOX.

LAST week an abortive attempt was made on the part of Madame Viardot Garcia to displace Jenny Lind from the high position which she still holds as the best living representative of *Amina*. In the first place, Garcia's representation of the character was far inferior to that of the Swedish lady: her gestures and manners had not the remotest resemblance to those of a peasant girl; there was no simplicity, except the simplicity of affectation; her smiles were leers, and her coquettishness was something more than that of a mere flirt. In the bed-room scene, every point that could have been "made" was neglected, and the vocalist, during the performance of the air sung in her sleep, almost sent the audience into the very state which she was simulating. Nevertheless, if it be true that "all 's well that ends well," it must be acknowledged that Madame Garcia is an incomparable *Amina*, for a greater display of brilliancy united with feeling than was exhibited in her *finale* it would be impossible to conceive. Her execution was superior to Lind's, and equal to Persiani's—her passion was more intense than that of either. With regard to Madame Garcia's singing in the early part of the opera, we must observe that it was occasionally marked by a false intonation that could only be attributed to nervousness, and always by an intelligence and taste which proved her to be an artist of the highest order. However, her great triumph was in the *finale*, and it may be safely asserted that, whatever may be the general merits of Jenny Lind, Garcia certainly beat her in the end.

There is a story, which, like the PUPPET-SHOW, is circulating largely, to the effect that *Lola Montes* was withdrawn from the Haymarket Theatre by command of the Chamberlain, who had been requested by Sir R. Peel, who had been requested by his son, who had been requested by *Lola Montes* herself, to shield her from the grins of a generous British public. If this line of conduct be pursued again, the Puppet who licenses, or rather who refuses to license, dramatic performances shall be fully exposed. Otherwise we shall soon have Lord John Russell calling upon the Chamberlain to withhold his consent from any burlesque which may contain jokes directed against the Whig government, and nothing will in fact remain but a host of "pointless performances" such as the SHOWMAN especially delights to "pull to pieces."

At the Princess's the stock pieces are third-rate translations of second-rate French dramas (the bills call them "*comic* dramas"), the ballet of *Esmeralda* exceedingly well produced, with, occasionally, the *Nightingale* for the charming Madame Thillon, and the disagreeable Mr. Barker. The *Crown Diamonds* will shortly be represented, Allen being the tenor.

A WORD WITH COSTA.

THE directors of the Royal Italian Opera have departed, in numerous instances, from the promise with which they started, viz., that of representing operas in an entire state. If the management continues to produce works in a mutilated condition, we shall begin to fancy that the establishment was organized for a more "*im*perfect representation of the lyrical drama" than had hitherto been attained, even in England, and not with the contrary object, as the prospectus stated. We have just the same liking for a statue with its nose broken off, or a book with its most important pages torn out, as for an opera with some of the principal music omitted. We have a decided weakness for forming an opinion from a complete work, and not *ex parte*, *i. e.*, from a part of it.

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY.

The following awards of prizes were recently made:

For a "plant" of huge size, cultivated at O'Connorville, a brass medal to Mr. Feargus O'Connor, M.P.

For bringing up a toadstool, a pint of porter to the parent of Mr. Mitchell.

For producing an enormous fungus, two pence halfpenny to the author of "Satan, a Poem."

For raising mushrooms, a fourpenny bit to the patrons of the Hudson family.

For a large growth of whiskers, a penny (paper currency) to Mr. Muntz.

For the deadly night-shade, a farthing to the inventor of the Camphine Lamp.

For a "pink of perfection" (the Puppet-Show), a gold medal to the Showman.

We did not observe anybody among the company present, and don't know what the band played, neither do we recollect what sort of weather it was.

THE LAST MAN.

NOT AT ALL AFTER CAMPBELL'S POEM OF THE SAME NAME, SAVE IN POINT OF TIME.

Within the Albion Coffee-room the clock,
With drowsy hands, points unto half-past two;
The din that mostly in the place is heard—
The orders issued by the hungry guests
For oysters, kidneys, chops, and pints of stout,
Together with the active waiter's cry
Of "Yes, sir—coming, sir," varied at times
With "Money—Number ten," or "eight," or "nine"—
All, all is buried in the Grave of Silence.
The outer door that leads into the street
Is long since locked—the customers are gone,
Save and except one Solitary Man
Who had come in exactly at the time
All others were departing. There he sits
In lonely grandeur. He has just concluded
His scallop'd oysters and his glass of stout;
And now he calls out—"Waiter." At the word
A being with a tie that 's meant for white,
And slip-shod pumps, and napkin under arm,
Hastes to the box, responsive; on his lips
Sits the word "Pay"—a young and new-fledg'd bird,
All eager for its flight; but ere 't has time
To try its virgin pinions on the air,
The Last Man, with a mouth half-full of bread,
Orders "a rabbit." Hearing this, the waiter,
Who thought the Lonely One about to go,
Creeps wearily to the revolving cupboard,
And down the op'ning halloas his commands.
In course of time the rabbit 's done and eaten,
But still the Man remains, and, looking round,
Calls for a "go of gin and a cigar."
The waiter brings them, and, with humble voice,
Says to his customer "'T is wery late;
You 'll not be long, sir!" With a fishy eye
The latter looks at his interlocutor
And nods his head, still smoking as before,
And seemingly regardless of the fact
That it is now past three.
In the first box
The nearest to the door in Russell Street,
Over a table on the which are ranged
All that the house can boast of cruet-stands,
Two other waiters sit, intently counting
The halfpence given for their private use:
Our old acquaintance casts a listless glance
Upon his fellows, then across the room
Proceeds unto the box just opposite
The one we here have named—stoops down, and feels
Beneath the bench, extracting straightway thence
A pair of boots; but soft! they are not those
He sought for. But what matters that to him?
He puts them on, observing as he does so,
"Them boots a'nt mine; they 're Sanders'; he has left
His in mistake, I reckon."
Now, once more
He sallies forth to where the Last Man sits,
Describing round him circles, each one less
Than was the former—then, at last, he takes
His napkin from his arm, and wipes away
From off the table, with a ling'ring hand,
The crumbs that are not there, and but exist
On the mahogany of his tir'd brain—
And yet the Last Man sits unmov'd, nor thinks
Of the poor waiter's little ones and wife,
Who, in some wretched court near Drury Lane,
Do *not* await their sire and husband dear,
Respectively, but sleep
In sweet indifference as to the time
He may return. Still, still the Last Man tarries,
And even says, "Bring me some more cigars!"
This is too much for one of flesh and blood.
With look of withering scorn the waiter says,
"Perhaps you'd like a bed, sir; if it be so,
They're all up stairs. We do not keep them here!"
The Last Man casts again his fishy eye—
The certain sign of previous and much drink—
Upon the speaker: We are not aware
Whether he took the hint or no. We rather
Believe he did not; but as now the gas
Was all turn'd down, and darkness reign'd triumphant,
He paid his reck'ning, took his hat, and went.

A Puff for old Nestor.—After all, we may fairly say (and we are sure Soyer will agree with us) that it was the Pylian "sage" that dressed the Trojan goose!

Too True.—At a meeting in the North, a Chartist orator observed to his brethren of the six points, "We must search after Truth." If, as we learn from the fable, Truth be at the bottom of a well, the speaker and his auditors would have been greatly benefited by a dive after it, even supposing they got nothing beyond a washing.

"Spiritual Destitution"—An absence of brandy-and-water.

Critics and Boots.—The writer of a critique in the *John Bull*, on Miss Martineau's work on the East, is very sarcastic about that lady's laced boots. Let him take care that she does not turn round some fine morning and give him a lacing as well as her boots.

A DULL SUBJECT.

The writer of the articles in the *Musical World* against the "fast" school of literature (who signs his productions Rosybug, or Rosinbug, or some such word, whose real name, however, is said to be Jenkins, but whom we have good reason for believing is no less stupid a person than Our Discharged Contributor), has, with a view of keeping up his character for slowness, already suffered a fortnight to elapse without producing his threatened smashing article on one of the leading light literature authors of the day. The same eager desire to be thought "slow" has also prevented him from replying to our inquiry, made upwards of three weeks since, as to the meaning of the line—

"Love springeth fledged and full-grown from thy tongue."

He has, however, amused himself in the interval by trying to make a joke, which, as it is directed against ourselves, we give the benefit of a circulation more than a thousand times as extensive as that it has already met with in the columns of the *Musical World*. The joke is as follows:—"A stupid periodical—The Puppet-Show." The writer of this pungent definition has no sooner penned it than, doubting his success, he exclaims, "If this be fun, then there is an end of dulness." This exclamation was in all probability never intended to be printed, but was merely a mental observation generated in the author's brain during one of those lucid intervals we will charitably suppose him to be occasionally blessed with, and was given by him to the printer on his return to his habitual insane state. Although we are disposed to acknowledge the general truth of his observation, that if this weak attempt of his at a joke be fun, then there is an end of dulness—still, we cannot admit that dulness can be considered altogether at an end until the *Musical World* shall have ceased to exist. Our readers, however, will be glad to learn that there is some chance of this, as the last number contains an earnest appeal to the subscribers to pay their subscriptions—in advance.

ON SELF-LOVE,

OR THE FONDNESS OF PEOPLE FOR THEIR OWN PORTRAITS.

The Royal Academy again exhibits to the gaze of an admiring public an interminable succession of daubs, designated in the catalogue as "Portrait of a Gentleman," "Portrait of a Lady," "Mrs. Martha Firkin of Clapham Rise," or "J. Broadcloth, Esq. of Bradford, Yorkshire." Now it is rather too much of a good joke, after one has seen Mrs. Firkin's phiz for the last three or four years at every flower-show, fancy-fair, or race-course, to behold it staring you out of countenance from the walls of the National Gallery; and, however natural

it may be for the Hon. Augustus Addlehead to have himself pourtrayed exactly as he looked when attached

to the embassy at Dresden; or Professor Oxygen to be depicted among his retorts and crucibles, thinking of some new discovery that is to immortalize his name; or Mr.

Blockedde, M.P. for Snugborough, thinking of nothing in particular, it is rather a stretch of the imagination to suppose that these productions, however striking, can possess any overwhelming interest for the casual spectator.

The Showman is not an unreasonable being. When invited out to dinner he does not require his host to take down for the day the portrait of himself and wife, or the sketch of Master Henry on his pony, or Miss Emily with her pet lamb; he classes these things amongst numerous other unavoidable social nuisances, and gulps them down with his Amphytrion's bad port, his hostess's bad music, and the introduction of the children with the dessert. But further than this his tolerance does not extend; and he therefore deprecates, and always will do so, to the utmost of his power, the fashion of gracing, or rather disgracing, the walls of the Royal Academy with a set of dull unmeaning visages, which but occupy the space that should be dedicated to something at least possessed of the merit of being interesting.

Parliamentary Compliments.—About a week since, Mr. Brotherton assured the Railway King in parliamentary language that his (Hudson's, not Brotherton's) views were absurd, and himself (Hudson, not Brotherton) intoxicated. If this style of compliment should become fashionable in the House of Commons, we beg to suggest that it be delivered in a form similar to the following:—"The hon. member's views are so absurd that they can never be carried out, and the hon. member is so drunk that the sooner he is carried out the better."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Student.—We do not know where the cube root grows.

Viridis.—"Where can I enlist in the army?" "The wind bloweth where it listeth"—so try Sheerness.

A Downy One.—The so-called "Spring" hats derive their appellation from a certain ingenious piece of mechanism, by which their owners can fold them up, and *not* because, like a certain kind of radishes or onions, they have aught in common with any particular season of the year.

One of the Protestant Association.—Douglas Jerrold is not necessarily a Roman Catholic because he's a friend of the "masses!"

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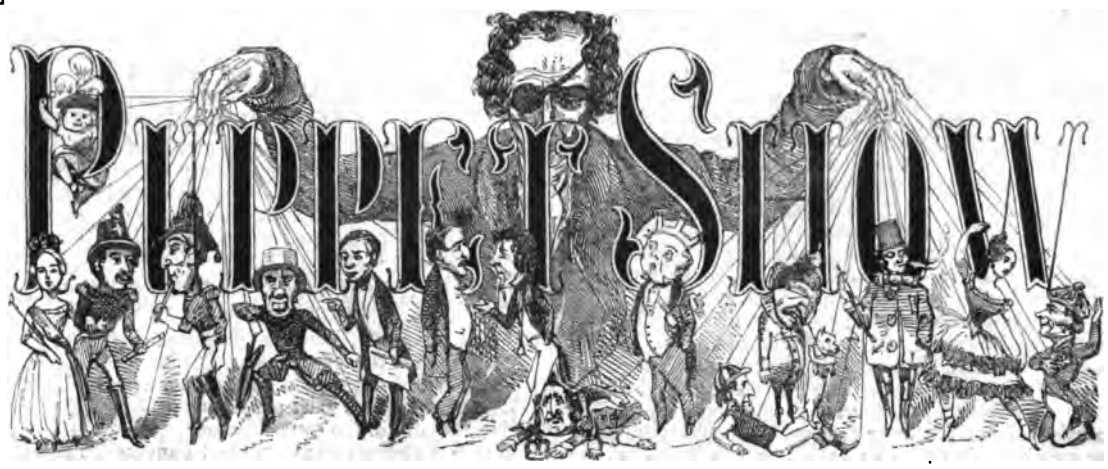

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LITERARY DERBY.

A RACE between the comic writers of England (no restriction as to weight) has and is taking place. It is one in which all who run may read; an advantage, by-the-bye, of which few avail themselves. The SHOWMAN's well-known *Satire* has not been entered, but he can always send something to the PUPPET-SHOW which will be sure to go in and win. Persons who may feel inclined to back our "Discharged Contributor," are requested to forward their names, with casts of their heads, to the Office.

The following list of starters was correct at the time of our going to press:—

Mr. Thackeray's *Humour*, by *Observation*, out of *Society*.
Mr. Jerrold's *Bitterness*, by *Bad Temper*, out of *Respectability*.
Mr. A'Beckett's *Wit*, by *Himself*, out of *Figaro* (dead).
Mr. Horace Mayhew's *Bad Pun*, by *Appropriation*, out of *Anybody*.
Mr. Mark Lemon's *Dulness*, by *Himself*, out of *His own head*.
Mayhew Brothers' *Twaddle*, by *Wire-drawing*, out of *Nothing Particular*.
Mr. Albert Smith's *Catchpenny*, by *Tact*, out of *Commonplace*.
Mr. A. B. Reach's *Imitation*, by *Man in the Moon*, out of *Punch*.
Mr. Shirley Brooks's *Ditto*, by *Ditto*, out of *Ditto*.
Mr. Stirling Coyne's *Old Joke*, by *Scissors*, out of *Joe Miller*.
Mr. Planché's *Crib*, by *French Dictionary*, out of *Vaudeville*.
Our Discharged Contributor's *Fun*, by *Wilful Cruelty*, out of *Extravagance*.

DERBY SYMPTOMS.

Stern Proprietor of Commerce House—SO, MR. SMITH, *that's* THE COSTUME YOU'RE GOING TO YOUR UNCLE'S FUNERAL IN."

HINTS TO IRISH JURORS.

We have lately received an additional proof of Irish fondness for brawls, from the fact that even juries cannot be found to agree, which has sadly hampered the Government officials. The effect of the system is, that the guilt or innocence of the prisoners is of no importance in an Irish trial, the result of which depends solely on the physical capabilities of the jurors, or their powers of doing without food or rest—powers which we may naturally suppose best developed in such of them as have been most familiar with beggary and imprisonment.

It is a melancholy thing to see justice sacrificed for want of a sandwich, and crime triumphant owing to an absence of beer. We would, therefore, advise every honest man who may be disposed to decide fairly, to make elaborate preparation before entering the jury-box. In order to be prepared for fatigue, he should retire early the previous night, so as to get twelve hours' sleep; breakfast on rump-steaks, hard-boiled eggs, and stout; and, if possible, smuggle on his person some sandwiches and a bladder filled with grog. He will thus be able to win the day even if standing alone in his opinion, and to carry out the principles of his heart by the aid of his stomach.

Such is the blessed state that Ireland is coming to—perfect millennium of humbug—that we do not despair of seeing the art of holding out to the last reduced to a system, and the counsel addressing the juries as the most abstemious, the least hungry, the most bony and sinewy men they ever had the honour, &c., &c. In fact, the hunger of the honest juror will be the patriot's opportunity. We wonder Sibthorpe does not propose to insist on administering emetics to the jurors before they enter the court. If they only swallowed them as readily as they do the oath, it would alter the system; but if their abjectionable symptoms continue much longer, it will be necessary to purge the Consti-tution.

MUSICAL CRITICISM BY JOHN KETCH, Esq.

It has recently come to the knowledge of the Showman, that the flunky reporter of a fashionable paper, not long ago, gave a ticket of admission to the Opera, on a Lind night, to the Common Hangman, in order to conciliate the good will of that functionary. Something like the following dialogue took place soon after the visit:—

Mud-lark (*loq.*) Well, Cally, did you see Jenny Lind?

Hangman. Didn't I! How she sings. Crikey, what a wind-pipe to scrag!

Mud-lark (*sympathising*). Ah!

PHILANTHROPY—A FRAGMENT.

Mr. Smith (*meeting Sir G. Claptrap*). Ah! Sir George, I am glad I have met you; I was just going to your house. You've heard, no doubt, of our "Fund for the Relief of ——"

Sir G. Claptrap. Of course. I see you're named Hon. Treasurer.

Mr. Smith. We counted upon you. We knew your humane, charitable, benevolent disposition—your open ear and generous heart—and thought that on an occasion like the present——

Sir G. Claptrap. You flatter me. It is true I try to do all the good I can, because I hold—that is to say—it strikes me—ah—we are sent here to stretch forth the hand of pity—to—hem—put me down for £20.

Mr. Smith (*running over names in pocket-book*). Lady Arabella Wither, £5 5s.; Miss Jackson, £2—hem—hem; Sir Joseph Baulker, £30——

Sir G. Claptrap. Baulker!

Mr. Smith (*smiling*). Beat you at the last election, you know, Sir George. You'll beat him at the next, though.

Sir G. Claptrap. Well—I don't know—Baulker's an able man; and if the electors believe he is better than I, of course the interest of the community is of more weight with me than my own. By-the-way, I think you may as well put me down for £40.

Mr. Smith. People may well say your charity is boundless.

Sir G. Claptrap. It would be so, perhaps, if my means were equal to my will; because I hold charity to be a duty imposed on each individual by every law—human and divine; he is bound to do all in his power—to—to.—By-the-bye, the list of subscribers will, of course, be advertised in all the papers? . .

THE EXILE OF ERIN;

OR, MITCHELL IN NORFOLK ISLAND.

(*A Libel on Campbell.*)

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his breeches was heavy and chill;
He thought of the days of his spouting and "beering,"
As he rattled his chains on the wind-beaten hill.
He looked towards the North with an air of devotion,
And thought of the very green isle of the ocean,
Which once he had put in such awful commotion
By bawling and roaring out Erin-go bragh!

"Sad is my fate," said the gray-coated stranger,
"My cousins the apes to their caverns can flee,
But I in a chain-gang of convicts must range here;
Repose or tobacco exist not for me;
Never again, in the snug little bar
Where my ancestors dwelt, shall I smoke the cigar,
Or cheer on the rabble of Dublin to war
By bawling and roaring out Erin-go-bragh!"

BREAK-UP OF THE WHIGS.

The body politic of the Whig party is grievously sick. Its heart is nearly gone, and the brain (represented by Mr. Macaulay) entirely so; while even the lungs, its most perfect portion (represented by Russell, Grey, &c.), are violently affected. In plain language, the Government is breaking-up; for without Macaulay it will be as helpless as a goose without wings, and as ugly as a peacock shorn of its brilliant tail. That the eminent orator and writer should leave it, is less remarkable than that he should ever have joined. The Whigs seldom get a great man's alliance, and never keep it. His superiority awes and abashes them; and they feel as awkward and ashamed of themselves in his company, as a man of four feet six does when walking in the street with a friend of six feet four. So they get rid of the alliance as soon as possible. Thus they quarrelled with Brougham, and thus they have parted with Macaulay. The reasons of this last step have not been submitted to the public officially, but the rumour appears perfectly correct, which asserts that Mr. Macaulay has withdrawn disgusted with the Government for making no efforts to get him a seat. They soon secured a borough for Hawes—a red-tape man of business habits—who speaks almost as seldom and never so sensibly as Balaam's ass; but took no trouble to give an opportunity to the first orator of the day to speak in the Senate of his country. So much for their judgment, their gratitude, and their taste—qualities not sufficiently developed in them to fit them for the Senate of Lilliput, even in a time of peace and plenty.

Whether the rumour mentioned above be correct or not, this fact admits of no doubt, that the retirement of Macaulay will be more injurious than a dozen defeats in the House. Already the old symptoms of approaching Whig dissolution are manifesting themselves. They "babble o' fat places," and are appointing their friends, right and left, to posts of lucre and laziness; seizing what they can before their exit, as gipsies collect their kettles and fragments before departing from a common. Some fine (quarter) day they will wind up their political accounts, declare their stock of statesmanship exhausted, and their schedule of bad measures will be filed for the ridicule of posterity. Who does not see the shadow of Peel in his blue coat stealing over the mirror of the future?

A NATURAL RESULT.

Mr. Cochrane has been taunted with being inconsistent. How can consistency be expected from anything so soft?

VERY PLAIN.

Albert, on being arrested, could scarcely walk, while his features were so distorted that he was hardly recognisable. This was but natural; the failure of his treasonable plan must necessarily put him much out of countenance.

OBVIOUS.

Little Louis Blanc, we see, stands on a stool in the tribune. We presume this is the celebrated "stool of repentance" of which we hear occasionally.

ANOTHER DIG AT LOUIS BLANC.

Louis the Little was carried on a tray (like a pint of porter) some time ago by his admirers. We wonder he chose the "tray," as he generally prefers playing the "deuce!"

TOO TRUE.

A gentleman who writes for the *Musical World* has been taunted with "contributing to our national disgrace!"

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

A young man whose want of punctuality is proverbial has just refused a lucrative government situation, from a feeling that he could not keep an appointment.

A RUNNING COMMENTARY.

Some of the more moderate Irish assert that Mr. Mitchell's patriotism outruns his discretion. We should say, bearing in mind the speed he showed in his flight at Limerick, that his legs outran both.

NOT QUITE SO AGREEABLE.

The Irish clubs show, by the precision with which they march through the streets of Dublin, that they have been most carefully drilled; we think, however, that in case of a conflict with the troops they stand a good chance of being drilled in a still more effectual manner.

A HAPPY RELEASE.

M. Barbès proposed the imposition of a tax of one thousand millions of francs upon the respectable classes. Luckily, the latter have not only been delivered from this, but also from a still greater imposition, the Communist doctrines of M. Barbès himself.

VERY SAVAGE.

In an address to the farmers of Ulster, Mr. Mitchell says in a triumphant strain that he has just received another proof of his popularity, in the tramp of 10,000 armed men before his prison windows. His adversaries observe that there is nothing either extraordinary or new in Mr. Mitchell's being supported by a tramp.

THE LOWEST DEPTH.

The Sappers and Miners are likely to be engaged for a considerable time in taking the levels of London, for as yet they have found it very difficult to reduce their scale to the level of the understandings of the civic corporation.

A DIFFERENT THING.

A paper surprised us the other day by stating that Feargus O'Connor had been shooting game on the National Land. We expected (considering the state of the Chartist exchequer) to have heard that he had been shooting the moon.

A REPORT.

There is one thing which the Government has much more reason to fear than any discharge of the boasted rifles of the clubs; it is, as in Meagher and O'Brien's case, the discharge of the jury.

THE "FAST MAN" AT THE LYCEUM.

"THE Fast Man" is the title of a production that has lately seen the day, or rather evening, on the boards of the Lyceum. After having sat out the first representation, the only hope we had left of the author's sanity was founded on the fact of his calling this abortion of his brain a "piece of folly," for really and truly such a piece of folly we never saw in our whole life. The fun consists in Mr. Stunner playing upon the horn, smashing skylights, and talking slang. All this may be very beneficial to Mr. Stunners's friend Mr. Slowcoach perhaps, but we very much doubt whether it will prove so to the treasury.

Calumny, which is always on the watch, has assigned the authorship of this miserable attempt to a literary gentleman whose name has gained some celebrity. The gentleman alluded to may certainly at times write things not entirely worthy of him, but we deem it impossible he could be so totally devoid of all talent as to perpetrate such an enormity as the "Fast Man," and we strongly advise him to prosecute the authors of the above reports for libel.

Some of the papers say that when the management has cut the piece a little it will play very well; we advise the management (in confidence) to cut it altogether.

EXETER-HALL CONFESSION OF FAITH.

THERE is a future state of rewards and punishments. All those who subscribe to the Protestant Association, and take tickets for the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society, will go to heaven; all the rest of the world (including all past generations) will go to hell. The devil is a a Chartist, supports the Sanitary Movement, admires the French Revolution, and mixes in bad society. He is perpetually moving about the world for the purpose of tempting persons to mix familiarly with their superiors, to go to the Adelphi Theatre, and to drink porter when thirsty; all which amusements (except when practised *by the elect)* are deadly sins. All Roman Catholics are men of bad character; the cardinals are pickpockets; the priests are always murdering people for their wealth; and the nuns perpetually guilty of incontinence and infanticide. All Roman Catholics worship milestones and the images that the Italian boys carry about the streets. Holy water is a contemptible superstition; there is no water holy except *eau-de-Cologne*, which the religious use on their handkerchiefs when attending the holy meetings at Exeter Hall.

THE CHINESE JUNK.

ONE of the SHOWMAN'S contributors recently paid a visit (the only thing he ever pays) to the Chinese Junk, at Blackwall. As everybody, however, can see the vessel for himself, we shall confine ourselves to publishing the *peculiar* information we have been able to acquire. The public will be glad to know that the Junk has been visited by literary men of all descriptions for professional purposes; and that numbers of works on China will be the result of the excursions of these ingenious gentlemen. Mr. Elliot Wibbleton has already far advanced with the *Jingall and the Junk*, which will be published at an early period, containing a narrative of personal adventures in China; while Mr. Monkey Milles, M.P., has in preparation a volume of descriptive poetry, to be called *Tea-Leaves*. Brant will describe, in a sizeable tome, the *Great Chinese Metropolis;* and G. P. R. Jeames, Esq., will produce, in twenty-four hours' time, a novel in three volumes, to be called *Hang-Chi; or, the Mandarin's Daughter*. The "fast" writers have not been idle; and the *Natural History of the Mandarin*, a shilling book, may be shortly expected. Among other visitors to the Junk, that well-known individual Hobnail, *alias* the Mud-lark, of the *Fawning Ghost* daily paper, was conspicuous. The Mud-lark was magnificently attired. We are happy to state that he has resolved to patronise native productions alone, and strictly purchases corduroys of Manchester manufacture, and Bluchers from the Minories. The Mud-lark was pleased to express his admiration of the Junk to his friend and companion the Common Hangman, to whom, by the way, he had lately given a ticket to see Jenny Lind. "For," said the Mud-lark sensibly to himself, "I shan't get the hinformation about them as is scragged unless I keeps in with Cally!" The two friends proceeded to town, and dined together in the tap-room of a low public house in the neighbourhood of the Old Bailey.

THE DERBY.

EVERY medal has its reverse, and even success is attended by some disadvantages. If the PUPPET-SHOW had never attained its present extensive sale, there would have been no necessity for us going to press several weeks before the day of publication, and no prospect of being shortly compelled to prepare at Midsummer the number which it is intended to offer to the world at Christmas. Supposing that we were capable of predicting the exact position of the horses for the Derby, all our talent would be thrown away on the public, who would fancy that we had actually made the prophecy after the occurrence of the fact; if we state point blank the name of the winner, we shall probably make a mistake; if we say nothing about the matter, we shall be thought heedless of what is going on, and shall find next week that the publisher has only disposed of nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand copies, instead of a million.

However, as it is evident that we cannot suit circumstances to ourselves, we must "do the other thing," as we once heard a fast man say, and suit ourselves to circumstances. As our civility is becoming proverbial, we must not forfeit our good reputation, and therefore reply in a courteous manner to the numerous correspondents who have written to ask us who will win the Derby, that we really don't know, though if we were to adopt the plan of the sporting newspapers and give publicity to six prophecies, each assigning the first place to three or four

different horses, we think that one of the four-and-twenty predictions would probably come true. We have also been subjected to some annoyance on the subject of the state of the odds, and after all, what *are* the odds so long as you're happy? However, if our readers really wish to know our opinion of the merits of the horses, we can only say that *Loadstone* certainly possesses some attraction, and that another safe horse to back will be *The Fiddler*, as one may reasonably expect to get a few notes out of him; the *Great Western* sounds well for speed, and a *Sheriff* is always expected to be in at the death. On the other hand, *Surplice*, being the favourite, has of course very little chance, and we know that *Nil Desperandum* will not be the winner, as we happened to draw that horse in a sweep and shall of course lose, although the name certainly suggests that nothing is to be despaired of, and consequently that something is to be hoped for.

BACKING A HORSE.

Perhaps, after seeing the horses on the course, we may feel inclined to back a few horses with some of the office money. Doubtless the public wish to know the kind of beast which we shall select—certainly not such a one as is represented in the accompanying cut, which is the portrait of the favourite as he is expected to appear after a course of surgical treatment from the men who have laid against him. By-the-bye, we strongly recommend in all cases of misconduct on the part of the jockey towards the horse, that the rascal should be served out in the style which we once adopted upon seeing one of our race horses ill-used by

its rider. The wretch will shudder when he observes the spirited representation of the fact.

We think we may state, without fear of contradiction, that there are many inconveniences attending the rapid acts of horsemanship which are performed on the race-course; and even hunting is sometimes accompanied by mishaps. For instance, the annexed cut does not present either horse or rider in a very enviable position; and we fancy a walk "across country" in search

of a fugitive horse cannot be productive of much gratification, except to the lookers on. It can be no consolation, when a horse has pitched you into a river, to feel assured that the animal is about to throw itself upon you in a state of despondency: nor can the properties of Gutta Percha soles be much admired when they only serve to keep the feet dry by forcing the head under water.

In racing, one may be called upon to perform a feat which, however agreeable to view from the dress circle of Astley's, would be decidedly displeasing if enacted by one's-self on, or rather off, an untrained horse, when unprepared for it. Changing horses would also be an unpleasant proceeding when gone through in the manner illustrated in this cut.

It is a well-known fact that the actual races are—in spite of the pace that may be attained—looked upon as slow by many of the Fast Men who frequent them. They would feel better pleased with such a scene as is here represented, which actually occurred on a race-course, and formed one of the most extraordinary instances of emulation on record.

MITCHELL'S TILT AT THE POLITICAL QUINTAIN.

THE DELEGATE—AN ECLOGUE.

(AFTER COLLINS).

Scene—John Street. *Time*—Mid-day.

In moody temper, through the crowded street,
The Chartist Pugsby toiled with weary feet;
An empty blue-bag in his hand he bore,
His breeches-pocket held but scanty store.
The day was hot—a public-house stood near,
But Pugsby could not spare the tin for beer.
With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice slapped his corduroys, and thus began:—
"'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When from my shop-board first I took my way!"

"Ah! little thought I that to raise the wind,
In this great town, so hard a job I 'd find!
Bethink thee, Pugsby, how wilt thou assuage,
When fails thy purse, thy landlord's savage rage!
Soon must thy purse be empty as thy head—
Then where, O Pugsby, wilt thou look for bread?
Here tick is difficult, and duns are rough,
For London tradesmen all are up to snuff.
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When from my shop-board first I took my way!'

"Cursed be the vanity which can persuade
Weak men to take sedition as a trade;
The peaceful shop is better than the hall,
The kettle's singing than the 'patriot's' bawl.
Yet vanity can tempt us up to town,
For boys to chaff, and Peelers to put down.
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When from my shop-board first I took my way.'

"Oh, cease my fears!—all frantic as I go,
(Like carter's horse) I hear the sounds of wo (!!)
What if a special constable I meet,
Or rampant Peeler seize me on his beat?
O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
The tender Peggy will be most undone?
Big swelled my heart in parting with the maid,
When blubbering in the kitchen thus she said,
'Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
And plummy Peggy's heart implored in vain!'
Oh, let me safely to the fair return,
Wipe off her tears, and cut this here concern!'"

He said, and called on Heaven to bless the day
When to his shop-board back he bent his way.

An Addendum.—The "most eminent (cockney) writers of the day" have been performing *Every Man in His Humour*. The title might have been rendered more correct by adding the words "*and the audience out of humour*."

The Hebrew Persuasion.—The art of inducing you to feel thoroughly ashamed of what you thought a very good coat, and of prevailing on you to take two shillings and threepence for it, instead of one pound one, the sum you had fixed upon as its fair price.

"If If's and An's," &c.—Narvaez certainly succeeds in exciting perfect hurricanes of popular indignation. He must regret that this manner of "raising the wind" brings nothing in the Treasury. In what a flourishing condition the shattered finances of Spain would soon be *if* it did.

A Cure for Low Wit.—A week or two since we actually found a joke (as its author probably calls it) in the *Musical World*. It consisted of an expression of surprise that while so much was said about the Swedish Nightingale's "jug, jug," no one ever ventured to praise her "mug, mug." If this system of personality without wit be allowed, we beg to suggest that perhaps some journal which, unlike the Puppet-Show, has no objection to publishing hideous caricatures, may "fright" the *Musical World* "from its *im*propriety," by presenting faithful portraits of the persons who contribute to that gentlemanly publication.

MEDICAL MARTYRS.

In consequence of the question lately mooted as to whether Medical Students are or are not overworked, the Showman has thought it incumbent on him to make some inquiries on the subject. He has not, like the Committee of the House of Commons which has been sitting all the winter for the same purpose, examined the heads of the profession, but has gone for information to the persons most interested—to the students themselves.

Precisely at 12 o'clock, last Monday, the Showman took the chair in his office in Wellington Street, having Colonel Sibthorpe and Mr. Hudson on his right and left hand respectively.

Augustus Driver called in and examined, having been previously called out of a neighbouring public-house.

Thinks he *ought* to be a Medical Student, having been at the Middlesex Hospital for six years.

Is decidedly of opinion that Medical Students are overworked.

Has had his certificates refused for the last five years, simply because he only attended one out of every twenty lectures that were delivered.

Thinks this monstrous.

Wonders how lecturers can be so lost to all sense of propriety as to expect men to be at lectures at 9 o'clock, A.M.

Can see no other means of attending so early, save by absenting himself over-night from the Casino or Adelphi, which idea is preposterous and not to be entertained for one moment.

Is of opinion that post-boys, omnibus cabs, and linen-drapers' assistants are not so fagged as he is.

Does not know the head Physician of the Hospital—to the best of his recollection has never seen him.

Has never been into the new Ward that was opened in 1847.

Does not read much at home.

Knows a good many fast men.

By Col. Sibthorpe.—*Fast* does not mean a clever or quick man—at least in a medical point of view.

Should think he *did* know Evans's—

And the Albion.

Is partial to the ribbons; can't quite manage four, but flatters himself he 's a dab at a tandem.

Lives by himself, and always has a latch-key—don't think life is worth having without one: is of opinion that a latch-key ought to form a component part of every student's case of instruments.

In reply to the question, What duty do you owe your neighbour?

Does'nt owe his neighbour anything—tailor lives at the other end of the town.

By Mr. Hudson.—Thinks that the question, what will ultimately become of him if he go on in this way, irrelevant: has, however, no objection to state that he has hopes of marrying a bequest—means a young lady who has inherited from her uncle. In case his views should be frustrated in this quarter, begs to remind Mr. Hudson that he can still become a billiard-marker or a railroad director—has talent and brass enough for either occupation.

At this stage of the proceedings the Showman, being quite convinced that the work of medical students was such as would not turn a negro white from excessive perspiration, closed the examination, and the black boy the door upon the back of Student Driver, who immediately proceeded to the public-house before mentioned, to report the proceedings to a host of "overworked" companions.

THE LAST APPEAL (NOT BY FRANK STONE).

The Editor of that ill-regulated publication the *Musical World*, informs the Fast Men, in an Answer to Correspondents, that a word to the wise is sufficient, but that the Fast Men, being unwise, require many words. We were glad to see this announcement, because the Editor will now perceive his error in classing us among the Fast Men, for the only words we require of him are merely those necessary to explain the meaning of the line

"Love springeth fledged and full grown from thy tongue."

Perhaps, as we have asked for these nearly a dozen times already, he will favour us with them in his next number.

A Compliment Repudiated.—The *Musical World* says "the Pins and Needles of the Puppet-Show are enough to sew up any publication." There is some candour in this admission, considering that the *Musical World* is the only publication we have ever attempted to sew up; nevertheless, we shall not be diverted from our purpose by any such fulsome compliment.

A CHANCE FOR THE CLUB.

An individual in the neighbourhood of Golden Square has the following inscription posted up in front of his house:—"The celebrated Prince of Wales' sauce." Now, on consideration of this, we are placed in a dilemma. By the words, "Celebrated Prince of Wales," he must, of course, allude to Edward the Black Prince; or, if we go to the extremest verge of probability, perhaps to Brummel's fat friend the Prince Regent. As for the present little boy who possesses the title, he has done nothing, either for good or evil, which can possibly entitle him to the epithet of "celebrated." If, however, we suppose the concoctor of the inscription to intend that the word "celebrated" should qualify the substantive "sauce," then, indeed, the present owner of the three feathers may be meant. But here we come to another "fix." Is the said little boy such a gourmand that he already must have a particular sauce of his own? or does the word *sauce* imply something far different from what is generally understood by it? Were this the case, we should advise his being instantly packed off to the Whittington, where he might profit, with the members of that establishment, by the lectures on "Manners," which are sometimes delivered there.

OFT IN HIS PRESENT PLIGHT.

Air—"*Oft in the stilly night.*"

Oft in his present plight,
Now bolts and bars have bound him,
Calls Mitchell, with affright,
The late events around him:
His bragging talk of sharp pitchfork,
And words of pikes, too, spoken—
The boys who cheered, now disappeared—
The heads at Limerick broken.

When he remembers all
The facts thus linked together,
He feels uncommon small,
And aught but in full feather;
If all 's confessed, he feareth lest,
By Jurors ill supported,
Their maws to stay, he perchance may
Be, after all, transported.

An appropriate Compliment.—We understand that Professor Holloway will be shortly invited to take office, as being one of the principal pill*ers* of the state.

An absurd Reason.—It is said that the Government refuse to lower the duty on tobacco, from the mistaken idea that a rapid *consumption* would necessarily be accompanied by a corresponding *decline* in the revenue!

OBSERVATIONS ON THE OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

Mr. Showman,

As I am aware that there are certain wiseacres, who, pretending to be above vulgar prejudices—by which they mean certain hearty old English ways of thinking—condemn the Alien Bill as uncalled for, I should feel obliged by your giving the following lines publicity in your columns.

Although all good and loyal subjects—by which I mean, of course, men who have got something to lose—concur, without exception, in praising the introduction of the Marquis of Lansdowne's Bill, they are far from knowing how thankful they ought to be for it.

Every thinking mind is perfectly convinced that the shoals of foreigners who lately came over were sent by the Provisional Government to subvert our constitution. But at such schemes as these we merely laugh, because it is an undisputed fact that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen any day. Seeing, however, all physical force was useless, the Provisional Government has now sent over a number of agents to work insidiously on our minds by artful sophistry and casuistical sleight-of-hand. The following instance, which happened to myself, will prove the truth of my statement.

A short time since I was introduced to a Frenchman of quiet, gentlemanly demeanour, and who seemed the most harmless person in the world. But the hoof soon showed itself. In talking of the state of things in Paris, I took occasion to allude, in terms of censure, to the way the Parisians kept their shops open on Sundays. His defending this first raised my suspicions, and I determined to draw him out.

Would you believe it possible? He actually accused us of cant! Now every one of any sense knows that if there is a thing we detest in England it is cant. He then observed that persons who wanted to prevent railway trains from running, and steamboats from plying on a Sunday, would be the first to cry out if they did not receive their paper or their letters on Monday morning, although the said paper and letters had been printed and forwarded respectively on the day before. After a mass of more such rubbish, not worthy an answer, he concluded with the remark, that in London itself there were innumerable numbers of shops open on Sunday. That pastry-cooks, tobacconists, fruiterers, newsvenders, publicans, and, lastly, druggists, all retailed their wares on the day in question. Any reasonable man would have been silenced by my calling his attention to the fact, that though this was the case, only half the shutters were taken down. But this revolutionist, really and truly—I assure you of the fact, on my honour, and I enclose you my card—tried to turn the matter into ridicule, by saying that he had not before been aware there was so much virtue in a shutter; and that, on this principle, what would be a crime in another man would be none in you, Mr. Showman, because you wore a shade before one eye. Did you ever hear such nonsense? Why, the depravity of the man can only be equalled by his stupidity.

But however easily such flimsy sophistry is seen through by men of education like ourselves, it is calculated to pervert the minds of the lower orders, and, therefore, I not only deny that Lord Lansdowne's Bill is uncalled for, but I assert it is not half stringent enough for our wants. The Chartist and Radical party may cry out, but moderate men will never be contented until every frog-eating foreigner is turned neck and crop out of the kingdom. I am glad to see that a well-known humorous and intellectual periodical, above pandering to the vulgar tastes of the masses, advocated a few weeks since the same enlightened course.

In the hopes that these hasty observations may have some effect in drawing the attention of the legislature to the subject,

I remain your obedient servant,

A true John Bull.

Dirt Cheap.—The *Daily News* complains of our making jokes at its *expense*. We never did so, although we admit having laughed at its alleged *cheapness*.

Otium cum Dignitate.—Why will most of the Papers insist upon robbing that oft-quoted word *Banlieue* of its fair proportions, and writing it *Banlieu*. Editors and others connected with the press, who are always so loudly complaining of being overworked, ought certainly to raise a public monument to the Showman, for thus pointing out a way by which, without losing in the slightest degree their importance or influence, by any neglect of their duty towards the public, they can still, in the strictest sense of the word, take their ease (*e*'s).

General Wrangel an Obstacle to General Peace.

For Peace, the Germans and the Danes
Loudly profess they 're of one mind;
How can this be, while Prussian troops
To *Wrangel* seem so much inclined?

A Plain Statement.—The *Chronicle*, speaking of the junction of Venice and Genoa, says, it would take a great deal to unite these old political and commercial rivals in one state. Does not the *Chronicle* perceive that they are already united in one state, namely—a state of great embarrassment and danger?

Strong Evidence of Incapacity.—M. Sobrier, who during the late insurrection in Paris held the seals of office for several hours, was nevertheless quite unable to produce good impression.

Vestiges of Creation.—Knowing how much light is thrown by the theory of the author of the "Vestiges" on the physical history of the world, we have applied it to that well-known opaque body, the *Musical World*. We find that it was originally inhabited by some feeble creatures, who emitted noises, weak, but disagreeable. As development proceeded, their ears gradually grew longer, while their voices became more loud in proportion—symptoms still perceptibly on the increase.

THE CHARTIST PARLIAMENT.

(*Concluding Proceedings.*)

ORDER OF THE DAY.—A pot of half-and-half.

NOTICES OF MOTION.

MR. CUFFEY to move for a Select Committee to inquire into the cause of the deficient supply of Soap.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS to ask the Secretary of State (that was to be) why Journals and Books without character or ability won't pay?

MR. ERNEST JONES to call the attention of the House to the disgraceful fact, that, in a free country, Debtors are made to pay, and Humbugs are treated with contempt.

THE BUDGET.

The SPEAKER having taken the three-legged stool,

Mr. SHANDY GAFF resumed the adjourned debate. He said as how it appeared to him that the pecuniary affairs of the House resolved themselves into a very narrow compass (*a laugh*). He was not a-going to be laughed at in that 'ere House (*confusion*); there was no funds (*uproar*)—not a copper in the till—he meant the Exchequer!

An HON. MEMBER—Come to the point.

Mr. GAFF—You 're another!

Several honourable members here rose together, and Mr. HORNY PALM caught the Speaker's eye—and blackened it.

This was the signal for a *mêlée*.

(*Left brawling.*)

EPITAPH ON THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

(BY OUR OWN GRAVE-DIGGER.)

IN usual cases, e'er the life has fled,
The body 's odorous, but stinks when dead:
A different fate this Body does attend,
Stinking when living—dead, it don't offend!

OUR DISCHARGED CONTRIBUTOR ONCE MORE.

THIS individual has lately adopted a new plan of operation. We had told him positively and once for all that, after our last number, no more of his lucubrations should ever find a place in our columns. Seeing that all the usual means had no effect on us, he determined to see if, like Achilles, we had not somewhere or other a vulnerable point. He knew the immense task our worthy publisher, Mr. Dover, has to supply the million readers of the PUPPET-SHOW fast enough. He calculated that for this, the greatest presence of mind must be necessary, and thought that if he could once disturb it he should effect his end. He accordingly went down to our Office last Monday week, and perpetrated one or two of his most atrocious jokes. The effect was instantaneous. Our publisher was laid up with headache the whole afternoon. Seeing the mischief he had produced, the unprincipled individual in question determined, with Machiavelian policy, to repeat the dose, and on being refused admittance to the Office, laid in wait until Mr. Dover went home to dine, when he joined him in the street, and in allusion to the shifts that the latter had been put to in order to avoid him, made some reference to the "Straits of Dover." Such a state of things could not continue; we have therefore made a treaty with this audacious personage to insert now and then one of his articles, on condition he never resorts to such measures again. To commence, we reluctantly present our readers with the following (awful) joke:—

"FUR-FETCHED."—Some one advertises in the *Times* for some rafts of fir timber which have floated from their moorings. It is more than probable that by this time the said timber is very *fir* indeed.

NOT SO GREEN AS HE SEEMS.—A young man has written to ask us whether he is justified in starting a cab on a chance which he possesses in a Derby Sweep of obtaining what the prospectus calls "a handsome competence for life."

NOTICE.

THE Sunday after next, being WITS' Sunday, the SHOWMAN hereby invites all the Contributors to the PUPPET-SHOW to a grand dinner, at his villa, on that day.

Dinner to be on the table at seven o'clock precisely; no one to be under the same before five minutes past twelve.

The Discharged Contributor is earnestly requested not to attend.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DER.—Planè ingratus videretur SHOWMAN ni viro doctissimo, qui nuper a sylvis Academi Cantabrigiensis scribens, errorem de sacrificio Iphigeniæ, in scriptis ejus monstravit, gratias ageret. In errorem illum incidit incautè SHOWMAN qui ferè non tam historiæ, quam leporis jocorumque, studiosus est.

J. C. will find a letter for him at the former address.

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RATHER PLEASANT.

PROFESSOR OF THE NOBLE ART, &c.—"Now then, Sir, will you please to throw yourself into hattitude, while I puts numbers one, two, and three into you. Be pertickler in yer guards. I had the misfortune to give a gentleman of your size a mortal heavy blow this mornin' as stunn'd him for half-an-hour!"

MISSING, from his palace at Vienna, AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN of weak intellects, known as the "Emperor of Austria." When last seen he was in an ugly vehicle with two horses, and his wife, on the road to Innspruck. He is about five feet ten in height, with slanting forehead, grey eyes, and nose of more than ordinary dimensions; and was dressed in a military coat, buttoned up, with a broad riband and a star on that part of his breast which a few friends suppose contains his heart. Whoever will give such information as shall lead to his restoration to his disconsolate subjects, shall receive a liberal reward. *N.B.* Should this meet his eye, he is requested, at all events, to send back the key of the Treasury.

HOPES FOR THE FUTURE.

A DIALOGUE.

I.

"FRIEND of the People—if thy soul can see
The dawning splendours of futurity;
If to thy finer sense the truths are clear
Which we behold not, let their light appear.
Show us their outline; manifest to men
The far-off glories hidden from their ken:
Draw back the curtain, and our hearts shall k
What gloom we quit, and to what light we g

II.

"Man of the People—Truth abides its time,
And rolls for ever in a track sublime;
There is no mist or darkness on its way
But of man's placing; an eternal day
Surrounds and follows it; and if mine eyes
Can bear its blaze, and trace its symmetries,
Measure its distance, and its advent wait,
I am no prophet—I but calculate."

III.

"Friend of the People—when *I* look around
I see but sorrows cumbering the ground:
I see the poor made poorer by the law,
And rulers ruling not by love but awe.
I see the many, ignorant and bad,
Wretched and reckless, and my heart is sad.
The people suffer, and have suffered long;
Where is the remedy to right the wrong?"

IV.

"Man of the People—sorrow makes thee bli
Look up through tears; be hopeful for mank
I weep not, nor deplore, for I behold
Of the new dawn the purple and the gold;—
Error is mortal—even while I look
Its basements crumble; knowledge opes a bo
In which the child may read the social plan,
And how to remedy the wrongs of man."

V.

"Friend of the People—truth is slow to cast
Its lustre on us. Falsehood shrouds the past
And dims the present. Lo! we fight and sl
While preaching peace. We hate, yet daily
Blessed is Love. We are a fearful crowd:
We flatter wealth, we pander to the proud,
Laud the oppressor, and in tyrants trust.
When shall such evils pass, and men be just

VI.

"Man of the People—they shall surely pass.
Be faith in right thy telescopic glass,
And thou shalt see, e'en as I see, this hour,
War and oppression, hate and lust of power,

Dwindling and dying on the wiser earth,
Which learns to blush that e'er it gave them birth,
And Love and Labour pouring from their hands
Incessant plenty o'er the happy lands."

VII.

"Friend of the People—I would fain believe.
Doubt is a pang: but when I look, I grieve
At vast impediments. How shall we smite
The armies of the wrong, that war with right?
How shall we share, among the sons of toil,
That none may lack—the corn, the wine, the oil?
Must war ride rampant o'er the world again,
Ere Love be law and Misery cease to reign?"

VIII.

"Man of the People—not on swords and spears
Is the reliance of the coming years:
Not by the cannon's throat shall Truth proclaim
Its mighty mission—not with blood and flame
Inscribe its lessons in the book of Time;
Its strongest weapons shall be words sublime;
Its armies, thoughts; its banners, printed sheets;
Its captains, voices crying in the streets.

IX.

"The Earth is good, and bountiful, and fair:
Her choicest blessings are the destined share
Of all her children, who in love combine
Wisely to labour; this the law divine
Of the new era. Mighty thoughts have sprung
From the world's throbbing heart upon its tongue—
I see their triumph, and I join the cry.
Man of the People—watch! the hour is nigh."

Signs of the Times.—Some idea may be formed of the present depressed state of affairs, from the startling fact, that on Thursday last Baron Rothschild could not get a Bill done, although drawn by Lord John Russell!!

A Rival to Tom Thumb.—We see by the papers, that among the robberies at the Royal Academy has been that of a "bust of a man nine inches high."

Infamous if True.—When Sir George Grey heard that the jury who sat on Meagher's trial could not agree in their decision, he facetiously observed that he never intended the verdict to be an agree-able one.

Singular Folly.—Our Discharged Contributor lately applied to Edwin Landseer to go halves with him in a share in a Derby Sweep; "because," as he said, "Mr. Landseer always draws such excellent horses."

Political Rumour.—We understand that it is the intention of Government to prosecute Harrison Ainsworth for having stirred up certain "Lancashire Witches" to injure the public by potent spells, the effect of which is to superinduce nausea and dangerous and unnatural sleep. The Witches will (in conformity with ancient custom) be burnt forthwith.

The March of Intellect.—Last March—on the 18th of which month the first number of the Puppet-Show appeared.

The Best "Sanatory Act."—The act of washing one's face.

The Best "Table of Diet."—A dinner-table.

Low Diet.—Bread and cheese and onions.

Good News.—We are happy to be able to convey to all the admirers of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind the gratifying intelligence that they need not fear being unable to obtain seats, as was the case last year. At present all the "Vacancies"—for young gentlemen, and others—daily advertised in the columns of the *Times*, seem to have found their way into Her Majesty's Theatre, to the great comfort of the subscribers, who thus avoid the bore of being inconveniently crowded.

HUMILITY.—A FRAGMENT.

Lord Haut-Ton—Aw—aw—my dear friend—I am glad you are content with the living. It's a pretty place—

Rev. Mr. Meek—Yes, my lord, charming—so quiet—so peaceful. Far away from the giddy world, we know none of the petty bickerings, the heart-burnings, the conventional distinctions which distract it; all is Christian peace and love. I am here, as I may say, like a shepherd with his flock.

Lord Haut-Ton—Aw—aw—ye-a-s—I hear there's a very agreeable set-down here.

Rev. Mr. Meek—Oh, yes—there's old Lady Giggle, and the Hon. Captain Chousem—and Dr. Miggins—brother-in-law to Sir Samuel Cringer, you know—

Lord Haut-Ton—Aw—ye-a-s—and (*looking round, and pointing with his stick*) who lives in that house?

Rev. Mr. Meek—Oh!—there!—I really don't know. I believe their name is Jones or Jobson—But we can't visit them—they are something connected with trade. . . . . .

THE WHIGS AGAIN.

Having been beaten twice in Dublin, by juries packed by themselves, the Whigs resolved that they would make a great effort against Mr. Mitchell, who, although his writings deserve the strongest condemnation, is yet the most honest and sincere of the Repealers, and therefore naturally most offensive to the Government. To this end, they so managed matters—so shuffled the political cards with the skill of the swindler—that out of a juror's book containing *four* Catholics to *one* Protestant, they selected a panel in which the Catholics were to the Protestants as *one* to *six*. It is ridiculous to talk of Mr. Mitchell's delinquencies after this. He has been stabbed in the back by these Government assassins, and becomes an object of sympathy. He has been convicted by an unjust trial; and, if the precedent be admitted, the liberty of the subject is gone—gone, as completely as the reputation of the Ministers who have perpetrated this foul act.

Let us turn next to the extraordinary arrest of Mr. Devin Reilly, who has been sent for trial (having been all one night in jail) for no other earthly offence than calling "Right shoulder forward" during the procession of a political club—one hitherto permitted by the Government. It was shown that their marching in order prevented street confusion; it was proved that they behaved with quietness and regularity; the fact is notorious that dozens of public bodies (Temperance Societies, Odd Fellows, &c.) may march in procession; common sense shows that no such body can proceed properly through a city without the use of words of command; yet in the face of these considerations, an Irish gentleman has been committed for trial under circumstances of insult and indignity. The Government, it is said, are going to try O'Brien and Meagher again, in the face of their former defeat. Have they an appetite for discomfiture and degradation, as well as for the public money? or are they preparing to pack another jury on a still more extensive scale, and so wind up the career of injustice by a climax of infamy?

Let us thank Providence that everywhere their power is on the wane. Their proceedings are watched by the people, not with fear, but with attention—as one watches the ravages of rats; and the country waits patiently for the proper time of kicking them out of office. "When they are ripe" (as Junius said), "they shall be plucked."

APPROPRIATE NICK-NAME.

Smith O'Brien is now known as the Irish Zebra—the Limerick flagellation having made him a striped ass.

NEVER CONTENT.

In Germany the distress is very great—whole multitudes are starving; a plain proof that their present Diet is far from being sufficient for their wants.

NO MISTAKE.

According to the papers, the Portuguese Minister of Finance is unable to raise a single "real." This may be truly called a real difficulty.

"MOST MUSICAL, MOST MELANCHOLY."

The *Musical World* prides itself on giving more musical information than any other journal. No one will deny that although its news be most musical, its jokes are certainly most melancholy.

A BAD RESOLUTION.

Lord George Bentinck declared the other day that he would never forsake his principles. The unfortunate nobleman has proved by this wilful statement that there is now no hope for him!

A JOKE FOR EXETER HALL.

One of the weekly newspapers speaks of the *ballet* at Her Majesty's Theatre as a "Terpsichorean treat." It might have added that "the entertainment consisted of all the *in*delicacies of the season."

LITERARY.

Many will question the ability of Mr. Horne's "Miracle Play," recently published, but none the orthodoxy. He has created his *Judas* expressly to be damned. However, possibly, it may n't be acted.

WHAT 'S IN A NAME?

The King of Naples of course possesses a christian name. We are sorry to say, however, this is the only thing christian about him.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Every one in the least acquainted with the Emperor of Austria is aware that all the patriotic demonstrations and rabid proofs of loyalty in Innspruck were caused by a mere nothing.

THE TRUE DEFINITION.

We formerly supposed the end of humanity to be the alleviation of human misery. Experience has taught us, however, that the end of humanity was the commencement of the late massacres at Naples.

A WHEEL WITHIN A WHEEL.

Mr. Cochrane says, that he devotes himself henceforward to the service of the common weal, and that he is prepared to take any steps in its furtherance that upon reflection shall appear desirable. We heartily wish to see him so devoted; but it must be the *common wheel* at Brixton Gaol, the furtherance of which he can expedite by taking his steps, and making his reflections at the same time.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Perceiving our Discharged Contributor's name in the *Gazette* (the only journal, by the way, that will publish it as a contributor), we hasten to advise his creditors to seize and convey him to a place sacred to strayed quadrupeds. That is their only chance of getting anything "in the pound!"

THE LITTLE PREMIER.

(AFTER TOM MOORE.)

THERE was a little man, and he had a little head,
And he said, "My little head, let us try, try, try,
If we can't with all my pains,
And your little, little brains,
Subdue the world under you and I, I, I,
Subdue the world under you and I!"

The little head it ached,
And the little man he quaked,
And away they went to work, together, gether, gether,
But so feeble was their will,
And so little was their skill,
That they got into very stormy weather, weather, weather,
That they got into very stormy weather!

It being their ambition
To put down Pat's sedition,
They were laughed at and beaten by the jury, jury, jury;
And striving then to gain
All the whole command of Spain,
They were kicked from Madrid in a fury, fury, fury,
They were kicked from Madrid in a fury!

Not venturing to cope,
With the Aldermen 'bout soap,
They left all the City in its dirt, dirt, dirt;
And what with Leagues to form,
And Chartist boys to storm,
The little man and little head got hurt, hurt, hurt,
The little man and little head got hurt!

THE TWO STUDENTS.—We have said nothing about the Two Students of Westminster Hospital, since the memorable occasion when they were sworn in as Special Constables, and took each other into custody for obstructing one another in the execution of their respective duties. Since that period they have not been inactive, and last week actually accomplished that gigantic feat of the human understanding, the getting up of a Derby Sweep. After the horses had been drawn, the students commenced betting with each other, and managed so that neither of them could win, and that they must together lose the five per cent which was paid the porter for deciding as to the distribution of the prizes.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ALL Baron Rothschild's friends are lost in admiration at the stoical coolness with which he bears the result of last Thursday's debate in the House of Lords. The secret of his stoicism lies in a little advice the SHOWMAN gave him some time since. Knowing that use is second nature, the SHOWMAN drew up the following rules for the Baron's guidance:—

"Engage a box at Her Majesty's Theatre for £12 12*s*.

"Pay for it, of course, beforehand.

"Arrive at exactly eight o'clock.

"Tell the box-keeper to open the door of your £12 12*s*. box.

"Be prepared to hear him answer, in an insolent manner, that your £12 12*s*. box is already occupied.

"That it is perfectly immaterial whether you paid £12 12*s*. for it or not.

"That, even if you did pay £12 12*s*., you will not have the £12 12*s*. box.

"That, if you wish to hear the opera, he does not object to your remaining in the corridor, and even peeping through the hole in the door of the £12 12*s*. box.

"That, if this does not suit, you can have a place in the pit—paying for it, of course—

"But that, if you presume to remonstrate, he will have you turned out for making a disturbance.

"In order to render the effect still more sure, it is advisable to go with a party of ladies.

"By observing the foregoing precepts you will become so accustomed to the loss of an infinity of seats justly belonging to you, that the being turned out of one more or less will have but little effect upon your spirits, and will leave your nervous system altogether unscathed."

THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE THAMES IN ITS ANTIQUE CONDITION.

WHOEVER enters the square of Somerset House will be edified by the graven image of an elderly gentleman, in the costume of the period before tailors were invented, who is represented in a reclining and somewhat lazy posture, leaning upon an urn from which water appears to flow, and thus easily earning his livelihood. This bronze gentleman is Old Father Thames. He has a numerous family poetically called the Sons of the Thames;—but we never heard of a mamma, or Old Mother Thames, and indeed the subject is much too delicate to be inquired into.

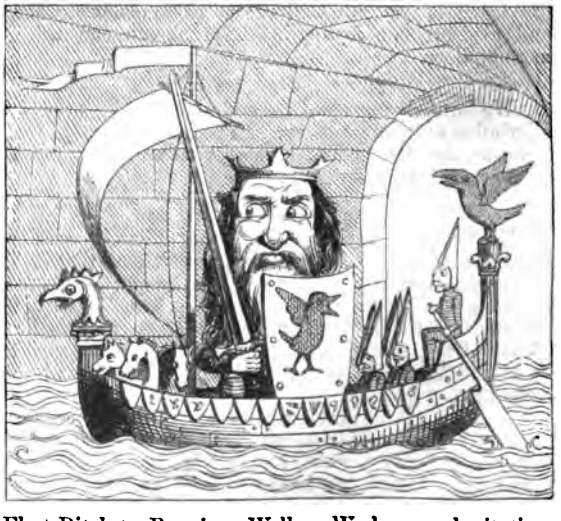
Old Father Thames must be a gentleman of persevering habits. Long before Widdicombe established a circus for the amusement of Julius Cæsar—long before Mr. John Cooper played juvenile tragedy at the court of Queen Boadicea—the River God was at work with his urn supplying the ancestors of the water-drops which now roll between Gloucestershire and the sea. And here we pause for a moment solemnly to contradict the assertions of those Continental geographers, some of whom state that London is built upon the Serpentine, and others that it is situated on Ball's Pond, Islington. The Thames is the ocean of our brick and mortar world, and we would duck in its waters any who may presume to think differently.

No very authentic records remain of the proceedings of the ancient Britons or the Druids with reference to the Thames. We are well acquainted, indeed, with the habits and customs of modern Ancient Britons, and the Honourable Order of Druids, as it subsists in the present day. We know that both of these races are in the habit of engaging steamboats, decorating them with flags, and embarking at London Bridge for a perilous voyage to the Nore, and round Her Majesty's Fleet at Sheerness. Upon these occasions, the Ancient Britons and Druids are much given to the consumption of cold meat, lobster salads, and bottled stout. No historian, however, has ventured to assert that their progenitors of the time of Caractacus ever indulged in these luxuries.

In all probability, however, the ancient Britons who dwelt along the Strand and down by London Bridge, made use of the river as best suited their own purposes. Throughout the whole of the books and documents in the British Museum, all of which we searched one morning, there is not to be found a single word which directly contradicts the following statement, viz. that the ancient Britons had an annual regatta at Putney, wherein the prizes were new corracles and handsome coats of ochre; and, moreover, that they established rival passenger vessels to ply between different points, connected with which were touters, whose duty it was to exclaim, "Now then, gents, this way to the penny corracle;" or, "Ha'-penny corracle, gents, that 's the ticket."

The Romans were not a very amphibious people, except in the matter of baths. But it is a fatal error to attribute to their labours the establishments in Holborn and the Westminster Road. It may, however, be remarked that it was, in all probability, the extreme liking of the Romans for the bath which caused them in general to get on so swimmingly; and we presume that during the fine weather, so long as they had possession of its banks, the surface of the Thames would have been dotted with heads, each of them ornamented with a Roman nose. The ancient masters of the world cared little for the state of the atmosphere when they treated themselves to a plunge; so we find Cassius and Cæsar on a raw and gusty day jumping, like a couple of donkeys, into the Tiber. Only fancy, in the present time, Sir Harry Smith and the Duke of Wellington plumping for mere fun into the Thames at Chelsea and swimming to the Red House. However, if the Romans were content, so are we.

The period of Saxon domination is chiefly remarkable for the incursions made by the Danes—led for all we know by Hamlet—up the Thames. On one of these occasions we read that the Danish ships sailed up the



Fleet Ditch to Bagnigge Wells. We have no hesitation, however, in stating that not a ship which ever steered

Dick Cobden—" So, you 've hooked yourself on to us, have you? I'll serve you out—We 've got up-hill work enough without having you hanging on."
Costermonger O'Connor—" Come, now, you ha' done—I 'm a-pushin'! "
Dick Cobden—" We do n't want your pushing; so just mizzle!"

from Copenhagen would be able to do as much now-a-days, a state of things which proves the deteriorated seamanship of the Danish people. To a certain extent, however, we sympathize with them, and at all events shall, for our own parts, take care not to enter into any of those savoury tributaries to the Thames which are placed under the direction of the Commissioners of Sewers.

The mediæval Thames was known as the "Silent Highway." It does not, however, follow from this, that the people who sailed upon it were called Silent Highwaymen; and, indeed, the epithet can hardly be justified, for there are few rivers which have made more noise in the world. The highway in question, however, stands in proud pre-eminence above all other highways as the only one for which rates were never charged. The supposition that the Thames was called a highway because it abounded with pikes, is a mere paltry quibble, only noticed here to be summarily put down; and the frantic supposition, founded upon the fact that water is a good conductor of sounds, that the river was called a highway because when a bell was rung on shore it kept up the toll, is simply a joke which no man with a spark of philanthropy in his composition would inflict upon his suffering fellow-creatures.

In these picturesque middle ages of which we are treating, when no doubletted and feathered young gent could call a Hansom, and no worthy burgher went home at curfew time by the latest 'bus, the wherry and the barge were in particular request. Sometimes, amid the bright fleet of gliding boats, a sombre but well-manned craft would shoot downwards with the ebb, and disappear by the water-gate of the Tower. This was the prison-van of the period; and as for the life of the culprit which it conveyed, it was a mere toss-up, of which the more likely alternative was, "Heads, you loose." About the time that we are speaking of, the theatres at Bankside flourished, and all the world came to them in boats. When the performances were about half over, the watermen plying along the Middlesex shore would probably stick labels on their wherries intimating that half-price had commenced; and when the curtain fell and the audience left the theatre, you might, had you only been born soon enough, have heard the lacquays shout, "Call up the Duchess of Bermondsey's ran-dan;" or, "The Countess of Pimlico's funny stops the tideway."

At this era, and, indeed, up to a much later day, the Thames abounded with fish of different kinds. In the old pictures of the river we continually see representations of fishermen engaged in the nominally warlike process of shooting their nets, probably in the hope of catching a Thames salmon—a creature which is now-a-days about as difficult to get hold of as is a phœnix or a unicorn. And there are still, we believe, fishermen upon the Thames; but what they can capture, barring rich hauls of mud, and occasional prizes in the way of morsels of small coal and broken ginger-beer bottles, we have not the remotest idea. We fear, indeed, that the finny inhabitants of the Thames are becoming extinct. At ancient banquets, a sewer with flowing robes and a white wand served the fish; but unhappily the sewers of modern days are very different things, and their influence upon fish is decidedly of a prejudicial character.

These considerations, however, bring us to the end of our first chapter, leading us out of the Thames as it flowed, when kings floated in gilded barges upon its breast; and into the Thames as it floats now-a-days, when gents can have a ha'porth of chance of a blow-up, every five minutes, in voyaging from London Bridge to the Adelphi Pier.

I FOUND MYSELF CRIBBED 'TWEEN FOUR STONE WALLS.

AS SUNG BY MR. MITCHELL IN NEWGATE, DUBLIN.

AIR—"*I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls.*"

I FOUND myself cribbed 'tween four stone walls,
With gaolers and thieves at my side,
While my friends all assembled to make their calls,
And my conduct deified;
I had trusses of straw for bed, and creased
No sheets with my weary frame,
But I dreamt at night, which pleased me least,
That they "lagged" me all the same.

I dreamt that Young Ireland made a stand
With pikes 'gainst the enemy,
And with rifles no Saxon breast could withstand
That they set green Erin free;
And I dreamt that one—which my joy increased—
Came forth me King to name,
Yet I also dreamt—which pleased me least—
That they "lagged" me all the same.

POSITIVE, COMPARATIVE, AND SUPERLATIVE.—Col. Sibthorpe has lately given vent to his joint aversion for Railroads and Chartists in the following astounding *jeu d'esprit*:—Owing to the formation of numerous railways, the old Charts have become complete humbugs; the Char*ter* is of course a greater humbug, while the Char*tist* is evidently the greatest humbug of all!

Q. Who is the greatest mimic in the world?
A. Death, for he takes off every one with the utmost certainty.

INTERESTING FACT.—On the memorable 10th of April, our dark-complexioned friend, Mr. Cuffey, was the only Chartist Delegate who did not blanch with fear.

EPIGRAM.

The young Prince of Wales has been frequently called
"The Pride of the navy—The gallant young *Tar*;"
But since e'en as middy he 's ne'er been installed,
We think this is *pitching* it too strong by far.

ABD-EL-KADER.

WE perceive by the daily journals, that Abd-el-Kader having been released from the prison where his honourable foe, Louis Philippe, confined him, has proceeded to Pau, where he has made himself very busy, and began to hold levees. It is a circumstance painfully significant of the state of French morals, that several ladies have been "presented" to him, and that he has "received" them! It is to be hoped, that the names of those miscreants who have given their female friends to the Mussulman, will be exposed to the indignation of Europe.

His Highness enjoys very good health and spirits (Eau de Vie in particular), and has been heard to sing, "Oh, give me but my Arab steed," with great fervour. It will be satisfactory to those who are curious in the habits of great men to know, that the chief (and this is his chief peculiarity) eats about three times a-day, and sleeps at night. When asleep he has been heard to make a noise in breathing, of a sonorous description. Of his full possession of his faculties sufficient proof is afforded by the fact, that he regularly reads the PUPPET-SHOW. He is known to be a poet, and has done us the honour to enclose some contributions which have great merit as oriental descriptions, as our readers may judge from the subjoined specimen. (We will send the Ex-Emir the money for them, when we get some piastres in change.)

THE SIGH OF A CAPTIVE.

"As the camel when thirsty is anxious for drink,
So, I long to be out of the Gallican clink!
As the leaves of the palm tree are verdant in spring,
So was I when I trusted an Orleans King!
Oh, sweet will be freedom as Araby's well,
And bright as the eyes of the gentle gazelle!"

We are not surprised that the poem closes here, as a long experience of Oriental poems has taught us that when the bard has used the "camel," the "palm-tree" the "well" and the "gazelle"—or, in other words, has ridden the "camel" to death, cut down the "palm-tree," dipped into the "well," and massacred the "gazelle," he has nothing further to do.

EDITOR'S BOX.

In "The Lords of Ellingham," a new five-act play brought out a short time since at the Olympic, the author, Mr. Spicer, has produced a work of more than ordinary merit, its only defect being that the plot, instead of steadily progressing towards the catastrophe, indulges in too many fantastic windings and serpentine digressions, thereby diverting the attention of the audience more than the audience themselves, who go wandering up and down in a sort of literary labyrinth, lost, so to speak, in a-maze.

Mr. G. V. Brooke played the principal part, a villain, most villanously—in other words, to the life—and was ably supported by Mrs. Mowat and Mr. Davenport. All three obtained a due share of applause, after having previously, like so many winners at Ascot, come in for the cup—of the usual poisoned ingredients. It struck us, however, that though the "bowl" is an established favourite in works of this kind, it may be used too much, and we therefore must deprecate the "bowling" out Mr. Brooke in the same way as Mr. Davenport, and Mr. Davenport in the same same way as Mrs. Mowat. The reception of Mr. Spicer's play has been very favourable; the best—although somewhat anomalous—proof how sure a stand it has made in public favour is, that it is still running and will most certainly continue to do so for some time.

Before taking leave of the Olympic, we would give a friendly hint to the gentleman who officiates at the pay-place below, and to his brother functionary on the stairs, who, despite the immense number of checks which he takes for his employers, appears as yet not to have received one for his impertinence. We would impress on these two individuals that politeness costs nothing—that is, in most cases: even supposing that, in consequence of its being so diametrically opposed to their natures, it really did cost these two gentlemen an effort, we would strongly advise them to be guilty of this trifling piece of moral extravagance. If, after this rebuke, they should not like to make the first advances towards the improvement of their behaviour, let them prevail on Mr. Davidson to make the same for them, in the shape of payments for both to attend, for the space of six months, the Lectures on "Manners" delivered at the Whittington Club.

A NEW ACT.

In order to avoid any more disputes similar to that which took place last Tuesday, as to the propriety of their being no House on the Derby day, the Showman—assisted by Lord George Bentinck—has, in despite of Mr. Bright, drawn up, and passed—to the printer—an Act, by which it is decreed that all honourable members shall henceforward always have a holiday:

On the opening of Cremorne, Rosherville, and Vauxhall Gardens, respectively; on the occasion of the Horticultural *Fête* at Chiswick, and the birthday of any of Her Majesty's Ministers; on any day on which there is a fight, cricket-match, or boat-race, provided these amusements take place within fifteen miles of the metropolis; in the event of a review in Hyde Park, or on Woolwich Common; and on the chimney-sweeps' festival of the first of May.

Besides the holidays here named, two days are set apart every session, to be employed in visiting the Colosseum, the Surrey Zoological, the Polytechnic Institution, and the Puppet-Show Office.

After a long discussion it was settled that the proposed half-holiday, to begin at 5 P.M., every Jenny Lind night, should not be adopted: the necessity for the same has ceased to be a reality—persons arriving at Her Majesty's Theatre by 8 o'clock, being sure of finding seats, unless they have been foolish enough to pay for a £12 12*s*. box beforehand.

Protection to British Talent.—The engagements of English Artists for next season at Her Majesty's Theatre are still going on with unabated activity. A very numerous and *in*efficient chorus has already been formed; the subscribers will thus enjoy something at least to which they have been accustomed.

PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF GRAMMAR.

No. 1.—A Note of Interrogation.

Sir,

Will you pay my bill of £20 immediately?

John Smith.

G. Fitz-Eagle, Esq.

No. 2.—A Note of Admiration.

Lovely Jemima,

My heart is an aching void! Your cheek is more beautiful than the rose-leaf, and your breath more fragrant than *eau-de-Cologne!*

Softly Snooks.

Miss Simpers.

No. 3.—Full-stop.

Sir,

In reply to your letter I beg to state I will not advance you another farthing.

Your affectionate father,

W. Gripe.

Q. On what day of the year would any one be very far from surprised at discovering a reasonable article in the *Musical World?*

A. On the 16th of August; because on that day there was an end to a great Marvel.

[*Note for Non-Historical Readers.*—Andrew Marvel, a distinguished patriot, died August 16, 1678.]

A FEW HINTS TO THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN COMBATANTS.

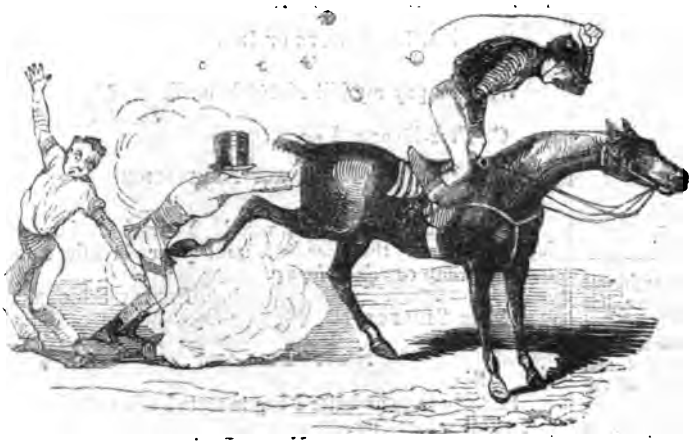
Not thinking war a sufficiently warm dish of itself, the Germans and Danes, it appears, have determined to spice it up a trifle by the addition of a little extra cruelty, and a few more barbarities than those absolutely inseparable from it. A system of reprisals has been entered into which bids fair, with a little judicious attention, to reach a point which would absolutely delight the chief of some tribe of Indian scalpers, or fill the heart of a Corsican with unmitigated joy. In a short time the rival forces will absolutely stick at nothing—except indeed the bodies of their foes.

Now the Showman has viewed this with some sorrow, and a great deal of disgust; he thinks that if circumstances imperiously require that men should cut each others' throats, that they might do it with as little savageness as possible; and, as example is better than precept, he would beg to hold up for the imitation of the belligerent parties the conduct of the different knights, sailors, Highlanders, and villains who figure in the "terrific combats" so popular at the Standard and Victoria Theatres, and at the Bower Saloon.

In these encounters all is conducted on the broadest footing of fair play. No taking advantage, no hitting unfairly—all is honourable and above board. Look at the combatants ere they engage. It is true they scowl at each other, as only beings at the above-named places of amusement can scowl; but, although they are burning with hatred, they are full of politeness, and even the Villain himself would scorn to commence proceedings ere his antagonist had fallen into position, given the requisite number of nods with his head, and requested him to "come on." Observe them while they are engaged; one—two—three—pause—four—five—six—then a thrust—a parry, and the same over again, each man evidently not wishing to gain an advantage over the other by launching out into any new and unexpected manœuvre, which might put his foe off his guard. Is not this noble conduct? But how shall we express our admiration at the Villain's magnanimity, who, when the Good Lover jumps over his sword, forbears to stab him seven times in the back, although he has plenty of time to do so, ere the said Lover can turn round and act on the defensive again.

The Showman thinks that he has said enough on the subject for the present; he will only add he has some idea of proposing a truce to the commanders of the adverse armies, until such time as a certain number of the *élite* of their troops shall have had time to visit London and take lessons in the mode of warfare alluded to in this article.

The Showman has also thoughts of entrusting this mission to his Discharged Contributor, who possesses the requisite stupidity to qualify him for a diplomatist. By this means the Showman would, at least for a short period, rid himself of the importunities of the degraded being in question.



THE HORSE THAT WON'T GO.

THE LITERARY DERBY.

In noticing the race, last week, which has been going on between the light *litérateurs* of London, we omitted to mention the following, who started but were pulled up lame:—

Mr. Selby's *Slang*, by *Bad Taste*, out of *Billingsgate*.

The Musical World's *Trash*, by *Pedantry*, out of *Technicality*.

Another that made a false start and at once broke down, was

W. B. Jerrold's *Attempt*, by *Impudence*, out of *The Governor's Reputation*.

We have not yet expressed an opinion as to who the winner will be. The crack one, who is in many respects far *safer* than any other that we have yet named, is

Mr. D'Israeli's *Brilliancy*, by *Sarcasm*, out of *Disappointment*.

THE HORSE THAT WON'T STOP.

☞ OUR DERBY PROPHECY.

We take much credit to ourselves for having prophesied correctly last week as to the winner of the Derby. We certainly were not very precise in our declaration, but as we mentioned *Surplice* two or three times, no one can deny that we named the winner.

The Derby in the House of Lords.—In the late debate in the Upper House, the supporters of the Church defeated the friends of the Jews. It thus appears, that in Parliament, as at Epsom, *Surplice* was destined to beat *Shylock*.

Trivial.—We have heard a good deal lately about the "light literature of the day." We think, however, it must yield, in brilliancy at least, to "the *light* literature of the night"—that is, the loyal mottoes, V. R.'s, and other devices, executed in jets of gas, in celebration of Her Majesty's birthday.

Opera Tactics.—A gentleman has written to the *Times* to state, that after paying twelve guineas for a box at Her Majesty's Theatre, on seeking admission, he found it occupied. This must have been a *ruse* on the part of Mr. Lumley to make the public believe that his theatre does sometimes fill; and as his victim took the trouble to publish the affair, the dodge must have answered beyond the manager's most sanguine expectations.

"IT'S A LONG TIME COMING."

(Revised from Mackay's Poem.)

It 's a long time coming, boys,
A long time coming;
We may not live to see the day,
But lords their tailors' bills shall pay
In this good time coming.
Conservatives shall speak the truth,
The people's cause be stronger,
And thrive without e'en Cuffey's aid—
Wait a little longer.

It 's a long time coming, boys,
A long time coming;
To foster foul disease shall be
No certain proof of loyalty,
In the good time coming.
Those men that hate the use of soap
Shall not then be the stronger,
Nor poison hosts for custom's sake—
Wait a little longer.

It 's a long time coming, boys,
A long time coming;
London sects at last shall learn
Papists were not made to burn,
In the good time coming:
Religion shall be shorn of cant,
And kindness be much stronger;
The Hall of Saints shall be "to let"—
Wait a little longer.

It 's a long time coming, boys,
A long time coming;
"Philanthropists" shall cease to prate
That the poor the rich must hate,
In the good time coming:
But they must cease their vain abuse,
Their reason must be stronger,
Before the reformation comes—
Wait a great deal longer.

☞ CAUTION!

The Showman has been given to understand, that a person connected with the Press, a friend of the Hangman's, is indignant at the remarks of the Showman in his last week's number, and talks of "taking steps" against him. The Showman thinks it possible that the only "steps" that the person in question will "take," will be those on the Brixton Mill. Further, the Showman begs to warn him not to provoke his indignation: if he does so, the Showman will raise such a storm against him, as will make him tremble in his corduroys.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Peeper into the Puppet-Show.—We are exceedingly obliged to our correspondent for the copy of the *Manchester Times*, containing a detailed account of the inquiry into the alleged murders at Stoneleigh Abbey. We are anxiously watching for Lord Leigh's threatened indictment of the witnesses for perjury.

☞ *Our readers are informed that an Edition of the* Puppet-Show *is published in Monthly Parts, and that the same may be obtained by order of every bookseller in the kingdom. Parts* 1 *and* 2, *each consisting of five numbers, stitched in an ornamental wrapper, are now ready, price Sixpence each.*

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NUMBER 13. LONDON, JUNE 10, 1848. ONE PENNY.

THE LOST ONE FOUND.

"IF YOU PLEASE, MARM, WAS YOU THE LADY AS HAD HER NEW PARASOL TOOK AWAY BY THE MONKEY?"

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

WE ought certainly to be very grateful to the Government for the attention which they pay to the safety of the metropolis. Some weeks since they did us the honour to buy ten thousand copies of the PUPPET-SHOW, in order to find out whether our admirable illustration of the WAR ORGAN was of a seditious nature; and, a few nights since, we find Lord Brougham calling the attention of the House of Lords to the fact, that the Chartists had been placarding London with the mystic words, "the 29th of May," which, according to Brougham, was an appeal to the men of England to resort to arms on that day, while Lord Lansdowne interpreted them as an invitation to the gents of London to resort to Cremorne Gardens at the period specified. It is not worth while troubling ourselves as to which of the two noble lords was in the right; for, in the present depression of the rebellion market, a row on Clerkenwell Green is just about as important as an *emeute* in Cremorne Gardens.

MOVE A LITTLE FASTER.

AN APPEAL TO A SLOW STATESMAN.

(Not yet sung by Russell.)

THE world is moving, so are we,
Time runs while you repose, man;
The people warm
To the word "Reform,"
And shout it while you dose, man.
They claim the rights too long denied
By Whig and Tory master,
So pray, Lord John, keep jogging on,
And move a little faster.

It will not do to hide your head
In the holes of Downing Street, man,
And refuse to hear,
Loud, steady, clear,
The tramp of the people's feet, man.
Britannia has a work in hand,
Which Fate and Right have cast her.
It must be done, you dull Lord John,
So move a little faster.

If "Forward" be the nation's cry,
'T will lead to mischief sore, man,
If you still hang back
On the proper track,
And fall asleep and snore, man.
Think of the fate of Whiglings all,
Lost sheep without a pastor;
And lead them on, you dull Lord John,
And move a little faster.

No lazy loitering on the road
Will suit the march we tread, man;
We cannot stay
On the broad highway
While we see the goal a-head, man.
Who halts may stumble and be crushed,
And find no healing plaster;
Beware, Lord John, keep jogging on,
But move a little faster.

We 've captains three to lead the march,
We 've Cobden, Hume, and Bright, man;
Staunch men and true,
With the end in view,
And lovers of the right, man.
They leave FINALITY behind,
Ev'n Peel himself has passed her;
Keep time, Lord John;—with Cobden on!
And move a little faster.

But if you will not march with us,
And at our movement scoff, man—
If moving on
Won't suit you, John,
Why then you can move off, man.
In either case a laggard step
Might lead you to disaster;
So, good Lord John, or off—or on—
Do *move a little faster.*

PANIC IN LONDON.

THE greatest excitement has been occasioned in London by the news of Mr. Devin Reilly's arrest for having made use of the words "Left shoulder forward," which, it has been lately discovered, constitutes a transportable offence. We imagine that the same Act of Parliament which has been applied—or rather misapplied—in Mr. Reilly's case can be enforced in England, and if so, no person in the country can retire to rest without fear of being called up in the night—or at any period when there is no probability of getting bail—and locked up till the next morning among thieves and blackguards, as a preliminary to being accused of felony and treason.

Last night we had no sleep, owing to the recollection of having told a dilatory friend to "fire away;" and we have been for the last week endeavouring, in vain, to reassure an elderly gentleman, who is in a great fright at having made use of the expression "left wheel," when informing a cabman of an injury which had been caused to a portion of his vehicle. Another acquaintance of ours—by-the-bye, what extraordinary acquaintances we have—has had a furniture-van stopping before his house (from which he is about to move) for the last five days, merely because he is very justly afraid of telling the driver to "commence loading." A "fast man" lately put one of the M.C.'s of the Casino into a state of the utmost trepidation, which has obliged him to keep his room ever since, by reminding him that while the fourth figure of the quadrille was being danced he had, in a distinct tone, uttered the words "First couple advance."

But the clearest proof of the gross absurdity, to say nothing of the mean injustice, by which the conduct of the Whig puppets is characterized, is that it has actually afforded our "Discharged Contributor" a pretext for sending us a letter, threatening to prosecute us for making such frequent use of the word "Discharged," which, he pretends, immediately suggests the use of firearms, &c. &c. In conclusion, we cannot help calling attention to the strange fact, that while the Attorney-General for Ireland was contemplating a Government prosecution against a man who had presumed to make use of a military expression, the corresponding functionary in England was at a dinner given by himself on the occasion of the Queen's birthday, calling upon the assembled guests to "charge" with "three-times-three, and good fires."

THE "HEIGHT OF FOLLY."—Being up in a balloon.

IT'S AN ILL WIND, &c.—Although we regret the disorders at Bradford and Leeds, still it cannot be denied they have been attended with some advantage, since we read in the papers that the military and police scoured the streets. The possibility of such a boon as this being extended to the alleys and courts of the metropolis, in the case of any outbreak, is sufficient to convert every citizen into a Chartist. Let the Government look to it; we have warned them.

TANTALIZING.—Señor Isturitz, the Spanish ambassador, was nearly thrown into convulsions last Saturday morning, by hearing his secretary read in the *Chronicle*, that "Narvaez had for once received a check." The unhappy man, supposing it to be for a large amount from Rothschild or Baring, had already despatched a letter home, praying Narvaez to strain a point, and send him a trifle to satisfy two or three rather clamorous creditors, when he discovered that the check alluded to was of a totally different kind to what he had fondly imagined.

CHARITY—A FRAGMENT.

Scene.—Wheezer's dining-room. Dessert on the table.

Wheezer. Guzzle, my boy, pass the bottle—good wine this—eh—sorry I have n't got much of it left. Well, as I was saying, she threw herself at my feet (*hiccup*), and after a good deal of palaver about being my niece and so on—another glass?—actually wanted me to take charge of her brats.

Guzzle (*muffled*). Good joke that.

Wheezer. Was it—try the port—was it my fault they were starving?

Guzzle. Ah!——thank you, this glass 'll do.

Wheezer. Why did she marry a fellow without a sixpence, and refuse Slobber—Alderman Slobber of our Ward? As for her humbug about previous love, disparity of age, and all that——

Guzzle (*sipping the port*). P-o-o-h?

Wheezer. And the precious scene must happen (*hiccup*) just as I was about to attend a meeting of the "Benevolent Coal and Blanket Association."

Guzzle. Ah—good Charity that—very good Charity.

Wheezer. Yes—there I am—Vice-President—Pursy Wheezer, Esq., with a subscription of £20. I believe you it *is* a good Charity—why (*leaning over the table and confidentially winking with drunken gravity*) I've got the contract myself for the coals—worth £200 at the very lowest figure . . . .

THE CHARTIST ROWS.

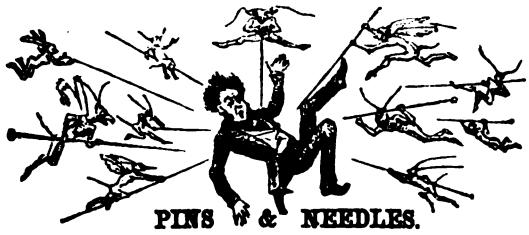
As a friend of progress, and the lower orders, the SHOWMAN has witnessed the recent disgraceful proceedings at Clerkenwell, and elsewhere, with regret and disgust.

Do you not see, intelligent workmen of England, that these rows give a pretext to the Whig Government for pursuing that illiberal course of policy which (next to the love of their salaries) appears most dear to their hearts? Depend upon it, that the news of an outbreak delights their little souls. Morpeth simpers vacantly with delight; Palmerston slaps his breast (padded) in exultation; and Russell himself assumes an air as dignified and imposing as the Premier of Lilliput when receiving a report of the defeat of the hostile forces of Blefuscu.

If dogged English courage—that solid "pluck," more valuable than the impetuosity of the Frenchman, or the fatalist fury of the Turk—could have effected a violent change in the face of Government power, then the men of Bradford would have triumphed. But what was the result? Total defeat—and its natural consequences, the triumph of the oligarch, the bigot, the despot, and the Whig! Let this be a warning to you. Be firm, but peaceful; the middle classes, to whom peace is life, will join you in the progress movement; co-operation will bring success; Liberals will rise, and Whigs fall.

One word of advice, as most important, we reserve to the last. Who are your leaders? who are those who affect to advise, and presume to control, your movements? Are they men of intelligence, honour, and property? or are they insolvents in morals as in commerce—braggarts in the council, and cowards in the field?

The ostensible object of the late meetings was to sympathize with Mr. Mitchell. Yet what sympathy is shown for that honest and unfortunate man by riots on a common, and vulgar abuse of the police? As long as the workmen *understood each other*, even Babel made some progress. When they fell into confusion and quarrelling, the tower was left unfinished. Nature's greatest works are completed in silence. "Silence," says the great Carlyle, "is divine."



PINS & NEEDLES.

THE MYSTERIES OF NATURE.

Can deep inquirers into Nature trace
Why Whigs are foolish, or the Bourbon base?
As much you would be puzzled to declare
Why stinks the pole-cat, or why grunts the bear!

HOW TO EXPLAIN IT.

The Reverend Hugh Stowell's friends consider him a type of christian piety. He reminds us of no holy type but one that Moses set up—the Brazen Serpent.

A DESIRABLE END.

One of the Lumleyite journals alludes, in terms of high admiration, to the "finish" of young Lablache's singing. We confess that we are always glad when the finish arrives.

GIVING IT A CIRCULATION.

The *Morning Chronicle* lately changed its politics to those which it professed many years since. The proprietors were, of course, convinced that, in consequence of the declining condition of the paper, they must lose no time in "bringing it round."

A STRIKING ABSURDITY.

"A supporter of the National Drama" informs us that, owing to the influx of French actors into the metropolis, the English performers are about to organize a "strike." Would it not be better if some of them could make a hit?

A MYSTERY.

One of Mr. Wakley's constituents wrote to him last week, to ask what the "Benefit of Clergy" was. Mr. Wakley replied, that he had not yet discovered any benefit at all.

TOO BAD TO BE UNTRUE.

The *Observer* lately published an attack, founded upon falsehood, against the director of the Royal Italian Opera. We understand that this was done solely in order to increase the sale of the paper, the editor having heard that slanders always obtained circulation.

A PLAIN ANSWER.

A staunch Whig, who objects to our attacks upon the present Government, wants to know what plan we can suggest by which the Ministers could really "give satisfaction." Our reply is, "by going out."

VERY NATURAL.

The papers have been making a great fuss about Lieut.-Col. Bristowe's arbitrary arrest and imprisonment. For our part, we can see nothing either extraordinary or new in an officer being in a mess.

A VICE OF KINGS.

The Neapolitan army has declared for the people: the infamous Ferdinand will soon find himself possessed of no more influence than the gingerbread kings and queens we see at fairs. There is one great difference, however, between him and his gingerbread brethren; while a mere touch will rub off their *gilt*, nothing on earth can free him from his.

SINGULAR DELUSION.

A public man, to whom we will not more particularly allude, who has been notorious for mendacity for some years, recently heard the proverb *in vino veritas* quoted, and has taken to drink, in the delusive hope that it will make him veracious.

POLISH BONDAGE.

We perceive by the newspapers that there has lately been a decline in Russia Bonds. This may probably be accounted for by the present state of Poland.

EDITOR'S BOX.

THE best mode of recommending German silver would not be by placing it side by side with the real metal. On this principle, we think the author of the new piece produced at the Princess's Theatre on the 1st inst. acted injudiciously in naming his production the "Spanish Marriages." The gentleman imagined, doubtless, that this title would have a great effect upon the success of his work. And so it had; for by calling to mind the royal farce lately enacted on the stage of Europe, the public could not avoid observing how infinitely inferior to it in plot, intrigue, and low cunning was the one lately produced by Mr. Maddox. In one point, however, the Spanish Marriages of the Tuileries and the Spanish Marriages of Oxford Street resemble each other: the latter seem as little destined as the former to bring either profit or honour on their author.

As we have the greatest possible horror of anything approaching Chartism, we decline to enter at all into the plot. To all who may be desirous of information on the subject, we say, go and see the piece for yourselves; and this we do the more willingly, as most persons, if they deserve the name of play-goers, will not fail to recognise in the drama under consideration an old friend, freshly done up a little; and soon, we expect, to be done up altogether.

The only thing new or remarkable in the two acts of the piece was Mrs. Sterling's pronunciation of the word chivalrous, which that lady chooses to call *tshiválrous*. In conclusion, we must observe that, if Mr. Maddox wishes to fire the enthusiasm of his audiences, he must use some other matches than Spanish Marriages to effect his purpose.

Madlle. Auriol still continues to progress in public favour. This is no wonder, seeing the steps she takes every night to do so. She has lately appeared in a new and pretty little *ballet*, entitled, *Menorella; or, the Water Lilly*. Flexmore, the author of it, performs the part of a fisherman "excellent well," as Hamlet says, but a little too clownishly. By this we would not be understood to mean awkwardly, but too much in the "Hot Codlin" and "Tippitywitchet" line. In spite of this, however, he is very clever and amusing. A comic dance by him, and a Spanish one by Madlle. Auriol, were the chief ornaments of the *ballet*. Madlle. Auriol has certainly inherited her full share of the great talent for which her father is celebrated. Some of her popularity was no doubt owing, in the first place, to the popularity her active sire had already cast around the family name; but, had this not been the case, her own abilities would soon have enabled her to attain the height she now occupies—although even then, strange as it may appear, she would still owe all her reputation to her *pas* (pa's).

RATHER A MISNOMER.—There is a paragraph going the round of the papers about the luxurious way of living of the members of the Executive Commission at the Luxembourg, of the royal luxury they indulge in, and so on, the whole being headed "Republican Simplicity." Now, really and truly, we cannot see anything simple in the affair. Perhaps, preferring, as we do, a good easy chair to a deal form, and a feather-bed to a truss of straw, we may be looked upon as prejudiced; but, for the life of us, it appears that instead of having given any proof of their simplicity, the members of the Commission have afforded most substantial evidence of their good sense.

THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.

Chapter II.—Of the Thames of our own Times.

FOR THE many invaluable services performed by the River Thames to divers individuals in the metropolis—such, for example, as the gentlemen who set up filter shops and put a couple of tumblers of dirty and clean fluid in the window, the one labelled "Thames water before filtering," the other "Thames water after ditto;" or the gentlemen who, having an inconvenient quantity of cash in their pockets, take to throwing Waterloo Bridges over the stream, or running Thames Tunnels under it—of all the varied advantages reaped by this capital city from its river, none are more obvious and important than the facilities which it affords, first, for the catching of white-bait; and secondly, for the eating thereof. Brindsley's notion of rivers was, that they were intended to feed navigable canals. Our own theory of the Thames is, that it was set a-flowing in order to breed white-bait. How many thousands of our fellow-citizens would never set eyes upon the river, were it not that it flowed past certain commodi-

ous structures erected at Greenwich and Blackwall, from the open windows of which, during the season, you may hear the joyous clatter of knife and fork, and from which bright eyes, rendered brighter, it may be, by the sparkle of champagne, gaze upon clumsy merchant-craft floating with the tide, and dapper little steamers flying betwixt and between them, leaving behind a stripe of foam like the gleamy tail of a rocket.

That is the view of the river for us. More enchanting still than even a glimpse at the tideway—could we look back so far—when it ran rippling by, between banks of primeval forest, with Julius Cæsar's war-galleys following their iron beaks up Fidler's Reach; or a peep at the stream in its mediæval days, with old Peter of Cole Church's bridge, and the Globe, and the Hope, and the Fortune playhouses on the Bankside, and Taylor, the water-poet, writing a sonnet on a coal-barge; or even the Thames vision recorded by Wordsworth, when that amiable poet sat up all night at the Coal-Hole, and repaired in the early freshness of the summer morning to gaze upon the river from Waterloo Bridge—at that still hour, when the bard states that the "very houses seemed asleep," a phenomenon very likely to occur if the Laker began to quote the "Excursion;" and when the river was discovered to be "flowing at its own sweet will," as if in the history of the stream it had ever flowed at any-glimpses, antiquarian or poetic, is the glorious vision to be enjoyed from one of the bow-windows at Lovegrove's, when the claret is ruddy in the glass, and the rising tide is setting cheerily towards the sunny west.

But this branch of the subject will be fully and gravely discussed in a future chapter. Here it is only alluded to as forming one of the grand features of the Thames of our own day.

Another beneficial characteristic of the river is, the grand nursery which it forms for what may be called our "dirty-water seamen."

Can we forget the tribe of river yachters, proud in the possession of all manner and sizes of craft, from the twenty-ton cutter to the half-cwt. hatch boat? The larger class of these fine specimens of naval architecture scruple not to undertake daring voyages as far as Erith, Gravesend, or even the Nore, should the weather be remarkably tranquil, and the stock of grog on board satisfactory. The smaller craft go dodging about the bridges, and hold Battersea Reach to be a species of Bay of Biscay, the passage whereof is not to be rashly attempted. The stations where the 'Bove Bridge yachts lie when in ordinary—and, by-the-bye, that seems to be their ordinary—condition, are well worthy of a visit. For this purpose the intelligent traveller had better proceed to one of the streets leading from the Strand to the river—Arundel Street, for choice—and observe the squadron generally moored at

the bottom of it. He will be concerned to perceive the brooms placed at the mastheads of many of the cutters which bob tranquilly at anchor moored to a big stone, as he will naturally infer from these emblems of sale a falling off in the maritime spirit and resources of the metropolis. But he will be reassured by the bustle which prevails on board of other of the craft, and the cheering commands shouted from them to the Jack in the Water on shore, to "Look sharp and bring down another pot of beer." Our inquiringly-minded friend will be struck with the fact that in many of these full-rigged cutters, the crew, which generally consists of one person, is about three parts as tall as the mast. Our imaginary acquaintance will, however, watch the said crew for a couple of hours or so while it is engaged in the difficult process of setting all sail; but when he expects to see the daring bark push off into mid-stream and dare the tumultuous surges raised by the halfpenny boats, he will be disappointed by observing that there are still some other complicated nautical evolutions to be managed in the rigging; and if he stays for another couple of hours, he will find that these consist in taking the sails down again, after which the crew puts on its jacket, and, the tide having by this time fallen, proceeds along a perilous pathway, formed of an oar laid in the mud, to a terra firma of shingle, dead dogs, and broken bottles, and shortly thereafter mounts the stairs and proceeds in the full consciousness of naval supremacy to its lodgings.

But the various items which make up the grand total

JOHN BULL AS PROMETHEUS

DEVOURED BY THE VULTURE TAXATION.

in detail. This chapter is merely devoted to a cursory glance at the river in its now-a-days' condition, and to an attempt to convey to the reader's mind a general notion of the mass of elements, which, when united, produce the Thames.

Let the student, then, conceive an agglomerate mass made up as follows:—mud banks, dead cats, dead dogs, slimy hurdles, coal-barges, grimy wharfs, common sewers, police galleys, dishes of white-baits, coal-heavers, water-side public-houses, penny steam-boats, mudlarks, Jacks in the Water, tiers of colliers, ugly ballast boats, Dutch craft with Kennet eels, Boulogne steamers with railway

defaulters, yachts going as far as Erith on a voyage to the East Indies, gents conducting gentesses to the Red House at Battersea; stokers fastening down safety-valves, reading penny newspapers, and drinking beer instead of attending to their work; foreigners in funny hats and coats going to see the Tunnel; touters on all the piers shouting, "Now then, London Bridge, Thames Tunnel, Lime'us, Shadwell, Greenwich, Blackwall, and Woolwich;" rowing-men in flannel-shirts and straw-hats, in training for a match; halfpenny boats, penny boats, two-penny boats, three-penny boats, four-penny boats, five-penny boats, six-penny boats—all puffing, paddling, snorting, blowing—boys in all of them, screaming "Move her ahee-id, a turn a sta-arn, ease herrr, stop herrr, back herrr;" imagine all this and a great deal more—tiers of shipping, lines of old tumble-down houses, rigging, chimneys, wharfs, bridges, boats, and everywhere muddy water and restless currents—all moving—all commingling—and over all a canopy of ever-rolling smoke; gather together, we say, all these elements in your mind's-eye, and before that eye will be displayed the idea to be conjured up by these magic words "The Thames."

MISCELLANEOUS ESTIMATES.

(Omitted from the last Budget.)

	£	s.	d.
To the purchase of Pikes for betrayal of Repeal Party	1,000	0	0
To the purchase of Spies for ditto	500	0	0
500 solemn Oaths, at 2*s.* 6*d.*	62	10	0
Plain Clothes for Police	50	0	0
To Clerks for doctoring the Bulwer Correspondence	100	0	0
Sundry infamous Jobs	100	2	2½
Total	£1,812	12	2½

Paganism.—A convincing proof how apt we are to perceive other people's faults, and how desperately blind we remain to our own, is derived from the fact that we abuse the ignorant Indians for worshipping Juggernaut and indulging in other idolatrous practices, while we ourselves are bowing and cringing before the Aristocracy, the *idle* (idol) of England.

PUNCH'S "MODEL GENTLEMAN."

He dresses in a long black coat, black trowsers, a black waistcoat, and a white handkerchief. He shuns *paletots* in all seasons, and was never known to wear a striped shirt even in the morning and at the sea-side. He never says he is "not at home" when such an assertion would be untrue. He never paid a compliment to a young lady when he had not serious thoughts of proposing to her. He has loads of money, and pays for all his clothes in advance. He cannot play at billiards, and was never within three-quarters of a mile of the Casino. He would be shocked at drinking beer, unless when dying of thirst, and unable to get anything else. He rises at half-past eight in the morning, and is down to breakfast by nine. He was never known to be two minutes late at dinner. He goes to bed at half-past ten, and has gruel (without brandy) at twenty-five minutes to eleven. He sleeps nearly ten hours. He always hands down some highly respectable old lady to dinner, and never waltzes except with his wife. He likes quiet, and goes to sleep after his meals. He sometimes rows; and then he wears gloves to prevent his hands becoming blistered: but he never belonged to a rowing club, nor took part in a cricket match. He lends lots of money,* and is not in a hurry to get it back again. He has no particular opinion on any subject whatever, and is considered a "good-natured sort of man" by the ladies. His golden rule is to wind up his watch regularly before getting into bed; and his great object to awake in the morning without being called. All his actions are shaped to that noble end; and he dies as he lives, a very nice young man. This is *Punch's* "Model Gentleman."

* The writer of the article, who is rather hard-up, has left his name and address at the office. Will any "Model Gentleman" take the hint?

ODE TO THE "SPECIALS."

Ye constables of London,
That guard our cockney plain,
Whose staves have braved for several hours
The Chartists and the rain,
To Clerkenwell come forth once more
To meet your ancient foe,
And go then at the men
Who never strike a blow!
At the men who spout so loud and long,
But never strike a blow!

Our London needs no barriers,
No forts along the streets;
Her faith is in her Specials' staves,
Her trust is in their feats!
With their truncheons of old oak
They fright the Chartists so,
That they roar all the more,
But they never strike a blow!
Yes, although they spout so loud and long,
They never strike a blow.

The maniac mob of England
Shall yet some reason learn,
Till humbug's dreary night depart,
And the star of sense return!
Then, then, ye cockney warriors,
Our half-and-half shall flow
To the fame of your name,
And every one shall know
Of your prowess 'gainst the noisy mob
Who never struck a blow.

Queer Files and an old Saw.—When we reflect on the blundering manner in which Lord Palmerston and Sir H. Lytton Bulwer went to work in the Spanish business, and their seeming incapability of foreseeing that a precipitate departure of the latter gentleman, accompanied by the other members of the embassy, must be the natural consequence, it strikes us forcibly that they are a living example of the well-known maxim, "Small prophets and quick returns."

IMPRISONMENT FOR CREDIT.

SOME amusement (not unmingled with indignation) has been caused, to every one but Colonel Bristowe himself, by the news that that gentleman has been arrested and imprisoned by the Spanish Government for being its creditor to the amount of five hundred pounds! We should have imagined that the fact of having a demand against such a government was a misfortune, not a crime; and that, as such, the case would at least have met with sympathy, if not with payment. We admit that Colonel Bristowe has given evidence of a prodigious and almost unparalleled daring in allowing the Spanish authorities to become his debtors even for an hour; but we maintain that it was a species of audacity which it would have been advantageous to encourage, and certainly one from which they could have nothing to fear. We believe that if the truth were known, it would be seen that Colonel Bristowe had been imprisoned as a person who was incapable of managing his affairs; and certainly the fact of having believed that the Spanish Government would ever pay the five hundred pounds due to him, would be sufficient evidence of insanity before any Commission *de lunatico inquirendo*. However, the idea of confining a man because he cannot obtain money which is owing to him, is rather a novel one; and we have grave doubts whether the abolition of imprisonment for debt would be attended with any advantages—or at all events with any justice—if a similar punishment is to be adopted for persons who may manage, by dint of impudence and other swindling qualifications, to become the creditors of unsuspecting individuals. There are some tradesmen who probably deserve punishment for the pains which they take to induce young men to contract debts at their establishments; but for this they often suffer by not obtaining the cash: in other words, they are made to pay for it by their juvenile customers not doing so.

However, we believe that if a new Act for "imprisonment for credit" should actually be passed, there would be few debtors so base as to take advantage of it. We are quite sure that most of our friends would have no more intentions of prosecuting a tailor, because they happened to be on his books for forty or fifty pounds, than they have, under present circumstances, of instantly sending him a check for the whole amount.

AN EXPLANATION.—The *Musical World* and Mr. Lumley appear to be on bad terms. We suppose their misunderstanding arose from each party thoroughly understanding the other's meaning.

GREEN-ROOM GOSSIP.

THE greatest novelty which has lately appeared in the shape of Dramatic Intelligence—or rather dramatic stupidity—is a whining appeal, meant to be pathetic, addressed to English authors and actors, and the British public, praying them to petition Her Majesty to restrict foreign performances in this country. We think that whoever got up this precious effusion will be rather disappointed. Supposing that British authors and actors were ungrateful enough, surely they would not be so foolish as to hinder French *artistes* from gaining something over here in order to enable them to exist until affairs look better in France. Were English dramatists instrumental in destroying French actors—and consequently authors—what would become of themselves? and whence would they be able to adapt those splendid and "entirely new and original pieces," announced in the bills as being "written expressly for the peculiar resources of this theatre."

If English authors and actors are indignant at public favour being lavished on foreign artists, let them make all efforts to drive the latter out of the field, but fairly and honourably, by frank and honest competition, and not by any such maudlin means as petitioning the Queen, as if Her Majesty could force even the ultra loyal of her subjects to pay five shillings for being sent to sleep by Mr. Farren junior's light comedy, or disgusted by Paul Bedford's vulgarity. No—no. Whatever the concocters of this canting address may think, we believe that even were the authors and actors of England as prejudiced and narrow-minded as themselves, they would never be so utterly insane as to saw through the beam on which they are all standing.

THE SHOWMAN TO THE KING OF NAPL

ON THE LATTER'S RECENT MASSACRE OF HIS SUBJEC

(*A Rhapsody.*)

WHEN a swift ship from burning Troja bore
The brave Æneas to a foreign shore,
A verdant laurel on the beach he found,
He plucked—and blood came rushing o'er the grou
A prodigy as great still mortals see,
Accursed Bourbon, in thy family tree!
Age after age, still bloody it appears,
Rooted in dirt, and watered by man's tears.
Could not the lovely climate of thy land
Melt thy hard heart, or stay thy cruel hand?
Can no soft influence thy wrath restrain?
Must Nature lavish all her sweets in vain?—
A hundred perfumes uselessly appeal
To hearts that cruelty forbids to feel:
And nowhere does the sun more brightly smile,
Than where he warms the reptiles of the Nile.

Nature, too kind to thy unworthy race,
To hide their mischief, made them fools in face;
Thy subjects, trusting to that outward show,
O'erlooked the cunning that lay hid below.—
And now, let thousand bloody corpses tell,
How weak a hand may ring a funeral knell!
Let Europe, shuddering at thy actions, see
A Bourbon's notions of a people free!

But say, proud France—thou who hast, once agai
Spurned the damned splendour of a regal chain—
Must poor Italians still to tyrants trust,
Fettered by links of hundred ages' rust,
And weeping o'er their murdered brothers' dust!
No! send thy arms triumphant o'er the flood,
Drown the dark tyrant in his victims' blood.
Far from the world it stained, as flies his soul,
Let curses chase it to its burning goal:
While joyous fiends with hearty welcome bring,
To join Tiberius—Nero—Claudius—one more kin

On the fierce Roman's tomb some flowers were thr
But thine, dark Bourbon, shalt have weeds alone:
Weeds emblematic of thy ill-played part,
Foul as thy lips, and rotten as thy heart.

Yes, it is cheering to the poor to know,
That Kings, like beggars, to the tomb must go;
Little it softens the great stroke of Fate,
To die in purple, and to stink in state.
(How bitter Royal death, fat George could tell
His Brunswick brothers—were he back from ——

And so, farewell, thou vilest of the train,
Who feed like ravens on the people's grain;
Who treat the subject, whom to love they vow,
As treats the Abyssinian his cow—
Who drives the creature in that sultry clime,
And *eats*, and *beats her on*, from time, to time.

A PLAIN ANSWER.—The correspondent who w
to ask whether a carriage described in one of Mr. Ja
novels as *sweeping* by at a fearful rate must necess
be a *brougham*, is informed that we decline replyin
his question.

THE BELLICOSE BISHOP.—Henry of Exeter has
persecuting the Reverend Mr. Gorham on the Bap
question. This reminds us of the medical student
put some caustic into the Font, when at church.

A correspondent sends us the following atrocity:

Q. Why was the day on which Oliver Cromwell
the most mournful England ever knew?

A. Because he was almost the only Protector
ever had.

We suspect we recognise the "Roman hand" o
Discharged Contributor in the above.

DOMESTIC RESPECT.

"John, don't go out while I 'm absent."—"No, sir."
"And don't admit any one before my return."—"Very well, sir. (*Aside*)—W-a-l-k-e-r."

FILIAL AFFECTION.

"Does he love his papa?"—"No, na!"
"Kiss him, then, poor papa!"—"No! no! na!"
"Who does he love, a dear!"—"Touzin Charles!—you's so ugly!"

HERALDIC DECREE.

WHEREAS the persons whose names are subjoined are not known to have any crests, much less any coats of arms, the SHOWMAN is graciously pleased to grant them the following ones, with mottoes, which he translates for their special benefit:—

MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR.—A donkey rampant, or, with a bludgeon, vert. Motto, *Dum vivo, latro* (While I live, I howl).

MR. CHARLES COCHRANE.—Two Jew's-harps, argent, with a pauper, vert (very). Motto, *Semper idem* (Always a booby).

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS.—A policeman's rattle, or, and a cur, argent, with two creditors, vert. Motto, *I bide my time* (I'm waiting till they take me to jail).

MR. JOHN O'CONNELL.—A begging-box, gules, over a workhouse, or, the top bearing a death's head and harp. Motto, *Patre turpi filius turpior* (The baser son of a base dad).

LORD BROUGHAM.—A chancellor's wig, or, with tomahawk, gules, and an umbrella, proper. Motto, *Sapiens quondam* (Formerly wise).

A HINT TO ADVERTISERS.

WE are glad to see that an exposure, which we made some time ago, of a fraud against M. Gavarni, the artist, by the person who is proprietor of *Chat*, has had (in conjunction with the dulness of that periodical) the wholesome effect of compelling him to raise its price in order to maintain its existence. Honesty is the best policy, after all, in the long run; but when a journal not only wants honesty, but even the lowest grade of ability, neither gods nor men can keep up the concern, and failure must be the end of the false and foolish speculation. Toleration in this case has reached its limits. The insulted honour of the public must be vindicated, and this foul weed rooted out of the social soil, and left to perish on the dung-hill, in company with the many preceding "plants" that have flourished, rotted, and died, under the auspices of its proprietor.

From him we now turn with disgust, and address the honest portion of the public. We address the advertisers, by whose support alone this periodical drags on a miserable existence. The public appreciate it too thoroughly to patronize it, and to get rid of even the small number of copies printed weekly, the proprietor is compelled to give them away publicly in the streets, with the mortification of finding that no respectable person will receive his journal even as a gratuity. The public know too well that it exists by two things—robbery and falsehood: robbery of honourable journals, and lies invented by its *corps* of contributors. It steals jokes from every imaginable quarter, and invents false rumours on every conceivable subject. Plunder and mendacity are the two pillars that support it.

For weeks its contributors have plundered the coffers of the PUPPET-SHOW of their intellectual wealth; for weeks they have fastened themselves on it as tenacious and more disgusting than the horse-leeches that batten on a stately steed and suck his blood. The SHOWMAN is at last compelled to speak out, and now asks the advertisers of London—Will you, by supporting this paper, *Chat*, become accomplices in dishonesty? Honour dictates but one reply, and for that we wait.

A foreigner, who inquires the meaning of "discharging" a prisoner, is informed, that it is the same thing as "letting him off."

SHAMEFUL AUDACITY.—A young gentleman connected with this periodical, knowing Lord Morpeth's interest in the Sanitary Question, actually had the impudence to ask him to "stand a drain!"

Q. Who is the best hand at taking care of his rents?
A. A beggar.

OMNIA VINCIT LABOR.—Of all persons we think place-hunters possess the greatest share of perseverance. This is, doubtless, to be attributed to their belief that most things are to be attained by "unceasing application."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A correspondent inquires if we have noticed in the *Musical World* some foolish observations by the editor of that publication, as to which smell the sweetest—or most sweetest, as we believe the editor has it—flowers or nightingales. Our reply is, that we have not; for lately the publisher—for obvious reasons—has not sent us our usual gratis copy, and as we should certainly never think of throwing away threepence in purchasing the number, the absurdities of the *Musical World* are reserved for the exclusive entertainment of its twenty-five *bond fide* subscribers—of whom our correspondent, of course, forms one. By the way, if the editor ever answers our query as to the meaning of the line

"Love springeth fledged and full-grown from thy tongue,"

perhaps our correspondent will kindly communicate with us.

☞ *Our readers are informed that an Edition of the* PUPPET-SHOW *is published in Monthly Parts, and that the same may be obtained by order of every bookseller in the kingdom. Parts* 1 *and* 2, *each consisting of five numbers, stitched in an ornamental wrapper, are now ready, price Sixpence each.*

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DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

ANY one who resorts now-a-days to diplomatic correspondence, for information respecting the subject on which it is written, will find himself as egregiously disappointed as a reader who should go to Lord John Russell's tragedy for interest, or Mr. O'Connor's speeches for information. Just as you expect that you are coming to the important news, you knock your head (like the Roman poet) against a shower of stars, or asterisks. This observation applies particularly to the Bulwer correspondence. Everybody knows that Sir Henry was kicked out of Madrid, everybody wants to know why; everybody goes to the correspondence, and what do they find?—two yards of twaddle, bounded by a milky-way of asterisks! We shudder at what may be expected, should this habit of stopping short at the interesting point be established as a principle. The SHOWMAN fully expects to see the next dispatch from Madrid on the subject presented to Parliament in something like the following shape:—

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTO

MY LORD,—We have had very fine weather here latel the crops are looking-up very well. The orange season wi bably be a good one. Cigars are dear, and I 'm sure I wish was so also, for my son, young Fernando (who, as Your Lo will recollect, was born in a leap-year, and is marked by strawberry on the left shoulder), got hold of a bottle yest after seeing the bull-fight, and was carried home by a p this morning. Poor dear boy! his mother is in a sad about it. Does Your Lordship recommend soda-wat Carrara, on these occasions? There was a very good fight here lately. The groans of the animal gave great pl to Her Christian Majesty. One of the men engaged i combat received a terrific kick from the animal. By-th *apropos* of kicking, I come to the subject of the recent exp of Sir H. Bulwer. Its explanation is to be found in the that * * * * * *

Yours, &c.

FERNANDO BAMBOOZE

This is the modern diplomatic style!

Swell Dragsman—"HOLLOA! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"——*Costermonger*—"WHY, FUST TO BE SURE."

YOU AND I.

I.

Who would scorn his humble fellow
For the coat he wears?
For the poverty he suffers?
For his daily cares?
Who would pass him in the footway
With averted eye?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

II.

Who when vice or crime repentant,
With a grief sincere
Asked for pardon, would refuse it—
More than Heaven severe?
Who to erring woman's sorrow
Would with hate reply?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

III.

Who would think that all who differ
From the creed we hold
Must be foolish or dishonest—
Wolves without the fold?
Who would send them to perdition
With a holy sigh?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

IV.

Who would say that Vice is Virtue
In a hall of state?
Or that rogues are not dishonest
If they dine off plate?
Who would say, Success and Merit
Ne'er part company?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

V.

Who would give a cause his efforts
When the cause was strong,
But desert it on its failure,
Whether right or wrong?
Ever siding with the upmost,
Letting downmost lie?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

VI.

Who would swear his native country
Topped all other worth—
Just in all things, even in error—
Paragon of Earth—
Ever righteous in its quarrels,
Though the world deny?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

VII.

Who would lend his arm to strengthen
Warfare with the right?
Who would lend his pen to blacken
Freedom's page of light?
Who would lend his tongue to utter
Praise of tyranny?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

C. Mack.

VERY DESIRABLE.—A book has lately been published, teaching persons how to live within their income. We advise the author to publish a supplementary chapter, to teach persons how to live without it.

SOME HOPE YET.—The Spanish Ministry accuse Sir H. Lytton Bulwer of all sorts of mean intrigues and profligate conduct. The manner, however, in which he was defended in the House will serve to show them that he is not quite so "abandoned" as they imagined.

MERIT.—A FRAGMENT.

Brown.—By the way, what 's this I hear about Lydia 's going to be married? You surely cannot intend giving her to that insipid-looking creature I met here the other day. The girl can't care a bit about him, I 'm certain; and if Rupee were alive ——

Mrs. Rupee.—Now, brother, do be a little moderate——

Brown.—Moderate! and see my niece sacrificed in that manner. Why, the fellow has not a farthing.

Mrs. Rupee.—Lydia's money ——

Brown.—Lydia's money ought not to be thrown away in paying his debts, which constitute all he can call his own, for, as for education, intellect, or even common understanding ——

Mrs. Rupee.—The gentleman to whom you choose to allude in such terms is a young man of great merit ——

Brown.—Merit! Why, he 's a spendthrift, a libertine, and a fool. I should like to know in what his great merit consists.

Mrs. Rupee.—Surely you forget, brother, that he is nephew to the Duchess of Fitznoodlehurst . . . . .

THE REFORM MOVEMENT.

IF the people of this country are anxious to have any reforms brought about, either financial or other, one course is open to them, and that a simple and straightforward one. It is not to riot at Clerkenwell, or bellow at Bethnal Green; it is not to listen to the inflammatory addresses of leaders who first disgrace a cause by their violence, and then ruin it by their audacity. It is, to go to work, and petition Parliament at once in favour of the measures proposed by the Reform League. This is the honest and constitutional course, and one which has been successful in worse times than the present. There is no opposition now to be encountered by constitutional agitation; for the Tories are apathetic, and the Whigs impotent. Let the lower orders, therefore, make their choice at once—between brawling, ending in broken heads and disgrace, and fair agitation, ending in honour and triumph. The leaders of the Reform League are men of character and intelligence, offering in every way a contrast to the noisy demagogues who counsel violence, in the hope of profit—who begin by boasting on the common, and end by repenting in the gaol.

Taxation in England is the heaviest burden that country ever bore. The labour of building the pyramids fell less lightly on the ancient Egyptians than quarter-day does on the Englishman. How is this burden to be lightened? By infusing more of the democratic element into the House of Commons; and this can only be effected by carrying out the measures which will shortly be proposed to Parliament by Mr. Hume and his colleagues.

This is a great occasion for a union between the working and the middle classes, and such a union can only be effected in peace and order—peace and order which are as essential to the commerce of a country as the gold which is its circulating medium.

We hope, therefore, that the lower classes will prefer the time-honoured mode of seeking reform, which has been so often successful. United with the middle classes, they are lords of the Constitution;—divided from them, they are the slaves of the aristocracy. Those who choose the worst side, deserve what they have now—the scorn of the very Whigs!

PINS & NEEDLES.

VERY GENTEEL.

The Tories are confident in their assertion that when the Jewish question is brought forward next year, the Noes will again have it. These gentlemen should remember that the Hebrew nose generally "has a hook at the end."

A "SPIRITED" OBSERVATION.

It has rather surprised us to find that the Radicals and Chartists won't unite. We expected to see them "mixed," as no one ever heard of their being "neat.'

A USEFUL HINT.

Government wanted to find a key to the Chartist movements. They believe they have at last hit on it, viz.—the key of Newgate.

QUITE A DIFFERENT THING.

Cuffey has recently withdrawn from public agitation, it appears. The Chartists say that he is turning his coat; we believe that he is turning the mangle.

RATHER VULGAR.

One of the weekly papers spoke last week of Charles Cochrane's high character. The proper expression would be his "all-my-eye" character.

TO LIBERAL PLAGIARISTS.

We read that the Lord Chancellor heard a number of lunatic petitions of no interest on Saturday last. Was the celebrated petition for the suppression of foreign actors among the number?

THE RIGHT VERSION.

The ultra-royalist journals are full of the rude manner in which the Emperor of Austria received the ladies of Vienna, and which they call significant; for our part, we think it was as insignificant as himself.

A DEFINITION.

A mathematical punster, in allusion to the six insignificant points of the Charter, says that they each resemble the one defined by Euclid as "that which has no magnitude."

GALLO-PHOBIA.

The Theatrical Legitimists are going to hiss the French company at Drury Lane (or may have done so by this time), in order to prove themselves thorough admirers of Shakspere. They should remember that hissing is a characteristic, not of the Swan of Avon, but of the goose.

TOO BAD.

One of the enemies of the sanitary movement says that Lord Morpeth's speeches on the subject have a decidedly soap-orific effect.

AN UNSATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.

A musical journal speaks of one of Verdi's marches as "a most insane composition." This felicitous expression tends to throw some light on the old phrase, "as mad as a march air"!!

Both Tragedy and Farce—Trial by jury in Ireland.

Bringing a Man to a Watery End—Giving him in his last moments a basin of M. Soyer's prize soup.

EDITOR'S BOX.

Having been unfortunate enough to live und
or two Whig Administrations, we have, in ou
viewed many detestable acts; but, we must frankl
that none were as execrable as the three acts of t
piece, "Omens and Odd Coincidences," produced
3rd instant at the Haymarket. Such a tissue of n
it has rarely been our lot to witness. Not on
destitute of plot as well as wit, but it is absolut
moral; for the author has sketched out the d
parts with such an utter want of truthfulness or
that they are necessarily all very bad characters,
such, to be sedulously avoided by every person
reputation. We wonder that Mr. Webster, who
at any rate cannot be impugned, however his gr
may, should allow his stage to be occupied even
instant by such dreary nonentities as Mr. Toke
Provender, Mrs. Prim, and a host of others, endin
though last not least, Emmeline Linden—a your
whose antecedents, and, consequently, relativ
shrouded in the deepest mystery. The effect
production was most somniferous; but still no
ciently so. In order to satisfy us, the earth shou
gaped wide as well as the audience, and, proce
little farther, swallowed the piece, which the latt
incapable of doing.

At the Lyceum, a smart trifle, attributed to t
of Mr. Shirley Brookes, has met with merited succe
is witty, sparkling, and amusing; even suppo
had not been half as good as it really is, it would ha
pretty sure of a run, as, after the very slow "Fast
that had lately been dragging on a wretched existe
a short time past at this theatre, every one mu
been disposed to welcome "Anything for a Chang

Insolvent Theatrical News.—A theatrica
who has just been taken off the free list of Her Ma
Theatre for calling Jenny Lind "one of the gre
instead of "*the* greatest singer of the age," recei
final order on Saturday last. He presented it to t
of a tailor, to whom he felt himself much indebted

The Ne Plus Ultra.—Although of opinion that p
praying Her Majesty to prohibit foreign performances
don, are rather indicative of ingratitude on the part of
Webster and Buckstone, who are so much indebted to
dramatists, still, as interest holds undisputed sway ove
hearts, we are not astonished at the course these gentlem
adopted; but we confess that we are rather surprised w
perceive that a third petition of a similar purport h
presented by Madame Celeste! This is new: it is origin
by far the best farce that has come under our notice for so
past. Madame Celeste, a Frenchwoman herself, who n
her whole life yet spoke a single phrase of the
language with anything approaching respectability in p
ciation, petitions against the admission of foreign act
actresses into this country. Is Madame Celeste hypochond
—has she taken this method of cutting her own throa
committing suicide in a novel way; or does she suppose
foreign actors were expelled the country, she alone w
allowed to remain?

We have heard of the coolness which subsisted b
George III. and the Prince Regent; we have read
coolness of the Emperor Nicholas for the dynasty of the y
Bourbons; Mr. Davidson's play-bills for the last six wee
constantly impressed on our mind the coolness generated
Olympic, by means of a certain new and ingenious app
which, in our opinion, was intended to puff the theatre i
ways than one; but we think that all this is nothing, abs
nothing, when compared with the coolness of Madame Cel

THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.

Chapter III.—Greenwich Fair.

THERE are two favourite modes of getting to Greenwich Fair. If you prefer the rail, you will proceed to the Terminus, where the probability is that you will have your ribs crushed tolerably flat in the rush at the door, and the money you had set apart for spending at the Fair adroitly abstracted. Your silk handkerchief will also probably disappear; but this is of less importance, as in consequence of both your skirts having been torn off, you would have no convenient pocket in which to keep it. If, however, you prefer making the journey by the river, you will repair to London Bridge, and be, perhaps, the eleven hundred and ninety-seventh person received on board a boat which was choke full before the first five hundred arrivals had been accommodated. On the passage down you are liable to be incommoded, interior-wise, by the swaying of the over-weighted boat; but it fortunately happens that your mental anxiety—you expect every hurch to end in a capsize—will generally avail to keep you from paying much attention to your bodily tribulation.

Once arrived at the scene of festivity, you will proceed to enjoy yourself after the manner of the other gay and fashionable votaries. First, you will purchase the "Fun of the Fair," a wooden instrument of jocularity—not a comic writer, though—and, thus armed, you will set

about scratching the backs of the public in general, with a perseverance which would have delighted the patriotic Duke of Argyle, who set up the famous posts for the cutaneous advantage of his clansmen. Before plunging into the happy region of booths—the Boothia Felix of cockney explorers—you may as well (we always do) have a shy at one of the "hankey-pankey" establishments; where, if you be dexterous, you may carry off, in return for perhaps eighteen-pence expended in a hundred and twenty throws, a brass thimble, a yellow pin-cushion, and a wooden cock with a handsome feathery tail. You then direct your steps towards the Fair proper. You will not probably loiter by the gingerbread booths, or allow yourself to be cajoled by the free-spoken proprietrix, who lays her hand on your arm and says, with unbecoming familiarity, "Now, my dear, let me put up a pound of them nuts for you!" Still more resolutely will you spurn the beverage of peripatetic ginger-beer and lemonade establishments, with "sherbet as drunk by the Shaw of Persia" (a nasty animal he must be), and a pictorial illustration of a young lady, supposed to be the proprietor's daughter, saying, "Another bottle for you, sir?" Like the needle to the Pole, or ourselves to a glass of brandy-and-water or a five-pound note, you will bend your steps to Richardson's; before which, if you have a taste for delicate and refined humour, you can—as the greater part of the performance takes place on the outside platform—chaff the clown, or address a few cheerfully critical observations to the tragedy queen. The performance is said to be derived from the Ancient Moralities, which the superior genius of this age has converted into Modern Immoralities. If you enter, we may remind you to pay threepence for the gallery, and thence clamber into the boxes. The saving is slight, but it is as well to be consistent. The entertainments always consist of a tragedy and a pantomime. To prevent your mistaking one for the other, we may state that the former generally goes first. On the occasion of our very last visit to the Temple of the Greenwich Fair drama, we were wonderfully edified by a peculiarly clever way of dressing the characters in the "opening" of the pantomime. Everybody knows that a great point in a pantomime is the fun of guessing who is to be harlequin, pantaloon, and so on. This was, of course, much enhanced by a countryman frisking about the stage in a short smock-frock which only reached to his

knees, and exposed to view in the most satisfactory manner the variegated and spangled inexpressibles of a harlequin. Being accompanied by a friend who is very short-sighted, we at once bet him a very fair sum that the countryman of the "opening" would be the harlequin of the latter part of the entertainment: and we won. But this by way of *paranthèse*.

From Richardson's you may proceed to the wild-beast show, which generally adjoins it; and if you have the pluck to do it, an entertaining experiment in natural history may be here tried. Purchase outside a penny-trumpet, and watch your opportunity until either the royal striped Bengal tiger or the laughing "hyenar" of the desert are stretched out, with their ears against the bars of the cage; then blow a loud squeak into the organs of hearing of these placid creatures. The result will be a roar and a bound which will astonish the students of zoology around. If the cage gives way, and a tiger or two escape out into the Fair, the proprietor of the menagerie will be justly to blame for not having the dens of his *feræ naturæ* constructed more securely. A few *morceaux* of chaff with the exhibitor of the wild beasts may be indulged in with advantage. Thus, when he is showing the elephant, you can observe, "Ah, yes; there 's the Elephant, but where 's the Castle?" or, when he conducts the visitors to the camel's cage, you can inquire whether the creature be one of the individuals described in Scotch song, as always "a-coming-hurrah! hurrah!"

Of course, as a student of human nature, you will not

PHYSICAL AND MORAL FORCE.

A NEW APPLICATION OF THE OLD FABLE.

fail to visit all the giants ten feet five inches high, standing erect in caravans somewhere about five feet ten from the floor to the ceiling; as also all the ladies with white hair and pink eyes—generally depicted on the outside as twining terrific boa constrictors round them in graceful wreaths; and all the wonderfully fat damsels, concerning whom we have always suspicions with reference to an extensive system of padding; not forgetting such phenomena as calves with two heads; pigs of great learning—we should not be surprised if they were adepts in High Art—skeletons of whales, those Napoleons of the ocean who here figure as bony parts;* and the general conglomeration of wonderful objects of nature and art which, year after year, find themselves installed beneath dusty canvas at Greenwich Fair.

The amusements which generally go on between the lines of booths are not fast. They consist of the continuous scratching perpetrated by the Fun-of-the-Fair above alluded to—a terrific din of wooden trumpets—and a long, dreary, monotonous, dusty jostle, backwards and forwards, with everybody's elbows in your ribs, everybody's ankle-jacks on your toes, a sea of dusky hats and coats around you, bounded by the outlines of whitey-brown booths and rickety platforms, crowded with clowns and brass bands making most uncertain harmony; or varied, now and then, by the mounting cars of "merry-go-rounds" and monster swings, careering over the horizon and suggesting agreeable notions of land sea-sickness if the ropes hold; or, if one of them break, of a pitch through the air and over the roofs of the houses, terminated by a forcible entry through a two-pair window in the next street.

After, then, some three or four hours of these pleasant diversions, during which you have fallen down One-Tree hill twice—broken your nose and burst your trowsers—have been engaged in eight rows, and been taken three times into custody—after you have swallowed a pint or two of dust and as much of saw-dust in the Crown and Anchor—to say nothing of having washed the dry material down with half-a-dozen goes of brandy and water—as brown as a badger, and about as nasty to swallow—you return, or are somehow brought back to town, sooner or later as the case may be; and probably find yourself in bed, next morning, embellished with a terrible head-ache and a dirty pair of boots.

* This joke is not ours, but the concoction of a friend who has for the last five minutes been impudently looking over our shoulder.

To Slow Men.—We do not believe that any historian of the manners of the day has, as yet, noticed the important fact, that all the colours of the British Army are "fast" colours, since, like the troops who follow them, they are always warranted not to run.

An "Omen and Odd Coincidence," quite as unmeaning as any in the highly unsuccessful piece lately produced at the Haymarket, is, that the place where the Austrians and Piedmontese had, in fancy phrase, such a "set-to," enjoys the expressive name of Go-it-o!

Addressed to the O'Connell Family.—If a Young Irelander would give half-a-crown for a *pike*, what would an Old Irelander give for a *plaice?* (place.)

"UPON THE STEP HE TURNED."

AN AFFECTING BALLAD, DEDICATED TO THE MEDICAL STUDENTS OF THE METROPOLITAN HOSPITALS.

Air—"*Upon the hill he turned.*"

Upon the step he turned to take a last fond look
Of the watch he had so lately pawned, and also of the book;
He listened to the tick so familiar to his ear,
And the student leant upon his friend, and said, "Let 's get some beer."

Beside the counter stood the master of the shop,
Who used to bate the student down whene'er he came to "pop;"
The master gave a chuckle the student could not hear,
But he glared upon him as he stood—then went in quest of beer.

He went into a public-house—but take care how you think
He always must a sot remain, 'cause then so fond of drink;
See yonder learned Lecturers, who now so staid appear—
Be sure that each, in days gone by, has something pawned for beer.

Q. Why has the Austrian eagle two heads?
A. Because it is the emblem of an emperor with two faces.

THE PULLWIRE CORRESPONDENCE.

Public curiosity having been lately much excited by certain rumours, of the most contradictory description, about a misunderstanding between two eminent commercial firms, the Showman was induced to sift the matter to the bottom, and is now enabled to give the following authentic account to the world:—

Mr. Palmy Tongue of London formerly lent Mr. Flame-o'-fire of Madrid certain sums of money, when the latter gentleman's house was in some danger of being obliged to wind up its affairs, on account of the great competition it was exposed to from the firm of Mount and Molehill. Mr. Palmy Tongue did not require Mr. Flame-o'-fire to repay the said sums, being sufficiently rewarded by the consciousness of having done a good action—and also by the conviction that he had acted for his own advantage; for any evil stroke which reached Mr. Flame-o'-fire would most likely in the long run have affected Mr. Palmy Tongue himself.

Things were in this state when Mr. Palmy Tongue received from his agent at Madrid, Mr. Pullwire, information that Mr. Flame-o'-fire was going on in a most extravagant manner, and one which, if persisted in, could not fail to produce a crisis. On hearing this, Mr. Palmy Tongue immediately wrote to Mr. Pullwire as follows:—

[Received March 18th.] March 16th.

Sir,—I have to instruct you to use all your influence with Mr. Flame-o'-fire, to cause him to stop in the perilous path he has entered on.

You will hint (as gently as possible) that I have no wish of assisting him again, and also that I do not reckon him capable of managing his affairs; consequently, the best way will be for him to give up his books, accounts, and house, into your keeping. I have no objection to his retaining the back attic for his private use, but you must insist on his being in every evening by ten o'clock, and giving up all ideas of a latch-key. Further, I think you might allow him five shillings a-week pocket-money, after defraying his bill at the coffee-house where he takes his meals, and paying his washerwoman. In case your remonstrances produce no satisfactory effect, you will show Mr. Flame-o'-fire this letter.

(Signed) Palmy Tongue.

Mr. Pullwire to Mr. Palmy Tongue.

[Received March 31st.] March 23rd.

Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter. I have not yet delivered it.

(Signed) Pullwire.

Mr. Pullwire to Mr. Palmy Tongue.

[Received April 9th.] April 1st.

SIR,—I have taken no further steps since last writing to you.

(Signed) PULLWIRE.

Mr. Pullwire to Mr. Palmy Tongue.

[Received April 23rd.] April 15th.

SIR,—After a great deal of consideration, and also having heard that Mr. Flame-o'-fire had had a misunderstanding with his clerks, I determined on forwarding your note of the 16th March.

(Signed) PULLWIRE.

Mr. Pullwire to Mr. Flame-o'-fire.

April 17th.

SIR,— * * * * * * * *
I shall * * in case that * * * or if any other mal* * * * *

(Signed) PULLWIRE.

Mr. Flame-o'-fire to Mr. Pullwire.

[Received April 18th.] April 18th.

In reply to your last communication, I have laid it before some of my most intimate friends.

In reply to your first observation—* * * To the second—* * * And, to the third—* * * * *

(Signed) FLAME-O'-FIRE.

Mr. Pullwire to Mr. Palmy Tongue.

[Received April 27th.] April 19th.

SIR,—I have the honour of informing you that on presenting myself at Mr. Flame-o'-fire's counting-house, this morning, he kicked me out.

(Signed) PULLWIRE.

Mr. Palmy Tongue to Mr. Pullwire.

[Received May 6th.] April 28th.

SIR,—I entirely approve of the course you have taken.

(Signed) PALMY TONGUE.

[Does Mr. Palmy Tongue here refer to the precipitate course Mr. Pullwire took down the counting-house steps into the street?]

Mr. Palmy Tongue to Mr. Flame-o'-fire.

April 29th.

SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that I do not feel at all hurt at Mr. Pullwire having been kicked.

I must, however, demand an explanation, and require you to inform me whether it is likely the kicking will be repeated.

(Signed) PALMY TONGUE.

Mr. Flame-o'-fire to Mr. Palmy Tongue.

[Received May 16th.] May 8th.

SIR,—You ask for an explanation, it is as follows. When Mr. Pullwire said to me * * * in the presence of * * it was evident that * * * * * * * * * * therefore, although professing the greatest esteem for Mr. Pullwire personally, I should certainly feel myself under the painful necessity of kicking him again if * * *.

(Signed) FLAME-O'FIRE.

The SHOWMAN has now laid before the public a clear and lucid explanation of the whole matter as it at present stands. With such ample data, England will not be long in forming its decision on the conduct of the parties concerned.

JENNY LIND IN GAOL.—It has been lately decided that any one causing a body of persons to assemble, however legal the object in view may be, is rendered liable for any or every act committed by any or every person present. According to this principle, Jenny Lind, who causes vast numbers to congregate in Her Majesty's Theatre on every evening of her performance, is responsible for every one of their actions as long as they remain together; so that no surprise ought to be excited if we find Jenny Lind brought up to a police court—perhaps even before the present number of the PUPPET-SHOW shall be devoured by admiring thousands—charged with stealing a gold watch, which was, as might have been likely, lost by some *habitué* of Mr. Lumley's theatre. The consequences would be really too great for us to contemplate.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS IN LONDON.

DUMAS' *troupe* is actually about to perform in London, and we shall now have an opportunity, if we live long enough, of witnessing the representation of one of those dramas the termination of which can only be seen by a man of middle age, provided he enter the theatre in early youth. The season commences with *Monte Christo*, "the performance of which occupies two evenings;" and to this will succeed (by-the-bye, it may fail) *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, "represented in Paris," as the bills inform us, "for three hundred and fifty consecutive nights!!"

"Represented for *three hundred and fifty consecutive nights!*" Why, if this be true, we arrive, allowing for Sundays, at the extraordinary conclusion that the *Mousquetaires* will not arrive at any conclusion whatever until after the lapse of more than a twelvemonth; whence it follows, that as soon as the drama has been represented three times, all the actors will, as performers of three years' standing, belong by right to the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund—a result which could not fail to cause infinite disgust to Mr. Harley!

But confining ourselves to *Monte Christo*, a drama in ten acts, represented at the rate of five acts per night, let us ask, whether the "first part" is so overpowering, that the audience feel it necessary to allow an interval of one entire day to pass between its representation and that of the remaining portion? Then, again, is the public required to pay at once for both performances? We have heard that such is the case; and that, moreover, no return checks are issued, although it is but just to allow that the public will have full permission to stay in the theatre from the termination of the first part until the commencement of the second.

We have no doubt that if the ten act drama (by-the-bye, how doubly legitimate it must be) should become a fashionable entertainment in London, the evening papers will publish information of the incidents as they occur, for the benefit of those persons who, having attended the first, may have been prevented from witnessing the second portion of any given (or stolen) play. An edition of the *Telegraph* will probably be published with

LATEST THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

DOWNFALL OF THE BARON.

Or, at a later period,

BY EXTRAORDINARY EXPRESS.

MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS WITH DUC ALONZO.

Some new plan must also be adopted in order to obtain accurate accounts for the morning journals. We suggest that the pieces should be reported at equal length with the Parliamentary debates; in which case a relay of critics would have to be always in readiness, with Mr. Knavison prepared at a moment's notice to replace Mr. Assenford. If a more concise account be considered preferable, we shall have something in the style of legal reports, with an occasional intimation that a certain performer was "left acting;" or that "the piece was not concluded at the time of our going to press;" or again, "the drama will probably terminate in two or three evenings, until which period we postpone our report."

VERY PROPER.—Seeing that the Chartist meetings were not to be suppressed by any arguments it could employ, Government had no other course left than to put them down by *Mayne* force.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—We were not at all surprised to hear of the recent division amongst the Polish patriots, for, at school, we were always taught that the poles must be asunder.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—Any one who has read the proceedings of the National Assembly, so constantly interrupted by "agitation on the extreme left," "movement on the ministerial benches," "great tumult on the floor of the hall," and so on, cannot have failed to remark the announcement that the Chamber "proceeded to the order of the day." After all the *dis*order alluded to, this intelligence is quite refreshing.

ABSOLUTE TYRANNY.

MAN OF THE PEOPLE—"VELL, BILL, HERE'S A SLAP AT THE RIGHTS OF THE SUBJEC'—I'M BLEST IF GUV'MENT HA'NT GONE AND 'BOLISHED THREE-STICKS-A-PENNY AT HASCOT!"

DON HENRICO LYTTON BULWER.

FROM THE SPANISH.

DON HENRICO LYTTON BULWER, wherefore o'er your manly brow
Fly those sudden clouds of anger, as they never flew till now?
Gleams of passion, brightly sparkling, darting from your eyes appear,
And your soul is sad and heavy, and you strangely spurn your beer.

Hither come! in burning accents all your griefs and sorrows tell.
Is it that Lord John is falling, and your book on France won't sell?
Does our poor distracted Europe touch your gentle soul with pain?
Don Henrico Lytton Bulwer, thou hast been kicked out of Spain!

Never more on her ripe corn-fields shalt thou see the sun-beams shine,
Never in her wide plains watch the creeping tendrils of the vine,
Never at the proud bull's tortures gazing shall thy heart grow sick—
All those pleasures now are over since that last confounded kick!

Softly beamed the star of even, lightly gleamed the purple sea,
When a jolly set were boozing in the British embassy.
There were Don Fernando Kasbern, Don Cuffeyo, and some more—
Every man a foe to Narvaez, and to take his head they swore.

"Come, my lads," cried Don Henrico, "fill your goblets once again,
Here's confusion to the tyrant—health and liberty to Spain;
Here's to every jolly rebel—may he have the resolution
To knock down the tyrant Narvaez, and set up the Constitution."

Quickly were the goblets emptied—quick replenished. "Ha! what's that?
Is't a musket?—pass the sherry—no, it's that infernal cat!"
"No, it is n't!" Here the portals for a stranger open flew.
Grimly did the stranger enter, and the company looked blue!

Slowly, sternly, moved the stranger, till he reached the highest place—
Proudly, darkly gazed the stranger into Don Henrico's face;
There was something in his bearing that recalled the famous Cid,
As he said to Don Henrico, "You must mizzle from Madrid!"

"Here's your passport," so he gave it, lowly bowed, and turned away,
Vanished as night's shadows vanish on the bright approach of day;
And a sudden thrill of sorrow through each awe-struck guest there ran,
For the end of Bulwer's dinners was the thought of every man.

Proudly then rose Don Henrico—he whose courage never flags;
Pride was frowning from his forehead as he stuffed his carpet-bags.
Ere the sun rose o'er the city, he was far beyond its walls,
Much lamented by a tailor, sighing in his empty halls.

Loudly did the rebels grumble, touching was the maidens' wail,
Sadly moaned the Progressistas, and their daughters' cheeks were pale;
But the General and Queen Mother were the merriest folks in Spain,
For they knew what Whigs can swallow, and that they need not "explain!"

CHARTIST AMMUNITION.

IN consequence of the humbug that has lately been published about attacks from the Chartists, we lately determined to ascertain the nature and extent of the ammunition with which they were provided. We have discovered that in the matter of fire-arms several of them possess a poker and a couple of pairs of tongs; they have in many cases been known to discharge their debts, and have always let off the special constables very easily. They have, however, no muskets or rifles, and the only reports which have come to our ears have been those published in the newspapers. No one who is aware of the paucity of the Chartist funds can accuse the body of having much "shot" in their possession, though we must admit that many of them possess a large quantity of shells—we mean oyster shells.

☞ *Our readers are informed that an Edition of the* PUPPET-SHOW *is published in Monthly Parts, and that the same may be obtained by order of every bookseller in the kingdom. Parts* 1 *and* 2, *each consisting of five numbers, stitched in an ornamental wrapper, are now ready, price Sixpence each.*

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OUR DISTORTING GLASS. No. IV.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

WE think a very good work might be written under the title of "Dumas, a Mystery." M. Dumas eats, drinks, sleeps, rides, and walks about in the same manner as ordinary people, at the same time keeping about fifty couriers and half-a-dozen locomotives fully employed in conveying to half the printing-houses of Paris the MSS. of plays, romances, and books of travel, without end. M. Dumas' average is three novels and a five-act play *per diem*. His leisure moments he fills up by drawing plans for country seats, and endeavouring to hit on the means of obtaining parliamentary ones. Failing in this last, he came over to London with his famous *Théâtre Historique*, and the actors and plays belonging to it; but in consequence of the patriotic demonstrations of the London supernumeraries, instead of having a run here, the only one they are likely to enjoy is—back again to France.

A CALL FOR TRUE LIBERTY.

I.

OH, Liberty, serene and fair,
Chief blessing of the nations,
The dearest object of our care,
Our best of aspirations,
Come forth, and show thy beaming face—
The world has learned to doubt thee—
Come forth—shed light upon our place;
We cannot live without thee.

II.

A brazen-browed and vulgar jade,
Not like thee in a feature,
In thy white robes and wreath arrayed,
A coarse-tongued shameless creature,
Struts o'er the earth, and takes thy name,
Sows hatred and dissension,
And sanctions many a deed of shame
Which thou would'st blush to mention.

III.

Not like thyself—an angel sweet,
Whose lips would scorn to utter
The filthy language of the street,
Or bye-words of the gutter—
She mingles with the vilest crowd,
She shouts, and roars, and curses,
Shakes hands with thieves—she is not pro
And gambols with cut-purses.

IV.

She calls herself a goddess bright,
The suffering people's saviour,
Who shows the nations truth and right,
And teaches kings behaviour;
She bears a musket in her hand,
She holds her head supremely,
And rules within a neighbouring land
In fashion most unseemly.

V.

She takes thy name on false pretence,
And signs it to her papers;
And when she lacks the needful pence,
She plays dishonest capers:
She mulcts the rich, and calls it fair
To fine their misbehavings;
And then, to show the poor her care,
She robs them of their savings.

VI.

Come forth and shame this counterfeit,
Oh, maiden fair and holy;
Oh, Liberty! divinely sweet,
Beloved of high and lowly.

Come forth, thy heavenly charms unfold,
And teach mankind their duty;
Come forth, let all the world behold
Thine intellectual beauty.

VII.

Though blinded mobs might seek to slay,
And tyrant monarchs hate thee;
True hearts in France thine advent pray—
True hearts in England wait thee.
So fair thou art, so full of grace,
The nations will adore thee;
And mobs, when once they 've seen thy face,
Will bend their knees before thee.

VIII.

Come forth; the world expects thou wilt—
Long has it waited sadly—
Come forth, and shame this thing of guilt,
That plays thy part so badly.
Come forth, serene, refulgent, clear,
Th' expectant earth adorning;
And all the cheats shall disappear
Like torchlight in the morning.

A DIFFERENT SORT OF RACE.—A very verdant young gentleman is, we understand, studying a work called "Ethnology, or the Science of Races," in hopes of being enabled by its aid to make up a good book for the St. Leger.

ANTIQUARIANS IN WIT.—The *Musical World* speaks of some one who "says, in his own quaint way, 'My son loves gas-light, for he likes to throw light on the subject!'" This reminds us of the *Musical World*, which says, in its own quaint way, "a door is not always a door, for is it not sometimes a-jar?"

CONSCIENCE MONEY.—We are requested by the magistrates at Bow Street to acknowledge the receipt of five shillings, which has been forwarded to them by a young man who became intoxicated last week, and missed the policeman (to whom he intended giving himself in charge) in his way home.

NEVER CONTENT.—Some people appear never to have enough of a good thing. To this class belong those railroad travellers who, after having nearly every bone in their body broken by some fearful accident, actually take the trouble to go to law in order to obtain further "damages."

GRIEF.—A FRAGMENT.

[*Mr. Mute's back parlour. Mrs. and the Misses Mute sewing crape scarves and other funeral trappings, in solemn silence.*]

Mr. Mute. . . . . . Very awful, sir. So sudden. . .

Mr. Augustus Fast. Yes. (*Takes out a cambric handkerchief: is about to apply it to his eyes, but stops to flip off a speck that he perceives on his coat.*) Quite unexpected. Ah!——You 'll let everything be ready, because, as all devolves upon me—

Mr. Mute. Oh, never fear, sir; I will be punctual. My wife and daughters have been working day and night at the scarves, and also at a new pall. They said they would not rest a moment till all was completed—(*with a faltering voice*) They knew your deceased uncle, sir ——

[*Here Mrs. and the Misses Mute deem it necessary to have recourse to their handkerchiefs. Mr. Augustus Fast seizes the same opportunity to look down with great sorrow at his varnished boots, and calculates how much his uncle has probably left him. After a pause he looks up.*]

Mr. Augustus Fast. Well, then, I rely on you, Mute. (*Bows to the ladies, and exit, accompanied by Mute.*)

. . . . . .

Mute. (*returning.*) My dear, that's a three hundred pound job, at the least. As you and the girls have been very industrious with the grave-clothes and the pall, I 'll treat you all to Astley's.

The Misses Mute (*throwing down their work, and skipping round Mr. Mute*). Oh my!——Pa! . . . . . .

ALDERMAN JOHNSON *versus* HUMANITY, DECENCY, AND COMMON SENSE.

ARE we living in England, in the nineteenth century, in an age of reform, reason, and the PUPPET-SHOW? We are sometimes inclined to doubt it. The corporation of London is the most barbarous relic of antiquity now existing. A Grand Falconer is a ridiculous object enough, but he at least is a man of education, and does no harm. But a civic magistrate is at once mischievous and ridiculous. No man living can give a reason why such persons as aldermen should be dispensers of law. Does it follow because a man is a Hercules at the dinner-table, that he will necessarily be a Solon on the bench! Surely some such delusive idea must exist in the legislature.

On the 12th instant there was brought before Alderman Johnson at Guildhall (as we learn from the *Chronicle*) "an old man, upwards of seventy years of age," charged with making three desperate attempts to destroy himself. The imagination can fancy nothing more melancholy than a suicide of seventy—a grey-headed man who has toiled for two generations—hastening to the grave before his time, preferring to a life of misery a death of shame. 'T were a theme for Euripides, Otway, or Sterne. What was his defence? "I came to London to look for work, but could not find any!" Could Curran have made a better one? Society, however, permits its fellow-creature to starve to death like a wolf in a Russian winter, but not to die like a man! Hear the Alderman—"A Dogberry come to judgment!"

Alderman Johnson—"When did you come, and from where?"

Prisoner—"From Farringdon, in Berkshire, on last Tuesday week."

Alderman Johnson—"*There are plenty of rivers there.* Why did you not throw yourself into one of them, instead of coming to London for the purpose of creating sympathy in the public mind? You no more intended to kill yourself than I do at present, and ought to be well flogged, and sent home. I shall commit you for seven days on short allowance."

And so he was conveyed to prison.

Now, we put it to every one with a human heart, or a human understanding, whether the above speech has ever been out-matched for cool, deliberate brutality, and disgusting callousness of feeling—whether there is not a Mephistophelean ruffianism about it that shocks the senses and chills the heart? The statement that the prisoner did not intend to kill himself was simply a lie, of the magisterial (which is the worst) species. The evidence showed that the attempts were various, violent, repeated, and prevented with difficulty; but the Alderman's object was to prevent the man getting assistance by stigmatizing him as an impostor. An impostor! Supposing his only object *was* to "create sympathy," is creating sympathy a crime? If so, God help the miserable; for to what but sympathy can they look!

But the subject is too painful to dwell upon at length. We have done our duty by bringing this Alderman's conduct before the public. And this was a "popular" Lord Mayor! But City popularity is kitchen popularity. The *aura popularis* there smells of soup. We presume he will go on unchecked by his fellow-citizens, and that, as he gratified their gluttony at his expense, they will allow him to gratify his own appetite for cruelty at the expense of human nature!

PINS & NEEDLES.

A SEVERE CUT.

The Chartists talked very loudly of cutting off the gas on the 12th of June: instead of this, however, on the approach of the police, they *cut off* themselves.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

According to the police reports, one Samuel Cowell, commedian, of the Princess's theatre, has been acting in a most contemptible manner during the late riots at Drury Lane. This does not surprise us:—a long experience of this gentleman's powers has convinced us that it is impossible for him to *act* in any other way.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE SUBJECT.

A young fellow has written to us to know whether the *Musical World* is conducted by members of the Whittington Club, since it deals so much in "*counter*-point."

THE PROPER READING.

The Drury Lane mob expected the support of the public "at large." It seems to us that that portion of the public which is locked up (at the Hanwell Asylum and elsewhere) would be more congenial colleagues.

THE LAST NEW NOVEL.

We have heard a great deal at various times about "finding the body of Harold." In Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's book we have certainly found the body, but we have looked in vain for the brains!

COMMERCIAL.

The little credit which the Editor of the *Musical World* may once have possessed in the literary market, seems to have fallen very much—for at present no one will take his paper.

NO QUARTER.

The Danish troops who have been taken prisoners are treated with great kindness, and quartered in the barracks of the Hanoverian soldiers. They are rather better off than the Germans who fell into the hands of the infuriated Danish peasants, and were quartered on the highway.

REFUTATION FOR CALUMNY.

Mr. Feargus O'Connor has been stigmatized as being disloyal. We must, however, confess that, as far as jokes went, we have always found him a very good subject.

THE LEGITIMISTS AGAIN.

We understand that a slow dramatic author is about to bring out a new edition of *King Lear*, with the part of the *Bastard* omitted, on account of its not being a legitimate character.

A PLAIN REASON.

The papers say that the crowds which assemble nightly on the Paris Boulevards are very dense. Of course they are, otherwise how could they act so stupidly?

FALSE ASSERTION.

One of the papers, in instituting a comparison between the Chartists and the Whigs, says, that the latter are quite a different body. We always looked upon them as a very indifferent one.

A LITERARY OSTRICH.

A publisher is now advertising a "Digest of the Parliamentary Debates." We should like to know something of the author, who can manage to digest what no one else could ever swallow.

EDITOR'S BOX.

On Monday, the 12th instant, somewhere about a quarter to eight, P.M., the SHOWMAN took his hat from its peg, and his way from his house, down to the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Although not doubting in the least the entertainment to be derived from M. Dumas' Drama, the SHOWMAN had taken care to provide himself with a sufficient quantity of entertainment of the kind announced to weary travellers on the sign-boards of wayside inns, intending of course to remain until the conclusion of the drama, on the Wednesday night. Man's designs, however, are as vain as peacocks themselves. The rising of the curtain was followed by the rising of about a hundred individuals in the pit, and a score or so in the boxes; either singers at night taverns, or *habitués* of the same, who, having heard that Monte Christo was immoral, had determined on putting it down by brute force, as being the most appropriate to their nature. Accustomed to the chaste and modest strains of their own favourite effusions, they determined Monte Christo should not defile their ears; and not only did they refuse to listen themselves, but with the greatest solicitude for those whom the SHOWMAN had supposed to be the more respectable, but whom the Cider Cellars' gentry regarded as the more viciously inclined portion of the audience, prevented the latter from hearing anything either. Some of these rigid moralists, however, proved martyrs to their own cause; for, in consequence of carrying it out with too much warmth, they were themselves carried out—of the theatre, by two policemen.

The SHOWMAN has endeavoured to discover some grounds for this unfair and dishonourable conduct on the part of Englishmen. After long reflection, he has come to the conclusion that the offenders were only anxious to prove their loyalty to their Queen, who, to judge by the example she has set in favour of British productions, must feel gratified that her subjects have not failed to stand up for the British Drama, which, by some accident or other, she herself has invariably neglected to patronize.

THE GENT'S SOLILOQUY.

To hiss, or not to hiss, that is the question:—
Whether 't is nobler in a gent to suffer
The ten-act plays of Alexandre Dumas;
Or to take arms against a *troupe* of Frenchmen,
And, by opposing, smash them?—To shout,—to row,—
No more;—and, by a row, to say we end
This Monte Christo, which so strangely shocks
The blush I 'm heir to;—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To shout;—to row;—
To row! and go to quod?—ay, there 's the rub;
For if that be the case, what fine may come
Next day, for kicking up this great turmoil,
Must give us pause; there 's the respect
That makes these foreigners of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and spurs of the *Cirque*,
Franconi's stud within Old Drury's walls,
The jokes of foreign clowns, and all they say,
Their insolence in coming, which, in turn,
These fresh arrivals do but imitate,
When he himself might a quietus make
With a mere cat-call? Who would quietly sit,
And nothing understand of ten long acts,
But that the dread of something after quod—
That well-discovered country, from whose bourn
The van so oft removes—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear this foreign trash
Than walk to Bow Street, 'twixt two New Police!
Thus Jardine does makes cowards of us all;
And thus our stock in trade of resolution
Goes oozing out at his most dreaded name;
And all our plans and projects, in a moment,
From great regard for it are all my eye,
And, what 's more—Betty Martin.

THE MONTE CHRISTO ROW.

"WELL, BILL, SO WE 'VE PUT DOWN THEM FRENCH ACTORS. SEE WHAT ENGLISHMEN CAN DO WHEN THEY STICKS TOGETHER."

"AH! I BELIEVE YOU! BRITISH TALENT'S GOT THE DAY, AND DRURY LANE'S SHUT UP AGAIN."

REMARKS ON REMARKABLE DINING PLACES.

By an Habitué *of all of them.*

No. II.—THE BILLINGSGATE FISH DINNER.

YESTERDAY we actually succeeded in getting a place—not a Brighton plaice, as a bad genius suggests—at the Billingsgate Fish Dinner. We had heard that it was one of the most extraordinary ordinaries in London, and had resolved to pay the proprietor a visit and eighteenpence, in order to take down its general characteristics, and take up any absurdity that might present itself. It is a very filling sort of dinner; so much so, that the room—which, by-the-bye, we like better than the company—becomes quite full about the time that "grace before meat," or rather before fish, is said. After all the available chairs are occupied, the unseated portion of the guests descend to all sorts of paltry artifices, such as broken footstools and corners of fenders; while the "latest arrival" is elevated—his anger rising at the same time—to a position on the edge of the mantel-piece.

PUTTING HIM ON THE SHELF.

There are many little minds who would not mind punning about the names of the various fish with which they are here entertained. We need not observe that, as regards the jokes, the public would *not* be entertained. We, however, will not annoy our readers by talking about soles in connexion with (h)eels; nor will we, for the sake of indulging in satire, either carp at the carp, or perch upon the perch, with the view of making a stupid point; while it would, of course, be equally absurd to attempt to get anything brilliant out of so flat a subject as the flounder.

The great object which seems to pervade the minds—if they have any—of the *habitués* of the Fish Dinner is that of eating a good eighteenpen'orth. We are bound in justice to add, that their capabilities are quite equal to their intentions. We believe that a select party of seven-and-twenty have sworn a solemn vow to ruin the "spirited proprietor." We are ignorant of the cause of their wrath, but it is quite certain that they have equal appetites for revenge and salmon, and that the unfortunate man against whom their vengeance and gluttony are directed will soon be eaten out of house and home. It is becoming quite evident that either the prices must rise or the landlord must fall; in which case we should no doubt find his demise chronicled under the head of "Disgusting Feat," or "Voracity of a City Clerk."

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.

The usual mode of dining at the ordinary under notice is by eating as much fish as possible (and far more than would appear probable), and then attacking the meat like hungry Chartists or half-starved reporters at a public dinner. For this, however, it is necessary to possess considerable activity, and to keep a strict watch on all the plates as they are being sent round the table; and this line of conduct is required, if only for the sake of behaving like the majority, and to avoid being looked upon as something out of the common.

KEEPING A WATCH.

SOMETHING OUT OF THE COMMON.

We do not remember having seen any dessert at the conclusion of the dinner, by which we must not be understood to mean that no one deserts the room at the period in question. After tobacco in all its varieties, and punch in all its excellence (of course we are not alluding to the hunch-backed buffoon of Fleet Street), have been produced, smoking and drinking are continued until the next dinner commences, at which those who have regained their appetites are allowed an opportunity of again appeasing them.

A PAIR OF NUT-CRACKERS.

SHALL I HELP YOU TO A LIGHT?

THE TWO STUDENTS.

OUR two friends who compose the School of the Westminster Hospital were of course not idle during the demonstration for and against the company of the *Théâtre Historique*. It was important to know what part the School would take in the matter, and a grand congress was accordingly called, in order at once to determine the question. It soon appeared from some handbills which were issued that there was but little chance of a satisfactory result being arrived at, for while the most subtle and exact reasoning was put forth by one party, the opposite one gave evidence of the greatest determination of purpose, by the most violent denunciations, and appeals to what are called "better feelings." The only decisions arrived at in consequence of the meeting were, that Student No. 1 was a "bigoted wretch" (proposed by No. 2), and that Student No. 2 was an "obstinate fool" (proposed by No. 1).

A NEW RAILWAY BREAK.—Hudson's break-down in the House, after dinner.

(*Brutus*.....Jo. Hume.) (*Cassius*.....R. Cobden.) (*Cæsar*.....Lord J. Russell.)

A SCENE FROM JULIUS CÆSAR (WITH A NEW CAST OF CHARACTERS).

Cæsar—"Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much: such men are dangerous."—*Act I., Scene 2.*

THE POLICEMEN'S PIC-NIC.

A BETHNAL-GREEN ECLOGUE.

"As matters continued to wear so pacific an aspect, the police were allowed to sit down on the grass and recruit exhausted nature from the stalls and baskets of the hawkers, who were scattered in great numbers over the fields. Squatting on their pocket-handkerchiefs, the M's, the N's, the K's, and the H's, proceeded to discuss very vigorously the bread and cheese, nuts, cakes, and ginger-beer, which were at hand; and when these were exhausted, foaming tankards and clay pipes appeared upon the scene."—*Times, June 18th.*

THE strife was over—hushed the clamour loud,
And mizzling rain dispersed the mizzling crowd;
The shivering Chartists hurried thro' the mud,
Washed (for the first time) by the kindly flood.
Their graceful limbs in corduroys were seen,
Bounding like bisons over Bethnal Green;
Their leaders vanished to a "public" near,
To curse the Government, and drink their beer.

Now that the danger all had passed away,
And shame o'erwhelmed another Chartist day,
The gallant Peelers on the common sat,
For frugal luncheon, and a friendly chat;
Small heaps of penny busters strewed the ground,
Majestic pewters, too, with white foam crowned,
And cakes from Camden Town, and Holland's cheese,
While shag's soft perfumes mingled with the breeze!
Much they discussed the riots and their meat,
And each fair cook on every favourite beat.

"Ah!" cried K 50, "say, shall dame compare
With my Jemima—pride of Russell Square?
Who that has viewed her at the social board,
With chops, and pies, and beer, and pickles, stored:
Or seen her, graceful in her mistress' dress,
Adorn the area with her loveliness—
But will admit her fairest of the band,
Juno at home, and Venus in the Strand!"
He spoke—a cloud stole o'er his manly mug:
He wiped away a tear, and seized the jug.

Then thus H 40:—"*Thy* Jemima vie
With Grissell, lady of the sparkling eye?
She, the enchanter of the neighbouring mews,
Pet of the Force, and darling of the Blues!
At such pretension, all mankind would laugh;
But here's the Inspector coming—stop your chaff."

The grave Inspector came, took up the can,
Refreshed his weary frame, and thus began:—
"My gallant comrades! cheerily all lays
Come to my ears that sound a female's praise.
Be 't yours in friendly rivalry to shine:
To hear and deck the conqueror be mine.
Who best describes the beauties of the fair,
This bran-new truncheon by his side shall wear.
In vain old women and small boys resist
A bran-new truncheon in a Peeler's fist!"
A burst of cheering came from all the band;
Then thus the rivals—each with pipe* in hand.

K 50:—"As the bright lustre of surpassing red
Beams from the features of a lobster dead;
So, when she sweetly smiles, or softly speaks,
Glows the warm colour on Jemima's cheeks!"

H 40:—"Sweet as the wild-flowers upon Scottish mountains,
Bright as the water in Trafalgar fountains,
Cheering as 't is to see the rabble mizzle,
So sweet, so bright, so cheering, is my Grissell!"

K 50:—"To watch, until her master 's gone to bed—
To hide the candle, and prepare the spread—
With wily subterfuge, and cautious cares,
To pass the kitchen door and area stairs—
To mix the salad, or to deck the round—
Queen of all cooks, be fair Jemima crowned!"

H 40:—"To take precautions, while she roasts the veal,
That the sweet odour through the house don't steal—
To tell her mistress all the wine is gone,
But for the Peeler put a bottle on—
To grate the nutmeg, or to mix the punch,
To filch the supper, or abstract the lunch—
Let all these arts with trumpet voice proclaim
My Grissell's merit, and secure her fame!"

K 50:—"How, if her master comes down in the night,
Jemima hides her lover and the light!"

H 40:—"How, should her master venture such a thing,
Grissell strange stories to his wife would bring!"

K 50:—"When balls are given, does Jemima fail
To give the prying MUDLARK* each detail?"

H 40:—"Not so my Grissell! Should the MUDLARK bore,
She turns the greedy reptile from the door."

"Enough, enough," the bold Inspector cried;
"H 40, take the truncheon to your side!"

The listening crowd admire the lofty lay,
And to their stations slowly wend their way.

* In order to understand this pastoral properly, we wish the reader to know, that the "pipe" alluded to was the domestic clay.—ED.

* A fashionable or flunky reporter for the press; called the MUDLARK, because once, when daring to intrude on the privacy of the Royal yacht, he was hurled into the Hampshire mud!

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Inflicting an *Observer* criticism on a friend.

NOT SO CRUEL AFTER ALL.—Government have been charged with cruelty towards Mr. Mitchell; but as they never had him cropped, it must be admitted that they did n't "hurt a hair of his head!"

LES DANOIS.—We understand that Jullien is rearranging Musard's quadrille, *Les Danois*, in order to suit the circumstances of that people. Several new military effects have been added to the celebrated *coup de pistolet* which occurs in the original; but as it is intended to introduce a triumphal march in the last figure, the *maestro* is necessarily obliged to postpone the composition of the *finale* until that of the war itself shall have arrived.

A PARALLEL CASE.

IN an affectedly written biography of Mrs. Mowatt, published in a pseudo-philanthropic journal, it is gravely related, that "one night when they were playing the *Bride of Lammermoor*, the audience became so excited, that they gradually rose from their seats, and when *Lady Ashton* showed *Ravenswood* the contract which *Lucy* (Mrs. Mowatt) had signed, a man in the audience cried out, in a voice broken with emotion, 'Tear it up Ravenswood! Oh! tear it up!'"

The above anecdote forcibly reminds us of a performance of *Lucia* which we once witnessed at a minor theatre, and at which the audience gradually rose from their seats: when the point arrived at which *Lady Ashton* shows *Ravenswood* the contract, a man in the pit cried out in a voice broken by the warmth of his feelings, "Cut it short, young man! Come, cut it short!"

GLORIOUS NEWS.

ILLNESS OF OUR DISCHARGED CONTRIBUTOR.

OUR Discharged Contributor has lately been taking a great deal of interest in the Chartist movements. On the 12th of June, he was looking about for "ideas" in Bonner's Fields, and in the futile search, managed to get wet through. While changing his clothes, he was heard to mutter, that the Chartists after all had met with a great success, for that in consequence of the immense quantity of rain which had fallen, they must now certainly have obtained their six *pints*. We are happy to inform our readers, that our much disrespected friend has been afflicted with a severe attack of rheumatism, which prevents him, for the present, from holding a pen. It is even said that the unfortunate humourist has but little chance of recovering, though at the time of our going to press, he remains in full possession of such faculties as he has hitherto enjoyed. We merely state the circumstances as they have reached us, without expressing our feelings on the subject one way or the other.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S TRAGEDY, "DON CARLOS."

We think that Lord John Russell's friends (if he has any) acted with singular absurdity in raking up this unhappy performance from the twenty-six years of obscurity in which the public so contentedly allowed it to rest. The present time is about the most unfortunate that could be selected for the resurrection. It is too bad, that when Lord John is everywhere displaying his impotence as a statesman, the public should be reminded of his dulness as an author. However, if he is satisfied so are we. We are not surprised at his literary, being so well acquainted with his political, temerity. We know quite enough of him not to be astonished that he should boldly have written on a subject which had previously been handled by Otway, by Schiller, and by Alfieri.

Don Carlos has been performed at the Surrey Theatre. Every justice was done it in the way of scenery, dress, and decorations. It was decently performed, patiently listened to, and slightly applauded; but it was obvious that the feeling of curiosity to see what kind of a play a premier was the author of, was the only feeling gratified on the part of the public. We shall make some comments on this production, in order that our readers may see what kind of stuff "persons of quality" write in the present day. The leaden seal of commonplace dulness is stamped on every line.

What is the meaning of the following sentiment uttered by *Valdéz*, the Grand Inquisitor, supposed to be a wily and profound man?

"——— fortitude
Rewards itself, and dries the stream of grief
In its own source, the mind."

Here fortitude is represented as something apart from the mind, and occupied in drying it up; besides, fortitude *does not* reward itself, for we sat out *Don Carlos* with great fortitude, and got no reward whatever!

Among other defects, there is no want of plagiarism, but this perhaps is justifiable, for the most sensible thing such an author can do is to borrow. In Act II., Scene 1, *Carlos* gives his father an account of the burning of a heretic, which he had seen when young. The story is told in about forty dull lines; but who does not see that it is borrowed in sentiment throughout from a magnificent passage in Shelley's *Queen Mab* describing a similar scene, which begins—

"I was an infant when my mother went
To see an atheist burned!"

When the fire reaches the culprit, His Lordship describes it thus—

"The flames burst forth,
And with slow torture singed the limbs of him," &c.

Not so Shelley, who tells us—

"The *thirsty fire crept round his manly limbs,*
His resolute eyes were scorched to blindness soon!"

Mark the vigour of these lines, glowing with genius. His Lordship describes the burning as a cannibal cook would; talking of the "singeing" as if the victim (like himself) were a certain bird, popular at Strasburg!

In the fourth act we have *Carlos* in prison, where, by-the-bye, he heartily deserves to be, for talking such nonsense in the preceding acts. Like most dull dogs in tragedies, he commences to soliloquize and spout about the hills, &c.

"The brown hills,
The aloe hedge, the rhododendron wild,
The golden orange, and the purple grape,
All seemed as clothed in light."

How this smacks of Covent Garden! A cauliflower would have made it complete. The line in italics is the only good one in the play. It reminds us of dessert.

In due time the killing begins, and *Carlos* takes poison; after which he makes no less than *five speeches*—pompous and laboured. In the same scene, in Otway's *Don Carlos*, on the contrary, the Prince says but little, and that touching, natural, pathetic, and becoming his position. Russell's *Don Carlos* talks of posterity.

"Perhaps a day
May come when Spain will ask to know my fate."

His last thoughts are of himself; Otway's *Don Carlos* of his father and his duty.

"Methinks there 's something in my heart
Tells me I must not too unkindly part.
Father, draw nearer, raise me with your hand
Before I die, what is 't you would command?"

This is the true pathetic. No melodramatic blustering—no swagger. But Otway knew human nature—Russell, parliamentary; Otway was a poet—Russell is a Whig!

SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM HAMLET.

Illiberal Philpotts, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
Strange, that the man who bigots all surpassed
Might, spite of this, become a *brick* at last.

To Fortune-Hunters.—If a conclusive proof were wanted of the culpability of any person obtaining, by protestations of eternal love, possession of some young heiress, while, at the same time, it was her money—not herself—he cared about, such proof would lie in the fact that the wretch had certainly "done a-miss."

REMARKABLE DREAMS.

Mark Lemon dreamed last week that he would shortly make a joke.

The editor of the *Musical World* once dreamed that his journal would, at some time or other, sell a hundred numbers per week.

Mr. Charles Cochrane dreamed that he would be M.P. for Westminster.

Mr. Farren, *Jun.*, dreamed that he wasn't hissed whenever he came on the stage.

Lord Morpeth dreamed that he saw an Alderman buying soap.

M. Alexandre Dumas dreamed that the English public were "generous," "liberal," and "enlightened."

Miss Rainsforth dreamed (at Sadlers Wells) that she dwelt in marble halls.

A MONTE CHRISTO BALLAD.

Air—"*You are going far away, far away from poor Jeannette.*"

You are going to the play, if an order you can get,
And Monte Christo you're to see; so mind you don't forget
To take two days' provisions, and remember ere you go
That I want some cash to "keep the house" till you come back, dear Joe.

When you're sitting in the pit, and when "part the first" is o'er,
You'll be voting Monsieur Dumas a most terrific bore;
With your head upon your hand, and your hand upon your knee,
You will long to be at home again at Kensington with me.

When the playhouse doors are opened, you'll be madly rushing on,
Never thinking if they squash you, that your only chance is gone;
For your hard eggs will be broken, and your brandy bottle cracked,
And you'll faint from thirst and hunger in the pit so densely packed.

Oh! if I were the Lord Chamberlain, or, better still, the Queen,
At Drury Lane, I'd take good care, no Frenchmen should be seen.
If they chose to bring out pieces which it took two nights to play,
They should keep such stuff for Paris, and from London stop away.

MONTE CHRISTO.

Not being scene painters, we shall not attempt to paint the scenes which have occurred during the last ten days at Drury Lane Theatre. Amongst other absurd manifestations of gross ignorance, we hear—or rather we heard when in the theatre—that a groan was given by an overgrown blockhead for the Puppet-Show. In fact, groans were directed against every conceivable object excepting the almost inconceivable stupidity of the opposing portion of the audience—if "audience" be a word applicable to a congregation of persons who were unable to hear anything. We beg, however, not to be understood as asserting that their ears were not long enough.

The loyalty of the audience who didn't hear anything was evinced by singing "God save the Queen," very much out of tune. We observed a Frenchman in the pit whose appearance betokened the greatest distress, and whom the riotous supernumeraries had endeavoured to compel by main, or rather by inhumane, force to join in the chorus. As his appearance can more easily be depicted than described, we present our readers with a portrait of the unfortunate man.

Mr. Cowell, the person who sings what are called "comic" songs at a low tavern in the metropolis, but who sings very small everywhere else, was, we are glad to say, taken before the magistrate on account of behaving in a more indecent manner than that for which he is generally notorious. The man Cowell says, that although he hissed, there were many supernumeraries beside himself who did so; but the rational portion of the audience were, of course, aware that he was sufficiently "beside himself" to render any such assertion unnecessary.

A furious and mad cry of "off" was raised at the beginning of the first act of *Monte Christo*, and lasted until the termination of the fifth. In fact, the whole affair may be described in the following lines of the poet whom we "keep;" for he certainly lives entirely by the Puppet-Show:—

"Off, off," cried the boobies,
"Off, off, with the play;"
And off went the the low gang
With the Peelers away.

NOTICE.

Mr. Bramah offers a hundred guineas' reward to any one who can open the ingenious lock displayed in his shop-window.

The Horticultural Society offers a similar sum to whoever can produce a blue dahlia.

A gentleman, desirous of testing the truth of *clairvoyance*, has enclosed, in a thick envelope, a cheque, which he offers to the individual who, in a state of somnambulism, can read its wording.

The Showman, not wishing to be behind hand in forwarding the cause of science, hereby offers a recompense of one thousand guineas to the genius—including the author himself—of whatever colour, nation, or political opinions, who will explain to the Showman's satisfaction the meaning of the line

"Love springeth fledged and full-grown from thy tongue,"

which appeared some time since in the *Musical World*.

The Alien Bill—Bill Smith, sent to Norfolk Island for making too free with an old gentleman's purse and watch.

King Charles Albert's Head-quarters—His night-cap and pillow.

SIX WAYS OF GETTING A LIVING.

1. Take a theatre, and live out of the receipts. If there is any balance left, it would look well to divide it among the actors.

2. Get a new meerschaum pipe, and smoke it all day long. As soon as it is "coloured"—or, more properly, discoloured—you can obtain a sovereign and another new pipe for it. Continue this system of changing old pipes for new ones, and you may ultimately become a rich man.

3. Write puffs for Her Majesty's Theatre, and give the boxes which Lumley will be constantly sending you to your tradesmen, who will, of course, never trouble you with their bills.

4. If very hard-up, and not very particular, turn philanthropist, and give a friend half the profits for getting up a testimonial to you.

5. Prove yourself to be a man without principle and respectability, and you may get put into Parliament by Lord Fitzhardinge. If so bad as to coincide with him in all his views, you will be allowed three hundred a-year, which is quite enough for an M.P., as he need not pay his debts.

6. Another way of getting a living is by buying one in the Church.

An Odd Meeting.—One of the Chartist leaders had lately an interview with a Metropolitan Magistrate. This may be considered as a practical illustration of the principle of extremes meeting.

The Poetry of Gas.—The last joke our Discharged Contributor sent before his illness, was one about gas, which the degraded individual pretended was not only useful but even highly poetical, because it was so often in metre.

Strange Idea.—We understand that a young writer, who has ruined five or six publishers in London, has at last been obliged to apply to a policeman in order to get a book taken up.

Ungrateful.—The Greenwich Railroad Directors complain of the few people they took down during the Whitsun week. We think, however, they had a *fair* quantity.

Very Desperate.—Mr. Meagher has proved himself a man of mettle in more senses than one, for we see by the Dublin police reports that the other day he had pluck enough to knock a policeman over, and tin enough to pay for it; and what is more, the Government papers say he had brass enough to boast of it.

Fancy Portrait—Mr. Meagher of the Sword.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Πυγχφιλος, who seems to parade his learning and his ignorance with equal facility, is referred, in respect of his correction of the Showman's German, to the concluding paragraph of the sixth number of the Puppet-Show; while, in respect to the correction of his own English, he is referred to Lindley Murray's Grammar of the English Tongue, which, the Showman hopes, he will study with becoming diligence before he does him the honour to correspond with him again.

☞ *Our readers are informed that an Edition of the* Puppet-Show *is published in Monthly Parts, and that the same may be obtained by order of every bookseller in the kingdom. Parts* 1 *and* 2, *each consisting of five numbers, stitched in an ornamental wrapper, are now ready, price Sixpence each.*

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OUR DISTORTING GLASS. No. V.

PRINCE ALBERT AS THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

SEVERAL new and original political Extravaganzas have lately been got up, at an immense expense to the country, by Messrs. O'Connor, Cuffey, and Ernest Jones, kindly assisted by Sir George Grey, and other members of the Government. One of the principal charms in these productions was the appearance of His Royal Highness Prince Albert in the character of the *Flying Dutchman*, revived expressly for the occasion. His Royal Highness's performance excited universal wonder. The novelty which His Royal Highness has thrown into the part consists in his suddenly disappearing from the head of a regiment of which he is supposed to be colonel, cleaving the air with the most amazing rapidity, alighting at Osborne, and exclaiming, in the true comic style, "Here I am!" Our readers have no idea how ludicrous this is. The *situation* is an excellent one; but there is nothing to astonish us in this, as His Royal Highness has long been famous for figuring in good situations.

THE SHOWMAN AND FRIEND.

A DIALOGUE.

SCENE.—*A snug room. On the table the* Colloquia *of Erasmus, Junius's* Letters, *and three volumes of Swift; also a jug of punch and a cigar-case.*

SHOWMAN:—"Yes, 't is as plain as gallant Cuffey's face,
This is a time of Whiglings and disgrace:
No pen to guide us, and no head to save,
The senate's glory sleeps in Canning's grave.
Sir Robert slumbers, and the Premier fears
E'en Bentinck's babble and Disraeli's sneers;
And 'gainst the force of revolution's flood
A dozen Whigs pile up a little mud.
What generous thinker does it not make sick,
To see great principles opposed by trick,
Reform retarded by a feeble *nous*,
And England cozened by a 'counted house!'
Come, let us view the time, weigh every hope,
Look first at Russell—through a microscope!"

FRIEND:—"As the heaped relics of the mouldering dead
Help the dark yews their sable leaves to spread,
A church's ruin with its rare *débris*
Enriched the mud whence sprung the Russell tree;
The cunning Founder knew the little art
To turn a despot's head, or soothe his heart;
And many an abbey fell, and holy shrine,
That one poor Russell might in splendour dine.
Nought of their actions since our writers tell,
Except that one plucked courage to rebel.

SHOWMAN:—"With the small form that makes the feeble birth
At once an object of contempt and mirth;
With all that from the ill-starr'd race won't pass—
The founder's cunning, and the rebel's brass;
With just enough of talent, decked by fate,
To fail in letters and to rise in state,
Behold the Premier soar above the mass,
As thin balloons are raised by fetid gas.
Much did he babble when he first began
Of England's freedom and the rights of man—
How Britons still to liberty were bred,
And how his "great" forefather lost his head.
Such feeble cries he joined to freedoms storm,
And jumped to power when England got reform.
Blest constitution—praised by boys at school—
Where freemen labour that a lord may rule;
Where men may nobly work, and greatly dare,
And apes among them all the profits share!"

FRIEND:—"Yet, let us hope, the time will come at last,
When, Whigs and humbug both together past—
When, Russell's speeches and his measures o'er
(Gone where his tragedy has gone before)—
The sons of England shall obtain their cause,
Vote in her senate, and reform her laws,
Enjoy the gifts that kindly Nature bears,—
And hand them down to their enfranchised heirs,
When "trees of liberty" shall learn to shoot,
And charm by blossoms, and enrich with fruit.

HINTS TO YOUNG HUSBANDS.

Fine dashing young fellows, married to tough old widows, or innocent young wards, whose money they condescend to spend, often complain, with great justice, of the awful bore of being united to persons about whom they care nothing, and who merely prevent them from indulging in those amusements which their exuberant spirits and youthful impulses require. The usual means as yet at their disposal for ridding themselves of these drags upon their enjoyments, are open to many objections. Tight-lacing and hot suppers are not always sure; and even when they do bring about the desired end, they are most tardy. Arsenic is effective, but then its presence can be easily detected, owing to the disgusting pitch to which chemistry has now been brought. Breaking your wife's heart by a series of savage insults and a continuance of ill-treatment would not be a bad way, as it would leave no proof behind which could tell against you at an inquest, but then women's hearts are so forgiving—we mean tough—that this mode of action presents many difficulties. We think the following method will be found superior to any yet proposed.

Take a villa near some one or other of the principal railroads, about a hundred miles out of town. Insist on your wife's going down there for the benefit of her health—you yourself of course stopping in London, where your presence is necessary on business. Be unable to live without seeing her often, and insist on her coming up once or twice a-week, selecting in preference those days on which the chairman or some influential director gives a dinner-party, when you may be certain that the train will be detained an hour, or an hour and a half, behind its time, in order to obtain a few pine-apples or apricots for the entertainment. If by following these rules you are not a widower within the twelvemonth, forswear railroads for ever.

Notice.—Jenny Lind's banker has failed. The Nightingale has one consolation in her misfortune: although the notes confided to Mr. Arnemann, the gentleman in question, are lost, she still retains those with which she charmed all Europe, the *issue* of which is invariably as agreeable to the public as the *result* is advantageous to herself.

IMPULSE.—A FRAGMENT.

Scene.—*Mrs. Pawkin's Ball-room, brilliantly illuminated. Dancing going forward. Mrs. and Miss Biggs seated in a retired corner.*

Miss Biggs— . . . And the dessert-service, Ma, was second-hand. It was that sold at Lady Raffle's sale the other day. Did you remark it?

Mrs. Biggs—Of course I did, my dear. I should be the last person in the world to notice such things, if people only knew how to behave themselves; but just because her husband happens to know a beggarly Scotch lord—without a seat—to——. Well, indeed!——I daresay they will have to starve for the next three months to pay for the display of to-night.

Miss Biggs—And a miserable one it is, Ma, after all. The supper was not eatable; and as for the wine, I declare it was half water.

Mrs. Biggs—Hush, my love, here comes the old fright.

[*Mrs. Pawkin advances towards where Mrs. and Miss Biggs are seated. The latter sidle up to her, radiant with smiles.*]

Mrs. Biggs (*obliging Mrs. Pawkin to sit down*)—Now, you must rest a little—you are killing yourself for your friends. Besides, I've something to say to you. I must thank you for the great pleasure you have afforded us. I never was so much amused in my life.

Mrs. Pawkin—Oh! you flatter me——

Mrs. Biggs—No, my dear Mrs. Pawkin, no. Really you have done wonders. Your taste is evident in the smallest detail. Everything is so elegant—so *recherché*.

Miss Biggs (*naïvely*)—*I* can't praise Mrs. Pawkin, Ma; I must scold her. She is very naughty.

Mrs. Biggs (*reprovingly*)—Bella, Bella!

Miss. Biggs—Well, Ma, so she is. She excites envy in our breasts; and that's a sin!

Mrs. Pawkin (*benignantly simpering*)—Sweet flatterer!

Mrs. Biggs (*mildly severe*)—Ah! I shall never cure her, I'm afraid. Her heart is always on her tongue. She is such a creature of impulse. . . . . .

Good Advice.—We have received several letters from different members of the Whittington Club, complaining that unless they give another half-guinea in addition to their regular subscription, they will be turned out at Christmas. We think our correspondents, instead of feeling aggrieved, ought to be delighted at their good fortune, and rather than pay, be arrested a thousand times.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Meyerbeer is very indignant at the way in which his "Roberto" has been cut and slashed about at the above establishment. The only thing that restrains him from getting an injunction to forbid Lumley's playing the operas is, that he does not wish to be too hard on one who has already, from sheer distress, taken to mangling.

THE REFORM DEBATE.

It must be admitted that the opponents of the Reform movement are conducting their case with some activity. Leave them alone for that; no men are so active when there's anything wrong to be done. Nevertheless, we take the liberty to express our opinion that they will be defeated in the long run; in spite of Russell's plausibility, and the ingenuity of Mr. Disraeli, the sneerer-of-all-work to that party which rejoices in the statistics of Bentinck, and the grammar of Hudson.

The debate of the 20th was interesting and important. Mr. Hume showed the ridiculous disproportion between the numbers of the population and of the representatives all over the kingdom: how great towns and petty ones are placed on a ridiculous footing of equality: how the agricultural boors of a Bœotian parish have the same share in the legislature as the intelligent thousands of a city.

Mr. Drummond made a speech exhibiting a curious struggle between prejudice and common sense, which we trust, for his sake, will soon end in the triumph of the latter.

Lord John Russell told the House that he "thought" there was no change wanting. This of course was expected; as His Lordship never thinks anything wanting that won't do personal benefit to himself. He must learn, however, that what the country wants, is the first consideration; and what he wants, quite a secondary one. He brought forward with petty triumph the differences of opinion between the Chartists and the League; blinking, owl-like, the fact that these bodies are nearer in opinion to each other than they ever will be to him, and that Reform under different names is the object of both.

Mr. Fox's speech was a protest on behalf of the increasing intelligence of the people as deserving increased power. We should like to see this plain argument fairly met. Perhaps the Conservatives deny the fact on the ground that they feel themselves as ignorant as ever. If this be their ground, we can sympathize with them.

As for the speech of Mr. Disraeli, it was quite in the style of the "wondrous boy wot wrote Alroy," as he is called. It was from beginning to end a piece of what, in elegant society, is called *badinage;* among cockneys, chaff; and among sensible men, impertinence. He told the House of the great men that Buckinghamshire had sent to parliament—a mere accident; just as much one as the accident that it sends little men now. The plea of having sent clever men might be urged in favour of half the old rotten boroughs; was so urged at the time of the Reform Bill, and then deservedly exploded.

Altogether, we are inclined to look on the debate as favourable to the Reform cause, and we expect with pleasure its renewal next Friday.

PINS & NEEDLES.

AN ABSURD REASON.

The Whigs say that they will have nothing to do with soap and the sanitary measure this session, as they get quite enough lathering without it.

QUITE INTELLIGIBLE.

Some of our legislators object strongly to spending national money in pictures. Nevertheless, in spite of their contempt for pictures, they are always ready to lavish large sums of money on their own *canvass*.

ILLNESS OF THE POLITICAL SNOB.

Charles Cochrane recently recovered forty shillings damages from the *Sun* newspaper. This is lucky for him, as people seldom "recover" after a *coup-de-soleil*.

CHARACTERISTIC.

The House of Commons rejected several amendments last week. Any sort of amendment appears to be obnoxious to the "collective wisdom of the country."

THE REVERSE.

The Chartists say that, during all the late political agitation, Ernest Jones acquitted himself most honourably. We think that, when his trial comes on, the judges will pursue a diametrically opposite course towards this gentleman, and do anything but acquit him.

GOOD NEWS.

An advertisement is constantly appearing in the papers, which commences, "The Peerage considerably Improved." We are glad to see this, as there was certainly much room for improvement.

A SETTLER.

The Minister of Finance sets down the increased revenue of France somewhere about three millions of francs. The *Presse* proves the inaccuracy of his calculations, and sets down the minister.

A MISTAKE.

The *Times* says that General Rapatel has been elected colonel of National Guards, *vice* "M. Clement Thomas, resigned." This is wrong. Although M. Clement Thomas has been obliged, by the bad treatment of the mob, to throw up his appointment, we can assure the *Times* that he is anything but resigned.

STRANGE CONTRADICTION.

Directly Members of Parliament begin talking about Political Economy, they get lost in confusion. How is it that, with all their economy, they never utter anything that can be called *reasonable?*

UNEXAMPLED MODESTY.

At Madrid there has been a great run on the bank. The directors must be excessively modest individuals, for instead of feeling gratified at their pieces thus "enjoying a run," we believe they would do all they could to prevent its being the case.

UNNECESSARY.

Col. Sibthorpe informed Mr. Cobden the other evening, that whatever way the latter attempted to direct him, he would go directly the reverse. It is very civil of the gallant colonel to tell us this, but quite superfluous: we were already acquainted with the obstinacy of the donkey.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

At the last *soirée* given by the Whittington Club, the dancing of the butcher of the establishment excited universal admiration. His great proficiency in the Terpsichorean art is only to be accounted for by the fact of his so frequently having to "dance" attendance in the vain hope of obtaining his bill.

EDITOR'S BOX.

On Thursday, the 22nd instant, the Showman honoured Her Majesty's Theatre with his presence. The event of the evening was the production of "Roberto il Diavolo," *de*ranged in three acts, by some person who must have been deranged himself, to be guilty of such a piece of barbarism. Besides this, the part of the Princess was altogether suppressed!

Just fancy—which we are certain none of our readers will—the view from Richmond Hill without the river, or a bird of Paradise without its plumage, or Malaga grapes without juice, and you will have some idea of Robert the Devil without the Princess. It seems rather strange that, in the most aristocratic theatre in the world, Mr. Lumley should act so—we will not say democratically, but—cavalierly—which means anything but like a cavalier—towards a Princess.

Some hints have been thrown out—but not therefore necessarily rejected—that this mutilation took place in order that Mademoiselle Lind might have no one to share with her the honours of the evening. We can hardly credit this, because such behaviour is far from credible or creditable, and because we believe that Mademoiselle Lind, who never sang better than she did on Thursday, would find some other means of giving herself airs, than by depriving the public of others much more agreeable.

One word to Mr. Lumley before parting. A cast of Meyerbeer's "Roberto" without the Princess about as much resembles the original opera as a cast of Lord Brougham's head without the nose would resemble His Lordship.

THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.*

Chapter IV.—Below Bridge Boats—Their Passengers and Crews.

It is ten o'clock on a pleasant summer morning. A high tide is filling the swarming river to the brim. The glorious arches of London Bridge are bright in the unwonted sun-light; and over the bluish granite of the eastern balustrade an unbroken row of heads look down upon the stream—on the clustered tiers of shipping—on the tangled vista of masts, rigging, canvas, bunting—on the slow-moving forms of continental steamers just arrived, sputtering off steam, and being gradually swung round into their proper berths—on the fleet of drifting barges moving westward with the tide—on wherries shooting to and from wharf and landing-place—on clumsy fishermen and coal-dredgers' boats pulled heavily with the stream—on the clump of fast-sailing schooner clippers disgorging their cargoes of orange boxes at a pier below—and, just above them, at the smoking, fuming, hissing array of long narrow steamers, with mountain paddle-boxes, and capacious diced funnels, and lines of benches stretching in long unbroken file from the funnel to the narrow stern:—these are the Gravesenders, the Tritons of the Below Bridge steam-fleet of the Thames.

Now descend by the winding stair-case which conducts you to Lower Thames Street, and mark the cheery bustle of the coming river voyagers. Cab after cab rattles down Fish Street Hill, and the horse's head being seized by a couple of rival touters, the equipage is dragged in triumph to the wharf, the unhappy fare stunned by the vociferations of contending agents.

"Now then—Woolwich—Blackwall and Greenwich just a-going—the best boats!"

"Leave go of the lady—here you are, ma'am—Gravesend, ma'am—Town-pier—Terrace-pier—Rosher—"

"This way, ma'am—this way to the sixpenny boats—the pride of the river, and calls at Erith goin' and returnin'."

* For Chapters I., II., and III., see Nos. XII., XIII., and XIV. of Puppet-Show.

"Hold your noise!—it's the Diamond boats the lady's a-goin' by—She aint a-goin' on the cheap and nasty dodge. Here you are—last boat up at half-past eight!"

"Look alive, will you?—there's the bell a-ringin'—hold hard—this way—outside boat—mind the plank—I 'll take care of the bundle—A turn a-heeid—There she goes—just in time—jump—so—" And away moves the Gravesender upon her perilous voyage—her passengers settling themselves upon the files of benches which we have alluded to, or taking possession of the little open cabins abaft the paddle-boxes, where great numbers of babies are generally deposited, or fishing up camp-stools from the fore-cabin—the gallant skipper perched on the paddle-box, and converting himself into a living telegraph for the benefit of the two sturdy fellows who, with feet and hands applied to the spokes of the wheel, wrench it creakingly and wheezingly round, as the white boiling foam flies from beneath the quarter, and the steamer shoots rapidly down stream, leaving colliers' boats, moored to the sterns of their respective craft, bobbing and tumbling and pitching in her trail.

Now do gents clustered round the windlass, and upon the flakes of the anchor, or making underhand attempts to mount the paddle-box, produce their cigar-cases, or apply to the white-aproned steward's boy for cubas and full-flavoured manilla cheroots. Now is bottled stout in request, and tumblers half full of the frothy liquid are to be seen deposited in snug corners, from which they gradually work themselves by reason of the shaking of the vessel. Now do people in pursuit of useful knowledge,

and voyaging "with a purpose," produce penny panoramas of the river, and find that the Long Room in the Custom House measures 470 feet; and that the Tower was founded by Julius Cæsar; and that the Thames Tunnel was the work of Sir Isambert Brunel. Now do affectionate parents point out to Billy and Tommy and Jane the water-gate by which traitors were conveyed to the Tower, and Greenwich Hospital, which is "a memorial of the gratitoode of hold Hengland to her brave defendiars." Now do respectable gentlemen cluster above the engine, and after watching for some five minutes the regular rush of the ponderous iron beams, and the steady throbbing of the working mechanism, remark to each other, "Wonderful thing steam, sir—and only in its infancy yet." Now are large families of small children out for a holiday ordered to begin to enjoy themselves and be happy, under the penalty of corporal punishment in case of disobedience. Now does the band, consisting of a fiddle, a trombone, and a cornet-à-piston, begin to regale the ears of all listeners with that novelty, *Jullien's Polka*. Now do the people who live between Gravesend and London, and go up and down every day, begin to settle themselves in snug, knowing corners, and produce newspapers and novels. Now do servant-girls, who have been "teuk" upon the river by their young men, begin to eat oranges and gingerbread-nuts, and wonder at everything. And finally, now do the crew, with a disgusting indifference to the romantic scenery of the Essex marshes, disappear one by one into their gloomy den in the forecastle, where they give themselves up to the unexhilarating pursuits of mending old jackets and smoking short black pipes, seated upon lumbering sea-chests. The gallant captain alone keeps his post of honour upon the paddle-box, to signal the man at the wheel; the cook, with a very dirty face and turned-up sleeves, is perpetually washing greens in the galley; the stewards—very maritime-looking individuals, with bright anchor-buttons and gold bands round their caps—are attempting to inveigle weak-minded people into another breakfast or lunch; and ever and anon a figure made up of a canvas shirt and trowsers, grimed and oily, and surmounted by a head whereof the unkempt hair seems to have been powdered with ground cinders and coal-dust, emerges from the engine-room, and after taking a supercilious survey of the deck, descends to resume its occupation of stoking.

And the steamer speeds merrily on. There is a fresh breeze on the river, and many white sails are filling and straining before it. Individuals of a nautical turn get intensely technical, and point out to more ignorant landsmen and landswomen the difference between a gaff-topsail and a gib-topsail. Boys and girls who have never seen the sea have indistinct visions to the effect that every reach will open up into the raging ocean, with waves running mountains high. Provident people, who know how to join economy with pleasure, produce huge brown-paper parcels of sandwiches, and gin in flat stone bottles. The man who plays the trombone hangs that instrument upon his arm, and makes a tour of the deck with a little round box, more or less filled with coppers, bestowed as a free recompense for the harmony enjoyed by the donors. The old gentlemen around the engine, having found gazing upon the machinery to be, after the first half-hour or so, a somewhat monotonous spectacle, have been engaged in a political discussion in the saloon for the last two hours; and a number of pale-faced working men, who are usually shut up for months together in hot, unventilated rooms, and who have come down the river for the sake of the fresh air, are enjoying it by smoking long pipes and

THE HOMŒOPATHIC DOCTOR.

Cobden—"Oh! Dr. Russell, Mr. Bull [illegible]
I think you'd better bring a dose of [illegible]
Dr. Russell—"Tell Mr. Bull [illegible]
Reform Mixture, I'm quite sure [illegible]

drinking gin-and-water round the fore-cabin stove, having first carefully shut the oval windows, to prevent all annoyance from drafts.

And while all this is going on, the steam sprite has done its work deftly. Woolwich has been passed, with its high shears, and fields of anchors, and dismal hulks; and Erith has been admired, with its pretty rural steeple and foliage-covered ridges; and Purfleet, with its powder-magazines and high chalky hill; and Greenhithe, with its rich lawns and pleasant green slopes; and now Gravesend, with its crowning windmill, and its white, hot, glaring rows of houses, and its pillared piers, and its fleet of outward-bound ships, is in sight. Ladies and gents are duly admonished to have their tickets ready; children and carpet-bags are collected; unprincipled passengers, who have not paid for their last bottle of stout, get somehow lost in the crowd, as the steamer rushes by the low grassy shore of Essex, and then, as if afraid of the frowning batteries of Tilbury Fort, suddenly sweeps round with her long, sharp bows towards Kent, and describing a graceful curve amid the fleet of tall ships anchored in the tideway, stops her dripping paddles, and gradually forges her way, attended by a fleet of stout wherries, alongside the stone pillars which support a stately and symmetrical pier.

TO LEXICOGRAPHERS.

A writer in *Howitt's Journal* lately observed that the man who could derive any pleasure from pouring brandy down his throat must be a beast. A friend of ours, who feels personally affronted by the remark, says that if the brandy were of British manufacture the man who could derive any pleasure from pouring it down his throat would be indeed a beast of an asinine description; but, that otherwise the observation is untrue, and would not justify any emendator of Johnson's dictionary in printing as a correct definition—

A Beast. A man who derives pleasure from pouring brandy down his throat.

Ominous.—On Sunday the 18th instant some consternation was occasioned by the sinking of one of the steam-boat piers on the Thames. The accident was occasioned by a pile being driven—by chance, and the Fire-fly steam-boat—through the "dummy" or barge on which the pier was supported. Several "oldest inhabitants" on learning this disaster shook their heads, and hoped it foreboded nothing; they entertain, however, great doubts on the subject: knowing how intimately the British *peerage* in general is connected with "dummies," they fear that if the latter are often subject to such mishaps as that of the 18th instant, there will soon be an end of our glorious constitution.

Strange but True.—The other day we read in the papers that "some returned bills were brought from the House of Lords to the House of Commons." We were not aware that our legislators made their bills payable at either of the Houses of Parliament.

A Spirited Proprietor.—Mr. John O'Connell recently announced his intention of "shedding tears" if the public deserted him. As the public has done so, Mr. Wombwell has gone by express to Dublin, in the hope of securing some crocodiles for his *menagerie*.

THE BANKRUPT TO THE COMMISSIONER.

Air—"*I remember, I remember.*"

I remember, I remember
How my tin once used to fly—
How at th' end of each December
Bills in bushels met my eye.
On my back, sir, on my back, sir,
Though my coat is not threadbare—
Yet those spicy things I lack, sir,
Which of yore I used to wear.

By the powers, by the powers,
Workmen you might always see—
Morning, noon, and at all hours—
Making something new for me.
Pins to-day, sir, pins to-day, sir,
In my stock are placed with care;
But they are not half so gay, sir,
As the ones I used to wear.

Praise bestowing, praise bestowing—
Did I on my tradesmen smile—
When they showed me trowsers knowing,
Or a new-invented tile.
Now, I 've you, sir, now I 've you, sir,
Sitting grave before me there;
And if ever I get through, sir,
I 'll ne'er come again, I swear.

Quite Worthy of Him.—Alderman Johnson was in great consternation at having heard that a decrease in the customs of the country had taken place. "A decrease in our customs!" he exclaimed, "Why, they will soon be doing away with the Lord Mayor's Show!"

Theatrical Intelligence.—In consequence of a well-known manager wishing to return, without payment, a *burlesque* which had been written to order, the author has determined to commence legal proceedings, and bind him over to "keep the piece."

A PUT-DOWN FOR THE CHARTISTS.

One of the fundamental errors of the deluded followers of Ernest Jones is the idea that a prince is formed of similar materials, endowed with similar senses, and blessed with similar organs to other men. Never did there exist a greater fallacy than this. Every reasonable individual is aware that princes are in every respect superior to the ordinary run of mortals, that their race is a race apart, that they are in one word the *fine fleur des pois* of mankind: if people are inclined to doubt our authority, let them at least bow before that of F.M. the Duke of Wellington.

It is well known that the hero of a hundred fights gives a grand annual dinner on the day that he beat Napoleon at Waterloo. To this banquet none save those who fought under the Duke, on the occasion in question, are admitted. Prince Albert, however, is excepted from this rule.

There, you Chartists, what say you to that? Here do these heroes openly and frankly avow to the world that their great and manifold services in their country's cause, all they have done and suffered, the wounds they have received, and the limbs they have lost, are fully equalled by the merit which Prince Albert possesses in virtue of his divine right as a scion of a royal house.

But this is not all. Not content with this, these gallant fellows go much further: they rise to a man—and a prince at the same time—and with a due sense of what is due to their distinguished guest, drink his health before that of F.M. the Duke of Wellington himself.

We do not doubt that these simple statements will be productive of immense effects. If, however, there should still be any one perverse enough to urge, that, without denying Prince Albert's general superiority, he thinks the latter might have been content to waive it at a banquet in commemoration of a battle at which he was not present, we first pause to express our disgust at such weak reasoning, and then reply that the question is one of a mere point of time; that Prince Albert was not present at the action because he was too young, and was besides, doubtless, occupied in planning some of the operas with which he has since astonished the world, otherwise, with his talents for forced marches—to Osborne for instance—the allied sovereigns could not possibly have had a better commander for the *flying* artillery than His Royal Highness.

STEBBING'S LITERARY COMPANION.

A CORRESPONDENT, who seems a sensible person, has written to ask us the following questions with reference to the words "Stebbing's Literary Companion," which he has seen stuck about the walls of the metropolis.

1. Who is Stebbing?
2. Who is his literary companion?
3. Is Stebbing's literary companion Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, or Carlyle, or merely a penny-a-liner who goes about with the said Stebbing in search of information for the newspapers?
4. Do the public care a fig about Stebbing, or about his literary companion, or about any other of his companions?

IMPORTANT METEOROLOGICAL DISCOVERY.

HARVEY is outdone, Jenner is eclipsed, and, as to Murphy, the less that is said of him the better—his "occupation's gone" entirely. The *Morning Chronicle* has made the greatest discovery of modern or of any other times. In its accounts of the late Chartist meeting at Bonner's Fields, it tells us that it was the subject of observation to thousands who would "anxiously disclaim the slightest approach to superstition," that whenever Her Majesty takes a cruise, or is present at a review, "propitious winds and weather attend her; while the Chartist gala days have been as remarkably discomfited and broken up by the most extraordinary visitations." This intelligent paper then goes on to observe, "that without attaching too much importance to this circumstance, it is clear that there is one sort of weather for royalty, and another for democracy."

What a discovery is this for those discontented people—the farmers. They now have the weather in their own hands. At present, when the young and tender crops require the fostering beams of the sun,—all that is requisite is a petition to her Majesty, praying her to take a tour. When rain is desirable, a Chartist meeting should be agitated, varying, of course, from the mere ordinary one in a lecture-room, to a monster demonstration on Kennington Common, according to the quantity of wet required.

As for Murphy, the fabrication of a weather almanac is now reduced to the level of the meanest capacity. He has only to consult any seventh-rate prophet, who will furnish him with the dates of Her Majesty's and Feargus O'Connor's movements for the ensuing year, and he will arrange his weather almanac accordingly.

IMPORTANT QUERY.—A subscriber writes to ask whether the new system of restoring pictures, invented by Mr. Clarke of Piccadilly, is also applicable to other objects, as our correspondent is very desirous of having a desk and carpet-bag restored, which he lately lost on the Great Western Railroad.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DRESS.—Although always aware of the Queen's musical taste, we must frankly own that we did not expect it would ever pronounce itself so strongly as at the last drawing-room, where Her Majesty wore a petticoat covered with black crape, trimmed with *bugles!* We are perfectly aware that the coat-tails of the musicians of the military bands are ornamented in this manner, but we were not prepared to see Her Majesty adopt a similar fashion. It is almost unnecessary to state that the bugles were in *harmony* with the other parts of Her Majesty's costume.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—In a letter addressed to the *Morning Post*, by Señor Patricio de la Escosura, is the following sentence, "author of several literary works to which I have for the last five years owed a seat in the Spanish Academy," &c. What a difference between the Spanish Academy and the British Parliament. In the latter it is generally to something much more sterling than literary works that honourable gentlemen owe seats, nor do five years elapse before they pay for them.

Our Discharged Contributor wrote from his sick bed to inform us, that, in his opinion, Charles Albert is the first "gent" of the age, since, by the capture of Peschiera, he has proved himself capable of attaining a "fastness" hitherto deemed unattainable.

HEROIC FOR THE NURSERY.

THE gallant Jack, accompanied by Jill,
His fair betrothed, ascended once a hill:
Intent on seeking water, mount the pair,
With pail in hand, they sniff the mountain air.
But Jack, alas! by cruel Jove struck down,
Falls headlong from the hill, and breaks his crown;
While envious Juno sees the lovely bride,
And, much incensed, doth hurl her to her lover's side!

ELEGIAC FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM.

I DREAMT my dwelling was in marble halls,
With vassels, aye, and serfs too, at my side;
And, further, that of all within those walls,
Myself, the young Arline, was all the pride.
Wealth, too, was mine, and easy 't were to boast
Of lofty lineage and a glorious name:
But that which filled my heart with ardour most,
Was that thy love for me was still the same.

I dreamt that gallant suitors sought my hand,
And almost worshipped me on bended knee;
With vows that maiden heart could scarce withstand,
These youthful knights pledged faith and constancy:
And one gay cavalier, among that host,
Approached with grace, my virgin hand to claim:
But, ah! I also dreamt, which pleased me most,
That thy fond love for me was still the same.

AN INSULT TO A JUDGE.—One of the newspapers stated last week in its law report that there was "nothing of consequence" in the Court of Queen's Bench. What is Lord Denman, then, we should like to know!

THE NATIONAL LAND SCHEME.

WE have observed with some amusement, not unmixed with a certain disgust, that reporters have been excluded from the committee appointed to inquire into Mr. Feargus O'Connor's land scheme.

The reason—or rather, we should say, the want of reason—given as an excuse for this proceeding is, that "garbled reports" have been published of the committee's performances. This we of course believe to be a falsehood; and it is curious that no definite charge should have been made against any particular paper for "garbling" the report. Vagueness and want of proof are the general characteristics of a lie, as Mr. O'Connor (a perfect judge of these matters) very well knows.

What is a "garbled report"? We presume it is something of this sort. Let us suppose a witness to have stated, that "Mr. O'Connor was a ridiculous humbug," and the reporter to have given it, "Mr. O'Connor was a contemptible humbug." This is what is called a "garbled report" by those who dread truth, as a certain person dreads holy water, and from motives pretty much the same.

Tyranny can stop evidence, but not conjecture, and there is no one who will not suppose, from this absurd exclusion, the case to be a bad one. At present, something like the following is supposed to be the state of the affair.

MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR is the proprietor of all the money subscribed by the working-classes, by law, and without restraint, and

MR. CUFFEY is the auditor!

This, to be sure, is admirable security:—some £40,000 in the hands of an agitator, and audited by a journeyman tailor! Mr. Cuffey, we presume, will soon exclaim with Juvenal—

"Semper ego *auditor* tantum?"

"Am I only to be an auditor," and will want to have some more "tangible" connexion with the cash. Excepting on the authority of a proverb, which we need not repeat, about setting somebody to watch somebody else, we do not see how such a combination of treasurer and auditor can be defended for a moment—above all, in a country which calls itself a commercial one.

We must not be understood as denying the knowingness of this move of O'Connor's. Feargus knows the world—aye, as well as he knows the interior of York Castle—and by an experience equally creditable to him.

Yes, he knows that the land scheme is a good one; for in "feathering one's nest" no bird is half so convenient for the purpose as the goose. What a pity that the goose should be so easy to capture!

DEATH OF OUR DISCHARGED CONTRIBUTOR.

LAST week we alluded, with, we hope, a becoming appearance of regret, to the dangerous illness of our "Discharged Contributor," and even hinted that there were no longer any hopes for him—not in a literary sense, for that would be no news for our readers, but simply as regarded his ultimate recovery. He became gradually worse for several days until at last he died by his own hand, or at all events by means of his own pun, as (to parody the expressive words of *Lord Lovel*) he

"Made a joke, and expired in the struggle."

Our Discharged, or Deceased Contributor, as we must now call him, was a man of low origin. His early education was much neglected, and in this, together with an early familiarity with the jest-book of the period, we may trace the source of that pernicious habit which proved his bane through life, and which was the proximate cause of his dissolution. Our motto is of course "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," which we translate (for this occasion only) by "we shall make no bones about the dead." We therefore do not mind informing our readers, by way of warning them from similar enormities, of the awful effects resulting from an indulgence in the propensity to which our deceased friend was so much addicted: suffice it to say, that on a certain occasion he ruined his credit in more than one way with a tailor by saying out loud, and in the most unblushing manner, that a coat ceased to be a coat when it *became* a man!

We understand that the degraded being has left a will—the only thing, by-the-bye, that he had to leave—which contains a number of jokes intended (by their author) for the PUPPET-SHOW: he says in the codicil that he knows we can insert them, for that "where there's a will there's a way!"

Since writing the above we have satisfactorily—or unsatisfactorily, as the case may be—ascertained that "Our Discharged Contributor" is not dead. The fact is, that he had been drinking to a great extent, so that when we had him laid out in state, it was simply in a drunken state. The best of it is, that upon his evincing symptoms of returning consciousness—we mean the species of consciousness which he usually possesses—he was plied by an ignorant menial with brandy-and-water, when, in no way abashed by the shameful condition in which he had placed himself, he impudently exclaimed to the servant, "Oh, I shall soon recover: you have brought me one glass of brandy-and-water, so that if you give me another you will decidedly have brought me two (to)." He then fell into a heavy sleep, from which, up to the time of our going to press, it had proved impossible to wake him.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

(AFTER BYRON.)

BOB FUSSELL, Bob Fussell, thy 'larum afar
Gives hopes to the Chartists and promise of war;
All the sons of Old Bethnal arise at the sound,
And spring swiftly up like the weeds from the ground.

Brave Shoreditch sends forth her invincible race,
For a time they abandon the haunts they disgrace;
But their noses so flat shall be flatter before
The Peelers are licked and the battle is o'er.

We ask not the pleasures that labours supply,
Our fingers shall steal what the honest must buy—
Shall steal the long purse with its bright shining tin,
And many a watch from the stranger shall win.

WHAT TO EAT, DRINK, AND AVOID.—Eat what you like: Drink what you choose: Avoid Lumley's new and mutilated versions of celebrated operas.

Fast Gent—"WHAT ARE YOU SMOKING HERE FOR? WHY DON'T YOU GO AND HOLD YOUR HORSE?"

Cabman—"OH! HE VON'T RUN AVAY."

Fast Gent—"NO, BUT HE'LL FALL DOWN."

WHO IS COWELL?—Several persons have been pestering us as to who Cowell is. We beg to inform them that Cowell is an exceedingly low comedian, who gains his daily bread and cheese by frequenting taverns, where he sings stupid songs, of about fifty verses in length, with a chorus of "Tiddy oddy, tiddy oddy, tiddy oddy ay!" We may be allowed to add, that the fact of their being quite as broad as they are long forms no excuse for their being sung.

HOW TO BEG AN OPERA TICKET.—If you wish to borrow a friend's ticket for the opera, you cannot do better than make the request in the language of Mrs. Hubbard, "Give a poor dog a bone."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—In consequence of numerous communications from members of the Fancy, the Head Master of the "Training" College at Hodderton, Herts, established for preparing young men for the Universities, the Military Academies, and commercial pursuits, actually contemplates issuing a public notice that, under the head of a "liberal and scientific education," he never intended to include that of gentlemen connected with Newmarket or the Fives' Court: however scientific jockeyship and prize-fighting may be, he looks upon them as forming more a part of a *free* (and easy) than of a *liberal* course of instruction.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A correspondent who left a single joke at our office, with a quantity of serious matter, is informed that he had much better have left it alone.

☞ *Our readers are informed that an Edition of the* PUPPET-SHOW *is published in Monthly Parts, and that the same may be obtained by order of every bookseller in the kingdom. Parts* 1, 2, *and* 3, *each consisting of five numbers, stitched in an ornamental wrapper, are now ready, price Sixpence each.*

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RUSTIC SIMPLICITY.

Visitor from the Country—"I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT COULD YOU INFORM ME OF ANY THEATRE WHERE SHAKSPERE IS PERFORMED?"

Opera Gent—"I'M AFRAID YOU MAY THINK THE DISTANCE INCONVENIENT, BUT NEW YORK IS THE NEAREST PLACE I CAN REMEMBER AT PRESENT."

THREE WORDS WITH COWELL.

THE man Cowell makes a great fuss about his having supported the British drama, by driving away the French actors from Drury Lane. How unfortunate that the British drama cannot support Mr. Cowell, in which case he could be ridiculous on the stage without being obscene at the Cider Cellars.

The man Cowell is so perfectly intolerable, that even if the British drama could support him, it is more than the audience could!

While on the subject of Cowell, and his supporters, it may be asked who are his present supporters? We believe they consist entirely of some friends who support Cowell home when intoxicated.

TO THE RED REPUBLICANS.

I.

SHAME on you, red Republicans,
For bloody deeds and fearful plans!
Shame on you, scorners of the right!
Shame on you, savages in fight!
Shame, shame, for ever in the sight
Of all the truly free!
Your hands are red with blood you 've shed—
Ye know not liberty.

II.

Each honest heart detests your cause,
Your aspirations, and your laws,
Your deeds, your words, your written thought,
The sumless miseries you have wrought,
Your desperation, ruin-fraught:
Unworthy to be free,
You scorn the rights of other men—
You know not liberty.

III.

Your tongues repeat three words sublime,
The noblest text of modern time;
But though the words your lips escape,
They mean but pillage, slaughter, rape.
These are the substance, soul, and shape
Of all the rights you see—
These are your claim, your badge, your shame—
You murder liberty.

IV.

The more our hearts with fervour burn
The bliss of freedom to discern,
The more our spirits are imbued
With the great law of Brotherhood,
Sublime, but little understood,
With deeper blush we see
The evil deeds that ye have done,
Ye scum of liberty.

V.

True freedom waves no bloody flag,
True freedom bears no robber's bag,
Nor utters words with horror rife,
Nor asks the she-assassin's knife
To hack the wretch deprived of life,
Nor gloats on agony—
It shares no thought that dwells with you,
Ye foes of liberty.

VI.

But great and holy is her name,
Ye cannot soil her with your shame,
She lives unfettered by your will;
Ye crush her, but she prospers still,
Ye stab her, but ye cannot kill,
And France shall yet be free,
Spite of your wrath, your hate, your scorn,
Ye dirt of liberty.

THE GREAT LEGITIMATE.

Mr. Webster has put forth an announcement to the effect that, owing to the unprecedented number of foreign amusements, and the amount of patronage bestowed upon them, he is compelled to shut up the Haymarket Theatre. There has, however, been another statement, to the effect that it is to be closed in order to make room for the company at present playing at the Adelphi Theatre, which (we mean the theatre, not the company) is about to undergo a thorough repair. As we always endeavour to be just in our observations, we feel quite at a loss whether to call Mr. Webster a fool or an impostor. If he really believes that his theatre does not fill for the reason he alleges, he is the former; if he closes it from the other motive which has been stated, he is the latter. Our readers, however, can give him the benefit of their doubts on either side; for our own part, we feel inclined to believe him to be a union of the two.

Mr. Webster has always made it his boast that he was the supporter of British talent, or incapacity as the case might be. Judging from his declarations, he would reject Frederic Lemaître for the maniac Hicks; Arnal would be left to starve that the buffoon Cowell might luxuriate in a superabundance of bread and onions; while Mario might stop in Paris so long as the public could be rejoiced by Mr. Harrison's native twang. But Mr. Webster is a humbug: he says one thing and does another. He would doubtless give up the "legitimate" to-morrow, if he imagined melodrama would pay better, in the same manner that he once renounced it for comic opera, performed by Anna Thillon and a large collection of sticks. Webster has not yet turned his theatre into a wild beast show, but he has done what is almost as bad. Ethiopian serenaders are less intelligent than dogs, and infinitely less amusing, while they are of course far more contemptible than monkeys. But yet these black pests, which now, like mud, are only to be found in the streets, have been allowed to exhibit their disgusting peculiarities at Webster's Temple of Legitimacy.

Were there no such a thing as foreign competition in the metropolis, such a man as Webster would be presenting us with bad translations of French *vaudevilles*, whereas at present, owing no doubt to a healthy dread of the St. James's Theatre, he is compelled to bring out something like decent adaptations. If obliged to close his theatre for the season, which he alleges, he will commence his next season in a proper state of mind, and if he has even the small amount of perception which we give him credit for, will endeavour to succeed in his management, not by abusing those whom he evidently acknowledges to be his betters, but by striving to surpass them.

GRATITUDE.—A FRAGMENT.

Scene.—*Mrs. Pink's drawing-room, Clapham Rise. Mrs. Pink, Mr. Mortimer Pink, several of the élite of the neighbourhood, and Mr. Herbert Tightfit, Mortimer's friend.*

Mrs. Pink . . . You can't think——I—where was I—yes—you must know that just before Mortimer came up from Cambridge he was walking on the banks of the river when his foot slipped and he was precipitated into the flood.

Mr. Herbert Tightfit— } Good 'Ivens!
The Elite— } Oh, gracious!

Mrs. Pink—He had already sunk for the third time, and naught of him was visible but his white cambric handkerchief, which had escaped from his grasp—when—yes—the crest of the Pinks embroidered in the corner attracted the attention of another undergraduate of the name of—of—I always forget the name—

Mr. Mortimer Pink—Higgins.

Mrs. Pink—Yes—Figgins—who plunged in and succeeded, at the risk of his own life, in preserving Mortimer's.

Mr. Herbert Tightfit—Generous individual!—how you must have thanked him.

Mrs Pink—Oh! yes—We had him here several times.

Mr. Herbert Tightfit—Then I shall see him among the company at dinner to-day.

Mrs. Pink—No——that is to say——moving in our society—from the moment that——

Mr. Mortimer Pink——The fact is, my dear fellow, that we've been obliged to cut him. We found out his father was actually a pawnbroker. . . . . .

MAGISTERIAL WISDOM.

At Peelers' perjuries
They say Hall laughs! *Shakspere (altered).*

It is now becoming impossible to trust to the oath of a policeman or the wisdom of a magistrate. Nothing is to be hoped from the interference of Government, so, we suppose, we must put up with perjury and blundering as we best can. Let us present to our readers Hall's last exhibition, and ask them what they think of his fitness to administer justice.

On the 26th ultimo a young man was charged at Bow Street with assaulting E 57 *in the execution of his duty.* The constable said he was clearing a mob, when defendant struck him in the breast, alleging that he had ill-used a boy, which he denied.

Defendant replied that the policeman had run up to a boy, either kicked or knocked him down, and covered him with blood.

"Several very respectable persons," says the *Times* reporter, corroborated defendant's evidence, adding that he *pushed* and did not *strike* the policeman.

Now the reader will observe that in the policeman's evidence there are more lies than lines.

Lie 1st, "That he was in the execution of his duty." Is it his duty to knock down boys?

Lie 2nd, "That defendant struck him." He only pushed him.

Lie 3rd, "That he did not ill-use the boy." The "respectable persons" quashed that assertion.

So much for lies and the policeman; now for justice and the magistrate.

"Mr. Hall considered himself bound, from the evidence, to believe the policeman's conduct most abominable; still the defendant's interference was not justifiable, and he was therefore fined One Pound."

Thus we see that common humanity is not justifiable in the eyes of Mr. Hall, and that policemen may behave like brutes whenever they please, the humane portion of the public not being allowed to interfere.

E 57 appears next to have plucked up courage and come forward—covered with infamy and convicted of perjury as he had been—to say that he did not kick the child. E 24, envious of his comrade, hastened to swear to it.

Mr. Hall still believed the witnesses, and asked what compensation E 57 was prepared to offer the boy; to which the miserable miscreant replied, one shilling! With some difficulty his brutal nature was prevailed on to yield a grudging seven shillings; and now we suppose he looks on knocking down a boy as a luxury to be purchased invariably hereafter at that amount.

This unfortunate being, however, may plead ignorance and coarseness; but nothing can be said in favour of Mr. Hall, who so grossly misused the power given him, as to fine Mr. Thorpe for doing what was his duty as a man, and who took no means to punish the constable convicted before his eyes at once of brutality and perjury. Has constant collision with the force blunted the sense of decency which charity would suppose him once to have had? or does he mistake harshness for dignity—the abuse for the holiness of justice—and, deeming that in the magistrate he ought to sink the man, does he aspire to be a Cockney Dionysius?

*** Since the above was written, the Commissioners of Police and a Mr. Meyrick have forwarded some statements to the *Times* in reference to the affair; but the merits of the case have not been at all affected by them.

PINS & NEEDLES.

A SANGUINARY JOKE.

The abolitionists maintain that the Whig settlement of the West India question will encourage the slave trade, with all its horrors. This will suit the economists, for, as every one knows, sugar is refined with blood.

QUITE CLEAR.

Whatever may be said of Lord Brougham's occasional vagaries, it cannot be denied that his arguments carry conviction with them, for whatever he says is always aloud (allowed).

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

A distinguished critic observes, with reference to Her Majesty's Theatre, that the artists who have appeared there have always been of the greatest talent, "the present company of course excepted."

A BOLD ASSERTION.

A disappointed artist has written to us, stating that after the weak designs which have lately appeared by Hablot Brown, it is quite evident that the expression "Phiz-zical force" has become an absurdity.

BAD NEWS.

Sir Bulwer Lytton is about to write a series of fictions on our early history, it seems. We were in hopes that Harold was "the last of the Saxon kings" he was going to meddle with.

A DEFINITION.

James's last Novel, "A Whim and its Consequences."

A Whim—Writing a novel.
Its Consequences—The public disgust.

PRETTY CERTAIN.

Some thousand insurgents were confined, after the insurrection, in the cellars of the Tuileries. We should say that the latter had never contained such a quantity of bad spirits before.

NEWEST FROM PARIS.

Although it has been asserted that the Ultra-Republicans were as much as ever estranged from the more moderate party, there is now every hope that they will soon arrive at a settlement, viz., a penal one—the Marquesas.

EXCESSIVE DROUGHT.

Astronomers have discovered that there is no moisture in the moon. This accounts for the *Man in the Moon* being such dry reading.

IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.

The papers inform us that the present unhappy state of his empire has produced a *sensible* change in the Emperor of Austria. Who after this will deny that the Revolution has effected what nothing else ever could?

A CASE FOR MR. SPOONER.

By the list of the procession at the Coventry Grand Show Fair, we observed that Lady Godiva, personated by Madame Warton, was accompanied by numerous "Followers." Is it possible that in moral England, and the presence of Mr. Warton himself, such a public outrage upon decency could have been permitted?

RAILWAY DISBELIEF.

We were rather shocked at hearing that the esteemed secretary of the London and Birmingham Railway had ceased to have any connexion with the company. This neglect of the popular Creed will not raise the directors in the eyes of the religious portion of the community.

EDITOR'S BOX.

THAT gay, sprightly, pretty, piquant, lively, and fascinating singer and actress, Anna Thillon (or La Thillon, as the Mudlark no doubt calls her), appeared at the Princess's Theatre last week in the *Figlia del Regimento*, much to the delight of the audience, and, what is more important, of the SHOWMAN. She played the *vivandière* in a manner which (with all due deference to the legitimists) made us wish to see her in Rosalind. Allen was a very heavy and dull lover, we are sorry to say; Weiss was a sergeant, musical, talented, and military; while Madame Feron made the part of the Marchioness much more respectable than the author of the *libretto* has done.

The man Cowell played the fool and the *Steward* in the performance. His conception of the comic appeared to be to kick up his legs behind every now and then, like an angry donkey, and to scream out his part like an ill-taught parrot, or a bull-frog with a cold. The person of an actor is a fair subject of criticism (*vide* the *Rosciad* and Hazlitt, *passim*), so we may state at once, that the person of Cowell is quite on a level (a very low one, by the way) with his mind. His face is mean and vulgar, and his figure awkward and ungainly; his features without expression, and his movements without grace; so that those who see him in the dock next sessions (previous to his going to "star" it at Brixton) will be little gratified by the view. This is severe treatment, we admit; but Cowell has brought it on himself. He who has tried to ruin others (men his superiors, too) can expect no favour himself. The gentlemen of England must be expected to be indignant at having been deprived of an intellectual enjoyment by the violence of an obscene* buffoon.

* We apply the adjective in allusion to his "comic" songs, sung at a low night-house.—SHOWMAN.

AIR—"*When Claude Duval*," *&c.*

WHEN Ernest Jones was in prison thrown,
He carved his name on the dungeon stone;
Ha, ha, said the dubsman, chuckling with glee,
You're a very fine blossom for Tyburn tree:
And you're chiselled so fine, fa la.

FLABBY *versus* TRUMAN.

MR. SHOWMAN,

As I have been told that you are an enemy to humbug of all kinds, allow me to address you a few words on a letter written some little time ago by a Dr. Truman about a well which had been sunk by the Hampstead Waterwork Company for supplying the surrounding district with water.

Dr. Truman asserts that the said well is only three hundred yards distant from the Highgate Cemetery, and that the water is thick and fœtid, and unfit to drink, from its nearness to the said cemetery. Now, sir, is not this great humbug? Why, according to his own statement, the well is three hundred yards from the burying-ground—what more would he require? I should very much like to know what he would say if he worked in my establishment in the City, where all the people drink water which comes from a well sunk in the churchyard itself; and do they ever complain? I should only like to catch them at it.

Dr. Truman goes on to state that the water from the Highgate well is thick with decayed animal matter; instead of complaining he ought to be grateful, for, in that case, we supply him with meat and drink at the same time.

However, whether his statement be true or not, I and several other brother aldermen, who have shares in the company, would merely wish to learn whether the learned doctor supposes, that after spending so much capital in the construction of the well, we are going to lose it because he may happen to object to the colour of the water. Let him buy a filter if he does not like the water in its natural state, and drink it filtered, or not at all; it is perfectly immaterial to us what he does, so long as he pays the rate.

Your obedient servant,
PETER GOLLOP FLABBY.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF CANINE ATTACHMENT.

REMARKS ON REMARKABLE DINING PLACES.

By an Habitué *of all of them.*

No. III.—GIRAUDIER'S AND BERTOLLINI'S.

LIVING on our acquaintance is a thing that neither we nor our acquaintance could approve of for any length of time; and, accordingly, we found ourselves last week obliged, for the third time, to go about among the dining places of London, seeking what we might devour. Bent on forwarding the interests of the SHOWMAN, we actually eat two dinners in his behalf, and, what is more, we paid for them. Many persons have dined at Giraudier's in the Haymarket, and many at Bertollini's—or Dirtollini's, as it has been inappropriately called—in some street near Leicester Square; but few have dined at both places in the same afternoon: so that we, in fact, feel ourselves called upon, as having performed that extraordinary feat, to give some account of it, in the same way that the man who was the first to go up in a balloon, or the last to go to the North Pole, thought it necessary (as soon as he had found a publisher) to make the world acquainted with his adventures.

TAKING HIS WHACK.

Before instituting any comparison, we may as well make some "general" remarks—in which we shall not be at all "particular"—as to the characteristics which are possessed in common by both houses.

DINING BY THE CARTE.

In dining by the *carte*, then, a bill is brought up by the waiter, and read a first, second, or, if desired, a third time, when it is passed—to some one else. If two or more are dining together, it is, of course, a matter of *etiquette* as well as prudence to comply with the standing orders, or, in other words, with the orders of the one who stands the dinner.

CLUBBING FOR A DINNER.

It is a fact worthy of notice and condemnation, that most of the English who frequent these places speak to English waiters in French, while the French visitors speak to French waiters in English. The Englishmen call the waiter "garsong" and "garsoon;" while the Frenchmen address him as "boy." The English "boys" are continually being astonished at hearing a Frenchman ask for a "beef chop;" while French "garsoons" are equally perplexed by an order from a cockney for *un aller de gin—aller*, of course, being intended to signify a "go."

SOMETHING SHORT.

Every one must have noticed a certain class of persons in London who pretend that they go to the gallery of the Opera because "the effect of the music is greater when heard from above," and not because the admission is only three shillings; who patronize the fore-cabin of a steamer in preference to the saloon, though of course without any view to economy; and whose decision with reference to the first and second class of a railway train is always given in favour of the latter, because it is farther from, or nearer to the engine, as the case happens to be, and not on account of the fare being considerably less. These gentlemen, we have observed, have a partiality bordering on affection for the *Jullienne Soupe* at Bertollini's, while at Giraudier's they seldom, if ever, order it. Can any explanation of this extraordinary fact be found in the circumstance that at the former establishment it is supplied at the small charge of fourpence a basin, while at the latter it is marked in the tariff at sixpence? A curious investigator like ourselves is also anxious to learn why the *habitués* of Bertollini's have only the ordinary *penchant* for bread, while at Giraudier's the "staff of life" is sought and devoured with the greatest avidity. It may be that the custom of charging for each individual piece, at the one house, is not so appetizing as that of allowing the visitors the run of the bread-basket on payment of twopence, which we believe is the practice at the other. At all events, the connexion between moderate prices and immoderate eating will not be lost upon those minds who may be desirous of pursuing the subject further.

AN AWFUL TAKE IN.

The man who can understand the *carte* at Giraudier's, must certainly possess talent; but the one who can interpret the bill at Bertollini's must have genius. Of course, no one ever pretends to inquire what such dishes as "lasagne," "caponeti," "tagliarini," and "cramousky" signify; or whether they, in fact, signify anything at all. These are "above our reason," while those which we wish to call attention to are things that must be placed under the head of "contrary to our reason." To this latter class belongs, for instance, "risoly," which, according to all well-regulated French dictionaries, is "the brown part of roast meat." It is evident, then, that to order *risoly* would be just as absurd as to call for a plate of crackling or a dish of fat. What, again, is the meaning of *côtelettes à la jardinière?* Nothing more or less than "chops done in the female-gardener style!" But even this is not so absurd as an *épigramme de veau*, which, of course, signifies "a calf's epigram," and which immediately suggests a pointless quatrain by Mr. Mark Lemon. Moreover, these unintelligible expressions have an additional degree of unintelligibility given to them by the infamous manner in which they are sometimes written. "Chops" appear as "shops," "oxtail" as "hogstail;" while in the French edition of the bill of fare "whisky" is written "ouiski," and porter is translated by "*concièrge.*"

A GOOD ROUND HAND.

But, in conclusion, let us inquire, not in an impertinent but in a philosophical spirit, why at Bertollini's chops, with spinage, peas, or any other vegetable, cost no more than chops by themselves? It is a question which it is beyond our power to solve; but who, we should like to know, would hesitate in a choice between chops and vegetables, on the one hand, and chops and nothing at all, on the other? We cannot but ask, in our own words:—

"Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—Not *I*."

THE MODERN

FRANKENSTEIN AND THE MONSTER.

"He perceived, as the shape came nearer—sight tremendous and abhorred!—that it was the wretch whom he had created. He trembled with horror, resolving to wait his approach, and then close with him in mortal combat."—*Frankenstein*, Chap. ix.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

In a few days we fully expect to see something like the following paragraph going the round of the papers:—"During the late awful scenes in Paris, at the taking of the barricade of the Faubourg Poissonière, where the slaughter was so immense, one of the insurgents, who had been killed by a shot through the forehead, and a bayonet wound under the left arm, was remarkable for the great serenity of his countenance and matchless beauty of his complexion. Not even the pangs of death had been able to change his lovely *teint*. This phenomenon was afterwards fully accounted for when it transpired that the body was that of the Editor of the *Aimable Egorgeur*, in whose trowsers' pocket, concealed beneath the blouse of the Communist, was found a bottle of Rowland's celebrated Kalydor, which the unfortunate man had been seen to use while reposing from the labour of forming the barricade at which he perished."

The last person the spirited proprietors of the Kalydor and the oil of Macassor made use of was Heliogabalus. We suppose that the turn of Alexander the Great or Cobden will come next. There is something reassuring in this. If a man be refused a passage to immortality in the pages of the professed historian, he can still obtain one in the advertisements of Messrs. Rowland. What matters it that Cromwell has not got a niche in the new Palace at Westminster? His chance of renown in future ages will not be one whit diminished, provided only Messrs. Rowland can be prevailed on to espouse his cause. An advertisement to the effect, that "although in his time Cromwell was certainly the protector of all which Englishmen held dear, still, at the present day, all *we* hold dear—viz. the ladies—possess a far more powerful protector in Rowland's Kalydor; for that protects them against the elements, which the stern Republican was unable to do," &c., would be more effective than fifty statues.

CAPTAIN FALCON OF THE GUARDS.

I.

Captain Falcon of the Guards,
How nice you thought to do me brown;
You thought that I'd accept a bill
For discount, when you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired:
The black leg of a hundred "hells,"
Your friendship 's not to be desired.

II.

Captain Falcon of the Guards,
I know you thought to get my name;
Your cunning was no match for mine,
Too wide awake to play your game.
Nor would I write for your delight
A name the Jews ne'er saw before—
My simple name across a bill
Is worth a hundred pounds or more.

III.

Captain Falcon of the Guards,
Some softer pupil you must find,
For were you Colonel of your troop,
I'd shun you still, and all your kind.
You thought to 've seen me jolly green;
A plump refusal 's my reply:
The army agents in Craig Court
Are not more up to you than I.

IV.

Captain Falcon of the Guards,
You put strange memories in my head;
Not thrice the bill had been renewed,
When I beheld young Pigeon fled.
Your crack turn-outs, your drinking bouts,
A fine acquaintance you may be;
But there was that across the bill

V.

Captain Falcon of the Guards,
When first he met the gov'nor's view,
He had the passions of his kind—
He spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed I heard one bitter word
About a certain game at cards,
Which, should it e'er get noised abroad,
Would cook your goose at the Horse Guards.

VI.

Captain Falcon of the Guards,
There stands a bailiff in your hall;
Tradesmen are knocking at your door:
Pigeon no longer pays for all.
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his run of luck,
And, last, you fairly stripped him clean,
And sought some other bird to pluck.

VII.

Trust me, Falcon of the Guards,
That bill to pay he never meant;
The grand old Judge who tried the cause
Smiled at your claim for money lent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me
These promised pounds are scarce bank-notes;
Gold sovereigns are more than words,
And copper pence than paper groats.

VIII.

I know you, Falcon of the Guards;
You're linked with many a scoundrel crew,
Whose nights are spent in playing deep—
Would that your play was honest too!
Be rogue, you must; spurned with mistrust,
Cash is no longer raised with ease;
Your credit it has sunk so low,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

IX.

Captain Falcon of the Guards,
If tin be needful at your hand,
Are there no money-lenders left,
Nor any Jews within the land?
Oh! take the bill-discounters in,
Or try the legal shark to do;
Pray write a promissory-note,
And let the foolish Pigeons go.

Fashionable Intelligence.—We have received a letter from a correspondent, informing us that at the *soirée* of the Whittington Club, where the butcher of the establishment so distinguished himself, the Violin and French Horn, together with their juvenile friend the Triangle, who had been engaged to play quadrilles for the evening, were stuffed with supper to repletion, the spirited committee having determined that it should be the members' proud boast that they had a very "full" band.

Something in his Favour.—Though no admirers of Lord George Bentinck, we should have no objection to "taking a leaf out of his book"—on the Derby.

Matrimonial.—A paragraph headed "Curious Marriage Fee" is going the round of the papers, stating that a certain Mr. Baker, of some village near Bristol, paid in farthings the clergyman who solemnized his marriage. The bridegroom seems to possess considerable resemblance with the fee, which no one can deny was a "fee simple."

Not Bad for a Premier.—Lord John says that if the Protectionists don't like his slave-grown, brown-clayed sugar, they must lump it!

Irish Intelligence *(By a rival to our D. C.)*.—The first number of the *Felon* has now appeared. It will be recollected that this journal was intended to take the place of the *United Irishman*, and as the circulation of the latter "fell off" considerably some months since,

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

On Thursday the 29th of June, a grand review of the Fusileer Guards took place, in Hyde Park. His Royal Highness Prince Albert put himself at the head of his regiment, which went through the most difficult manœuvres with a precision and accuracy which reflected the greatest credit on its Royal Colonel.

We are not aware whether Government feared any outbreak on the part of the Chartists, but if such were the case, the alacrity with which his Royal Highness flew to lead on his gallant fellows against the rebels is truly gratifying. We take particular notice of this fact, because it has been invidiously asserted that every time the regiment has turned out to suppress riot, it has done so without its colonel. We trust that the 29th of June will for ever put an end to these absurd and calumnious reports.

We are happy to be able to state that in spite of the immense fatigue incident to all the marchings and counter-marchings, and various other intricate evolutions of the day in question, His Royal Highness's health has not suffered, and that, with the exception of a small blister on the right hand, from the chafing of his sword-handle, His Royal Highness feels no ill effect from his great exertions.

Novel and True.—We have heard a most stupid report, which we implicitly believe, that the Members of the Whittington Club, whose limited means do not allow them to play so brilliant a part as they could desire, have come to the determination to hire an individual of gentlemanly and imposing exterior, whom they intend to dress in the first style of fashion (after Moses' most approved models) and pay a handsome salary, to walk up and down every evening, after closing hours, in front of the Club door. The said individual will salute, in a jaunty and off-hand, but at the same time courteous manner, the different members as they enter. The latter will, however, take no notice of him, but, on the contrary, pass with a careless and supercilious air. In this manner they will all be enabled, at a trifling extra charge, to "cut a very dashing figure."

Anatomical Discovery.—A London daily paper recently remarked that the best part of Lord John Russell was his pluck. Our readers need not feel indignant at the assertion, as a cat's-meat man informs us that this part of the human frame has no connexion whatever with the brain.

Curious Inquiry.—A dilatory young man has written to ask us whether in an article entitled "Thieves," in *Gavarni in London*, there is any account of "Procrastination, the thief of time."

BIRTHS.

On the 26th ultimo, at Whitefriars, Mr. Mark Lemon of a joke, still-born.

On the 13th ultimo, at Bow Street Police Court, Samuel Cowell, buffoon and very low comedian, of an infamous notoriety.

On Saturday last, at the Puppet-Show Office, the Showman of a number that did not contain any allusion to the *Musical World*.

MARRIED.

In the month of May last, at St. Stephen's, Westminster, by the New Reform Movement, Richard Cobden to Joseph Hume.

In the course of Autumn last, at the office in the Strand, by the new proprietors, the *Morning Chronicle* to New England principles.

DIED.

In the month of June last, at the Lyceum Theatre, after lingering for a few nights, the *Fast Man*, the infant offspring of Mr. Albert Smith.

On June 30th, at Whitefriars, after an illness of some duration, the *Shilling Magazine*, eldest child of Mr. Douglas Jerrold, the comic writer and philanthropist.

On April 10th, at Kennington Common, rather suddenly, the Chartist Panic, illegitimate offspring of Democratic Rant nd Popular Delusion.

VERY SHAMEFUL.

Some aspiring young libeller has forwarded us a poem which attacks Douglas Jerrold and the whole of the Whitefriars' clique in the most unscrupulous manner. To prove how little we should be justified in inserting it, we give the three opening stanzas, which apparently refer to the present condition of *Jerrold's Magazine*. This, as is now generally known, has proved too heavy to be carried on any further, and has consequently been dropped.

The Douglas at the blush of day
From his tenth tumbler started—
"My magazine, 't is said, don't pay,
Success from it has parted.
I 've puffed it long with all my might,
And yet it 's in an awful plight;
It cometh out unheeded,
And each month less is needed."

The publishers—too fond of cash
To be for ever striving
To make men swallow Jerrold's hash—
Declared its end arriving;
And all the town rejoiced and sang
Because St. Giles's vulgar slang,
With much low cant and whining,
Would soon become trunk-lining.

And up and down amid the crew
Who with him had been drinking
The heated Douglas madly flew,
And on his journal thinking,
He sought relief, but found none there,
And then he tore his turnip hair,
To earth his carcase flinging,
The bell in fury ringing.

An Absurd Inference.—A junior contributor says, that our artists must receive large sums from the Exchequer, since they 're always drawing on *Wood*.

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT THE POTATO DISEASE.

We have been given to understand that Professor Liebig, the distinguished chemical philosopher, has made the astounding discovery that the potato-rot was nothing more nor less than the Influenza; and the Royal Agricultural Society, coinciding in his opinion, have come to the conclusion that the croupy noise so often heard of an evening in the neighbourhood of marshy places, and which has always been attributed to the croaking of frogs and toads, can, in reality, have been nothing else but the distressing cough of the poor suffering potatoes.

When a physician has formed a correct diagnosis of a disease, his next duty is to prescribe an efficient remedy. In the case of the patients under consideration, Professor Liebig has omitted this; the task, therefore, is imposed on our professional judgment, and we beg to call the attention of farmers to the following course of treatment, to be adopted when the season arrives for planting the delicious root.

The seed must be well examined, to see if there be any remains of last year's epidemic, such as ulcerated surface, running from the eyes, or similar symptoms. If there be, we advise the rejection of such affected roots; because, though they may not be more than slightly tainted, in all probability the moisture of the earth, acting on their already diseased condition, will be sure to induce tubercular phthisis; and the potatoes will perish of a lingering death. If the seed be quite healthy, the farmer, remembering the old adage, that "prevention is better than cure," should, with each seedling, put into the ground a calomel pill; in a month after planting, the earth should be turned up, and a mild aperient draught poured over the afflicted Solanum; and, occasionally, during the progress of growth, the lower extremities of the roots should be examined, and a hot mustard bath applied, if necessary. Should symptoms of fever become apparent, evidenced by heat of surface, or drooping of the stalks, let the whole field be sprinkled with a febrifuge mixture; and, lastly, if ulceration supervene, the farmer should at once consult the Earl of Aldborough, who will, doubtless, prescribe Holloway's ointment and pills.

CONVALESCENCE OF OUR DISCHARGED CONTRIBUTOR.

DOUBTLESSLY it was not to be expected that our Discharged, or Diseased Contributor, as he must for the present be styled, could quickly recover from that illness which had been caused by the combined abuse of strong liquors and weak jokes. He is, however, now in a state of convalescence, and will soon, it is feared, be able to hold a pen. Some difficulty was at first experienced in finding a nurse to attend him, as his wild jests and inhuman witticisms scared from the bedside each unfortunate female who had been prevailed upon to watch there. At length a woman of strong mind, who had been accustomed to the conversation of Mr. Mark Lemon, was retained—but only for a short period—for even she, in spite of the excellent training which she had gone through, was utterly unable to listen to the *jeux de mots* of our D.C. (as Thackeray would call him); and which, to use her own felicitous expression, "out-lemoned Lemon." Ultimately the services of a deaf woman were secured, and our D.C. continued improving until a certain day on which the PUPPET-SHOW goes to press, when he became seized with a frantic desire to have a joke which is "utterly unfit for publication" inserted in the columns of that periodical. Having received a certificate, in which an eminent physician assures us that unless the joke (!) appears he will not answer for the life of the D.C., we hasten, with those feelings of benevolence for which we are so eminently remarkable, to present it to an astounded world. We do not wish any harm to our sick acquaintance (for we cannot call him friend), although we must observe that we trust, as far as jokes are concerned, he has now "breathed his last." But, to come to the point—if our readers can only detect it—here is the joke without any farther preface:—

Q. What is the difference between a washerwoman and a thief?

A. The former *irons*, while the latter *steels*.

GETTING ROUND."

When our D.C. saw a proof of the above—which, by-the-bye, we consider an admirable proof of our compassion towards him—he exclaimed to the deaf nurse, with a more than demoniac grin, "Ha, ha, I shall get better now: do you see any change in my bodily form, for I absolutely feel that I am

TRADE REPORT.—Under this head we read in the *Times*, that "whisky was firmer." Firmer than what? than those who have imbibed a quantity of it? We think this very probable.

EXTRAORDINARY PANIC.—Much excitement was caused to a party of Special Constables about a week since, by hearing that a large body of Chartists had "flown to arms." The satisfaction and even delight of the gallant fellows may easily be imagined when it was discovered that the Bricklayers' Arms were those alluded to, and that the only attack commenced was one upon some pots of porter.

A CANDIDATE FOR HANWELL.—The same insane individual who wrote to us last week about Mr. Clarke's method of restoring pictures, now wishes to be informed whether Mr. Howard's succedaneum for stopping decayed teeth would be of any use in stopping a decayed tradesman who has fled to America with some money belonging to him.

AN INHUMAN REASON.

Smith—"I SAY, BROWN, WHY DO YOU WEAR THAT SHOCKING BAD HAT?"

Brown—"BECAUSE MY WIFE DECLARES SHE WON'T GO OUT WITH ME TILL I GET A NEW ONE!"

TO THE SHADE OF SIR WILLIAM JONES.—"What constitutes a State?" Rolling in the gutter without a hat.

THE FRUIT SEASON.

SEVERAL enormous gooseberries have appeared in the country papers, and stone fruit is already very plentiful in the Lowther Arcade and on numerous mantel-pieces in the neighbourhood of Islington.

The Orleans plum is expected to turn out a failure, as Louis Philippe and his family probably do not possess ten thousand pounds amongst them all.

About a fortnight since, a "pottle of strawberries" of a peculiar description was exhibited in various parts of the metropolis. The pottle is arranged as might have been expected by those who know anything of the manner in which these things are got up. There appears to be some attractive fruit on the surface, but, on looking into it, it is soon found that there is nothing at bottom.

☞ *Numerous correspondents having complained of the difficulty experienced in obtaining copies of the* PUPPET-SHOW *in various parts of the country, the proprietors have determined on the publication of a* **Stamped Edition** *to go free by post, and which may be procured by order of any London newsman. Parties preferring it will be regularly supplied with the Stamped Edition of the* PUPPET-SHOW, *carefully enclosed in a wrapper, direct from the Office,* 11 *Wellington Street North, Strand, on the following terms:—*

Subscription for One Quarter, or 13 Numbers . . 2s. 6d.
" Half Year, or 26 Numbers . . 5s. 0d.

The amount may be transmitted by postage stamps, or by a Post-Office order made payable to William Dover.

The readers of the PUPPET-SHOW *are informed that an Edition is published in Monthly Parts, and that the same may be obtained by order of every bookseller in the kingdom. Parts* 1, 2, *and* 3, *each consisting of five numbers, stitched in an ornamental wrapper, are now ready, price Sixpence each.*

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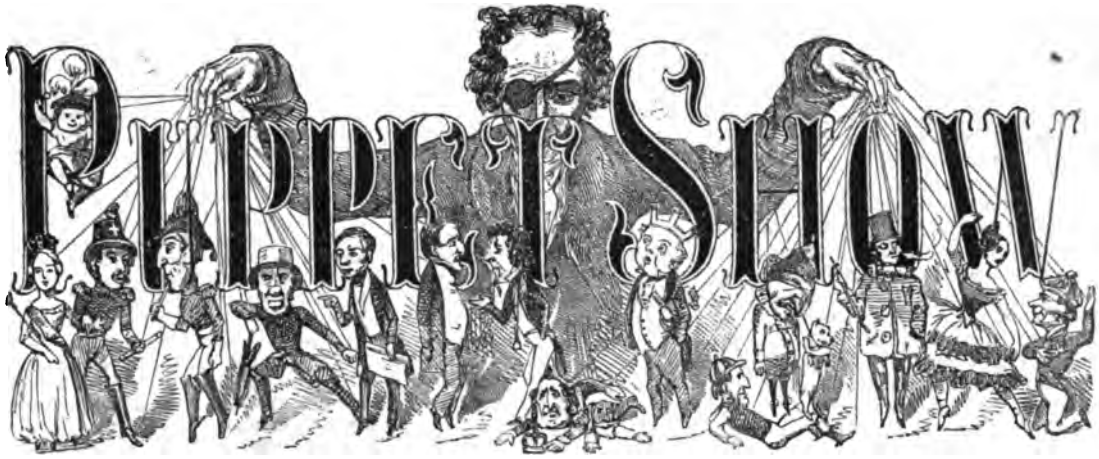

NUMBER 18. LONDON, JULY 15, 1848. ONE PENNY.

NOBLE SACRIFICE.

Pot-boy—"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MISSIS SAYS AS HOW YOU MUST SETTLE HER LITTLE BILL FOR BEER AND SPIRITS."

Patriotic Leader—"BOY, BEGONE! MY DEBTS, LIKE MYSELF, ARE MY COUNTRY'S!"

LEGAL IMPROVEMENTS.

SERGEANT TALFOURD boasted the other day that hardly "the scent of blood rests on the statute-book." This, however, is not sufficient for the more generous class of philanthropists, among whom we may number the House of Lords; they have accordingly resolved that, after having softened the law itself, they will also infuse more mildness into the execution of it. The following is their intended improved manner of proceeding.

Suppose a man, Lord Arbuthnot, for instance, is accused of forgery—pay no attention to the charge for some time—endeavour, on the contrary, to suppress it—should you not succeed in this, announce your intention of soon issuing a warrant against him—and when you are very certain he has fled the country, put your threat into execution. This plan is not quite so practical as that of the Brothers Forrester, but it is far more aristocratic.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY:

AND HOW TO GAIN THEM.

I.

WE want no flag, no flaunting rag,
For LIBERTY to fight;
We want no blaze of murderous guns
To struggle for the right.
Our spears and swords are printed words,
The mind our battle-plain;
We 've won such victories before,
And so we will again.

II.

We love no triumphs sprung of force—
They stain her brightest cause:
'T is not in blood EQUALITY
Inscribes her civil laws.
She writes them on the people's heart
In language clear and plain;
True thoughts have moved the world before,
And so they shall again.

III.

We yield to none in earnest love
Of freedom's cause sublime,
We join the cry "FRATERNITY,"
We keep the march of time.
And yet we grasp nor pike nor spear
Our victories to obtain;
We 've won without their aid before,
And so we will again.

IV.

We want no aid of barricade
To show a front to wrong;
We have a citadel in truth,
More durable and strong.
Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith,
Have never striv'n in vain;
They 've won our battles many a time,
And so they shall again.

V.

Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood—
The ignorant may sneer,
The bad deny; but we rely
To see their triumph near.
No widows' groans shall load our cause,
No blood of brethren stain;
We 've won without such aid before,
And so we will again.

BARRISTERS AND BUFFOONS.

During the recent trial of Fussell the Chartist, Mr. Sergeant Allen took occasion to observe, with reference to a hatter whose premises had been injured, that he supposed the injury was *felt*. Not content with making, or rather taking, this weak and venerable pun, he subsequently had the moral, or immoral, courage to exclaim, "*What* Tyler," upon hearing the name of Tyler mentioned in court. We are not going to trace the biography of this joke, from the time of its birth in the farce of *Teddy the Tiler* through various scenes, dramatic and otherwise, until its reappearance in the *Comic History of England* in the form of "What is that what you are doing, Wat Tyler?" for its antiquity cannot be doubted for one moment; but we cannot help reminding Mr. Sergeant Allen that we have a Discharged Contributor who makes jokes quite as bad, though not so venerable, as those which he (the unlearned Sergeant) indulges in, and that unless he (the unlearned Sergeant) refrains from his present disgusting and degrading conduct, we will expose and disgrace him in the eyes of the Puppet-Show readers. We thought that jokes about "throwing light on the subject," a door not being a door "when it is a-jar," *et hoc genus omne*, had become extinct; but the revival of the puns on "felt" and "Wat Tyler," under the patronage of Sergeant Allen, have crushed our fondest hopes and ruined our most cherished expectations.

Pushing it to the Full Extent.—Somebody asserted of Feargus the other day, that in all his struggles he "holds his own." He goes farther, and holds other people's, in our opinion.

Naval Intelligence.—The new ship Fussell was launched from the dock (at the Old Bailey) the other day. It has a rather ugly figure-head of wood. Several distinguished persons saw it launched, and it flew proudly down amidst the cheers of the jailer. We believe that it is intended to serve on the South Australian station.

A Crying Evil—Mr. John O'Connell in tears.

A Reasonable Query.—The *Standard* of the 7th instant tells us that the army of the Alps is "daily arriving" in Paris. What can possibly be the motive of the army for this? We should have imagined that, after so long a journey, when it had once reached the capital it would have been glad to remain there. Then, again, how on earth does it manage? It appears to us that, supposing it arrives in Paris on Monday, it can't arrive again on Tuesday, unless, indeed, it adopts the plan pursued by armies on the stage, who have a knack of entering at one gate of a city to make their exit immediately by another, and, after a short lapse of time, to come in again at the first. Perhaps the *Standard* will elucidate this.

GENEROSITY.—A FRAGMENT.

Scene.—*Lavish's Chambers.*

Jones . . . . But you always do things in such a splendid way—and as for that last dinner of yours, I never sat down to a more magnificent one in my life. The Johannisberg was beyond all praise; it must have cost you an awful price.

Lavish. My dear fellow, I never care a fig about price when my friends are concerned. I told old Logwood to let me have the very best that could be got for love or money; but, as you admire it so much, I'll make you a present of a dozen or two. —Here, John! (*Servant enters*), pack up a couple of dozen of that Johannisberg, and send it to Mr. Jones's—you know the address.

Jones. How can I thank you?—you're such a generous dog —'pon my life, Lavish, you've a most gentlemanly way of doing things—I'm really exceedingly obliged to you.

Lavish (*to Servant*). Well—what are you waiting for?

Serv. Please, sir, Mr. Logwood—he's called about his account.

Lavish. Confound him—tell him I'm out—in the country. [*Exit Servant.*

Lavish. Hang that fellow coming pestering me for money already—I don't know what *he* expects, Jones, but *I* mean to put him down in my schedule the next time I have occasion to trouble the Commissioner at Portugal Street . . . . .

AN "USED-UP" SUBJECT.

It will be recollected that the Showman in the first announcement he made to the public of his intentions, undertook, among other light and laborious occupations, the task of "putting down paltry prolix publications." One of the most offensive of this class he soon found out to be the *Musical World*, and his readers knew how zealously he strove to create in their minds a perfect loathing for this preeminently stupid publication. The result is that not one of the fifty thousand readers of the Puppet-Show can now hear the words "*Musical World*" pronounced without a sensation of positive pain. Having accomplished his task, the Showman threw the publication aside like an old hat, and turned his attention to other abuses, when the *Musical World*, feeling itself secure, commences some silly attack on the Showman (at least so the Showman is informed by a correspondent, for his physicians advise him on no account to look at the publication again). The *Musical World* is striving, no doubt, to produce in the minds of its readers the same disgust for the Puppet-Show as the Showman has already created for the *Musical World*. The Showman, however, is magnanimous enough not to offer any impediment to this course, as any man who reads the *Musical World* is far too obtuse for even the Showman to produce any reformation in.

DIVISION ON MR. HUME'S MOTION.

That the wrong side of a question should triumph in the House of Commons, is as every-day a phenomenon as a blunder by Bentinck or an absurdity from Sibthorpe. 351 members declared that the people of England shall have no increase of their political power, and that the country shall be governed, for the future, by nominees of aristocratic patrons—well-dressed serfs, robbing at other men's dictation; too servile to assert their independence, and too base to benefit their country. Buckinghamshire returns eleven members, at the bidding of three or four landowners, while the whole population of Manchester are allowed but two. To call the House of Commons a popular assembly while this is the case is just nonsense,—and wicked lying nonsense. It is bound by a dozen links—links of gold and of family—to the House of Peers, and is therefore found, when any great question is before it affecting the masses, to be merely a servant of the aristocracy. There are scores of members in the Commons just as obedient to Peers as their flunkeys;—the difference being that the flunkey is servile in manual operations, and the member in intellectual ones—one sells his hands, and the other lets out his conscience and puts his soul in livery.

The debate preceding the division was conducted, on the Reform side, with much point and cleverness by Mr. B. Osborne, and much clearness and argument by Mr. Cobden. These contrasted capitally with Talfourd's dreamy twaddle, and the coxcombical coquetting with the question of Sidney Herbert, who kept gnawing at the point, as a lap-dog fumbles with a bone.

Poor "burly balderdash," as O'Connell called Feargus O'Connor, tried hard to prove that the Reform party were hostile to the working classes; the object of this dirty fabrication being to prevent the working classes joining the movement, and so to keep them to himself for his own purposes. His reign is nearly up; the conclusion of the Committee on his Land Scheme will "cook his goose." If he had tried a move of that sort with the *ouvriers* of Paris, his head would have answered for it long ago. We manage these things better here; we let an impostor keep his degraded life and empty head all safe, and punish him by social exclusion and public contempt.

PINS & NEEDLES.

WORTHY OF CREDIT.

Mr. Herbert, in his speech on the new Reform question, said, that "if ever there was a period at which the people of England ought to be trusted, it was the present." Lord John Russell is of a different opinion. He taxes, but does not trust. His system is, "pay to-day, trust to-morrow."

ANOTHER THING ALTOGETHER.

The Specials of Middlesex have protested against Sir George Grey's proposed increase of the police rate. However much these gentlemen proved during the late disturbances that they despised attacks on their persons, it appears that they are very fearful of a tax on their purse.

JUDICIOUS AND JUDICIAL.

People are surprised at the manner in which Sergeant Talfourd lately renounced his liberal principles. The learned gentleman, however, knows perfectly well what he is about, although it is very certain that his wits have already begun to go "wool-gathering."

SINGULAR UNANIMITY.

The Conservatives assert that the present system is nearly perfect. If, like grammarians, they use the word "perfect" as synonymous with "past," we entirely agree with them.

AN APPROPRIATE EPITHET.

Speaking of an article in the *Quarterly* on Louis Philippe, the *Standard* says that it cannot refrain giving some extracts "relating to the common character of the different members of the Royal Family of France." Right. Very common character!

ALL IN GOOD SEASON.

Some faint-hearted people think there is no chance for Mr. Hume's measure, because it has failed this session. These persons should recollect that it was but born yesterday: in due course of time it is sure to attain its "majority."

SHAMEFUL IMPOSITION.

A correspondent complains that he bought a "Pottle of Strawberries" last week of a person named Smith, and that on examining it he found it to be full of *dry leaves*.

IMPOSSIBLE.

Mr. Webster's admirers speak in high terms of the appropriate manner in which that gentleman "makes up," as it is technically termed, for his different parts. There is one, however, which he can never make up for: we mean the part he has taken in inflicting Mr. Farren, jun., on the British public.

VERY SAVAGE.

Feargus O'Connor says that Fussell is an honest patriot, all of whose convictions on the subject of the Charter he himself shares. What a pity he can't be compelled to share his conviction at the Old Bailey as well; we might then get rid of him.

STATE OF THE CROPS.

The state of the crops is very encouraging. Fussell's was gathered the other day, and long ears found on the field of operations. The Ernest Jones' crop will be taken shortly (very shortly, by the way), and a similar state of things may be expected.

THE NEW SERVANT.

Government have taken Fussell "on trial," and determined to keep him.

JACK THE (REFORM) GIANT-KILLER.

Once upon a time, in England's pleasant isle,
Where, though Lords rule, there still are spots that smile,
There lived a youth among the lordly pack,
Whose head was empty and whose name was Jack.
Though small in person, smaller still in wit—
For writing and for acting ill just fit,
Among the world he still could make a noise,
As penny trumpets will when blown by boys,
For from his family he got some fame,
As weeds from florists get a sounding name;
And, having first in letters broken down,
He strove to gain political renown—
Clapped his small shoulder to the wheel of state,
Helped on Reform, and then as premier sate.

Years passed away, and England clearly saw
This great Reform was an imperfect law;
That England's intellect no hearing gained,
While parish boors a hundred seats retained;
That in the senate though some men might shine,
Yet all the rest could only bawl and dine.
So England sent a giant to the house,
Of will determined, and of manly *nous*,
To charge dull Tories and base Whigs in fight,
Break down their barriers, and let in the light.
Then up came Jack, whose heart was sore alarmed,
With spear, and shield, and brazen features, armed;
A mighty sabre glittered by his side,
His little figure strode in conscious pride.
To the proud field his swaggering way he made,
And with one blow struck off the giant's head!

The giant fell, but with a thundering sound,
Which woke loud echoes everywhere around,
And the proud English thought they 'd like to know
Why this small Jack should lay their giant low.
A storm began, soon other giants came—
Spread through the land excitement like a flame,
Till all the country, of this Jack quite sick,
Drove him from power with one tremendous kick.

THE WELLINGTON STATUE CONSIDERED AS A SYMBOL.

Every one knows that a certain class of writers, whose literary compositions are devoid of merit, nevertheless assume a large portion, on the ground that they "write with a purpose." Now the Wellington statue has long been abused for its artistic or rather unartistic faults, but no one has yet suggested that its very defects proceed, not from any want of ability on the part of the sculptor, but from the fact of his designing "with a purpose," and exaggerating certain parts, in order to express the character of the individual represented. We have many instances of this exaggeration "with an object" in ancient art; the head of the Venus de Medicis, for instance, is much too small for the body, thus showing in the most distinct manner, that beauty has little need of brains.

On the same principle, we may account for many apparent absurdities in the Wellington statue. For example, viewing the statue from the Knightsbridge side, the breadth of the Duke's shoulders seems equal to that of the body of the horse together with the calves of the rider's legs; from which it would follow, supposing the horse to be fifteen hands high, that the Duke measures three feet across the shoulders, and about eight feet round the chest! This is evidently symbolical of Wellington's greatness of heart as evinced towards poor Ney!

Again, the Duke's knee is on a level with the back of the horse, while his heel is below the girth; so that, taking the depth of the horse's body to be two feet six inches, we are immediately struck with the distance between the heel of the hero and his knee, and cannot help thinking that it is intended to remind us of His Grace's having fought knee-deep in blood. It will also be found that the waistband of his trowsers is about seven feet from the sole of his foot, which of course suggests the great difficulty that is felt by members of public charities in getting their hands into the Duke's pocket.

Finally, the statue itself is too large for the arch on which it is placed. This is understood by irreverent persons as signifying that His Grace's reputation has been raised upon a foundation too slight to support it.

THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.

Chapter V.—On Blackwall and Whitebait.

has been our lot to have devoured some indifferently good dinners in our day. We have sat at Lord Mayors' feasts when the turtle was richest and the iced punch coldest. The *Maison D'Or* and the *Rocher de Cancale* are places fondly familiar to us. We have eaten Ortolans—those "lumps of celestial fatness"—in Madrid; we have munched the deliciously browned Becca Fico in Milan. We have tiffened upon a Bengal Curry in the Government House at Calcutta, and swallowed cream tarts, with pepper in them, at Bagdad.* Also—for we are not such affected snobs as to believe that foreign dainties are more glorious than home produce—we have devoured Irish stew in Galway; we have wallowed in grouse-soup amid the Grampians; we have dined in Edinburgh at the Haggis Club; and we have breakfasted at Inverary upon herrings—fresh, silvery from Loch Fyne. Pleasant are all these meats—each immortal in its way. Pleasant it is, in the *entresol* of the *Café Anglais*, to look listlessly out on the glittering Boulevards through the savoury steam of richest salmi; pleasant it is, sweeping down through rock and by feudal tower and viny terrace, on the quarter-deck of a Rhenish steamboat, to mark the burst of slanting sunlight streaming over the Rheinfels, and glowing and glistening in bacchanalian emblazonry upon the big-bellied goblet of that much loved vintage, called in the tongue of Fatherland "Dear woman's milk"—the south-side Madeira of Europe; pleasant, very pleasant is each of these modes of enjoyment, but inferior each and all to that acmé of sublunary good which may be had even beneath our own dingy skies, even by our own muddy river, by anybody who, in the pleasant summer time, will journey a devout and not moneyless pilgrim to Blackwall, the shrine of the great god Whitebait, whereof Lovegrove is a high-priest and solemn ministrant.

There—we are seated at the little table beside the window, and the broad Thames is alive with rushing steamers below—the spacious *salle* is merry with many whitebait parties, champagne corks fly, and the gurgle of the iced punch is mellow and pleasing to the ear of man. Look round on the guests; you see known faces — politicians and M.P.'s — solemn long-pursed City men—faultlessly dressed loungers from the bow-windows of the West-end clubs—authors recklessly milling an article down upon their plates, and filling their green hock goblets with a farce—and, unhappily, but the thing cannot be avoided, noisy groups of unpleasant unwholesome gents trying to do the fine, and sucking their stalks of asparagus at the wrong end. But we will forbear looking on these animals. Here let us sweeten our mouth with a lady. There are many in the room; and the fact is another argument for Blackwall and whitebait. Let us hope that they are wives and sisters; or, at all events, that the old lady at the third table from ours is the mamma of that fair creature who wears her shawl in such artistic and massive folds, so low down that the tight fitting Frenchy dress encompassing the taper waist seems to rise from the draped Cachmere like the shaft of a straight pillar; we say let us hope that she is not without a chaperone, although that chaperone is neglectful and *distraite*, and turns her head away and gazes vacantly on that Newcastle brig, when the gentleman with the curly moustache bends over and whispers beneath the shawl-wearer's perfumed tresses.

Never mind the water souchy—never mind the salmon cutlets; concentrate your soul on the whitebait. Yes, there lies the plateful of little slaughtered fishes, their beady eyes set like little black specks in their poor browned fried bodies; a whole clan, a whole sept of living things immolated that you may transfix perhaps a family group upon the shining prongs of a silver fork, and squeeze over them the fragrant lemon, and shake above them the pungent cayenne. Unhappy little fishes, your sweetness was your ruin! Why had you not strong spiky bones? Why did you not savour of mawkish mud? Why were not your little morsels of flesh tasteless and slimy, or rank? Then might you still have been gambolling in the clayey shallows, still snoozed in the pea-soupy depths of muddy river pools, with steamers careering a couple of fathoms above your backs. But it was not so ordered! You were signalled out, suffering but immortal little fishes, to belong to the glorious army of gastronomic martyrs. You despise death, for in your small fishy brains thrills a dim foreboding of future greatness—of immortality treasured in the minds of men and women who love to eat good things—therefore you heed not the net of the fisherman, the pan of the cook, the fork and the jaws of the guest.

Little fishes, there are cousins—they must have been cousins of yours—mentioned in the Arabian Nights. After the fisherman had rescued the genie from the copper vessel, the latter directed his deliverer to cast his nets in a certain lake, in which he, sure enough, caught four fish, one white, one red, one blue, and one yellow. Now when these fish were being roasted for the sultan, the wall of the kitchen opened, and a beautiful and majestic young damsel came forth. She struck the fish with a wand and said, "Fish, fish, are ye doing your duty?" And the

* These statements are destitute of truth.—Showman.

JACK THE (REFORM) GIANT-KILLER.

Altered from the Popular Design by Townsend.

fish raised themselves up and said very distinctly, "Yes, yes, if you reckon, we reckon; if you pay your debts, we pay ours; if you fly, we conquer and are content."

And so, in inaudible words, only interpreted to mortals by the talisman of flowing wine, speak with united voices the dish of white-bait.

"If you reckon; if you pay your debts—that is, if you settle with the waiter; if you thus prove that you have legitimately devoured us—fulfilled our eternal destiny; if you fly, to wit, in the spirit, carried aloft upon bouncing champagne corks, with brains buoyed and brimming with etherial gasses from those winking silver globules creaming round the crystal rim, then, then, indeed, 'we conquer and are content.'"

THERE'S A HOUSE CALLED THE COMMONS.

AIR—"*There's a bower of roses.*"

THERE 's a House called the Commons by Thames' muddy stream,
And members are prating there all the night long;
In the session 't was pleasant to sit there and dream,
While Sibthorpe—brave Sibthorpe, was coming out strong.

That house and its members I never forget,
But now, that no longer I've got a seat there,
I think: is brave Sibthorpe still talking on yet,
And sending the Speaker to sleep in his chair?

No; the Colonel was silent on Joe Hume's debate,
On reform and such twaddle he 's too proud to speak;
Indignant he listens while Liberals prate
In prose, like their arguments, vapid and weak.

But the motion was lost, and the Colonel once more
Can illume all the world with his gay wit's bright gleam,
And again, as accustomed, can set in a roar
The House called the Commons, by Thames' muddy stream.

AN EVERGREEN.—The same individual, evidently in the last stage of verdancy, who propounded the absurd questions, contained in our last two numbers, about Messrs Clarke and Howard, has again written to us. Having read of the marvellous virtues of Holloway's Ointment in effecting all sorts of wonderful cures, he very much desires to be informed whether we think that the said ointment might also be advantageously employed in curing hams.

DEATH OF MR. BRIEFLESS.—The biography of Mr. Briefless ceased immediately after its author received an appointment under the new Poor Law Act; so that it may be truly said, the unfortunate gentleman died in the Union.

LIKE HIS IMPUDENCE.—We understand that the man Cowell, on learning that Macready had given a farewell performance, previously to his departure for America, determined to give a similar—no, a very dissimilar—entertainment at the Cider Cellars, before leaving his pot-house friends for his country seat—if the tread-mill can be called a seat—at Brixton, where he is expected to effect some extraordinary revolutions. Having once seen the man Cowell play the part of a miller called *Grist*, we may be permitted to remark that the authorities are about to bring Grist to the mill.

THE CHARTIST CAPTIVE.

(AFTER STERNE.)

I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in Newgate, I then got leave from the jailer to look at him through the grated door, to take his picture.

I beheld his body very seedy from confinement, and felt what kind of dirtiness is that which arises from soap deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; for four weeks the air of Bonner's Fields had not fanned his carcase; he had seen no comrades all that time; nor had the voice of Cuffey breathed through his lattice; his creditors ———

But here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on to another part of the portrait.

He was sitting on the ground in his corduroys, in the furthest corner of his dungeon. A small heap of onions was by his side, and he was scraping one for consumption, with a rusty nail. As I darkened the little light he had, he shook his head—he gave a deep sigh. I could not sustain the picture my fancy had drawn, and I rushed out for beer.

A REPLY TO LORD DENMAN.—One of our victims has written to us, saying, that the weapons which the SHOWMAN makes use of are "a mockery, an allusion, and a sneer."

STRANGE NEWS OF OUR D.C.—*Q.* What word gives the best idea of *foul* play? *A.* Chicanery (chicken-ery).

WEBSTER REWARDED.

BRIGHTER prospects are beginning to shine once more upon the British drama. Although the petition of the spirited and legitimate manager of the Haymarket got so scurvily handled in the House of Lords, it has already been productive of wonderful effects. On the 3rd instant, Her Majesty and Prince Albert honoured the Haymarket theatre with their presence. We believe some doubts had been raised as to whether the Royal horses could be prevailed upon to pass the door of the Opera-house; but these apprehensions proved unfounded, and spared Mr. Webster the trouble of rushing out to guide the stubborn steeds with his own hand to the door of the "little theatre." The performances, which consisted of singing "God save the Queen," waving hats and pocket-handkerchiefs, and standing on the benches, diversified a little by Bulwer's *Money*, and Mrs. Centlivre's *Wonder*, just to give the audience time to recover from their exertions, went off with great *éclat*.

But this Royal visit is not the only result of Mr. Webster's petition—far from it. Drury Lane re-opens its doors to the British drama, and the Olympic follows its example. How gratifying must this be to the great legitimist! Of course these two places of amusement will injure him a great deal more than *Monte Christo* could ever have done; but what does that matter? It is not for his own sake that he conducts his theatre, but for that of the grand object of his life—legitimacy, and the exclusive performance of works of British authors. Some short-sighted persons may reply to this, that, among other things, the "ascending orchestra" in which Mr. Webster screwed up his musicians between each act to the level of the stage—though not, unfortunately, to that of Jullien, whom they were intended to rival—and the foreign gentlemen who played all sorts of musical instruments with their throats, imitating Nature with about as much success as Berlin wool does, were not exactly performances which came under either of the heads just mentioned. To these cavillers we reply that "legitimacy covers a multitude of sins;" or, in other words, as every slave is free the instant he touches British ground, or the vilest object was turned to gold directly it came in contact with King Midas—so every possible kind of amusement, however foreign or strange it may appear to ordinary individuals, becomes part and parcel of the British national and legitimate drama, one and indivisible, directly it is produced on the boards of the Haymarket. This will satisfactorily explain how Mr. Webster, at the very time he was protesting against foreign productions on the English stage, could consistently bring out the farce of *Spring Gardens*, which some were absolutely foolish enough to look on as a translation or adaptation of the *Le Cabinet de Lustucru*, first produced at the *Vaudeville*, with *Arnal* for the hero. Proceed, thou great legitimist, in the path thou hast taken; it is that of profit as well as fame. Has it not procured thee all the advantages of a Royal visit; and last, not least, this article from us?

THE CHARTISTS FORTH ARE STREAMING, &c.

AIR—"*The young May-moon.*"

SHE.

THE Chartists forth are streaming, love,
And Specials' staves are gleaming, love;
How sweet to ride
In martial pride,
And your regimentals beaming, love.
Then arise: the guards look bright, my dear,
Their Colonel they 'll hail with delight, my dear,
And the best of all ways
To lengthen your bays
Is to march with them into the fight, my dear.

HE.

I would not see thee weeping, love,
And a sage, to my purpose keeping, love,
I think rows are
Best viewed from afar,
Or else in the papers by peeping, love.
Then the Chartists we will shun, my dear,
To Osborne we 'll cut and run, my dear,
Or, in seeking the head
Of some Special, I dread
A brickbat might take mine for one, my dear.

ANOTHER "WHIM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES."

A Whim—Our Discharged Contributor insisting upon having the covering of his table laid under him instead of a blanket.

Its Consequences—His being enabled to perpetrate the atrocious joke, and our being unlucky enough to hear it, that since others repose on their laurels, he is determined to sleep on his baize (bays).

OPTICAL DELUSION.—Buying a pair of gold (?) spectacles of "a poor mechanic who has found them in the street, and will let you have them a bargain."

INCLINATION VERSUS DESIRE.—The advertisements of Rosherville Gardens informed us that on July the 3rd "the celebrated Signor Gellini would ascend on the inclined tight rope amidst rockets, shells," &c. Although Signor Gellini may pretend he really has a taste for these ascents, we believe that, if the truth were known, the rope would be found much more *inclined* for them than he. We advise him to be careful, lest one *shell* more be required beyond those furnished by the pyrotechnist of the gardens.

THE MARKETS.—At a period when the oldest and most celebrated firms are constantly refusing to enter into any new engagements, there has not occurred a single instance of a joke being offered to the SHOWMAN which he did not immediately "take."

ALDERMEN AND LOGIC.

OUR worthy friends the Aldermen are beginning to rouse themselves from their habitual state of turtle and torpor. At a meeting held in the City the other day, after a good deal of fat, wheezing sort of eloquence had rejoiced the heart of the hearers, Alderman Lawrence arose and made a terrific onslaught on the vile and venal press, and on those wiseacres who have dared to assert that the sanitary state of the City was disgraceful.

We ourselves, we freely confess, had once shared these subversive ideas, but at present we are converts to civic reason: what can be more sublime, more pungent, more conclusive, than the arguments used on the occasion. "They say," exclaimed the speaker, "that the City is in a disgusting situation; that the bones of the dead lie but a few inches beneath the soil of the churchyards, when indeed they are not actually strewed on the surface; that the wells from which we pump the water which we drink—that is, our dependents who live in town—are often sunk in these same churchyards; that loathsome matter bubbles up between the crevices in the pavement in dark courts and alleys; that the air is poisoned by a thousand noisome vapours; that——but before they accuse us, let them look at home! what right have they to attack us?—they have plenty to alter themselves—let them repave Cockspur Street and Piccadilly, both of which thoroughfares are in a fearful state!"

Oh! wonderful Lawrence! There's reasoning! there's argument! as plain as a pike-staff, and founded upon about as just a principle as that which would serve as basis to the wretch who shot the Archbishop of Paris, were he to assert that he was no murderer because an acquaintance of his had happened to assassinate some one else.

THE HOP MARKET.

SOME extraordinary specimens of hops have been exhibited at Cremorne Gardens in the course of the past week. On the whole, they were of a bad quality, owing principally to inferior training. There were, however, many of a better sort, particularly of the *deux temps* description. The market was rather overstocked with hops of the Quadrille species, which went off heavily at from nine o'clock to half-past ten, and rather more briskly at from half-past ten to past eleven. The speculators in Polkas were sometimes successful, but in many cases broke down altogether. Cellariuses, a drug in the market.

At Vauxhall, hops were shown in greater perfection, and were taken willingly at from twelve, P.M., until two, and in many cases, three, A.M.

On Saturday, the genuine hop, of the Casino description, was to be seen at the Adelaide Gallery, and was eagerly caught up.

The Rosherville specimens have, we regret to say, been exceedingly weak; and last week many of them, owing to insufficient support in the hop grounds, broke down entirely.

A DORSET PARSON AND JURY.

THE recent Quarter Sessions in the enlightened county of Dorset gave rise (as usual) to something contemptible, and (as is too frequently the case) a parson was mixed up in it.

Thomas James was indicted by the Rev. (by courtesy) Alfred Toope, for stealing three sticks of wood from his yard. On cross-examination, he stated that he had set the man to work on the evening of Good Friday, which was the evening of the offence.

Well, to begin with, this is pretty cool; a clergyman putting a man to work upon one of the most holy days in the year. Does the Rev. Alfred Toope know that Good Friday is the day of our Saviour's Passion? If not, he had better shut himself up in his parlour, and take to studying some elemental book on theology. Fancy what a hubbub he would make about a Sunday train, or any rational amusement!

But the richest part of the affair is to come. After the chairman had summed up, the clerk of the court asked the jury what their verdict was. *Not guilty*, said the foreman; but in a few seconds some of the jury bawled out, *Guilty, guilty*. On which the chairman said he had recorded his verdict.

A man called Ffooks (who prosecuted) said the clerk of the court had not recorded it, and had still a right to alter it; on which the foreman being asked what he had said, boldly swallowed his previous verdict, and answered that he had said *Guilty!* The result was that the unfortunate prisoner was sentenced to twenty days' hard labour.

In this little case we have combined, a parson offending against religion, a magistrate against law, a foreman against truth, a jury against common sense, and the whole bunch of them against justice. *O tempora, O mores!* What *would* become of England without the PUPPET-SHOW?

THE INSURGENTS' GAME.

It was the Paris workmen's boast,
Their clubs would turn up trumps so spruce,
But yet they lost the game, because
They did naught else but play the deuce.

PANIC IN THE METROPOLIS.—Great excitement was caused in London on Wednesday the 28th of June, by the continued report of artillery. It was thought Feargus O'Connor had at last given battle to the Duke of Wellington, until it was discovered that the firing was merely in commemoration of the Queen's coronation. Among other ridiculous rumours speedily set afloat, it was asserted that Her Majesty's gown had been riddled with balls; this absurdity, it would appear, arose from the fact of the Royal dress being composed, on the morning in question, of *shot* silk.

A SENSIBLE WHIG.—A deputation of the inhabitants of Middlesex waited on Sir G. Grey the other day to protest against his proposed plan for increasing the police rates. They did so rather warmly, at which the Home Secretary took offence, his hat, and his way out of the room, proving thereby that he had as great an objection to be *rated* as the deputation themselves.

THE SEEDY GENT TO HIS LANDLADY.

When in bed I shall calm recline,
O bear my shirt to the laundress dear;
Tell her the front is n't stained with wine,
But only with froth from a draught of beer.
Bid her not call for cash to-morrow
For washing a shirt so ancient and torn,
But any amount of rowdy borrow
When home she sends it on Sunday morn.

When my coat can be worn no more,
Then bear it quick to the triple ball
Hanging above my uncle's door,
Where Seedy Gents are compelled to call.
Then should some one, by sense forsaken,
Buy it, and find himself taken in,
The shabby "do" will very soon waken
His softest sigh for the waste of tin.

Keep this bill which to you is owing;
If needful, perhaps, I'll pop my vest,
And button my coat when winds are blowing,
As those must do who for tin are prest.
But when some rich relation dying
In favour of me shall make his will,
And under the turf is snugly lying,
Oh, then—oh, then—I will pay the bill.

THE ARTIST AND THE FOUR TALL FOOTMEN.

A CERTAIN young nobleman, who was heir to an impoverished dukedom, and *fiancé* to the eldest daughter of a wealthy marquis, engaged the services of a young artist to prepare him two designs for fancy dresses, in which he and the lady in question were to make their appearance at a *bal costumé* at Buckingham Palace. The designs were made and adopted, and the moderate sum of three guineas charged for them, for the payment of which the artist made some twenty unsuccessful applications, and then gave the matter up as a bad job. A few months after his last visit he saw announced in the *Morning Post* that his patron the Marquis was about "to lead to the hymeneal altar the beautiful and accomplished Lady Celestina, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Normanline." Thinking the occasion a favourable one, the knight of the camel's-hair pencil ventured to make another application at the town residence of the nobleman in question, some few days before the ceremony was appointed to take place. On giving his usual modest knock at the door, he was surprised to see it opened by a majestic footman, wigged and powdered, and attired in the most magnificent livery, and behind him three other flunkeys of like gigantic proportions and corresponding superfine plush.

Half afraid of being kicked out for his impertinence, the poor artist timidly intimated the object of his visit, and, to his great gratification, was ushered into a little anteroom, where sat a mild-looking gentleman, dressed in black, with numerous papers spread out before him. On being made acquainted with his name and business, the gentleman immediately handed him the three guineas, at which he naturally felt very much elated—so much so, that he could not refrain showing his delight as he passed before the file of lofty footmen who were ranged on one side of the hall, to impress him with a proper sense of their magnificence, on his exit from the house. One of them, just as he was about to open the door, observed—

"Well, you did n't have much trouble about your little affair."

"I don't know, sir," replied the recipient of the three pounds three, in a tone of the highest possible respect; "this makes about the twenty-first time I've called for it."

"Ah! but you 've got it at last," says flunkey the second, advancing nearer towards the door.

"Yes, I have, sir," was the timid reply.

"THEN WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO STAND?" inquires the third, quite as a matter of course.

The poor artist was thunderstruck; why, the whole money he had received would n't allow them a sovereign a-piece, and he could hardly dare to offer less to such magnificent specimens of nature, made even more imposing still by the tailor's and the barber's art, as now stood before him in all their natural and acquired grandeur, proving Thomson's theory about "Beauty being, when unadorned, adorned the most" to be stupidly and utterly false.

Gradually, however, a sense of the dignity of his own profession over that of flunkeydom came across him, and, plucking up courage, he thought he might venture to insult them with a sovereign between the four.

He thrust his hand into his waistcoat pocket to draw it out, but he felt—

He felt he was doing a shabby thing, and he thought he would excuse it in a few words, as well as he could.

"Stand!" he replied, "what can a fellow stand out of three guineas?"

The four lofty footmen looked first at him and then at each other.

He felt thoroughly ashamed of himself, and determined to add another half-sovereign to the sum he had before resolved on—indeed he hesitated whether he should not make it two sovereigns; that is, half a sovereign a-piece.

While he was thus debating within himself, and the three sovereigns were jingling against one another, the fourth footman exclaimed—

"Well, I don't know, but I suppose you can manage A SHILLING BETWEEN THE FOUR OF US?"

NOTICE.

Numerous Correspondents having complained of the difficulty experienced in obtaining copies of the PUPPET-SHOW *in various parts of the country, the Proprietors have determined on the publication of a* **Stamped Edition,** *to go free by post, and which may be procured by order of any London Newsman. Parties preferring it will be regularly supplied with the Stamped Edition of the* PUPPET-SHOW, *carefully enclosed in a wrapper, direct from the Office,* 11 *Wellington Street North, Strand, on the following terms:—*

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NUMBER 19. LONDON, JULY 22, 1848. ONE PENNY.

A MODEST REQUEST.

SCENE.—*Kensington.*

Sister—"OH, ALFRED, AS YOU ARE GOING TO ST. JAMES'S STREET, WILL YOU JUST LEAVE THIS AT MRS. SAXILBY'S FOR ME? YOU KNOW WHERE IT IS? NO. 49 BLOOMSBURY STREET, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE."

PRIZES AT THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

(*Exclusive Report.*)

LORD PHELIM O'MOUNTEBANK, for ejecting fifty tenants in a week from his estate—A copy of the *Deserted Village.*

The EARL of ORSECHESNUT, for keeping a labourer at work three weeks on ten beans a-day—The chairmanship of a board of guardians.

LORD FITZ-GINGHAM, for destroying two foxes and ten crops of corn—A copy of *Burns's Justice.*

The MARQUIS of CŒURDEFER, for preserving ten brace of partridges without killing more than a dozen poachers—A new hemp rope.

THE COURTSHIP OF ANARCHY.

I.

SAID Anarchy to Liberty,
Divinest maid, whom all adore,
Great is the love I bear to thee,
Come to my arms for evermore;
Come to my arms and share my throne;
Smile by my side supremely sweet,
And all the world our sway shall own,
And lay their homage at our feet.

II.

Said Liberty to Anarchy,
With reeking gore thy fingers drip,
Through blood thou 'st waded to the knee,
And curses quiver on thy lip;
Thy heart o'erflows with guile and wrath,
With causeless hate, with senseless fears,
And groans and misery track thy path;
Begone—and leave me to my tears.

III.

Said Anarchy to Liberty,
Reproach me not, O maiden fair,
If I have sinned 'twas love of thee
Impelled my spirit to despair,
And thou, of all the world, should'st look
Indulgent on such love sublime;
Thine eyes were inspiration's book—
Thy witcheries drove me into crime.

IV.

Said Liberty to Anarchy,
I never looked upon thy face
Without a sense of misery,
Without a feeling of disgrace;
I never saw thee but to shun,
Or weep hot tears of grief and shame—
Nor thought of all the deeds thou 'st done,
Except to shudder at thy name.

V.

Said Anarchy to Liberty,
Thy heart is hard and insincere;
How often hast thou smiled on me,
And breathed love-speeches in my ear;
How often whispered me to smite,
How often prompted bloodiest deeds;
And all to give thy soul delight,
And meet thy sanguinary needs.

VI.

Said Liberty to Anarchy,
Thy heart is dull, thine eyes are blind;
I have a sister like to me
In form and features, not in mind.

Her name is LICENCE; 't was for her
The passion bubbled in thy veins;
'T was she that was thy worshipper;
She clings to thee while life remains.

VII.

Said Anarchy to Liberty,
I know thee well, I've known thee long—
Thy face, thy form, thy symmetry
Have filled my heart with yearnings strong;
'T was thou I loved; thy beaming eyes
Still gave the aspiration birth
That from our union should arise
A new Millennium for the Earth.

VIII.

Said Liberty to Anarchy,
I dwell with Law and Peace divine,
I have no bond of sympathy
With Hate or Murder—thee or thine:
To me thou art a fiend accursed—
Let LICENCE love thee if she will;
Deep in my soul my scorn is nursed—
I fly thee, and abhor thee still.

THE PREMIER PUNNING AGAIN.—Lord John Russell flippantly remarks, that, like another Lazarus, he has risen from the grave. The truth is, that since the Member for Montrose has ceased his importunities on the subject of Reform, the premier considers himself ex-*Hum*ed.

THE CORRECT READING.—The papers have lately spoken of the "fusion of the Venetian territories with the states of Upper Italy." Would it be better to read *con*fusion, for then it is very certain that they would all be in one and the same state?

FASHIONABLE NEWS.—A paragraph headed "Sir Robert and Lady Peel's Reunion" lately appeared in all the papers. The SHOWMAN was somewhat startled on seeing it, as he was not aware that the late premier and his lady had ever had recourse to a matrimonial separation.

VERY JUST.—We understand that the publishers of Hamilton's Dictionary of 2,000 musical terms are about to apply for an injunction against the general body of musical critics on the London press, who for some time past have been gradually reproducing the contents of that learned work. Most of the "critics," as they call themselves, on finding the source from which they derive all their learning so unmercifully cut off, have become quite sick of their engagements, and have consequently resolved to throw them up.

SOLICITUDE.—A FRAGMENT.

SCENE.—*Schoolroom in Mr. Rodwell's Establishment for Young Gentlemen.*

Mr. Rodwell. . . . . And as I am going to entertain a select party of friends, I should advise you, young gentlemen, not to make any noise. Your usher, Mr. Slavey, will see that you go to bed at the usual hour.

[*Mr. Slavey bows very low.*]

Mr. Rodwell. By the way, Master Spooney, I have just received a letter from your respected parents. I believe there was a cake accompanying it, but as you have looked rather poorly this last day or two——

Master Spooney (*alarmed*). Please, sir, I'm quite well.

Mr. Rodwell. Allow *me*, sir, to be the better informed on that head—unless (*blandly sarcastic*) you are the master here, and not I, Master Spooney.

[*Mr. Slavey and the young gentlemen all laugh intensely, as in duty bound, at the exquisite joke conveyed in these words.*]

Mr. Rodwell. That will do, young gentlemen; we must not be too hard upon him. Proceeding on my usual principle, Master Spooney, of uniting all the charms of a private family with all the advantages of a public school, I shall order you a good dose of brimstone and treacle; and, ever anxious and solicitous for your welfare, both physical as well as moral, I shall not even let you see the cake, as——

Master Rodwell (*Mr. Rodwell's hopeful, but too sincere, son and heir*). Oh! he can't, Pa; Ma's already cut it up for the party. . . . . .

CRIMINAL LAW AMENDMENT.

THE persons composing the House of Lords have acted very wisely this session in refraining to take any part in the business of the country. The people will duly appreciate this example of their tact, and in due time the House will no doubt be looked upon as an hospital for superannuated statesmen, who being no longer useful, may be dismissed there to titled indolence and obscurity, as the war charger is dismissed to a paddock to spend his old age.

It was not however decreed that the House of Lords should be altogether inactive. No—it would have been derogatory to its character, and inconsistent with its practice, if something wrong had not been done. Accordingly, the Law Lords—a body of men who have mostly risen to power by tampering with faction—brought in last Thursday a bill for what they call amending the criminal law.

This bill establishes the principle of having a court of appeal in criminal cases, on points of *law*, but not on points of *fact*—that is to say, that a prisoner may have a chance of being saved by a quibble on appeal, but not by proving his witnesses to be perjured or mistaken. In plain language, an innocent man may be hanged by two false witnesses and a sleepy judge, and a guilty one get off by the subtle quirks of a lawyer.

Plenty of cases will occur to our readers in which men have been pronounced innocent after years of transportation, and have returned to their country, by the tardy operation of English justice, broken and degraded men. Were not these cases where an appeal on the facts was necessary? At present the only chance of justice in such cases is through the Home Secretary. Consider the various occupations of that functionary—that he has a House of Commons to delude—public opinion to repress—relations to provide for—and a salary to draw—and then ask how much time he will have left to do justice to the innocent. Home Secretaries shrink from trouble in these matters; saving a man from hanging or transportation is a "bore," for nothing renders the heart so callous (as it renders the head frivolous) as the influence of official routine.

Lord Brougham objects to us, that there would be a great number of appeals. Better there should be so than one act of injustice. If one innocent man get off, the inconvenience is amply over-balanced. Better that a dozen judges be worked off their legs, than one guiltless being be condemned to transportation or death!

This debate was entirely confined to the Law Lords; but as law is known to disqualify a man for the consideration of pure justice, how was it that no other member of the House of Lords took part in the discussion? Is it that their frivolous pursuits have unfitted them for serious inquiry? or are they indifferent to justice altogether?

People are beginning to question the utility of this over-fed establishment, which reminds us of an agricultural show, where animals are exhibited as specimens of indolent obesity rather than of beauty or usefulness. Why does not some one exhibit a prize Duke?

Can it be possible that the House of Lords is what Father Prout called the *Edinburgh Review*—"a ricketty go-cart of drivelling dotage?" Must England continue to be governed for ever by an aristocracy which has the haughtiness of the Roman patricians without their dignity, and the uselessness of the French *noblesse* without their elegance?

PINS & NEEDLES.

A HINT TO THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

There has been a great complaint lately of the filthy state of the Serpentine. We hope Mr. Reynolds's assignees have not been throwing any of this gentleman's works into it.

GOOD NEWS.

A correspondent informs us that the *Musical World* is in a very bad state. We cannot account for this: it ought to have a brisk circulation, considering the number of rubs we have lately given it.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

An advertisement puts forth this startling and long wished for announcement:—"James's *last* Novel."

ILL-NATURED OBSERVATION.

A person remarked in our hearing the other day, that the names on the cover of a monthly publication were quite in character—as the *Man in the Moon* is always represented with a bundle of sticks on his back.

SOMETHING IN HIS FAVOUR.

Mr. Urquhart is no great hand at arithmetic, more than at any other intellectual art, we believe. Nevertheless, how quickly and correctly he can get the House counted out!

A FRIEND OF "PROGRESS."

The Emperor of Russia, it is said, is forming a huge army, to march southward in aggression. Let him take care, or once arrived in the pathless plains of the wandering tribes, he may find that he has only been taking *steppes* to "catch a Tartar."

A USEFUL HINT.

The most sensible thing uttered at the York fat-beast show was by the Duke of Richmond. He said that he had "learned to obey his superiors." We are anxiously expecting, accordingly, to hear of His Grace's putting himself under the orders of Cuffey.

THE ONLY THING IN THEIR FAVOUR.

It has been said that the *Times* has changed its politics considerably as regards Reform. In order to form a good opinion on the subject, it is quite right that the writer should take both sides of the question.

STRANGE FACT.

Some even of our well-meaning Members of Parliament possess so little brains that whenever they bring any good measure forward they are sure to throw it back!

THEIR REAL MEANING.

Some of the ministerial party declared, during the recent debate on Mr. Hume's motion, that, after all, Reform was their aim. We suppose they meant the aim at which all their blows were levelled.

VERY CERTAIN.

Some new railing has been erected before the National Assembly. We should have thought this unnecessary, considering the immense quantity always to be found inside.

NATIONAL DEFENCE.

The Secretary of State has given orders to the Commissioners of the Metropolitan Police, that the men shall be drilled in the use of the small sword. For additional security we believe it was proposed that the hon. gentlemen of St. Stephens should be trained to the use of the long-bow. Everybody will admit however that this is quite unnecessary.

EDITOR'S BOX.

THE SHOWMAN does not expect much reason in a one-act farce. Provided there is just a sufficient amount to bring it within the bounds of probability he is content; but in *Poor Pillicoddy*, recently produced at the Lyceum, the SHOWMAN cannot discover one single grain of the quality in question; on the contrary, it contains naught but the most outrageous improbabilities—it is as stupid as Hudson, and extravagant as George the Fourth.

Oliver Goldsmith used to say the French would be excellent cooks, if they only had anything to cook; and, in a similar manner, Mr. Buckstone, who enacts the principal part, poor wretch—*Poor Pillicoddy*, we mean—would play the character very well, if he had anything to play; but he has not. Mr. Morton, the author of this original work—"not taken, *merely* adapted, from the French," as Sheridan says—has contented himself with sketching a faint and vapid outline, leaving Mr. Buckstone to invest it with animation and life. But, although Mr. Buckstone can be very funny, he can't be funny when there is nothing to be funny on. Landseer himself—the great Landseer—with all his talents, would be troubled to paint upon a cobweb.

The SHOWMAN, however, is not vindictive, and though he cannot forget what he suffered in sitting out *Poor Pillicoddy*, he forgives it. People are reconciled even to those who have injured them most deeply, when the latter are in a galloping consumption; and such, we believe, is the case with *Poor Pillicoddy*. We are afraid that, in spite of pretty Miss Howard and comely Miss Marshall, who is certainly the sharpest *Sarah Blunt* the SHOWMAN ever beheld, and Hall as *Captain Scuttle*, who is all that can be desired, *Poor Pillicoddy* cannot last long. He will soon join the *Fast Man* and other unfortunates, who have but flitted as rapid, but anything but as brilliant as meteors over the boards of the Lyceum, and then disappeared for ever. *Requiescat in pace.* Poor Pillicoddy!

THE OLYMPIC re-opened the other night, supported, with few exceptions, by a most respectable and talented company. It is a pity, however, that among such *artistes* as Messrs. Compton, Wigan, and A. Younge, there should be one or two others of a vastly different description, and calculated to spoil any play in which they might take a part. If these individuals assert that the SHOWMAN'S blame is unmerited, as, although not first-rate, they are certainly very fair actors, the SHOWMAN replies that he is perfectly of their opinion, and that consequently their fitting place is Richardson's Booth, and not the Olympic Theatre.

The performances on the first night commenced with a light and amusing piece entitled *Provisional Government*; the dialogue is as neat as Miss Marsh herself, and the plot as happy as her lover when he, of course, ultimately "gets" her. Mr. A. Younge as *Flipflap*, a "poor player," was most comic, and did aught but "fret" his hour upon the stage.

Pauvre Jacques, in which Mr. A. Wigan sustained the principal part inimitably, and a trifle entitled the *Bal Masqué*, wound up the evening's amusement, as the SHOWMAN now does his account.

A HINT TO BALFE.—It is well known that amid all the braying of the brass instruments in the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre, the stamping of Mr. Balfe's foot may be distinguished with painful facility. In point of noise it may be truly said that he actually beats the drum, which suggests to us the following couplet:—

> If Mr. Balfe stamps thus without occasion,
> He ne'er will stamp himself a reputation.

A REASONABLE THOUGHT.—Sibthorpe proposes that as all vessels are to ride quarantine to guard against the cholera, he thinks it only just that all choleric members should do the same in the lobbies of the House before entering on their legislative duties.

THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.

Chapter VI.—The Thames Regatta.

THE Committee have been busy for weeks. *Bell's Life* and the *Sunday Times* have devoted whole pages to their doings. Every boat club is on the *qui vive*, rowing, and panting, and training, through bad weather and good, from morning to night. The river sporting-houses are crowded every evening; and information, more or less authentic, is received and discussed of the Oxford crew, the Cambridge crew, the Guys, the Neptunes, the Universities, the Guards, together with many interesting particulars of the prospects and sculling of Charley Thwaites of Lambeth and Bobby Johnson of Battersea—the celebrated Mugginses of Vauxhall Bridge Stairs, and the redoubted Jem Twist of Hungerford. And amid all this excitement, and all the bets and odds given and taken on these aquatic champions and societies, the first of the three glorious days arrives.

With the forenoon tide the river is alive with boats proceeding up to Putney. Every rowable and floatable thing is there—from the mahogany gig of the first-class club, starting from Searle's, to the clumsy collier's yawl, which has got under way from Horseley down betimes, pulled by two stout north country sailors, and conveying Captain John Jobbles, Mrs. Captain John Jobbles, and Miss Sarah Jane Jobbles, all of the good brig "Jemima" of Sunderland.

Standing on Vauxhall Bridge to see the carriages go by to the Derby, is not a bad amusement; and on the day of a regatta, or a popular match, the same station will afford a different treat, but connected with a similar spectacle. We shall not loiter there, however, but proceed up stream.

Here, then, stands the ancient ugly town of Putney. How its narrow streets are crammed with pushing, jostling, shouting, perspiring people! The long rickety bridge is one mass of life—the river beneath, one expanse of pulling, shoving boats. Such a conglomeration of fresh-water craft! Such shouting—such banging and splashing with oars—so much fluttering bunting—so many drumy bands. Every ten yards, an over-crowded steamer, puffing and paddling—yachts moored on either side of the stream-way—railed barges crowded at a shilling a-head—creeping police-boats—the Committee steamer, gay with colours—the racing boats, with their many-hued ribbons in the bow—the intending competitors, standing in clusters about, or moving nervously between the beach and their rooms at the inn—scaffolding on either bank, gay with the glancing of female attire—refreshment booths and roaring crowded taverns—roofs, trees, barges, alive with people—guns banging off from public-house batteries—rushes of men and women along the towing-path—jolting lines of dusty vehicles from town—flags from every pinnacle—and the cracked old bells swinging and clanging in the grey church towers of Putney and Fulham!

One race describes all. Four eights are at their station by the bridge, the crews with their eyes on their coxswains—the coxswains with their eyes on the starter. The umpire has pulled ahead already. Mark the oars ready to dip at the word—the eager faces of the rowers, their bared muscular arms, and big grasping hands. There is a pause of expectation—then the word "Go." The thirty-two oars flash in the water as one machine—the boats start ahead like living things—there is a great hoarse roar of acclamation and encouragement—and the four long, light, graceful craft are flying through the calm river at a rate which not a boat on any water of the world could keep pace with for a dozen of strokes. Don't tell us of Indian canoes, or Malay proas—flying or otherwise—or the Turkish boats in the Bosphorus, or the gondolas of the Rialto. A gondola may be a very tidy craft in its way—capital to put into a song, about Beautiful Venice, and Moonlight on the Waters, and the Lion of St. Mark, and the silver tones of the blue Lagoon, and the Bucentaur, and all that sort of thing. We were never present at a wedding of the Adriatic, but we feel quite comfortably assured that the gentleman (we forget his name) who now wears the belt of the River Champion, would give law to and lick the very primest songless gondolier who ever shot his curtained coffin under the Bridge of Sighs.

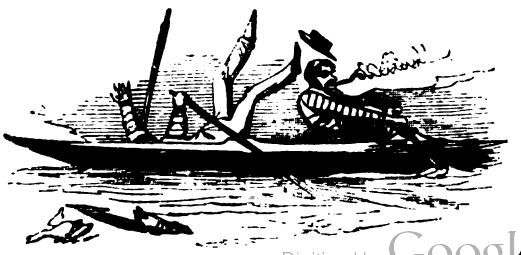
But to return to our mutton:—and talking of mutton, there go the racing boats neck and neck. Pull, Yellow! Well done, Red! Eat into him, Sky-Blue! Put on a spurt, Pink! There! did you ever see muscles strain and ash staves crack so before? Still in a lump; and see the ruck of boats following, and the crush of pedestrians and horsemen through the willows on the bank, and the shouts of the partizans urging on their friends.

"Bravo! bravo! Red. That 's it—well done, second oar! Lie down to your work, stroke!—Hoaray, Pink!—give it 'em—show 'em your stuff—horooar! Blue 's a-head! Well done, Blue—two to one on Blue. Half a length a-head, by the Lord! Keep it up. That 's your time of day! Now, Red—put on a spurt! No—no go! Three to one on Blue! Hillo-o-o-ah! Pull that barge out of the way! Look out, Blue. Blue 's the boy—Blue 's done the trick—three lengths a-head! Hooroar! Five to one on Blue! Hooroar!"

And the rush of boats upon the river continues—and the crush along the river-side continues—and the people who float about in comfortable wherries, and don't make insane asses of themselves by trying to keep up with the race, stand on gunwales and thafts, and cheer lustily—and tavern after tavern fires its guns, and the lofty houses of Hammersmith swarm at roof and window—and the Suspension Bridge is a mass of waving hats and handkerchiefs—and still Blue is leading.

Pink is next, perhaps—Red sticking on his quarter—Yellow pulling a plucky, but a losing, race. As the winning boat a-head comes in sight, with her gaudy flag, the whole four make the last crowning rush; and a moment thereafter, the panting and sweating crews are enveloping themselves in warm pea-jackets and comforters: the few congratulating themselves upon having fairly vanquished—the rest acknowledging themselves fairly beaten.

And every race, whatever the number of oars, is much the same as this first; only, as the afternoon wears, and after much champagne has been discussed in some quarters, much sherry and brandy-and-water in others, and a still more enormous flood of malt everywhere, people begin to get lively and practically funny, and to catch crabs—which produce awkward bumps on the back of



YOUNG FRANCE.

FEBRUARY, 1848. [*Suggested by* HUNT'S *Popular Designs of the "First Cigar."*] JULY, 1848.

the head—and to run into other people's boats, and threaten to belabour each other with the oars, or perhaps here and there to tumble overboard, and get an effectual co ling before they are hauled out by the legs. And so at length the last race of the day's programme has been run—and the vast fleet set out homeward bound—and half-a-dozen wherries, on an average, are upset by the piers of Battersea Bridge—and the Thames Police are in great requisition—and steamers come careering along in the dusk, with two glaring eyes in their bows, and white flame coming out of their funnels—and Captain Jobbles of the Jemima, with his lady and olive branch, are returning to Horsleydown in a state of jaded excitement. And so, by degrees, the river becomes cleared of craft, and only the barges which float by night and by day drift past; and the fisherman pulls heavily up-stream with his eel-pots, and the swelling tide rustles in the borne-down willows and sedges. Silent night is over all—the deserted meadows and the quiet stream, and the empty streets of Putney and Fulham, where everybody is asleep, except the public-house keepers sitting up to count the gains of to-day, and to see all clear for the campaign of to-morrow.

Q. What is the difference between a young lady who marries much above her station, and one who marries much below it?

A. In the first case she gets *caste in* society, in the latter she gets *cast out* of it.

BUXTON ON SUNDAY TRADING.

During the debate in the House of Commons on Sunday trading, Sir E. Buxton was informed of a little boy being taken up by the police for selling figs on the Sabbath, within hearing of certain mysterious noises inside the brewery of which he (Sir E. Buxton) was one of the proprietors. The honourable baronet admitted that work was performed there on Sundays, but not unless "absolutely necessary." Now, if the plea of absolute necessity is to hold good as a justification for acting in non-accordance with the principles of Messrs. Buxton and Spooner, we beg to ask them the following questions:—

1. Was it not just as necessary for the little boy to secure his daily meat by selling figs, as it was for Sir E. Buxton to secure his thousands per annum, by attending to certain machinery which would have been rendered useless by the neglect of one day?

2. Is it not absolutely necessary that the poor should be allowed to purchase newspapers on Sundays, when they would otherwise seek amusement at the tavern, and subsequently receive information at the police court.

3. Is it not absolutely necessary that picture-galleries and other places of national amusement should be thrown open to the public on Sunday, if it can be proved that such exhibitions have a less immoral tendency than public-houses, cigar shops, saloons, and hells?

4. Is it not absolutely necessary that those of the poorer classes who can afford it, should have their meat baked at the bake-house on Sundays, if it enables them to go to church with greater ease, causes fewer persons to be employed, and renders them happier and more contented with their stations than they would otherwise be?

5. Would it not be absolutely necessary, if Mr. Spooner's ideas on the subject of Sabbath observance were to be adopted, that every one should lie in bed from Saturday night until Monday morning, as the act of putting on his clothes, or ringing the bell for breakfast, would be a positive crime?

A Soft Desire.—Wishing to become a member of the Whittington Club.

Drachm-atic.—A friend of ours, on whose veracity we do not rely, informs us that he was lately in the society of a teetotaller, who became somewhat elevated in the course of the evening, in spite of the scruples which he professed to entertain. This after all was not very extraordinary, as every one knows that three scruples make a *dram*.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

When the soul of the nation is dark and forlorn,
Its peasantry starving—crops withered away,
'T is consoling to think there a queen will be borne
To dazzle your eyes with her regal array.
So patch up your rags, and put on your best smiles,
And cheer for the Queen of the great British Isles!

If your grey-headed fathers by ditch-sides be starving,
And children beside their dead mothers are laid,
At least will not men at the Castle be carving,
And Clarendon's servants have plenty of bread?
Come patch up your rags, and put on your best smiles,
And cheer for the Queen of the great British Isles!

Though now a swift ship o'er the waters is taking
A Felon to labour in chains in the West,
No matter; there 's one to your shores its way making—
'T is the yacht of your monarch, in bright pennons dressed!
So patch up your rags, and put on your best smiles,
And cheer for the Queen of the great British Isles!

Oh, yes! 't is a dodge of exceeding invention,
And worthy—well worthy—of Russell's small soul,
Not a word of his boasted improvements to mention—
To leave Erin starving, and trust for the whole
To the fact, that her great-hearted children will smile,
And cheer for the Queen in her Emerald Isle!

A Great Nuisance.—A correspondent of the *Times* suggests the suppression of all advertising vehicles. We agree with him as far as *Chat* is concerned; for it is by far the slowest and heaviest of these nuisances now going.

A Natural Consequence.—We have heard several persons speak with surprise of the great difficulty that was experienced in capturing the immensely strong *redoubts* erected by the Paris insurgents. There appears to us nothing astonishing in this: such proceedings were necessarily *redoubtable*.

"SAFFRON 'S THE ONLY WEAR."

Shakspere *Redivivus*.

The Royal yachts, *Victoria and Albert* and *Fairy*, have recently been re-decorated and altered at, of course, an immense expense.

The improvements had all been conceived, and carried out, with the greatest possible amount of good taste—and public money—until the funnels were reached.

Here a great fault was committed by the official to whose care these parts of the vessels had been entrusted.

This individual actually had them painted black and white.

Black and white! The funnels of the Royal yachts black and white, absolutely reducing them to a level with those of our different war and merchant steamers, which are employed so nobly in maintaining the superiority of the British flag, or carrying wherever they go indisputable proofs of British industry, British intelligence, and British enterprise.

The fault was a heinous one: luckily it was discovered in time. The authorities were called together, and entreated to devise some plan of distinguishing the royal funnels from their "vulgar compeers."

We use the pronoun "their" in reference to the funnels, and not the authorities.

After immense efforts, and restless nights, the authorities hit upon an expedient.

This consisted in painting the royal funnels Saffron!

The honour of England was saved.

The royal funnels were distinguished from their "vulgar compeers."

We trust that a loyal public will mark their approbation of the course pursued, by appearing, as soon as possible, in saffron Joinvilles, saffron gloves, saffron waistcoats, and saffron shirts. The yellow jaundice will of course be the fashionable disease.

Lastly, let the place hitherto called Saffron Hill, be instantly demolished, and its present name be transferred to that part of the park known as Constitution Hill, and which appears to have been entitled so merely to annoy all persons of elevated principles and refined sentiments.

What is the meaning of the word *Constitution?* To an aristocratic mind, does it do aught but convey a most offensive idea of some Utopian system, in which the middle and lower classes are supposed to have a share. Preposterous! Constitution Hill!—pooh. Saffron Hill let it henceforth be, for in the words of our quotation, "Saffron 's the only wear."

THE waste paper cases having been summarily disposed of, a "gent," who gave the name of Albert Smith, was put upon his trial, charged with having obtained money under false pretences. The prisoner at the bar was immediately recognised as an old offender, but nevertheless preserved an unblushing appearance to the last.

The first witness called was Critic A 34, who said he had known Smith as a bad (literary) character for a length of time. Remembered when Smith and some monkeys ascended from Cremorne Gardens in a balloon. Knew the *Natural Histories* by name as having appeared originally in *Bentley* and elsewhere: had not read them: knew better than that. Believed Smith had been paid for his *Natural Histories* twice over: he (Smith) was not the kind of man to write for reputation alone: did not believe he would get any if he did.

Critic L 52 had seen a work which the prisoner at the bar had manufactured, and which was called *A Pottle of Strawberries*. Had not read it, but had reviewed it: it was not necessary to read a book in order to review it; otherwise Smith's books would never have been reviewed at all. The public were led to believe that the *Pottle* contained sound fruit: found some which was fresh on the top, but all beneath was stale: did not consider Smith's fruit to be fit for preservation.

Cross-examined by Bill Smithers:—Was not a "fast man:" did not frequent the Casino nor the Portland Rooms: had never been to the Cider Cellars, and only occasionally to Vauxhall Gardens. Did not respect Smith because he (Smith) had been heard to boast of his intimacy with some ballet girls at a minor theatre. Could not answer Smithers' last question, as "rot," "Don't seem to care about it," and "stunning," were not expressions of which he understood the meaning.

His Honour the SHOWMAN said the case was very clear against the prisoner, not only as regarded the *Natural Histories*, but also as related to the *Peck of Potatoes*—he meant the *Pottle of Strawberries*. The two critics who had given their evidence were neither "fast men," nor writers of physiologies, and might consequently be believed on their oath. The attempt of Bill Smithers, the prisoner's counsel, to upset the evidence of the last witness was as silly as it was unsuccessful, and merely served to strengthen the case for the prosecution. He should sentence Smith to the severest penalty which the law would allow him to inflict. He therefore condemned him to read the *Vicar of Wakefield*, or some other standard work, and in default of doing so to learn the Latin Declensions.

The prisoner, who appeared deeply affected by the severity of the sentence, was then removed to the schoolroom.

A "PRIOR" CLAIM.—John Forster, a most respectable literary man, was charged with having attempted the life of Oliver Goldsmith. A slight disturbance here arose in consequence of the interruption of a man named Prior, who claimed a perpetual interest in the said life, but order was speedily restored, when the SHOWMAN at once told Forster that it would be useless to acquit him, as he (Forster) had already acquitted himself admirably in the work which he had undertaken. Mr. Forster might consider himself at liberty in every sense of the word—not only to leave that tribunal without a stain on his character, but also to commence a new work with all the good wishes of the SHOWMAN.

Mr. Forster bowed courteously and retired.

WHAT DOES HE MEAN?

A gentleman in writing to the editor of a more than ordinary obscure publication concludes as follows:—"Next week I will answer the objections of——with permission of, Sir, Your obedient servant, French Flowers!" Now who can French Flowers be? Is French Flowers the editor of the obscure periodical in question, and if so, why does he correspond with himself? Or is French Flowers merely a correspondent of the editor of the obscure periodical, and if so, what is the meaning of his telling the editor that he will continue his correspondence with permission of himself? The only thing which French Flowers seems to permit himself is to write absurd letters in an absurd periodical.

UNWORTHY OF NOTICE.—An insane correspondent has written to us to inquire whether, during the late French insurrection, they dressed the wounds of the sufferers with plaster of Paris.

AN OPPORTUNITY LOST.—We have just ascertained from an Irish friend, that the name of Meagher, the patriot and seditionist, is pronounced "Mar." If our Discharged Contributor had been aware of this we have no doubt that the worthy SHOWMAN would have been deluged with jokes, such as "an eye like *Meagher's* to threaten and command;" or, "It is a strong proof of the maternal affection of the Young Irelanders, that they are very fond of their *Meagher*," &c., &c., &c.

A DRY SUBJECT.—On the fourth day of his recent incarceration, M. de Girardin was supplied with the *Spirit of Laws*. However much M. de Girardin may generally admire this, we believe that on the occasion in question he would greatly have preferred spirit of some other kind.

MONTE CHRISTO AND MACREADY.

AT the time of the Monte Christo row, persons used to speculate much as to who the opposers of the French company really were. One of the most disagreeably prominent of the rioters was discovered to be an individual who was at the same time a very low comedian and a very serious comic singer. Another was a waiter at one of those dens of low iniquity called saloons. Besides these there were some thirty others, who made all sorts of disgusting noises in order to terrify the actors from the stage, and who were generally supposed to be gentlemen who represented happy peasantry at the minor theatres, at one shilling a night. The supporters of the French company, it will be remembered, consisted of the PUPPET-SHOW and *all* the respectable portion of the press, and of Mr. Macready and all decent and well-informed persons.

The cry raised by the gentry of the minor theatres and saloons was, that "Old Drury was being desecrated;" and all sorts of low people were called upon to "rally round British actors and the British drama." Another alleged reason for the opposition was, that Macready had been ill-treated in Paris. It is true that Macready asserted the reverse, but the happy peasantry knew much better, and would not alter their opinion on such slight grounds as his denial of the fact. Well, ten days since, Macready had a benefit at Drury Lane Theatre. Of course, all the respectable journals and intelligent individuals who had taken the part of the company of the *Théâtre Historique* against the rabid supernumeraries, were glad to testify their admiration of the greatest actor that England possesses in every possible manner. But how did the buffoons, waiters, and supernumeraries behave? They created an indecent disturbance amongst the congenial blockheads in the gallery, by way of reproving Mr. Macready—the only person who, during a long period of years, has succeeded in giving efficient representations of that drama which they affect to revere—for having contradicted the false assertion that he had met with illiberal treatment from the Parisians!

When we find such creatures hooting and howling from the shilling gallery, and expressing certain convictions in loud and low language, with regard to a subject upon which they are not capable of forming any opinion, we feel positively astonished that the more respectable or less disreputable portion of the buffoons, supernumeraries, and waiters at night-houses do not rise *en masse* to disclaim any participation in their feelings—if they can be said to possess any.

LOVE IN THE KITCHEN.

Jeames—"DEAREST MARY! WILL YOU HACCEPT THIS BUSTIN 'ART?"

Cook (behind the scenes)—"OH! THE MINX. OH! THE OGRUS WILLAIN: IT WAS THE GOOD THINGS OF THE PANTRY HE WAS A COURTING OF, AND NOT ME."

TO SHAKSPERE-COMMENTATORS.

IT is not perhaps generally known that on the occasion of his benefit at Drury Lane Theatre, Mr. Macready introduced a new and striking passage in the play of Cardinal Wolsey, or Henry VIII., as Shakspere ignorantly entitled it.

The passage we refer to was introduced in the council chamber scene of the first act. After the words—

"His will is most malignant, and it reaches
Beyond you to your friends—"

Mr. Macready advanced to the footlights, and in a strain rarely equalled continued thus:—

"But ere I go
Further in this same matter, let me say
A word or two to those assembled here.
Ladies and gentlemen, I crave a hearing:
Your gentle voices rise in angry strife,
And clam'rous shouts of 'turn him out,' 'police,'
And 'pitch him over,' seem to intimate
There 's something which disturbs your temper much.
If, as methinks most rightly I conjecture,
This should arise from the poor paltry fact
That you are too much crowded—that you 're pack'd
Like negroes in a slaver, list to me:
I here proclaim it openly through this house,
That he who hath no stomach to be squeezed,
Let him depart; the price shall be returned
Which he paid down on entering at the door,
And he be convoyed out by the police.
We would not play in that man's company
Who fears to die for Shakspere—no, for us."

The applause which followed this truly sublime effort, was immense; but whether it was called forth by the prospect of the money being returned, or by true and sincere admiration for real poetry, we cannot with certainty determine. We are afraid the mean consideration first mentioned had something to do with it. We trust, however, that the emendators or editors of Shakspere, two terms anything but synonymous, will not fail to introduce this "magnificent addition" in all future editions of the bard's works.

SONG OF THE PHYSICIAN.

AIR—"*The Campbells are coming.*"

THE cholera 's coming, hurra, hurra,
The cholera 's coming, hurra, hurra;
The poor in dirt lying,
The rich in haste flying,
Will soon be a-dying, hurra, hurra.

Here 's a cheer for Lord Morpeth, hurra, hurra,
A cheer for Lord Morpeth, hurra, hurra,
He kept back his measure,
For our and death's pleasure—
The fellow 's a treasure, hurra, hurra.

Three cheers for the City, hurra, hurra,
Three cheers for the City, hurra, hurra;
From their heaps of filth, strewing
The streets, fever brewing,
Our profits accruing, hurra, hurra.

A NATURAL PROGRESSION.—We are sorry to say that there is now no hope of improvement from the Whigs. They were always very bad, and will soon become quite abandoned—by the country.

INSOLVENCY OF OUR DISCHARGED CONTRIBUTOR.—Our Discharged Contributor has been endeavouring to extort money from us under pretext that he was in a state of insolvency, and was so far reduced in pecuniary circumstances as to have serious thoughts of entering the Union; in which case our friend (whose name is John) observes that he would doubtless obtain the *sobriquet* of the "Union Jack." By way of giving an air of truthfulness to his tale, the SHOWMAN's Rejected ended his application with the remark that a meeting of his creditors had just taken place; and we have since ascertained that this was the only true portion of his account. Although the meeting in question was only a *rencontre* between a dun of the tailor species, and another of the bootmaker description, which occurred at a highly reputable "public" in Houndsditch.

NO ANSWER REQUIRED.—A medical student who, in the course of his life, has picked up a few words of Latin, has written to ask us whether a man who dies from eating crab may not be said to have been destroyed by *cancer* in the stomach.

A REPLY.—The foreign gentleman who wrote to the SHOWMAN concerning the "Manners and Customs" of England, is informed that the "Manners" (that is Lords John, George, and Charles) are very silly statesmen, and the "Customs," certain vexatious dues, composing an important branch of the revenue.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A READER—DERBY—is requested to inform us where a private note can be sent to him.

A CONSTANT READER.—The Volumes of the PUPPET-SHOW will be half yearly ones. Volume the First will end with No. 22.

NOTICE.

Numerous Correspondents having complained of the difficulty experienced in obtaining copies of the PUPPET-SHOW *in various parts of the country, the Proprietors have determined on the publication of a* **Stamped Edition,** *to go free by post, and which may be procured by order of any London Newsman. Parties preferring it will be regularly supplied with the Stamped Edition of the* PUPPET-SHOW, *carefully enclosed in a wrapper, direct from the Office,* 11 *Wellington Street North, Strand, on the following terms:—*

Subscription for One Quarter, or 13 Numbers . 2s. 6d.
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The amount may be transmitted by Postage Stamps, or by a Post-Office Order, made payable to WILLIAM DOVER.

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NUMBER 20. LONDON, JULY 29, 1848. ONE PENNY.

WHO 'S TO DECIDE?

Carman—"WHY DON'T YOU DRINK BEER, AND GET FAT AND HEARTY LIKE ME?"

Mechanic—"WHY DON'T *you* DRINK GIN, AND GET THIN AND GENTEEL LIKE *me?*"

CULPABLE NEGLECT.

A SHORT time since, the remains of Queen Mary of Gueldres, lately discovered in Trinity College Church, were re-interred in the Chapel Royal, Holyrood. The agent of the Duke of Hamilton *acted* (a most proper expression) as chief-mourner, while the right side of the coffin was taken by the Lord Provost. This is all very proper so far; but how is it that the Lord Chamberlain neglected to issue the usual order for "black silk, fringed or plain linen, fans, and tippets," &c. The SHOWMAN hastens to supply the omission. As Mary of Gueldres, however, has been deceased some centuries, the following would perhaps be found sufficient:—

"Court mourning to commence on the 1st of August, to change on the 2nd, and terminate at two o'clock, P.M., of the latter day. Also a four hours' general mourning, to commence from nine o'clock, A.M., on the 1st of August."

A REMONSTRANCE WITH THE IRISH AGITATORS.

I.

YE blood-preaching bigots that trouble the land,
Ye spouters of nonsense, so rabid and keen,
'Tis a spade, not a pike, that should gleam in the hand
Of the quick-witted peasant of Erin the green.
With your madness and folly you muddle his head,
Your words are pernicious, you lead him astray;
'Tis not blood that he wants, but a home and his bread—
Get out of the sunshine—get out of the way!

II.

You prate night and day about war for the right,
About swords to take vengeance for evils endured,
About harvests of Liberty gathered in fight,
And of social diseases by Anarchy cured.
'Twould not answer your purpose to tell what you know,
That never, since earth turned its zones to the day,
Did permanent Freedom from massacre flow—
Get out of the sunshine—get out of the way!

III.

To teach him, poor fellow, that Liberty springs
From Knowledge and Industry, suits not your plan;
Your lofty ambition must soar upon wings,
And feed—a foul bird—upon carrion of man.
Were Peace over Erin, your power would expire;
Were Knowledge extended, your strength would decay;
It is Bloodshed you love, it is Strife you desire—
Get out of the sunshine—get out of the way!

IV.

To vanity, great and voracious as yours,
Peace, Knowledge, and Labour, no chances afford;
The patriot's trust is in Truth that endures,
But folly and wickedness trust to the sword.
What matter to you if the land should be strewed
With the corpses of myriads destroyed in the fray,
If *you* can but ride on the storm you have brewed?—
Get out of the sunshine—get out of the way!

V.

Cease to cram the poor peasant with furious dislikes,
Cease maxims of hatred and blood to instil,
Cease to marshal your dupes with their guns and their pikes,
And leave them to hammer, to weave, and to till;
Cease to vex and distract us from good to be done;—
True Freedom's no growth of a midsummer day,
The seeds have been sown, and the stalks have begun—
Get out of the sunshine—get out of the way!

THE GREAT LEGITIMIST AND MADAME CELESTE.

We understand that Mr. Webster, with that consistency which he is known to possess, has hinted to Madame Céleste that his objections to the appearance of foreign *artistes* on the English stage, will not permit him to tolerate her continuing a member of the Adelphi company. It is also rumoured, that the matter has been compromised by Madame Céleste offering to drop the accent with which she gives that *piquant* effect to her pronunciation which the *épiciers* of the Strand affect to admire. This will of course oblige her to speak like other foreigners who have had the benefit of residing from ten to twenty years in England, and not like one who studiously avoids the pronunciation established by either country. Amongst other changes, we may expect to hear Madame Céleste pronounce the word "Mazourka" in the ordinary manner, and not "Massacre" as heretofore.

Vice-Regal Blunder.—We understand that Clarendon sent a messenger to Lord John to ask what to do in the present state of affairs, alluding at the same time to the Habeas Corpus Act. The Premier replied testily, "Hang the Habeas Corpus Act!" Lord Clarendon accordingly *suspended* it.

Very Clear.—A vessel has arrived from Canton with 140,000 Chinese insects. As there are some of all sorts, they cannot fail to throw a new light upon the *gnat*ural history of the Celestial Empire.

An Explanation.—Our Discharged Contributor, having heard that his conduct is disapproved of, wants to know the nature of the charges likely to be made against him. We believe they consist of numerous "goes," crusts of bread and cheese, and onions; we have, however, sent his letter to the "public" round the corner.

To Protectors of Native Talent.—If French actors of eminence ought not to be allowed to perform on an English stage, should an American player of no celebrity be tolerated?

If the British public, which, as every one knows, is "generous" and "enlightened," be willing to waive the question of birth with regard to the American, is it a proof of the latter's good taste to be the foremost in a riot directed against other foreign actors?

Is not Cowell an American?

Principal Parts of Speech.—The Lips, Tongue, and Palate.

BLIGHTED AFFECTION.—A FRAGMENT.

Scene.—*Phipps's Rooms.*

Phipps. . . . . In the name of Fortune, my dear fellow, what is the matter?

Bagsman. Oh! Phipps! I shall never recover it (*throws himself into a chair*). My wife—oh! Arabella—Arabella!

Phipps. Has anything happened to her?—Is she dead?

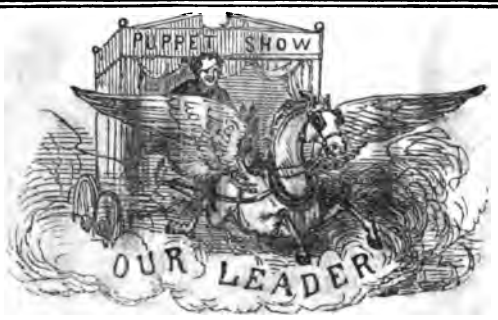
Bagsman. Worse than that—worse than that. I had been down North for our house, as you know, and came back this morning. On crossing the threshold of my once happy home, about half-an-hour since, the first thing I learned was that Arabella had run off with Chouser, of Gingham, Poplin, & Co., to America!

Phipps. Gracious powers!

Bagsman. Oh, Phipps! my peace of mind—my tranquillity—my—my——is gone for ever. To think that she—Arabella—the wife of my bosom—whom I so loved—so cherished—oh! I feel it—my affections are blighted—are withered—I—she—you can't understand my feelings—I am a broken—a ruined man!

Phipps. Come, cheer up, cheer up. Do not give way in this manner. Her conduct shows she was not worthy of your love; and, therefore, after all, you have no such great cause to grieve—

Bagsman (*grasping his hand with convulsive energy*). Oh! but I have.—They have taken all the plate, and every shilling they could lay their hands on, with them . . . . . .



TO HYPOCHONDRIACS AND OTHERS.

People very often talk of making away with themselves; but they generally never put their project into execution.

There are various grounds for this.

The merchant who is beggared by the bursting of some railway bubble, in which he has not only embarked all his own capital but that of the widow and the orphan, who had confided to him their little all, finds it immoral. The man of the world, palled and "used up," thinks it too much trouble: while the more numerous class do not possess the necessary courage.

Now, for all such, there is a royal—we mean, a municipal road to suicide still left.

They have only to embark regularly on board one of the numerous river steamers, but more especially the one called the *Fire-King*, and they may reckon pretty surely of being hurled into eternity before the conclusion of the season.

The other day, one thousand persons were huddled together on board the *Fire-King*. This gave rise, of course, to a pretty dangerous state of things, sufficient to satisfy the most determined hypochondriac, more especially when, in addition to this, the *Fire-King*, instead of being a new vessel, as is generally supposed, is a very old one, registered "in the days that we went gipsying, a long time ago," under the name of the *Prince George*. As it will be seen, the proprietors of the *Fire-King* were in the right path; but they determined not to stop half-way, and accordingly, a little below Greenwich, the thousand passengers were anything but agreeably surprised by a dense volume of cinders, flames, and smoke being vomited from the engine-room, as from a mimic Ætna.

On inquiry it was found that the stoker was drunk, and the vessel on fire. An attempt was made to get her alongside the shore, but this not being successful, the passengers had to be landed by boats, ten or twelve crowding into a cockle-shell calculated to contain three or four.

On a gentleman, who apparently was not one of those tired of life, presenting himself to make a complaint on the subject before the Lord Mayor, that estimable and intelligent functionary informed him that the City could do nothing in the matter, and that "no effectual remedy was likely to be administered until imperatively called for by the voice of some awful calamity."

We can fancy the illustrious Laurie, the sapient Moon, and the celebrated Lawrence, devoured by their desire to assign some limit to steam-boat cargoes.

But to do this, they must first have an "awful calamity."

Will one hundred or an hundred and fifty killed, wounded, and maimed for life, be sufficient? Or will these models of legislative wisdom not feel justified in interfering before the whole thousand usually composing the cargo of the *Fire-King* have been blown to atoms at one fell swoop?

The Showman cannot but admire the tender respect for the liberty of the subject shown by the Civic authorities.

A poor decrepid old man, worn out with misery and suffering, is sent to prison and hard labour, after having first had to undergo the more revolting punishment of Magisterial badgering, for attempting to put an end to an existence which has become a burden too great to be borne; but, of course, no one has the right to prevent the proprietors of the *Fire-King* from overloading their vessel, because, although some horrible calamity *may* be the result, it is not proved that it inevitably will be.

The Showman, however, would like to know whether the Corporation would not cease to be quite so scrupulous, if the *Fire-King* were employed to cater for the Mansion House, or Guildhall.

If, instead of one thousand human beings, it brought one thousand pine-apples;

Or the same number of turtles, destined for Aldermanic consumption:

The Showman is of opinion that very stringent measures would soon be taken, at the risk even of going a little beyond the law, in order that the drunkenness of the stoker, or the overcrowding or craziness of the vessel, might not endanger the safety of the precious freight.

VERY CERTAIN.

Among the charges likely to be made against the members of the Irish clubs, should they persist in their project of rebellion, the most prominent will be charges of military.

THE WHIG COLOSSUS.

A young Whig complains that Lord John Russell "bestrides" his party "like a Colossus," as Shakspere says, and demands a reason for it. He ought to know that certain animals are given to sneaking along with their "tail" between their legs.

"WHY OUR THEATRES ARE NOT SUPPORTED."

Because Albert Smith's pieces are acted in them.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

As the potato crop promises to be a good one, the Irish clubs have determined to rise in rebellion. Another blight would, therefore, be a blessing.

GOOD NEWS.

We had thought the Albert hat had been taken off in every possible manner. Luckily, we were wrong. It will shortly be taken off the heads of the military.

A RISING BARRISTER.

Ernest Jones is becoming quite an adept in the practical effects of the law. Since he has taken to picking oakum, he is never without an example of them at his fingers' end.

RIVAL MOUNTEBANKS.

There is a great similarity between the aquatic tournaments at Cremorne and the performances at St. Stephen's. In both cases the combatants at first come forward very fiercely with their motions, get into hot or cold water, as the case may be, splash about a little, and then extricate themselves as well as they can.

CHILDISH REMINISCENCE.

At Mr. Mitchell's benefit the other day, Carlotta Grisi and Perrot danced a *pas de deux*. During the performance of it we could not help thinking of "Beauty and the Beast."

TOO MUCH TO BE BORNE.

A retired corporal has declined joining the Whittington Club, as he has no wish to undergo the tortures of the "Cat."

PADDY WHACK.

The *Times* informs us that Mr. Michael Doheny has returned from the north equipped in a showy military costume, and mounted on a chestnut charger, at the head of his club. We think the *club* would have been much better at the head of Mr. Michael Doheny.

THE USE OF SIR C. NAPIER.

Many sensible people complain that no benefit is derived from the cruise of the Squadron of Evolution. Surely they must forget the benefit derived from its crews by the bum-boat women.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE.

Colonel Sibthorpe is most outrageous in his attacks on the Treasury benches. Lord John says that though the Colonel may act as he likes with regard to benches, he would do well to care somewhat more about forms.

BEYOND A DOUBT.

The other night, Hudson offered to produce full particulars of his election expenses, with all the bills receipted. With his great wealth, there is nothing extraordinary in this: what he would find much more difficult would be in a new Parliament to produce himself re-seated as well

EDITOR'S BOX.

THE proverb which informs us that "it never rains but it pours," has never been more forcibly illustrated than within the last month.

Some time since, Her Majesty, to the great astonishment of every one, announced her intention of honouring the Haymarket Theatre with her presence; and hardly had people had time to recover from their astonishment, ere she proceeded in state to Drury Lane, and even named a day for a visit to the Lyceum.

The commotion excited in every native metropolitan green-room was immense; the quantity of loyalty consumed there, in an incredibly short space of time, was tremendous. The managers of the Pavilion, the Marylebone, and the Victoria Theatres, as well as of the Bower Saloon, had already made preparations for the honour which they had no doubt Her Majesty meant to confer upon them, when their young hopes were suddenly nipped in the bud.

At the eleventh hour Her Majesty changed her resolution, and did not go to the Lyceum. Why was this? Was it because it struck her that she had already done enough for the British drama, and that she felt some compunctions for having so long neglected her usual places of amusement? The SHOWMAN thinks this is very likely, and he is borne out in his opinion by the fact of Her Majesty proceeding in state, a day or two after, to the Italian Opera.

Great preparations had been made by the lessees, Messrs. Delafield and Webster, in honour of the occasion. A magnificent box, in the form of a tent, had been erected in the centre of the house, so that Her Majesty, after having first commanded the performance, subsequently commanded a full view of every part of the theatre: she of course listened intently to the opera.

The different *artistes* sang magnificently, but as to how they looked, or how they acted, the SHOWMAN has no very distinct idea, as, with every other loyal subject, he naturally sat with his face turned away from the stage, and towards the grand attraction of the evening, Her Majesty. He shall, therefore, defer writing a more detailed account of Meyerbeer's *chef d'œuvre* until some occasion when his loyalty will allow him to patronize his usual position.

THE PANGS OF EDITORSHIP.—The public little imagine all that the SHOWMAN has to go through during the performance of his duties. No later than last week, a lunatic sent him a letter, stating himself to be a young man desirous of getting on in the world, and very anxious to be informed whether it was at all probable that Messrs. Chaplin and Horne, the great railroad carriers, who undertake to forward things of any description to all parts of the kingdom, would, if applied to on the subject, forward his interests to his satisfaction!

PLUNDERING THE PUBLIC.—The door-keeper of the Court of Chancery has £3,218 per annum, it appears, for doing nothing. He is said to hold this by Parliamentary "usage," but we think that it is by very bad "usage" of the public.

CONVALESCENCE OF OUR D. C.—We were very sorry when this disagreeable individual was restored to health. In one respect, he continues as bad as ever he was, and this is, in his want of respect for the nerves of every one around him. On going out after his recovery, he came down to the PUPPET-SHOW Office, and completely incapacitated our worthy publisher, Mr. Dover, from any further exertion for the rest of the day, by first observing, "Here I am, like a prize-fighter the first time he has a set-to after a defeat—getting a-*bout* again," immediately adding, "Why did the Claspers and Coombeses at the regatta resemble a red herring I had for my breakfast this morning?" When he saw Mr. Dover would not degrade himself by answering, our "D. C." continued, "Why, because they had a hard row (roe).

THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.

Chapter VII.—A Day with The Thames Yacht Club.

SAILING match between the vessels of the gallant Thames Yacht Club has been proclaimed, and furthermore, that fast and favourite steamer the Periwinkle, Captain John Smith, has been hired to accompany the match, "for members and their friends only." Being in the latter lucky category, we embark at the Adelaide Wharf and steam boldly down the Pool. The gallant Periwinkle is gay with bunting, and so is her captain in his Sunday jacket. All flags of all nations, and many others of no nation at all, flutter aloft. A shady awning stretches over the quarter-deck, and from its centre, all fluttering with ribbons, dangles the golden butterboat destined to be the prize of the day. In the forecastle, Mr. Adams's quadrille band bang away at a merry polka. On the paddle-boxes, cluster an assembly of sporting and nautical gents: the talk of the former is of handicapping yachts, and the propriety of allowing a minute or three-quarters of a minute per ton; that of the latter appertains to balloon gibs, and the spread of canvas in a gaff-topsail. The members of the club are magnificent in blue coats and big brass anchor buttons;

they usually sport cigar-cases and telescopes; and if the weather turn at all gloomy, they assume rough monkey-jackets with the air of old hard-a-weather salts, who are used to hardships. But the quarter-deck is the most brilliant portion of the Periwinkle, for there congregate the fair friends of the Thames Yacht Club—charming ladies, whom it is profanity to bring within a quarter of a mile of a tar-barrel. The most gallant members of the club do the honours, and the golden butterboat is perpetually the centre of a circle of happy smiling faces.

And now Greenwich looms a-head, and we see the line of yachts lying moored with their heads up-stream, their white canvas ready for hoisting, and their crews assembled, halyards in hand, in dark clusters round the mast. Presently the Commodore says to the Captain, "Now, then, Smith, fire the first gun," upon which a two-and-a-half ouncer is discharged by the stoker with a red-hot pair of tongs, and everybody gets on the paddle-box to see the start. This is a sample of the conversation: "Four to one on the Inscrutable—Who sails the Mystic? —Done—Have a go in at a sweep—Yes, at the Harwich Regatta—balloon jib—light airs—five to one—long odds—sweet weatherly boat—Tomkins sails her—Now, then, look out, Smith! —Aye, aye, my lord—Fire the second gun—Stand by there—Bet you two to one the Inscrutable has her gaff-topsail hoisted first. Bang—there they go—bravo—bravo, Mystic!—I said so—clap on—that 's it—peak and throat, my boys—Hooray, Keep-it-dark has got her jib home—there they go—a beautiful start—Inscrutable 's into Secresy—they 're foul—two to one on Mystic—that 's it—there goes Keep-it-dark, first by Jove, clear of the ruck—Move her a-heeid—I said so—Mystic 's second—No, Tom Tit is—see now, opening the collier—Curse that barge—Keep-it-dark 's the leading boat—Who sails Tom Tit?—Jones—Easy a-heeid—Hard a-sta-a-arboard—never saw a better start—did you? —never—and now let 's have some brandy-and-water."

And so the yachts file off in a white line down towards Blackwall, and the Periwinkle follows. Perhaps the breeze is light, and only cat's-paws of ruffling wind move in patches over the quiet water. Now the Tom Tit will be drifting log-like with the tide, her white sails unstirred; while the Mystic, with her wide-spread canvas, just hollowed by a faint puff, moves stealthily through the river, gliding gently by hulking barges, and tiers of anchored colliers, and anon rocking gracefully on the surge of a passing steamer. Then the fitful breath will leave her, and in a moment you see the canvas of the Tom Tit first quiver, then fill out, and then impel that yacht merrily along, to droop ere she has glided a scant half-mile, and to be reflected, mirror-like, on the unruffled surface. And so the game goes on. We pass Woolwich and its big arsenals, and ship-building sheds, and the quaint church of Erith is seen among the trees. Down through the mid-reaches we go slowly, sultrily. Now the yachts are drifting, anon they move a-head and then lag again. Each leads as each has the breeze, and the Perriwinkle paddles on at half-quarter speed, and the nautical gents get smoking cigars, and telling nautical stories, stretched in the sun on the paddle-box; and many sensible people ensconce themselves in the open cabins and eat and drink manfully; and intellectual people who wish to improve their minds read the *Times;* and those who wish to improve and amuse their minds at the same time read the Puppet-Show.

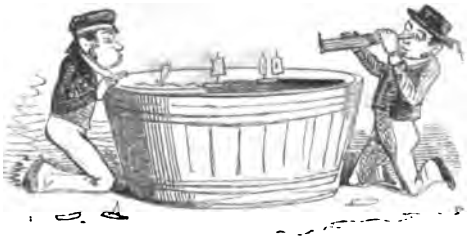
Thus Gravesend is passed, and we are looking out for the buoy with the flag, round which the yachts go, when the afternoon breeze begins to come up, cool and rustling from the sea. There, the yachts catch it one after the other; it is roughening the water, and even the brown-barked canvas of barges feel the impulse. It will rise with the tide too. So the Periwinkle has wakened up, and we get on the paddle-boxes again. The Tom Tit leads—bravo! little boat—there she goes, lying down to it and snoring through the white frothing water. 'T will be a good match, after all; there 's wind in the black cloud lying out there over the green flats of Essex. There go the other boats too, with a curl of foaming water at their sharp wedge-like bows, and their canvas swelling rigidly out, and the weather-rigging as tight as fiddle-strings. But the Ton Tit leads—bravo, Jones, beautifully steered—hug the wind, my boy—you can just weather the buoy—here you come, the three leeward streaks of your deck in the water, the bright copper glancing in the sun, the canvas pulling and riving as though it would tear the very mast out of the keel. So; stand by, for'ard, to fire!—Aye, aye, sir!—Out watches gentlemen, mark the minute he 's round. Here he is—one—two—three—Bang!—beautifully done—up goes

WHOLESALE DESERTION.

the helm—pay off your main-sheet—so, and away she scuds on an even keel before the wind. The Mystic is round two minutes and a half after her; the Keep-it-dark three minutes forty-one seconds; the Inscrutable—but, pshaw, it will be all in to-morrow's papers—let 's think of dinner.

Or lunch, rather. Everything is cold but the stewards, and the cabin of the Periwinkle is a small edition of the London Tavern; it is rather a scramble to be sure, but there are charms in a scramble, when champagne corks are flying, and a dozen of men are bawling "A glass of wine with you, my boy," and when the successful scrambler, who has his eyes and his wits and his elbows about him, can reap, as the reward of his scrambling, three or four liver wings of three or four fowls—it 's a greedy notion, but never mind that—and a fair portion of lobster-salad, and champagne and sherry unlimited. After this ceremonial you will, probably, come on deck and light your cigar. Some weak brandy-and-water cold is not unadvisable, and, making out a snug berth for yourself on the windward paddle-box, you can compose your mind for contemplative enjoyment, watch the yachts cracking merrily by, look lazily along the green quiet shores, and curiously scrutinize the clumsy collier brigs, and the anchored barges in the stream, and the smart fishing smacks, and the thousand coasters, and the stately merchantman tugged upwards or downwards as her voyage has ended or is to begin, and the bright glancing forms of the crowded Gravesend steamers. So Woolwich and Blackwall are passed, and still we are carrying the breeze merrily up the river, and the Tom Tit is the leading boat. Barring accidents now, there is no question about the future proprietor of the golden butterboat.

The river is crowded with small craft, and men on anchored barges cheer and wave their fan-tails. The yachts off the Hospital are one blaze of bunting; the stream is thick with wherries; and bank, and terrace, and roof, and tavern window on shore, are crowded with staring people. See, there is the winning buoy, the counterpart of that round which the yachts swung off Coal-house Point, and here comes the gallant Titmouse. Stand by with the gun there, for'ard!—Aye, aye, sir!—Ain't she a beauty—so sweetly handled too—Here she is—What 's o'clock, did you say?—BANG. Hurrah! Mr. Jones of the Tom Tit owns the golden butterboat. And the people on shore and on the river raise a mighty cheer, and the *Tom Tits*—stalwart fellows, the name of their smart cutter stuck in yellow letters on the blue ribbons of their straw hats—echo back the acclamation, and Mr. Adams and his band burst into "Rule Britannia;" and when one by one the other yachts have come up, they are each saluted with a cheer and a bang, and a few bars of Rule Britannia, and then their owners come on board the Periwinkle, and there is a great hustling to get to the quarter-deck, and the Commodore mounts on a camp-stool and makes a speech about the amusement of the day, and the gallantry of the craft of the Thames Yacht Club, and their excellent performance then, as at all times, and presents the envied butterboat to the happy owner of the Tom Tit, who fills it with champagne and hands it round to the company, who in turn drink the wine, give three cheers—the first for the Tom Tit, the second for the butterboat, and the third for the wooden walls of old England! And so ends the match.



TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.—A veteran actor, alluding to Mr. Macready's practice of burking all the characters in a drama, except his own, writes to us, that next time he plays Hamlet he will probably "give up the *Ghost!*"

THE CLASSICAL MANIA.

THERE is a kind of mania spreading at present among literary men, in favour of writing verses in the same metre as the classical writers of antiquity. This has given rise to some hexecrable hexameters (as a Cockney would say), and also to the indignation of the SHOWMAN, who would prefer to see gentlemen writing in a metre adapted to the genius of their language—if, by the way, there can be said to be any in it. Professor Longfellow has been offending against our feelings on this subject in some very long lines. What would he think if, instead of a proper castigation of public characters in good old English slashers, we were to go on as follows:—

> Is there a man who cares a dump for the blister of Russell?
> Or for the drops of gall that ooze from the lips of D'Israeli?
> Or for the trail of slime that Feargus scatters behind him?

and so on.

If this mania go on unchecked, we shall be having all our nursery rhymes, Ethiopian ballads, and so forth, turned out of their native metre and turned into hexameters. Who would recognise an old friend—*Lucy Neale*, the "yellow gal"—in such a dress (by no means a handsome one) as this:—

> Long ago I was born in the plains of the bright Alabama;
> Beale was my master's name; he had a beautiful maiden;
> Lucy Neale she was called, with features prettily yellow.

Yet this is the point that gentlemen will arrive at if suffered to go any further. Give them length of line enough, and, as the proverb says, they will certainly hang themselves.

A FRAGMENT FROM A NEW ROSCIAD.

> WHEN the gay curtain, like a cloud, away
> Rolls to the roof, to let you see the play,
> A growl, sepulchral, chills your blood to zero.
> "Is that a dog?" "God bless you—it's the hero!"
> In the same note he plays all Shakspere round,
> From *Romeo* sighing to *King Lear* discrowned;
> With the same look receives his youngest daughter,
> Or, fierce in *Richard*, rushes on to slaughter.
> If studied manners, and laborious art,
> Could serve for genius, impulse, and the heart,
> This mechanician foremost would be seen,
> Less like a puppet—nearer to a Kean;
> But vainly to such heights a man aspires,
> With wings—not heavenly—but worked with wires.

UNMERITED PUNISHMENT.—We perceive that Drury Lane is to be opened for the legitimate drama "by command of Her Majesty." What have the loyal Fast Men done to deserve this?

A COINCIDENCE.—It will be recollected that the names of the Chartists leaders who were transported some few years ago for the parts taken by them in the Monmouth riots were Williams, Jones, and Frost. The other day, Government succeeded in capturing another Williams and Jones; and there is no doubt that somewhere about Christmas next they 'll meet with another Frost.

NAIVE QUERY.—A correspondent, who signs himself a "repentant criminal," and whom the SHOWMAN shrewdly suspects to be the same individual that is constantly sending the Chancellor of the Exchequer halves of five-pound notes, wishes to be informed whether Holloway's Ointment, which, according to the advertisement, has miraculously cured a bad breast of seven years' standing, could be used with any chance of success in the case of a bad conscience.

EPIGRAM.

> "A company of Sappers and Miners have erected a tent above the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral, for the purpose, it is said, of surveying the City."—*Daily Papers.*

> SAID one friend to another, "'Tis very strange, brother—
> A very strange thing, not to say an abuse,
> At the top of God's shrine to place things not divine,
> And the holy Church put to a secular use."
>
> "'Tis the way of the world, and anathemas hurled
> At the doers," he answered, "would be but a loss;
> For, although 't is a crime, 't is not the first time
> The profession of War has *surmounted the Cross.*"

LUNACY OF OUR D. C.

THE lunacy of our Discharged Contributor has, of course, been suspected by our readers for some time past. His mind had been wandering for many weeks, and at last it has been lost altogether. We congratulate our mad friend on his good luck in having got rid of it. Yesterday a commission of lunacy was instituted at the Gray's Inn Coffeehouse, and, in consequence of his harmless nature, the Discharged Contributor was allowed to appear and give personal evidence of his sanity, or, as it turned out, of his insanity. During the examination of witnesses, he enjoyed the advice of his friend Mark Lemon, who appeared to sympathize with him most deeply. The fact of being seen to talk with Mark, however, went much against the victim. The principal evidence against the D. C. was that of his nurse, who appeared vastly affected. It was as follows :—

Mrs. Grog said she knew the victim. Had heard him make puns.—(*Sensation.*) Remembered with horror a remark which he (the D. C.) had made last Saturday. He had sent her out to buy the *Sun* newspaper and a loaf of new bread, and, upon her return, had placed the loaf under the newspaper, in order that he might have an opportunity of saying that, after all, there *was* something new under the *Sun!*

The D. C.'s articles in the PUPPET-SHOW were then put in as evidence, and read amid the tears of the court.

This was the end of the case for the promoters of the inquiry, and was in every sense conclusive.

The D. C. rose to defend himself, and commenced by observing that Gray's Inn was a locality which reminded him of all sorts of things. How many illustrious men, from Nebuchadnezzar, who might be truly said to be a Gray's Inn (grazing) man——

The Commissioner here rose, and said that, after this decided proof, there was no need to go any further into the case. He accordingly directed that the prisoner should at once be taken in a cab to Bethlehem Hospital.

THE FAITHLESS PEELER.

[DEVILED FROM THE "LORD OF BURLEIGH," FOR THE ESPECIAL INDIGNATION OF THE "SLOW CONTRIBUTOR" TO THE "MUSICAL WORLD."]

SKULKING slily down the area,
He to her his mind doth tell,
"I feel somewhat dry, my Mary,
And some beer would be as well."
She replies, by way of feeler,
"La, who 'd thought of seeing thee?"
He is but a smart young Peeler,
And a maid-of-all-work she.
He to lips that do not falter,
Raises up the half-pint mug;
Vows his love will never alter—
Eying hard the empty jug.
"I can pick that bone of pheasant,
Little care I for a knife—
Love it makes our duty pleasant,
Luncheon love I dear as life."
He across the kitchen going,
Sees two lordly bottles stand;
"India pale" within them glowing,
And he grasps one in each hand.
From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,
"I could pop these in my trowsers'
Pocket, and no one might tell."
This he doth, by her attended,
And they lovingly converse
Of the toothsome things that tended
To bind close his heart to hers.
Leg of pork, with sauce of apple,
Fowl and bacon, and broad beans;
Cold roast beef, with which he 'd grapple
Sooner than with warmed-up greens.
What she gives him makes her dearer,
Such she hopes to be the case;
Hopes that his beat will be near her,
Should she ever change her place.
Oh, but he doth love her truly;
He shall have a cup of tea—
She will bring it to him duly,
Some time after half-past three.
And her heart rejoices greatly
When her Peeler she discerns,
Past the small boys pacing stately,
While they mimic him by turns.
Thinks he looks far more majestic
Than he ever looked before—
Fears he winked at the domestic
Higher up at Number Four;
Hears him speak in gentle murmur,
Knows he 's answering her call,
While he treads with footsteps firmer
Leading past the garden wall.
All at once the colour flushes
His false face from brow to chin;
As it were with shame he blushes,
While she vows she 's "been took in."
Then, unable to conceal her
Love, she murmurs, "Oh, that he
Were once more that faithful Peeler,
Which did win my heart from me."
He but begged she 'd no more bore him,
When she falls flat at his side;
Gathered soon a crowd before him,
While to lift her up he tried;
And one came to raise her bonnet,
And he looked at him and said,
"Bring a chair, and place her on it,
For I fear she 's hurt her head."
Home they took her, and, next morning,
By her mistress she 's addressed,
"Mary, you have a month's warning—
This time, mind, I 'm not in jest."

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNG SURVEYORS.

If 30¼ square yards make a *perch*, how many will make a *tench?*

If 40 perches make one *rood*, how many will make one *polite?*

TERRIFIC PERPETRATION.—A sucking Tory of our acquaintance, in speaking of the violent section of the French Republicans, accounts for their existence by saying, that they were so ashamed of the Revolution—that they turned quite *red!*

EARNEST JONES USEFUL AT LAST.—We perceive by the papers, that our friend Jones has been employed in picking oakum since his incarceration. As oakum is an article used in filling up seams (on the decks of vessels), Jones may thus be said to be occupied in an employment congenial to that of his gallant colleague Cuffey. We may add, that as the seams, when stuffed with oakum, are afterwards filled with tar, our patriot is still likely, as before, to bring matters to a very pretty pitch. He has certainly no right to complain of Government, for as he has long wished to have a finger in the affairs of the country, he has now been gratified by being allowed to have a finger—in its oakum.

A PLEDGE REDEEMED.—Any one who visits the Haymarket Theatre at present, cannot fail to be struck with the very great difference between the persons who now frequent the boxes of that establishment and those who did so a little time since. The announcement in the bills of the "Entire Adelphi Company at the Haymarket" is as scrupulously true of the audience as of the actors.

Lord Clarendon, who is very confident in regard to the approaching Irish insurrection, says the policemen's *batons* will put down the Dublin *clubs*.

HINT TO A CONTEMPORARY.—☞ The publication of the *Morning Herald* commenced yesterday at six o'clock, and terminated at five minutes past.

AN INCIDENT IN THE HISTORY OF A STREET CAB.

N author who lived sometimes by his pen—at other times by cajoling friends and strangers out of cash or credit—at all times in a state of fear of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, their officers and assistants—and six months or more of every year within the precincts of Her Majesty's Bench, had, at the period to which our anecdote refers, so large a number of "ca'sas" out against him planted in all directions, that for the security of his person he changed his lodgings and his name regularly every week, and never ventured abroad except in a cab, with the blinds drawn completely down.

Spite of all these precautions, however, one Solomon Levy, an active assistant to the illustrious Sloman, foraged out that our hero occasionally visited a certain printing-office in his capacity of editor of a weekly newspaper; and one Saturday morning Levy went thither in the hope of renewing an intimacy that had been close and profitable. On his arrival he at once ventured boldly into the dark dirty room that formed the printer's warehouse, calculating on perhaps effecting a surprise, but he merely found a smutty-faced little printer's devil who was left in charge.

"Ma poy," says Levy, "is n't Mr. Rumcovy here?"

"I don't know," replies the unsuspecting youth; "I 'll go an see."

With this he whips through a door in the darkest corner of the warehouse, followed on tip-toes by the cunning Levy, who hears him announce to some one in an inner office, "A gentleman wants to see you, sir."

At these words Levy darts forward through the doorway of the room in question, and on entering the apartment is amazed to find therein no one but the little imp aforesaid, who informs him, quite unnecessarily by the way, that Mr. Rumcovy is not there.

But when Levy notices a hat and a half-finished leader on the table, a walking-stick that was familiar to him standing in a corner, and an overturned chair or two on the floor, and hears the click of a key turning in the lock of a door on the opposite side of the room, he feels no reasonable doubt in his own mind but that his customer has mizzled and resolved himself into a *do*.

Retracing his steps, he finds himself in the street again, and observes for the first time a cab standing a few doors off, with the driver kicking up his heels on the pavement. A ray of hope lights up his Israelitish eyes.

"Are you awaytin for a gent at the printer's?" says Levy to the cabman.

"'S" replies the man.

"He 'll p'out presenly," says the Jew; "I 'm goin esterd wiv him, s' I 'll git inside."

And inside Levy gets accordingly.

The cabman fastens the door after him, and Levy thereupon draws down the blind, and commences peeping through the small square of glass at the back of the vehicle.

After some minutes have elapsed the little printer's devil makes his appearance at the door of the printing-office: his roguish eyes glance quickly up and down the street two or three times, and he retires.

Next appears the unmistakable face and figure of Mr. Rumcovy: he first peeps round the door-post to the right and to the left, and then fairly pokes his head outside the premises.

Finding the coast clear, he hurries up to the cab.

"Quick! open the door!" says he.

And the next moment one leg is thrust forward into the vehicle.

"Drive to —"

"Sloman and Sons, Chancery Lane," interrupts the Jew, exhibiting to the astonished author a piece of parchment, commencing "Middlesex, to wit," &c., and ending with something about a sheriff, the meaning of which, alas! his victim knew too well.

"Wot, the spungin house?" gasped the cabman, whose heart sunk, as daylight broke in upon him, and disclosed the trick that deprived him for a time of an excellent fare, and that same excellent fare of his liberty.

A SHEPHERD IN THE FIELDS. A SHEPHERD ON THE STAGE.

SAY NOT OUR MINISTRY.—A FRAGMENT.

AIR—"*Say not our dancing days.*"

SAY not our Ministry ought to be past—
Whig statesmen always hold place to the last.
Can you persuade me Bright the demure,
Though he abuse us, himself is more pure?
Say not our Ministry ought to be past—
Whig statesmen always hold place to the last.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHANOCLES is thanked for his communication.

NOTICE.

Numerous Correspondents having complained of the difficulty experienced in obtaining copies of the PUPPET-SHOW *in various parts of the country, the Proprietors have determined on the publication of a* **Stamped Edition,** *to go free by post, and which may be procured by order of any London Newsman. Parties preferring it will be regularly supplied with the Stamped Edition of the* PUPPET-SHOW, *carefully enclosed in a wrapper, direct from the Office,* 11 *Wellington Street North, Strand, on the following terms:—*

Subscription for One Quarter, or 13 Numbers . 2s. 6d.
Half-year, or 26 Numbers . 5s. 0d.

The amount may be transmitted by Postage Stamps, or by a Post-Office Order, made payable to WILLIAM DOVER.

An Edition of the PUPPET-SHOW *is also published in Monthly Parts, and the same may be obtained by order of every Bookseller in the Kingdom. Parts* 1, 2, *and* 3, *each consisting of Five Numbers, stitched in an Ornamental Wrapper, are now ready, price Sixpence each.*

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NUMBER 21. LONDON, AUGUST 5, 1848. ONE PENNY.

CREDULITY.

M.P. (*reading*) . . . "I am therefore so free as to remind you of the kind offer you made at the election to do me any service. I should feel much obliged by your showing my son a little about Town, and taking him to the Opera. He wishes very much to go to Lord John Russell's, and Cremorne Gardens," &c., &c.

TRIBUTE TO BRITISH TALENT.—We hear a great deal of the diabolical manner in which the unfortunate negroes are packed together in the slave-ships. A gentleman who gave his evidence on this subject before the House of Commons, declared that it was impossible for human ingenuity to cram more people into an equal space. Here, however, he was mistaken. It is with honest pride we inform the public that England excels the rest of the world in this as well as every other science. The Brazilian merchants have sent over five agents of great experience in the slave trade to study the superior mode of loading practised on board our river steamers.

AN OMISSION SUPPLIED.—A Correspondent of the *Times* says, that "the result of an attentive perusal of the public journals is the discovery that six of the leading Chartists names are Duffy, Cuffey, Ruffey, Looney, Mooney, and Rooney." In order to put the finishing touch to this ingenious observation, the writer should have added his own name—Spooney.

"IF I WERE A VOICE."

I.

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I would fly, I would fly, over land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale, or singing a song,
In praise of the right—in blame of the wrong.

II.

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I 'd fly on the wings of air;
The homes of Sorrow and Guilt I 'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I 'd speak
To save them from Despair.
I would fly, I would fly, o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy sun-light, down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to look up again.

III.

If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
I 'd travel with the wind,
And whenever I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealousy, spite, or scorn,
Or hatred of their kind,
I would fly, I would fly, on the thunder-crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash;
And, all their evil thoughts subdued,
I 'd teach them Christian Brotherhood.

IV.

If I were a voice, a pervading voice,
I 'd seek the kings of Earth;
I 'd find them alone on their beds at night,
And whisper words that should guide them right—
Lessons of priceless worth.
I would fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
And tell them things they never heard—
Truths which the ages for aye repeat—
Unknown to the courtiers at their feet.

V.

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I 'd speak in the people's ear;
And whenever they shouted "*Liberty*,"
Without deserving to be free,
I 'd make their error clear.
I would fly, I would fly, on the wings of day,
Rebuking wrong, on my world-wide way,
And making all the Earth rejoice—
If *I* were a voice—an immortal voice.

ADAMS AND JUSTICE.

We perceive from the newspapers that Mr. Sergeant Adams lately sentenced a ruffian to pay a fine of one shilling for having knocked down a ship's ladder on which a stranger was standing, and by which he (the stranger, and not, unfortunately, the ruffian) was precipitated from a height of fourteen feet at the imminent risk of his life. The wretch was let off with this absurdly small punishment "because he had been ordered to do so by his master!" We suppose, then, that if we were to knock Mr. Sergeant Adams down, and tell our servant to cut his throat, the domestic (imagining him to be unsuccessful in his attempt) would be fined about eighteenpence! However, be this as it may, Adams must not be allowed to estimate other persons' lives by the value of his own, or we shall soon have intending murderers let off scot free.

Ominous.—Lord John Russell, in commencing a speech last week in the House of Commons, said, "I shall take an early opportunity of moving—" It is said that His Lordship was here interrupted by a faint "hear, hear," from Sir Robert Peel.—*Our own Parliamentary Report.*

Proverbial Philosophy.—When General Cavaignac assumed the sole command in Paris, order was quickly restored. This, we suppose, was on the principle that "unity is strength."

A Misapplication of Terms.—When the bill for suspending the Habeas Corpus Act was brought into the House by Lord John Russell, Mr. Feargus O'Connor alluded to it as "a motion *of a very irregular character.*" This expression would have been more applicable if Feargus himself had been the promoter of the measure.

Bad in Every Respect.—A correspondent commences a long and stupid letter to us with the words, "with respect to the Game Laws—" We cannot attend to his epistle, as we have no respect for them whatever.

Making Light of it.—The opponents of the Window Tax designate it as a tax upon light. The worst of it is, that although a light tax, it is at the same time exceedingly heavy.

Unfounded Panic.—A friend of ours, who has been spending a great deal of money, and avoiding his creditors at Boulogne, was last week induced to fly to Brussels in consequence of hearing that the *collarer* was coming, and would probably take him off.

SINCERITY.—A FRAGMENT.

Scene.—*A sumptuously furnished saloon in Scrip's mansion.*

Pestle. . . . I could not believe it was the same—until I saw you. I had often heard of the great William Scrip, Esq., M.P.—your fame has extended even down to our remote part of the country—but I never thought it could be my old chum. You've left me behind rather—

Scrip (*dignified*). Mere chance, Pestle, mere chance. If Fate had willed it, you might have been the wealthy railroad director, and I—the—

Pestle. Out with it—the poor over-worked—ill-paid Welsh doctor; but never mind—what does it matter so long as our hearts are in the right place. (*Looking round*) There *is* a difference, though, between this apartment and the garret we occupied together—

Scrip (*uneasily*). Yes—

Pestle. But I must be off—I suppose you, too, have something to do—

Scrip. Yes, a Committee in the House—but come and see me soon again—I do not name any particular day, because, of course, *you* are always welcome—however my prospects may be altered, my sentiments remain the same—whenever you like to come, you have only to send up your name—

Pestle. I'll be sure to call then; good-bye.

Scrip. Good-bye. [*Exit Pestle.*

(*Scrip rings. Enter Servant.*)

Scrip. When that gentleman calls, remember I am never at home . . . . . .

THE CHARTIST PRISONERS.

We don't suppose that even the Whigs, or the bigots—even Hawes or Sibthorpe, will be inclined to accuse the Puppet-Show of a leaning towards the Chartists. On the contrary, everybody will remember that no journal was more prominent in castigating their leaders, in condemning their rebellious suggestions, ridiculing their farcical absurdities, and exposing their lying boasts. Yet although we may level at them our sarcasm, we can still say a serious word in their behalf. These men are now undergoing their punishment; but let them have the punishment of men. This, the amiable Whigs deny them, and they are kept locked up—treated like burglars, and fed like beasts.

Into the narrow recesses of a Whig heart no ray of light can penetrate to warm or illumine; but we address ourselves to the English public, and ask them whether they will not protest against the treatment of these unfortunate men? Let Fussell have his food handed to him with ordinary decency; and when we remember that he has sinned, let it be remembered also that he is an Englishman.

Political offences have always been treated as distinct from social ones. We opine that nobody supposes that a man who calls a minister a humbug ought to be punished in the same way as one who steals a purse.

When Sir Francis Burdett became a favourite of the people, and a prisoner in the Tower (which naturally followed under a base system of government), he was treated courteously; so was Leigh Hunt, when imprisoned for calling a certain monarchical debauchee what everybody knew—and what the vilest of his mob of unprincipled courtiers could not deny him to be. Oakum picking formed no portion of the punishment of Hunt or Burdett.

Yet these instances belong to a Tory period—the modern and shameful exception occurs during a "Liberal" one! How strange that Whigs always are worse than their predecessors, just as a more rickety offspring comes after a diseased parent! Unfortunate England is the shuttlecock between the two battledoors of party, and falls to the ground every now and then, when one or other of the players gets tired, or unable to knock it about.

The Ne Plus Ultra of Loyalty.—It is a usual thing for persons in a state of enthusiasm to wave their handkerchiefs and scarves; when wound up to an extraordinary pitch they have even been known to wave their bed or window curtains to celebrate the passage of some pageant—the Lord Mayor's Show, or the celebrated Madame Wharton—Godiva procession, for instance—but all these demonstrations fade into utter insignificance before that of our M.P.'s at Lord John's proposal to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act; *they* actually waived the forms of the House of Commons.

Lucus a non Lucendo.—Drury Lane is called a "patent" theatre. This, we suppose, is because it is never open.

Not Bad for a Tory.—A sucking Tory of our acquaintance, mentioned in our last publication, has been at us again with his absurd observations. He says now, that Mr. Hume is like a potato with the disease, *i.e.*, "radically" affected!

AN IRISH SAMPSON.

Mr. Meagher intends, it appears, to destroy the whole of the forty-five thousand soldiers at present in Ireland. We do not believe this can be accomplished by mere talk, although there is certainly one instance on record of ten thousand men having been slain by the jaw-bone of an ass!

NO GREAT LOSS.

Lord George Bentinck says that since the passing of the Ministerial Sugar Bill he has lost his peace of mind. This is unfortunate, as the piece which he originally possessed was very small!

HUMOUR FOR HUME.

Mr. Hume has always denied that the Tories had any sense of economy. He must, however, admit that they often show a great economy of sense.

TWO DIFFERENT THINGS.

We have heard that Charles Cochrane is going to stand at the next election. We are afraid, however, that he is not very likely to sit.

A GROSS LIBEL.

The instant Cavaignac became famous, the Irish asserted that he was "descended" from the Kavanaghs. What an awful "come down" for a great man!

AN "OUGHT" AND A CIPHER.

Albert Smith, in *Gavarni in London*, says—

"About the Schleswig-Holstein row,
My notions are not clear."

His head ought to be quite "clear," considering that there 's nothing in it.

A FORLORN HOPE.

In his rabid speeches against the "Corrupt Practices at Elections Bill," Colonel Sibthorpe is continually saying that he will take the sense of the house. Why does not he? There is very little to take, but still it would be of service to him.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Sir G. Grey declared that he should take effective measures against the authors of the Irish hoax. This is a dangerous precedent. If all the authors of false reports are to be punished, what will become of chairmen of committees of the House of Commons who "report *progress*?"

YOUNG IRELAND.

Though some people deny that the Irish rebels have any modesty, we expect that they will fight "shy."

PERFECTLY EXPLAINED.

Parliament seems determined not to repeal the tax on newspapers. We can readily understand that honourable members do not feel the impost on anything that contains intelligence.

STRANGE ANOMALY.

It is a melancholy fact that although Mr. Chisholm Anstey's speeches are very long, the House regards them very little.

A HARD MATTER.

It is a strange, and what is worse, a true circumstance, that while taxation presses hardly on the poorer classes, it hardly presses on the richer ones.

A Young Irelander has asserted that Ireland is republican to her very core. We fancy that there is a *corps* or two which may be called hers, as they were sent over by Government for her especial benefit, which are not quite so republican as the Young Irelanders might desire.

AN UNLUCKY MAN.

Mr. Webster is a very unlucky man. After losing eight thousand pounds in supporting the legitimate drama and the Hungarian brothers, native talent and the Ethiopian serenaders, he is trying to regain a portion of it by bringing the Adelphi company to perform, by way of a novelty, at the Haymarket Theatre. Now we all know that Mr. Webster is just the sort of manager who thinks of the public in the first place, and then, if he have any solicitude left, that small portion may, perchance, be bestowed upon himself. Knowing this to be the case, we, of course, felt convinced—although, we grieve to say, we had at first our slight suspicions—that the public would be allowed to enjoy the performances at the Haymarket for the same sums which they had been in the habit of paying for them when played at the Adelphi Theatre. Were it otherwise the injustice would be obvious. Wright is not less entertaining, nor Paul Bedford less ridiculous, nor Céleste less affected, nor Miss Woolgar less talented, at one theatre than at another; consequently they are equally valuable to the public, whether at the Haymarket or at the Adelphi. Mr. Webster was, doubtless, of the same opinion as ourselves, but unfortunately there was a clause in his lease which prevented him from charging less sums for admission than those which were usually taken during the representations of the Haymarket company. The newspapers have said so, and consequently it must be true. Mr. Webster was unable to behave with that liberality to the public for which he is so conspicuous, and which he would, had it been possible, have taken so much pleasure in exercising; and now, the only way in which he can console himself for the loss of what appeared at first an excellent opportunity of testifying his generosity, will be by allowing the Haymarket *troupe* (if he will allow us to use an odious and illegitimate French word) to perform at the Adelphi Theatre at Adelphi prices—provided always that there be no clause in the lease of that theatre which will prevent him from playing legitimacy at the low charges usually received for domestic dramas and farces.

However, Mr. Webster has lost sight of the means by which he might have displayed not his liberality but certainly his honesty—no mean quality after all—to that large body which he so kindly patronizes, viz., the British public. In the newspapers it is usual, at the end of the theatrical advertisements, to insert the prices of admission. Mr. Webster somehow or other forgot this, which we merely say was very neglectful on his part, and gives his enemies an opportunity of asserting that he did not wish to undeceive those who imagined that Adelphi and not Haymarket prices were to be charged for Adelphi performances. But besides this, he in some strange manner omitted to have the charges notified in the bills posted about the streets; and we remember having looked over a host of programmes in a coffee-house, in which our much respected Webster appeared to be the only manager who had forgotten to give information about the amount of money which was requisite in order to enter his theatre. Of course Mr. Webster pays the Adelphi performers the same salaries as those received by their brethren of the Haymarket.

The discovery of the clause in the lease was undoubtedly a misfortune for Webster, but he must not sink under it, and neglect even such a trifle as the one which we have alluded to.

We perceive, since writing the above, that Mr. Webster has inserted at the end of his advertisements the words "prices as usual." This is another mistake, as it is calculated to make persons believe that the charges are those usually taken at the Adelphi.

Utter Depravity.—If the gentleman who brought the following humdrum conundrum to our office in a wheelbarrow will call, he will find a horsewhipping for him:—

Q. Why is the insect that blights the potato plant like a large potato belonging to a celebrated Persian poet?

A. Because it 's a Hafiz'-vast-tator! (*Aphis vastator.*)

THE GARDENS OF ENGLAND.

No. I.—ROSHERVILLE.

SUPPOSE St. James's Park, the Green Park, the Regent's Park, Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, the Surrey Gardens, Vauxhall, and Cremorne, to be all lumped together, the aggregate would be to London very much what Rosherville is to Gravesend. That brackish bathing-place may be indeed defined as consisting of shilling teas, Windmill Hill, shrimps, Springhead, lodgings, watercresses, ordinaries at 2 o'clock, accommodation for parties bringing their own provisions, Cockneys upon a marine tour, and last, not least, Rosherville.

Concerning the origin of the name of this attractive place of river-side resort, nothing satisfactory is known; a circumstance attributable to the fact that nobody we ever heard of has thought it worth his while to make any inquiries. Rumours there are of the place having once been the property of an eminent bacon merchant, who christened it Rasher—since corrupted to Rosherville—but this supposition is at the best doubtful. We have in vain, upon this head, consulted an extremely erudite and profound, though not scarce work, entitled an *Illustrated Guide to the Botanical Gardens at Rosherville*, and are, consequently, of opinion, that as the discriminating author says nothing upon the subject, all information respecting it is enveloped in the mists of antiquity.

Passing, then, with a hop, step, and jump, from this part of the subject, we proceed to describe some of the most attractive features of the Gardens as they exist in our own time. Having duly paid his sixpence at the entry, the visitor will have the option of selecting one from a multitude of gravel walks, which go serpentining along, amid a profusion of small statues, more or less noseless, and diminutive caves, composed each of half a hundred-weight of flint stones, at the entrance of which sit solemnly bedraggled eagles, a sight which leads certain ill-informed persons to imagine that the golden eagle *(aurea aquilla)* is a native of Rosherville, and first chipped the shell in an eyrie perched in some dizzy cleft of the terrific precipices, seen rising in sullen majesty over the banquetting-hall in the distance. Proceeding onwards, in the direction of the Italian garden—so called, for precisely the same reason (whatever it may be) that a certain piece of hardware is called an Italian iron—the visitor will be awfully startled at the sight which will present itself when he arrives on the terrace, from which may be caught a distant view of the archery ground. Amid the targets, drawn up opposite the toxopholites, the horror-struck gazer will perceive three human beings, with extended arms, transfixed with numberless arrows. His first impression will probably be that so severe is the distress felt in certain parts of the country that unhappy individuals can be found who, for a small daily sum, consent to make themselves butts for the inexperienced in archery. For the honour of humanity, we rejoice to say the supposition is unfounded; a closer inspection will convince the philanthropist that the apparently human targets are composed of straw and canvas. While in this part of the grounds it would be inexcusable to omit some mention of the jolly forrester, in his doublet of Lincoln green, and mediæval boots and hat, who twangs his bow, and sends the cloth-yard shaft glancing by the greenwood tree. In answer to our anxious inquiries as to whether he did not live on venison pasty, sleep on the greensward, under a trysting oak, swear by St. George for Merry England, wind his bugle-call to summon his comrades, "merry men all," from brake and fell, and lastly, whether he was not an outlawed man and a clerk of St. Nicholas—we regret to say that the archer merely requested us to "shut up, for he worn't a-goin' to stand any of that 'ere chaff." Thus baffled by the grim marksman, we wended our way towards the feudal tower which crowns the terrific precipice overlooking the wilderness. The architecture of this stronghold may be described as suburban Gothic, and from the massive thickness of its walls, upwards of two inches, the structure would certainly resist any train of artillery likely to be brought to bear against it.

A legend—invented by ourselves—attributes the foundation of the tower to the first Baron Nathan, who landed here from the Holy Land, after having, during one of the brief truces between the Christian and the

Paynim, danced the egg hornpipe before Saladin, at St. Jean d'Acre. We have some thoughts of writing a novel in three volumes—*à la* James, of course—upon the subject, entitling it,

THE FIRST OF THE NATHANS;
Or, THE ROMAUNT OF ROSHERVILLE.

The opening might be managed somewhat in this fashion:—

"The evening sun of the first of July, 1106, was declining in the west, and bringing to a close a hot summer's day, when two travellers might be descried urging

A CONSCIENTIOUS CREDITOR.

SCENE—*A Paris Police Court.*

Magistrate—"A SUM OF SEVENTY LOUIS D'OR WAS FOUND UPON YOU. HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR HAVING UCH A SUM?"

Red Republican—"I WAS GOING TO MY TAILOR'S, TO SETTLE MY ACCOUNT"

their jaded steeds along the pleasant marshes which skirt the Kentish shore of the river Thames.

"The elder of the twain, who bestrode a powerful Flemish charger, was a man whose iron frame and vast proportions proved that—&c. &c. &c. &c.

"The younger traveller was a mere stripling, whose slight form, &c. &c. &c.—chesnut locks, &c. &c. &c.—smooth and downy cheek, unbronzed by the sun of Palestine, &c. &c. &c.

"The travellers rode for some time in perfect silence, which was at length broken by the deep-toned voice of the veteran warrior.

"'Ha! *ventre St. Dieu*—'gad so—my merry men all. Beshrew this splintered lance! Nay, marry, an' thou wilt—have at thee!'

"So saying, the cavalier, raising himself in his heavy demi-pique saddle, and wielding the chevron of his gauntlets, plunged the rowels of his spurs deep into the reeking flanks of his charger, and, making the animal perform a demi-volte, discharged a terrific blow at—&c. &c. &c. &c.

* * * * *

"Bending over the fallen stripling, the knight carefully undid the rivets of his banneret; and unloosing the gorge of his plated battle-axe, &c. &c. &c.—started upwards with a sudden exclamation of, &c. &c. &c. As the seeming youth, &c. &c. &c.—stood revealed, &c. &c. &c.—a page no longer, &c. &c. &c.—but the love-lorn Lanciana de Fitz-Gauntlette, the only daughter of Sir Bevis de Fitz-Gauntlette of Ratcliffe Highwaye"—&c. &c. &c.

This is the style of thing which goes down as a mediæval romance, and which, continued through three volumes, would produce a work which the *Asinæum* would probably characterize as "a brilliant novel—in James' happiest vein—and fully equal to any of his previous works."

We are, however, forgetting Rosherville: so, only stopping to observe that a fine historical scene might be introduced in the work in question, of Baron Nathan making his captives dance the Fetter Hornpipe; and lingering but for a moment to cast from the summit of the tower a glance at the "wilderness" below—a terrific waste of forest, crag, lake, and fall, of nearly half-an-acre—we wend our downward way to the banquetting-hall—a magnificent Gothic structure, from which Barry took his design for the House of Lords. Here the visitor, as he sits pleasantly pegging away at the substantial joint, may feed his eye upon the painted glories of the Gothic Hall—upon wreathed and fluted pillars, and deep orgives, and mullions, and architraves, and all the rest of it; while his mind, hopping from shield to shield and quartering to quartering, wanders away back to the picturesque mediæval times, when Baron Nathan's galleys floated on the river, and Baron Nathan himself, perched upon the topmost tower of his donjon keeps looked over the pleasant fields of Kent in the hope of descrying, and afterwards of pillaging, the pilgrims of Geoffrey Chaucer, on their way to Canterbury—a gorgeous dream of bye-gone times; which will be only interrupted by the voice of the waiter insinuating in your ear, "Now, sir, if you 're quite done with the joint."

Disgusted with this interruption, the visitor will probably wander forth into the "Pleasure Lawn"—order his glass of brandy-and-water and cigar—plant himself in a rural seat within sight of the eagle's nest, "to which he can ascend by a flight of rude steps"—a peculiarity which we have not observed as regards several eagles' nests we saw last autumn in the Alps, and which we therefore presume must have been eagles of an inferior kind—and there sip and puff alternately, regardless of the flight of time: a state of mind which, in the abstract, signifies very little, but which, as connected with the departure of the last boat up the river, he will find, when he has missed it, to be of some small importance. However, let him not grumble—the Rosherville Pier Hotel stands invitingly open, and the first boat starts next morning—at an absurdly early hour.

A word in earnest: Rosherville Gardens form a very cheap and very pleasant lounge for a summer's day.

PRIZES EXTRAORDINARY.

THE SHOWMAN is about to establish a distribution of prizes, in imitation of the system which gives industrious labourers two guineas—or, if anything, less—for the labours of an entire life. The following have been already decided upon:—

To the contributor who, in the course of five years, writes only fifteen libels—A complete set of the PUPPET-SHOW and a silver medal, with the motto,

"Satire should, like a polished razor keen," &c.

To the contributor who does not keep the printer's boy waiting more than nine hours at a time for copy—A dinner at Blackwall and a sovereign for pocket-money, besides a gold medal, with the motto, "Festina lentè."

To the contributor who has never tried to draw more than three months' salary in advance—A certificate of good conduct, with the motto, "Crescit amor nummi quantùm ipsa pecunia crescit."

To the contributor who has succeeded in getting three months' salary in advance—A check on Coutts & Co. to any amount (unsigned), with the motto, "Don't you wish you may get it?"

LUMLEY'S OFFICIALS AGAIN!

TOWARDS the close of a London season every one begins to vote everything dull; the charm of novelty is worn off, and people are absolutely dying of *ennui*. At such a period the man who steps forward to relieve the leaden monotony which reigns triumphant, deserves well of his suffering fellow-creatures, and the SHOWMAN consequently notices with unfeigned admiration the noble conduct of the box-office officials at Her Majesty's Theatre.

These great-minded individuals, knowing that "variety is charming," determined to use their knowledge in alleviating the depression of spirits under which London society is now labouring, and accordingly resolved to adopt a novel course with regard to those persons who come to them for places, and instead of giving them civility for their money, to regale them with a little abuse, and the refusal to give them the tickets they had paid for.

But, from the times of Aristides to the present day, great men have always been abused for the good they have done, and accordingly we find an individual who signs himself "M," in a letter in the *Times* of July 27, base enough to complain of Mr. Lumley's officials for having broken the monotony of his life, and roused him into a state of astonishment by offering him tickets for Tuesday instead of those for Thursday (the best night of the week be it remembered), for which he had paid. Lest, however, the public might imagine that "M" had the shadow of right on his side, it is as well to mention that the authorities, after abusing him as a blunderer, offered him a ticket for the Saturday; and because "M" chose to think that even this was not "the ticket," and declined it, he was told by Mr. Lumley's officials that he should have none at all, and moreover that he should never have any tickets again.

Only one thing can console the SHOWMAN for "M's" ingratitude: and that is, that the gentleman of the box-office are no more to be moved by it, than they were some time ago by the puny indignation of some other contemptible individual, at not obtaining a box for which he had paid £12 12*s*. No—the Opera box-office officials are and always have been consistent; and if it is true that "practice makes perfect," they must by this time have reached a degree of excellence, which few people can flatter themselves with attaining; they must be far superior to the situations they fill, and consequently the sooner they are removed the better.

NOT BAD FOR THE UNWASHED.—The Chartists say that although they object to the *means* adopted by the Whig Government, they will be very well pleased with its *end*.

THE WHITTINGTONS AGAIN.—The above ambitious individuals have come to a determination that "omnibusses are low—and street cabs deuced vulgar." The SHOWMAN advises them to patronize assiduously the superannuated corporal whom they have engaged to give them lessons in fencing. The SHOWMAN does not do this from any wish to incite them to a duel, which he knows they hold to be an immoral—and dangerous—relic of a barbarous age, but because he thinks it the only means by which they will ever be enabled to get "a good carriage of their own."

THE SHOWMAN AND FRIEND.

DIALOGUE THE SECOND.*

SCENE—*The Showman's Study. On the table the Satires of Dryden, Churchill, Chatterton, Boileau, Pope, &c., and Toddy and Regalias, &c.* TIME—*Evening.*

SHOWMAN. Now comes the hour when nature goes to rest,
Pigs to the sty and goslings to the nest,
To the dark heather flies the painted grouse,
Donkeys to sheds, but Russell to the House!
Why should this being such exception keep—
Go there to humbug when beasts go to sleep?
Why give us, when the peasant seeks his straw,
A booby's speeches and a tyrant's law?—
Draw the rich fluid from your portly butt,
And, at the same time, crack your joke and nut.

FRIEND. Night is the proper time for what is foul,
Night is the empire of the sombre owl,
At night, though lions sleep, still jackals howl!
At night, you find all cabbages exposed,
But the fair buds of fairest flowers are closed.
When darkness comes, its dreariness they shun,
And only ope to greet the rising sun.
And shall not, then, Lord John his course pursue,
Quite undisturbed by justice or by you?
From useless virtue, friend, your mind exempt,
And, for your hatred, substitute contempt.

SHOWMAN. When Bills and corn-crops both together fail,
When paupers seek for shelter in a jail,
When the Reform that Englishmen hold dear
Meets as opponents but a lie or sneer;
Cold as a corpse were he who did not hate
The worms that foul at once, and hurt the state—
As insects on the trees in Eastern clime
Hurt by their bite, and dirty with their slime.

FRIEND. But, do you think that any of this horde
(Who dare draw salaries, but not the sword)—
Think you they care one farthing for your frown,
Or, while they 're up, that love of them is down?
Do those who spurn a nation care for one?
Shrink those from torches who don't fear the sun?
If England's hatred ministers can bear,
What matter if a journal lash or spare?

SHOWMAN. Fate has wove rotten threads in each Whig woof;
List to their bray—

FRIEND. But, friend, beware their hoof!
Statesmen who owe to threatening mobs position,†
Are very strict indeed about sedition!

* DIALOGUE THE FIRST appeared in the 16th No. of the PUPPET-SHOW.
† *Vide* newspapers of 1831-32.

THE GREAT LEGITIMATE.—Mr. Webster is always puffing what he calls the "legitimate drama." He does this with so little talent, that we may safely affirm that each puff is a blow.

INSOLVENCY OF THE *Times*.—Great fears have been lately entertained for the solvency of the *Times*. This, however, is not extraordinary, for every one who reads the Irish news in that paper may discover that its accounts have been lately much overdrawn.

Q. When is a resident student at Bartholomew's Hospital not in London?
A. When he 's in beering straits.—*(From the Literary Remains of Our Discharged and Insane Contributor.)*

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—During the debate on the Army Estimates, the Secretary at War was questioned concerning the custom of the different Colonels acting as so many military Moseses, and supplying the uniforms of their respective regiments. We should say the Colonels did not gain much by this practice, unless they made considerably more out of their regiments than we can out of the explanation of the Hon. F. Maule.

MOSELEY AND TYPHUS FEVER.

DR. WILLIS MOSELEY, the advertiser on nervous diseases, has been summoned as the owner of ten houses, inhabited by poor persons, "who are living in a most filthy state in consequence of their not being provided with proper conveniences." Fever had arisen from the accumulation of filth, and the medical gentleman who examined the premises stated that, owing to their nauseous condition, it was with some difficulty and danger that he did so. We have occasionally heard of a doctor and an undertaker playing into each other's hands, but this is the first instance which we remember of the functions of poisoner and physician being united in the same person. It is unfortunate that Dr. Willis Moseley did not adopt the trade of glazier instead of the profession which he at present practises; he might then have broken windows for the sake of mending them, and would not have enjoyed the opportunity of ruining constitutions which he may be unable to repair.

AN IGNORANT LIBELLER.

"Of such Nightingales' songs beware."

THE SHOWMAN is not the sort of file that is likely to be injured by the bite of a viper; nevertheless, he objects to the attacks of reptiles upon principle, as, even when they have not the power to inflict the scratch which their venom would otherwise cause to rankle, their mere presence is repulsive. Although the impotence of the slimy creature may render the poison innocuous, it continues at the same time to disgust and defile. The SHOWMAN, for these reasons, will turn aside from his course for one instant, to crush the nasty little animal which has been lately spitting at him from the safe hiding-place which it has found in the columns of a contemptible periodical. Let us pull the creature out of its hole, and strangle it.

To drop metaphor: one Nightingale, a bookseller at Liverpool, having (owing to the intelligence of the inhabitants) very little business to transact, has been employing himself in writing letters under the signature of J. H. N., which were intended to put an end to the PUPPET-SHOW, but which merely serve to prove that J. H. N. is ignorant of English grammar, for which we pity him; that he affects an acquaintance with the Latin language, without knowing anything about it, for which we cannot excuse him; and that he is addicted to lying, for which we will expose him. Nightingale must have his wings clipped at once!

Why, then, does Nightingale quote Latin? He must not imagine that because men of education occasionally do so, that it is at all incumbent upon him to follow their example. Did Nightingale never read the fable of the frog and the bull? Again, if Nightingale must imitate his betters—which up to a certain point we admit is laudable—why make use of the very commonest of all common quotations; and, moreover, why quote it wrong? If Nightingale is so ignorant of hexameters (he can look the word out in the dictionary) as to imagine that "*Facilis descensus* EST *Averni*" (original Nightingale!) can form part of a line, he had better "*revocare gradum*" as soon as possible.

Nightingale, trying to be facetious, spells the word "rather" thus, "raather." This is not *very* witty!

Nightingale, when he went to school (if he ever did, which we scarcely believe), was not taught the use of adverbs; otherwise he would not have babbled about the SHOWMAN "writing funny." He would probably have said "funnily."

Nightingale pretends that although he understands our cuts generally, their meaning is not "obvious to the meanest capacity." This is a contradiction in itself, otherwise how is it that Nightingale can comprehend them? He enforces this absurdity by "take my word for it." Of course we would not take such a man's word for anything.

In another part of his epistle, Nightingale raves about "the *sayings* uppermost in our minds." However, poor Nightingale cannot be expected to know what the mind is!

Listen again to the voice of the Nightingale: he shall soon sing very small! "These attacks of yours were *supposed* by yourself to be *intended* to put down low, presumptuous, and blackguard persons." There's a confusion of ideas! We "call a spade, a spade;" but should we not be performing a work of supererogation in describing Nightingale by an obnoxious word of one syllable?

Nightingale, after another false Latin quotation, tells a few falsehoods relative to the sale of the PUPPET-SHOW, talks about prisons like an old *habitué*, and concludes by an allusion to the congenial pot-house.

HYDE PARK OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

PEOPLE are aware that by a process technically known as "chemical combination," certain bodies which, when separate, are most harmless, become, when united, most deadly or most dangerous.

But although this fact is generally known in relation to the physical world, how few have ever thought of its holding good in regard to the moral one! Yet such is the case. With his usual frankness, the SHOWMAN, however, owns that this had escaped even his penetrating glance, until his attention was drawn to it by the Royal Ranger of Hyde Park. Which shows, among other things, that a man, who is most intelligent on most matters, may be very stupid in one particular thing, and—*vice versâ*.

A certain number of Free Watermen had the privilege accorded them, some time ago, of letting out boats upon that large puddle yclept the Serpentine.

These ignorant persons had already congratulated themselves on the harvest they were likely to make from the holiday folk who visit the park on a Sunday, when they were informed that they must not think of such a thing, all aquatic amusement on that day being strictly prohibited, as a heinous crime.

The Free Watermen were rather at a loss to understand the grounds of this prohibition, when that Faraday of Morals, the ranger, stepped in to their assistance.

This pioneer of psychological science informed them that he had certainly heard that rowing was allowed upon the Thames on the Sunday—that, in fact, more galleys, wherries, funnies, skiffs, and out-riggers were to be seen pulling about in all directions on that day than on any other; but that this only confirmed him all the more in his determination to allow nothing of the kind on the Serpentine.

That he did this on the principle of chemical combination applied to morals.

That as sulphur, harmless, comparatively speaking, when compounded with treacle, was deadly when combined with saltpetre and one or two other ingredients, so "pulling," which in conjunction with the Thames was merely a popular amusement productive of more or less perspiration, according to the constitution and exertion of the puller, was in conjunction with the waters—he meant the mud—of the Serpentine, a mortal sin, making the eighth in the catalogue of those known more especially as deadly.

As may be easily imagined the astonishment of the Free Watermen was literally "stunning." That they have not been able to refute the learned ranger's arguments is very plain, as the anti-Sunday boating regulations are still in vigour.

How lucky that the park is under the rule of a man of science. Had not this been the case, the noble equestrians who canter along Rotten Row, or their amiable and aristocratic wives and little ones who roll along the opposite bank in their luxurious carriages, would be liable to have their feelings shocked at seeing the sanctity of the Lord's day desecrated by a number of nautical plebeians.

It is true that the horses and equipages of the said noble equestrians, and their aristocratic wives and little ones, occupy a host of grooms, coachmen, stable-boys, and powdered and large-calved flunkeys on the day in question; but neither this fact, nor that of the dinners afterwards, employing an equal number of cooks and cooklings, can be looked upon as any crime—these are matters which come under a completely different "combination."

SPREAD OF REVOLUTIONARY OPINIONS.—The last result and best proof of the dissemination of dangerous principles among the lower orders was exhibited at the Putney Regatta, when a boatman remarked at nightfall, on seeing a steamer,

"It is the hour, when from the *bows*
The bosky stoker's voice is heard!"

He was going on to parody *Parisina*, but one of the bystanders gave him in charge of a policeman.

THE CHARTIST COURT CIRCULAR.

His Majesty King Earnest Jones picked oakum yesterday for two hours in the forenoon.

His Majesty subsequently had an interview with his jailor.

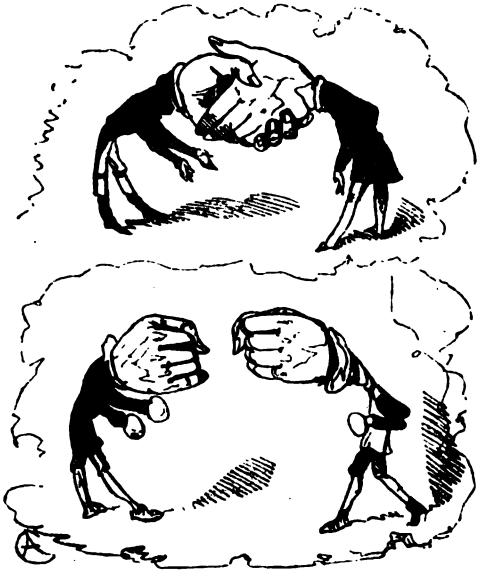
Their Royal Highnesses Fussell and Looney took tread-mill exercise in the afternoon.

His Highness Fussell, at a later period of the day, was invested with the national prison uniform.

We are informed that His Majesty Jones has graciously postponed the revolution for the present.

QUITE ANOTHER THING.—A correspondent has written to ask us if we can give him any information as to Mr. Hudson's crest, &c. We cannot, although we have no doubt that the ancestors of the aristocratic plebeian were always accustomed to bare arms.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE RASCALS.—In case of an insurrection breaking out in Ireland before the apprehension of the leading traitors, these will in all probability be sabred. This, however, will be no very great change, for they have been (sordid) sworded during their whole lives.



UNION AND REPEAL.

THE LEADEN KING.—We hear that young Hudson is very desirous of entering the army. His father is at present hesitating whether to make him a stoker or a dragoon; and, in the meanwhile, attempts to console his rebellious offspring, by telling him in the most unfeeling manner that, whether or not he obtains a commission, he will always be "a son of ma's (Mars)!"

NOTICE.

Numerous Correspondents having complained of the difficulty experienced in obtaining copies of the PUPPET-SHOW *in various parts of the country, the Proprietors have determined on the publication of a* **Stamped Edition,** *to go free by post, and which may be procured by order of any London Newsman. Parties preferring it will be regularly supplied with the Stamped Edition of the* PUPPET-SHOW, *carefully enclosed in a wrapper, direct from the Office,* 11 *Wellington Street North, Strand, on the following terms:—*

Subscription for One Quarter, or 13 Numbers . 2s. 6d.
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NUMBER 22. LONDON, AUGUST 12, 1848. ONE PENNY.

MORE PATRIOTS. — How strange it is, that, although the Irish members now in London are always abusing each other, one never hears of their being "called out," except by Mr. Hemp at the Sheriff's Court!

A COMPARISON. — The quarrelsome Irish rebels are like their diseased potatoes—they won't "agree" with you.

DESPAIR.—We have heard from a person present at the engagement on Boulagh Common, that the reason Smith O'Brien gave for retreating into the Widow Cormack's cabbage-garden, after being, as he terms it, so ruthlessly betrayed by his followers, was that he thought it the only place left in which he was at all likely to find a heart.

PUN BY A GOOSE OF A TAILOR.—Our tailor remarks on the change of dress in the army, that Government is perpetually harassing its soldiers by an attack on their "skirts!"

AN EXPRESSIVE DEFINITION. — After the defeat at Boulagh Common, the Young Irelanders attempted to correspond by bonfires lighted on the neighbouring hills: the troops, however, soon interfered, and put out the said fires. This may not improperly be termed a most *signal* defeat.

WEBSTER, THE GREAT LEGITIMIST.

PARLIAMENTARY PANIC.— It is almost impossible to de scribe the consternation in which the Honourable Membe were lately thrown by M Bright's announcement that t mere offering a sandwich or glass of ale to a hungry elec amounted to a case of bribe and corruption. So frighten indeed were several lest the f of their having often given d ner-parties, at which some their constituents, who were a their personal friends, had be present, that they resolved renounce such a course for t future, and not even to a them to partake of the simpl dish, lest by so doing they the selves might be dished as w as the viands.

A MAN OF SENSE.—Char Albert has sent to borrow a tr of Artillery from the Fre Government: a proof that prefers the *cannon aid* of French to the cannonade of Austrians.

RUSSELL'S LAST SONG ST. STEPHEN'S—"There' good time coming boys"—(*as* the end of the Session.

PHILOLOGICAL. — An friend of ours has been study languages for some years w the view of being ultima enabled to *translate* a Bisho

OUR DISTORTING GLASS. No. VI.

THERE was a time when people looked upon Pythagoras as a clever impostor, and regarded his theory of the transmigration of souls merely as an ingenious fiction. Mr. Webster, however, has done much to stagger people's incredulity. Nothing—but their conviction of the absurdity of such an idea—deters them from believing that the soul of Shakspere at present animates the body of Mr. Webster. The truth of the matter appears to be, that Mr. Webster has advocated Shakspere's cause so long that he has at last completely identified himself with him; so much so, indeed, as to be often puzzled to separate his own interests from those of the bard, which accounts for the well known fact of his continually confounding the two. But although Mr. Webster is an uncompromising worshipper of Legitimacy, he entertains no narrow-minded prejudices on the subject—a fact sufficiently proved by his introducing an Ascending Orchestra, Ethiopian Serenaders, and the Hungarian Singers, a British public. Some idea of Mr. Webster's ent siasm for High Art may be formed from his declarati that he actually seeks the crown of martyrdom in defence, and that since all foreign competition been unable to ruin the Haymarket and Adelphi, has come to a determination to "do up" both thea himself.

A SELF-EVIDENT PROPOSITION.—Young Martin a his other comrades of the *Garde Mobile* who were decora for pre-eminently distinguishing themselves in the rev tion of June, have been admitted pupils of the milit school of *St. Cyr:* in due course of time they will rec commissions in the army. By holding out such a rec pense as this, the Government may be pretty sure of "*sincere*" co-operation of the gallant *Mobiles*.

SAFE PREDICTIONS.

I.

WHENE'ER you hear a patriot spouting
'Gainst parties all,
Of vice assured, of virtue doubting
In great or small—
Worth, talent, honesty denying,
Except in self;
He may be had for timely buying—
His price is pelf.

II.

Whene'er you see a widow weeping
In public sight,
And still in flagrant notice keeping
Her doleful plight,
Aye talking of her dear departed;
One truth is plain,
She will not languish broken-hearted—
She'll wed again.

III.

Whene'er a rich man vows to lend you
All he has got,
Well knowing while he would befriend you,
You need him not—
You may be sure, should Fate capricious
Deny you bread,
Your rich, good friend, grown avaricious,
Will "cut you dead."

IV.

Whene'er a statesman, Whig or Tory,
Talks loud and long
Of serving country for the glory
With yearning strong;
Needing no Sovereign to regard him;
Look in his face,
And be convinced that to reward him
He wants a place.

V.

Whene'er an author shows you meekly
His last new book,
And says all critics, daily, weekly,
Its faults o'erlook,
And praise it far beyond its merits—
On this decide,
He ranks himself with choicest spirits,
And bursts with pride.

VI.

Whene'er a critic o'er his duties
Still snarls and snaps;
Affirms all faults, and speaks of beauties
With cold "perhaps,"
Hunts for small flaws with keenest pleasure
From day to day—
The man 's a donkey; take his measure;
And let him bray.

VII.

Whene'er a woman vows to love you
In Fortune's spite;
Makes protestations that would prove you
Her soul's delight;
Swears that no other love shall win her,
By passion stirred—
Believe her not: the charming sinner
Will break her word.

VIII.

When'er you let a head-ache teach you
More than your mind,
That love of drink might well impeach you
Of passions blind:
When only prompt to hear th' adviser
When rack'd and ill,
Trust not the thought that you are wiser—
You 'll guzzle still.

IX.

And if this rhymer in his lyric
Should seem, in sooth,
With voice ill-natured and satiric
To doubt of truth—
Believe him not; he owns her splendour,
Void of offence,
And merely struggles to defend her
From false pretence.

CIVIC WIT.—The Lord Mayor facetiously remarked in the case of the "Fire-King," that there was no occasion for his interference, as the crew would in all probability get a blowing-up without it.

A "SUSPENSION OF HOSTILITIES"—Hanging Meagher and Smith O'Brien.

A COUNTER IRRITANT—An impertinent shop-man.

EMIGRATION.

THAT something must be done to relieve the rapidly increasing distress of this country, is very certain. A great many plans have been proposed; but none seem to the SHOWMAN so desirable as that of emigration under the auspices of Government.

But emigration, like everything else, costs money, and we all know that Government, after paying all its friends and supporters their various pensions and sinecures, has not even sufficient left to cover the expenditure.

Certain hot-headed philanthropists reply that emigration would cost very little—almost next to nothing—if some of our ships of war were used to transport the emigrants. Aye—if they were; but they are not, and never will be.

The supporters of this proposition say that it would be much preferable to employ our men-of-war in this way than to let them lie, and rot, for years together in the harbour at Malta and elsewhere.

These enthusiasts forget that our Jack Tars are as susceptible of tender emotions as any other class of Englishmen, and that on their arrival at a foreign station they lose no time in forming tender connections which it would be cruel in Government to break off. Besides, our officers enter the navy to gain glory by fighting for their country—and ultimately their half-pay—and not to save a parcel of poor starving peasants from death.

But leaving these reasons out of consideration altogether, we must tell these same philanthropists that were they not totally ignorant of naval matters, they would have known at once that their project was ridiculous. Had we sent out all our superfluous men-of-war to Canada or the Cape, where should we have found one to cruise about the Channel for Louis Philippe, or another to bring over Mehemet Ali, or a third to fetch King Leopold, or a fourth to go to Ostende for the Prince of Prussia, or a fifth to wait at Naples, as it has been doing for some time, in order to serve as a sort of warehouse for the royal furniture, or a stable for the royal horses?

As for the example of America sending *her* ships-of-war to alleviate the misery of a suffering people, we should indeed expect to see Anarchy trampling on our glorious Constitution—and should deserve it should do so, were we to take example by a set of levelling democrats. Thank goodness, we are not so lost to shame as all that!

We must choose between princes and emigrants: our choice cannot be doubtful even for a single moment.

NO SUCH LUCK.

'It is expected that the mortality will be very great at St. Stephen's on the breaking out of the cholera, as it is known to be most fatal in corrupt places.

CHURCH PREFERMENTS.

Real turtle to mock, a bishoprick to a deanery, fine linen to sackcloth, and sucking pigs to sucking proselytes.

TOO BAD.

An ill-natured comic writer, on hearing that Government had presented Mr. A' Beckett with a Commission, observed that it was a Commission of Lunacy!

POLITICAL RUMOUR.

It is said that if Lord John Russell experiences much opposition before the close of the session, he is quite prepared to meet it with resignation.

EPIGRAM ON A "NOBLE" AUTHOR.

When we peruse thy notes on Pepys' book,
We cannot *brook* thy *bray*, my Lord Braybrooke!

CHANGES IN THE REBEL ARMY DRESS.

SMITH O'BRIEN—A fool's cap with bells; coat without any "tail;" white feather, and green over-alls.

THE ONLY REASONABLE EXPLANATION.

Feargus O'Connor is always prating about the common *weal*, of which he imagines himself to be the centre. What is the centre of a wheel but a *knave?*

THE KING OF MUNSTER.

Smith O'Brien brags that he is a stranger to fear. Nevertheless, we hope very soon to hear of his "apprehension."

A GOOD REASON.

Every one is wondering why the police carry about a weapon strongly resembling a saw. It is of course to show that they are armed to the teeth.

WHEN TAKEN TO BE WELL SHAKEN.

The newspaper editors seem to have mistaken Smith O'Brien for a dose of medicine: they have been taking him regularly three times a day.

A GOOD GUESS.

The Emperor of Austria refuses to leave Innspruck under the pretext of ill-health. We believe his only indisposition is one to return to Vienna.

THE TRUE INTERPRETATION.

An Italian newspaper, wishing to defend the conduct of the King of Naples, says, among other things, "His Majesty is always the first in performing a good deed." Right—supposing *performing* to be used in the same sense as *acting*.

SUPERFLUOUS.

It was some time since reported that Smith O'Brien had hidden in the collieries. He might have saved himself the trouble, as Government would in any case have hauled him over the coals.

SELF-VICTIMIZED.

If there be any truth in reports of Dr. Southwood Smith and others, as to the fatal influence of noxious stenches, the Young Irelanders will all perish from the cholera, for they are at present in the very worst odour.

EDITOR'S BOX.

THE SHOWMAN has often wondered at managers' impudence in calling their theatres places of amusement, when, what with bad pieces and bad actors, they ought rather to be entitled places of no amusement at all. Formerly theatres used to be famous for enlivening and cheering-up the spectators, but at present any one who is foolish enough to frequent them is reduced to such a low state that, though he may have been the most merry dog in existence, he soon becomes a helpless hypochondriac: he would as soon think of flying as of cracking a joke; the only thing he is at all likely to crack is his jaw—from excessive yawning.

There is, however, no rule without an exception, and the Surrey Theatre is a new proof of the truth of this assertion. Acting on the proverb, *Aide-toi et Dieu t'aidera*, Mr. Kerschner, the spirited lessee, instead of prating about foreign competition, brings out new and interesting pieces, and old and well-known favourites. For some time past Mr. Buckstone and Mrs. Fitzwilliam have been delighting a Surrey audience, and certainly Mr. Kerschner must be highly gratified at the result. The SHOWMAN advises any person desirous of improving himself in drawing, to apply instantly for instruction to Mr. Buckstone, for if the latter can only draw all other objects as well as he draws houses, he surpasses even Raffaelle himself. A natural consequence of this is that the public treat the Surrey as a mother does her spoilt child, and cram it to an extent which is hardly credible. By the way, speaking of children, any one who visits this theatre must have been struck by the number of children—mostly infants in arms—always to be seen there. This is an extraordinary fact which the SHOWMAN purposes investigating at the first opportunity.

Another fact, quite as striking in the present day, is, that Mr. Kerschner gives us Lyceum pieces and Lyceum actors at Surrey prices, and does not imitate the example of Mr. Webster, who takes three shillings for a piece viewed from the pit of the Haymarket, which piece only costs two when beheld from that of the Adelphi.

CONUNDRUM.

Q. Why is a desert like the expenditure of Royalty?

A. Because it is a boundless waste.

POLITICAL EXAMINATIONS.

IN order that the honourable gentlemen of St. Stephen's may perform their duties in a more creditable and statesmanlike manner, the SHOWMAN undertakes for the future to give the junior members instruction in the science of political economy. Were he at present to propound the simplest questions to them, he would most probably receive such answers as the following:—

Q. What do you understand by the balance of trade?

A. The length of time you can stand on your tradesman's books without tumbling.

Q. Define the meaning of the word "capital."

A. Anything good, viz., whitebait, turtle, or a front seat at the Opera.

Q. What are your ideas of "fixed capital?"

A. If I were in a lucrative government situation I should consider myself an excellent definition.

Q. What is labour?

A. Sitting on a railway committee, or listening to the speeches of Chisholm Anstey.

Q. Is man of a progressive nature?

A. Occasionally; but more particularly when involved in debt.

Q. Why so?

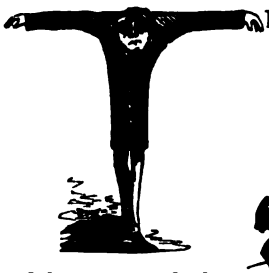
A. Because he's off to Boulogne.

Q. Is absenteeism injurious to a country as regards the spending of income?

A. Shouldn't wonder! but what's the odds as long as you're happy?

THE GARDENS OF ENGLAND.

No. II.—VAUXHALL.



THE public gardens of England afford a vast field to the comic writer, from which he may dig up ideas, glean information, and gather all sorts of fruit. A few weeks since, attracted by the announcement of a masquerade and the prospect of a free admission, we went to Vauxhall in a cab and a state of great excitement, and were so struck by several peculiarities which presented themselves, that we immediately determined to afford the public an opportunity of taking part in our feelings.

PASSING HIM THROUGH.

STRIKING HIM AT FIRST SIGHT.

The principal feature in the entertainments at Vauxhall is Juba: as such at least he is put forth—or rather put first—by the proprietors. Out of compliment to Dickens, this extraordinary nigger is called "Boz's Juba," in consequence, we believe, of the popular writer having said a good word for him in his *American Notes:* on this principle we could not mention the Industrious Fleas as being clever without having those talented little animals puffed all over London as being under the overwhelming patronage of the SHOWMAN. Juba's talent consists in walking round the stage with an air of satisfaction and with his toes turned in; in jumping backwards in a less graceful manner than we should have conceived possible; and in shaking his thighs like a man afflicted with palsy. He makes a terrible clatter with his feet, not owing so much to activity on his part as to stupidity on the part of his boot-maker, who has furnished him with a pair of clumsy Wellingtons sufficiently large for the feet and legs of all the Ethiopians in London: besides this, he sometimes moves about the stage on his knees, as if he was praying to be endowed with intelligence, and had unlimited credit with his tailor. As a last resource, he falls back on the floor.

The Circus affords plenty of amusement. For our own part, our fondness for this species of entertainment nearly proved fatal to us. We remember very little about

the circumstance, but our artist, who was present, has taken what he calls a faithful representation of the occurrence. Nevertheless, we do not believe that he has done us justice as far as the portrait is concerned. During the unlucky catastrophe all we saw was sawdust, and, as it is a sore subject, we propose soaring at once to another.

On recovering our senses, we tossed up with a couple of real friends as to which should go to hear Sharpe's riddles. Fate was adverse to us, and we lost.

THE ODD MAN OUT.

The concert at Vauxhall is like Evans's without the Welsh-rabbits. Besides Mr. Sharpe's conundrums, there are many enigmas connected with the musical entertainments which it is quite impossible to explain. To begin with, why is there any concert at all, when no one seems to like it? Then, again, why do not the singers clear their throats before they commence singing? or, if their "organs" are naturally husky, why are they allowed to sing at all? However, let us return to Sharpe, who is always amusing and perfectly lively, in spite of the heavy disadvantages, in the shape of his fellow-singers, which he has to labour under.

Mr. Sharpe's riddles belong principally to the old Joe Miller school, but are occasionally redeemed by something in the PUPPET-SHOW style. The following, which are fair average specimens of the class, were made by a young man who accompanied us home from the gardens. We publish them in consideration of his having paid for the cab:—

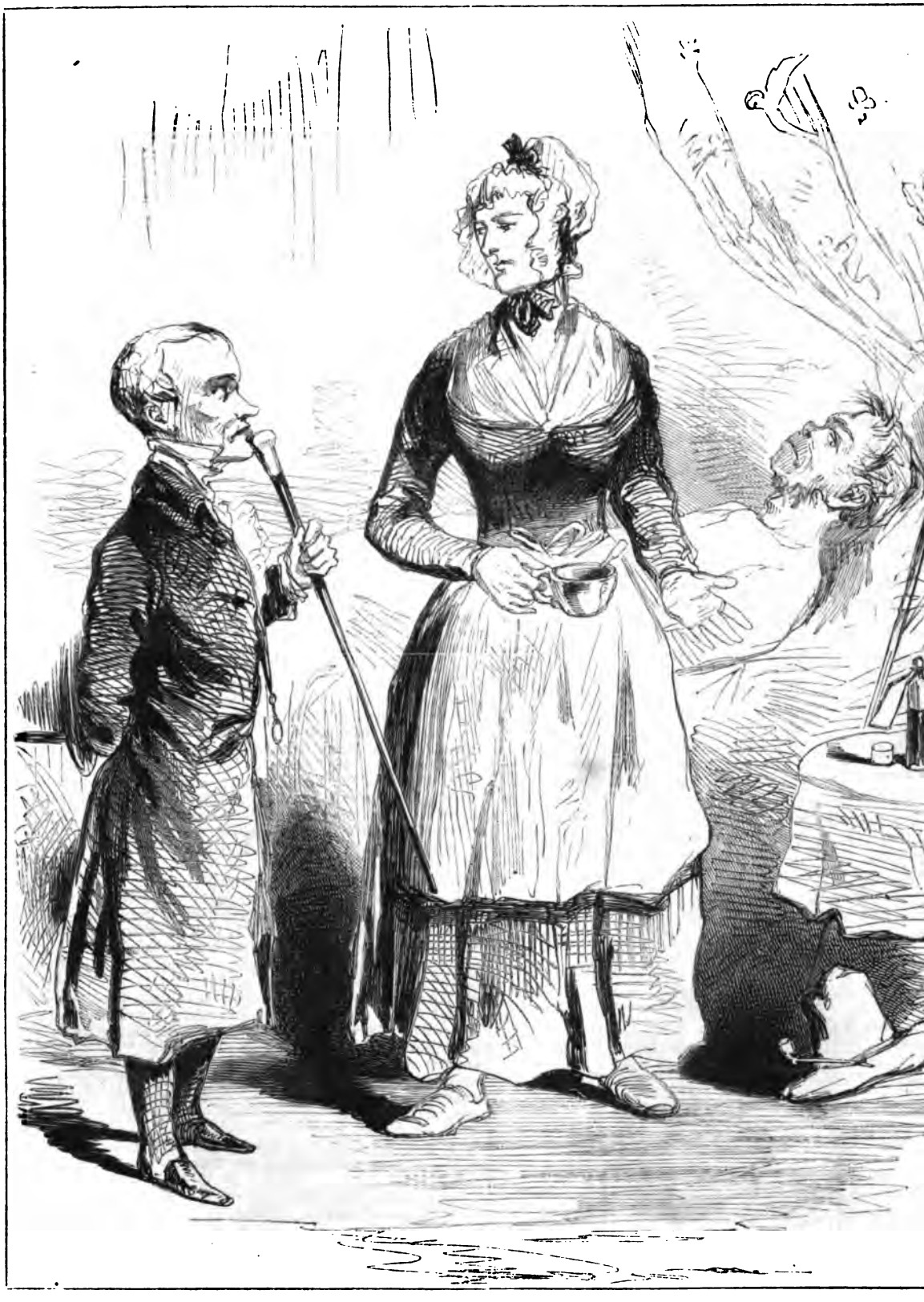
Q. What oil ought always to be used in railway lamps?
A. Train oil.
Q. Why does a railway clerk cut a hole in your return-ticket?
A. To let you pass through.
Q. Why ought Mr. S. Jones to be capable of talking chaff for ever?
A. Because his voice is always husky.

We intend getting up a subscription in order to present Mr. Sharpe with a copy of *Lempriere's Classical Dictionary:* he will then understand that there is no more reason in speaking of *Hector*, Agrippa, and Cæsar, as "three Roman generals," than in describing the late imaginary rebellion in the sister isle as "a French revolution in Ireland," as we actually heard it called.

Our Discharged Contributor was present during the dancing, and amused himself by tripping-up the *danseuses* at every opportunity, for the sake of exclaiming "pick up the bits," which, in his state of mind, he considered witty. When again we saw him he was labouring (like a horse—or, rather, an ass) under the influence of champagne. We understood that he was imitating Juba, and he behaved so ridiculously that he may actually be said to have surpassed him. When we addressed him (for, in spite of his conduct, we are still on speaking terms with him), he assured us that if he were not Our Discharged Contributor he would be Juba!

We have very little to say about the fireworks or the ten thousand million additional lamps, as these subjects have been rendered vulgar by the common-place remarks of the illiterate buffoons of the *Punch* office. We may, however, be allowed to borrow a simile—the only thing which we ever do borrow—from Tom Paine and the pyrotechnic display, which will enable us to express our opinion of those estimable young men who are tempted to "stand"

A MARVELLOUS CURE.



Nurse Clarendon—"All of a sudden, Sir, he broke out, rash like, all over, and went o[illegible] a shocking manner—it was quite awful to hear him. He said he'd murder me, and you, I don't know who else; but he's been much better since I put on the Strait-Jacket, as [illegible] told me."

Doctor Russell—"Ah! I knew that would quiet him."

suppers, and the jokes of their unfeeling friends, by every girl who can dance without stumbling and beg without shame: of these it may be truly said, that they "go up like rockets (to the supper-room), and come down (with the money) like sticks." We cannot condescend to criticise mere eatables, which sometimes cannot be devoured, nor drinkables, which it may be impossible to swallow. We can, however, state as a general rule, that the chickens are tender, and the champagne tolerable. The prices of provisions vary according to the fancy of the waiter and the stand-no-nonsense propensities of the visitor. It is quite certain that the attendants do not consider themselves bound to demand the same sums from the quiet and sober comic writer as from the reckless and dissipated plebeian.

The dancing at Vauxhall is, of course, the principal attraction on a masquerade night, but even on other evenings it is the principal inducement to many of the *habitués*, some few of whom have attained such a proficiency in the art of waltzing as to be capable of performing their gyrations down the middle of Fleet Street, without the smallest likelihood of being grazed by an omnibus wheel, or upset by a mud cart. The orchestra is not quite so good as it might be made by a little attention from the conductor; at present it plays the polkas too slowly, although we must admit that it makes up for this by the too great rapidity with which the waltzes are executed.

Strong excitement generally commences to show itself before the fourteenth quadrille. The first stage is that in which the sufferer attempts to dance the polka to waltz music: when he endeavours to waltz to the air of a polka, his case may be looked upon as a confirmed one. Providence and the original proprietors appear to have planted a number of trees in the middle of the platform on which dancing takes place; these trees would be perfectly bootless, were it not that they serve as finishers to the elevated devotees of Terpsichore, who, after a certain period, fly towards them as the moth does to the candle. The effect can be more pleasantly conceived than experienced.

A BOOTLESS TREE.

The last object we saw in the Gardens—and a miserable object he appeared—was our Discharged Contributor going to sleep, with his head in a punch-bowl, after having quarrelled with the waiter about a penny-farthing, and made a ridiculous and contemptible joke about "splitting a hare," which he had for supper, and was unable to pay for.

THE LAST MAN.

ODIOUS REMARK.—Considering the length of the resent session, no Englishman need complain of being kept on "short Commons!"

THE CLASSICAL MANIA AGAIN.

THE SHOWMAN had occasion, of late, to comment on the number of instances in which gentlemen resort to "foreign lines," instead of the native ones which are suited to our language. This investment decidedly injures our native interest. THE SHOWMAN has had forwarded to him a poem in Sapphics and Adonics—obviously imitated from Canning—which he inserts, warning the author, however, that he cannot admit any of the same sort after this.

TO THE KING OF MUNSTER.

Poor King of Munster, whether are you going?
Hid in the grass, or weeping by the hay-cock,
Where are your subjects,—vanquished by their beer, or
By the policemen?

Think you it were not better you had lived still,
Dull, but yet safe, in famous Dublin city?
Better the smoke of threepenny Havannahs
Than of the musket.

Better to sport your figure in the "Phœnix,"
Than 'fore a "park" of terrible artillery;
Better the balls that roll on a green table,
Than thirty-pounders!

OPERA UPROAR.

M. *versus* L.

LAST week we did ourselves the pleasure of calling attention to a letter relating to the (mis)management of the box-office of Her Majesty's Theatre, and which showed that a Mr. M. had purchased two tickets for a Thursday; that, on sending for them, it was asserted they were for a Tuesday, the messenger being, at the same time, insulted; and that, on going himself to the theatre, he was told that they were for a Saturday, that he was talking nonsense, that he should have no further information on the subject, and that he might think himself lucky *to get his tickets at all.* We agree with the impudent man who made the last observation. We should think ourselves "very lucky" if, after paying a dishonest tradesman for certain articles, we could afterwards manage to get half of them supplied; but we are, nevertheless, astounded at the official's unblushing audacity in openly informing Mr. M. of the kind of person with whom he had to deal! Mr. M. subsequently ventured to complain to higher authorities ("high," in this case, meaning "corrupt," as when applied to venison, &c.), and was informed that he had been "only too well treated." What, then, must be the treatment vouchsafed to other persons? Mr. Lumley's man says that the conduct pursued towards Mr. M. is nothing compared to that which other persons receive, just as Lady Mary Wortley Montague exclaimed, upon being informed that her hands were dirty, "Oh, that's nothing; you should only see my feet!"

Since the publication of Mr. M.'s letter, some one, under the signature of L., and who, we believe, is Lumley, has written to the *Times*—not to contradict any one of the facts adduced against the box-office people, either as regards their insolence, their threats, their prevarication, or their fraud—but simply to say that Jenny Lind is very attractive, and that "dukes and ducal *douceurs* compete for favour against dancing masters and drysalters, although dry of *douceurs*." (Attend to the astoundingly absurd and asinine alliteration!) Mr. Lumley (we think L. stands for Lumley) goes on to state, that "titled heads of families must, if they would retain any reputation in the country, have heard Jenny Lind before leaving town;" and then indulges in some twaddle about "enthusiastic amateurs who come per rail three or four hundred miles to be enwrapped in unrivalled," &c., and (he does not add this) will probably be insulted, bullied, and cheated, and then told that they, in their turns, are very lucky if they get any tickets at all.

It is worthy of note that Lumley's letter (facetiously called a "reply") was not inserted in the *Times* as an "[Advertisement]"!!!

A SAPIENT CRITIC.—A writer in some journal says, that as "ninety-six rehearsals of the *Huguenots* were really required in Paris," *therefore* "it is a gross insult to the illustrious Meyerbeer to produce this stupendous work (at Covent Garden) with only one." As nothing could excel the manner in which the *Huguenots* was performed at the Royal Italian Opera, we cannot understand the force of the grumbling gentleman's argument. We suppose that the feeling of injustice is akin to that which he must have felt at school when it "really required" ninety-six repetitions to impress upon his memory a fact which another boy would have remembered by means of one.

BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—After all, the *Poses Plastiques* cannot be very popular in London: for it must be admitted that in every case they are *barely* tolerated.

RATHER WEAK.—An ill-informed correspondent tells us that the first man who "came out strong" was Achilles upon being pulled out of the river Styx.

Q. How would a young man look when asked to carve a goose for the first time?

A. As if he could'nt *help* it.

YOUNG ENGLAND AND GRETNA GREEN.

MR. SHOWMAN,

"Most epic poets plunge in *medias res*,"

and so shall I—though, like Albert Smith,

"I 'm not a poet,
And I know it."

Now I have told you what I am not, I will inform you what I am.

I am, at this present moment, confoundedly savage. I am, besides, in my twenty-third year, in Brighton, and intending to come to town in a few days.

So much for my moral character. Now for the cause of my writing.

Seldom reading any paper save the PUPPET-SHOW and *Bell's Life*, it was by mere chance that I saw that some one or other—I don't recollect his name—never do recollect names; it's slow, and reduces man to the level of a commercial directory—that some one or other has introduced a measure into Parliament, which will, among other things, do away with marriages at Gretna Green.

Now, this is what I call coming it rather too strong. I'm not factiously inclined. I was enrolled as a special, and walked without a murmur up and down the streets of the great metropolis as indefatigably as a maid-of-all-work in search of a place. I never attended any meeting against the so-called "gagging bill," nor deprecated the suspension of the *habeas corpus;* but there is a limit to everything, and I therefore say to Ministers, beware, and respect the liberties of the subject—under consideration.

On coming of age, I had ten thousand pounds—ten thousand bright, yellow, little canaries, as I may classically term them; but, being naturally of a kind disposition, I immediately set about giving the poor captives their liberty. How they flew in all directions! In short, I've very few left. This, however, did not make me uneasy. I had still enough to carry me on for fourteen months longer, and then I was to elope with an heiress—a perfect angel—with three thousand a-year—who'll be one-and-twenty next October twelvemonth, when suddenly all hopes of procuring myself, by my exertions, an honourable independence are blighted by this nefarious project of prohibiting all marriages at Gretna.

I have spoken to several of my acquaintance who had views similar to my own, and I can assure you there is but one feeling on the matter—a feeling of virtuous indignation and deep-rooted contempt for the man who would thus deprive us of one of our dearest rights. Now, Mr. SHOWMAN, what I want you to do is to prevent the passing of this nefarious measure, or at all events to prevail on Government to grant some indemnification to those gentlemen who are injured by it. Did I know that elopement would be abolished when I chalked out my plans? Certainly not; and therefore Government is as much bound to indemnify me for the loss I shall sustain, as it was to indemnify the planters for the emancipation of their negroes. At any rate, if Government will give us no indemnification, it could at least suspend the working of the Act until all matches at present agreed on shall have taken place.

In all this, you see, I say nothing of my feelings. I leave them out of the question altogether.

I still hope that I shall never live to see the day when, to parody Goldsmith's famous line—

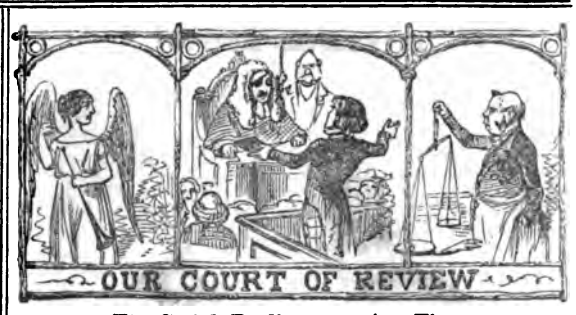
"The blacksmith's occupation 's gone;"

but, if I do, I am very sure I shall take such measures, with other injured individuals like myself, as will make ministers bitterly repent having infringed upon the freedom of Englishmen,

I remain yours ever,

A VICTIM.

I can't enclose my "pasteboard," because, writing this at the reading-rooms where I saw the paper, I have got none about me; but I subjoin my name and address. If ever you like to drop in upon me, I shall be happy to do the civil.



The Social Parliament. Act First.

THIS is an "act" of the member for Cockaigne, intended to show the defective state of society, but showing nothing but the defective state of the author's understanding. There is the same old stuff about Evening Parties, which he had long used up before he became the "Discharged Contributor" of *Punch*. However, though old, in bad taste, and evincing no literary knowledge, it is not without a certain smartness, which will sustain the author's reputation as the *buffo* of the middle classes. The SHOWMAN, however, confidently predicts that this "act," like most of its prototypes of St. Stephen's, will eventually be circulated by that class of tradesmen represented by the pleasant-looking individual in the right-hand compartment of "Our Court of Review."

ANSWERING AN IMPERTINENT QUESTION.

Curious Correspondent. How does a ghost get in at a door?

Ourselves (in disgust). By a skeleton-key, we suppose!

A BARBARIAN.—Mr. Webster has a great antipathy to the performances of foreign singers on the English stage. We wonder whether he has sufficient bad taste to object to the *appearance* of Anna Thillon.

A SENSIBLE REASON.—One of our contributors has declined sending in any "jokes" (as he calls them) for the present number, because he feels that he is "at his wit's end."

A HINT.—We have had an expedition to the North Pole, an expedition to China, an expedition to Africa; in fact, expeditions are quite the rage. Why will not the judges, together with the authorities at Somerset House and the other public offices, follow the prevailing fashion, and also patronise a little expedition?

THE INVISIBLE STATUE.—Many absurd complaints have been made by ignorant busybodies about the regularity of Trafalgar Square being destroyed by the empty state of one of the pedestals. The SHOWMAN begs to inform these human moles, that the pedestal is purposely left in its present condition. At a meeting convened for the purpose of erecting on the pedestal in question a monument in honour of a certain high and mighty individual, the SHOWMAN, impressed with feelings of the deepest respect and the most rigid economy, proposed that Nothing should be put upon it, as being the most exact possible representation of the noble and distinguished personage aforesaid. The proposition was carried unanimously, and the likeness has been pronounced by competent judges to be most striking.

FRIGHTFUL ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE SHOWMAN.

SOME demon has had the satisfaction of torturing us for several days, by means of a postage stamp and an awful conundrum, which we subjoin, in order to get its weight off our minds.

Q. Why is Prince Albert incapable of everything?

A. Because he is a *not-able* person.

We have not appended any of the usual marks of admiration to this wicked joke, as we felt the impossibility of giving a sufficient number of them. We think there is only one person living who would have dared to send us the above. The D. C. had better beware! "If from the profoundest contempt we should ever rise into anger, he will soon find," &c., &c.

INTERESTED MOTIVES.

Policeman.—"If you'll give me your address, Sir, I'll assist you home."

Old Gent (sarcastically).—"Oh no, thank you, Mr. Bluebottle; you'd only be disappointed when you get there. I don't keep a cook, Sir, and I finished the cold meat to-day for dinner."

A Vulgar Error.—People are in the habit of supposing that the difference between a living and a dumb waiter is that while the former can fetch anything, the latter can fetch nothing. This is a mistake. The other day we ourselves saw a dumb waiter, which was knocked down at a sale, fetch £2 4*s.* 6*d.*

REGRET.—A FRAGMENT.

Scene—*Sir George Spread's dining-room. The ladies have just retired. Sir G. Spread, Captain Holster, and several other gentlemen, are seated round the table at their wine.*

Captain Holster. . . . Now, Spread, my boy, that the—aw—aw—women are gone—what on earth did your—what d' ye call him—butler, Napkin, mean by—aw—aw—coming and fetching you out with such a terrified look—as we were going to sit down to dinner?

Sir G. Spread. Why, the fact is—Sir William Prosy—you know Prosy—the Member for Bribebridge?

Captain Holster. Aw—yes—I often dine at his house—he's got a—aw—aw—confounded pretty wife.

Sir G. Spread. He had gone into my study there, before you came in, to refer to some Parliamentary Reports, when, as Napkin informs me, on turning to enter this room he fell down in a fit of apoplexy.

Captain Holster. Horrid! It's lucky the ladies did not guess the reason of you're being called away—because—aw—aw—it would have spoiled their dinners.

Sir G. Spread. I found poor Prosy lying on the floor, bleeding profusely. He was much cut about the temples, having fallen among the champagne bottles which had been temporarily placed there ——

Captain Holster. Aw—that accounts—I heard something go on pop—pop-ing at a tremendous rate. I thought it was Napkin making pineapple punch ——

Sir G. Spread. I knelt down and tried to raise him; but life was already extinct.

Captain Holster. Aw—aw—poor fellow—aw—aw—it's very shocking. I regret it sincerely, I'm sure; but, aw—aw—upon my honour I do think he might have chosen some other place. Aw—it's a cursed pity he fell among the champagne. . . . . .

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

While the Police were lately searching for arms in a house in Tipperary, they found a copy of verses, which pleasantly illustrate the kindly feeling prevalent against the "Saxon:" they are entitled—

THE IRISHMAN'S SERENADE TO HIS MISTRESS.

"Songs and ballads, though they be but little things,
Yet do show the temper of the times."

SELDEN.

"I hope that no Irish lady's hand is too delicate for the culinary operation of casting bullets."

MR. MITCHELL.

Tune—"*Row gently here, my gondolier.*"

Oh, beauteous are the dames who bless
Fair Erin's favoured isle;
What summer warmth in their caress,
What sunshine in their smile;
How soft and white their lily hands,
Such ne'er were meant for slaves—
So quickly run thy bullets, love,
To slay the Saxon knaves!

At even sweetly trills their voice
In lay of days long past,
When Brian wore the crown of gold—
Alas! too bright to last.
The English hounds have spoiled our land,
Our glory 's long since dead—
Then from thy topmost *casement cast*
Thy Broadwood on their head.

Hydrocyanic acid, love!
Is easy to procure,
On Dublin quay the chemists' shops
Have plenty, I am sure;
Oh, mix it in the Saxons' "dhrink,"
And when their thirst they slake,
'T will send their howling souls post-haste
To Pluto's burning lake.

Deplorable Insanity.—We know a gentleman who at the present moment positively believes that perhaps *one* honest feeling might be found in some of the Irish agitators.

Strange but True.—When a man *breaks down*, his establishment, by a remarkable coincidence, *breaks up*.

THE ARMING MOVEMENT.

In spite of the vigilance of the Showman, the arming movement continues with great alacrity. One private gentleman was recently seized in Edinburgh, with a double-barrelled Manton and a case of powder in his possession. Large quantities of arms are being constantly sent to the Highlands, where the insurrectionary movement is to begin. The 12th of August is believed to be the day fixed, and a ferocious attack to be begun—on the grouse.

NOTICE.

Numerous Correspondents having complained of the difficulty experienced in obtaining copies of the Puppet-Show *in various parts of the country, the Proprietors have determined on the publication of a* **Stamped Edition,** *to go free by post, and which may be procured by order of any London Newsman. Parties preferring it will be regularly supplied with the Stamped Edition of the* Puppet-Show, *carefully enclosed in a wrapper, direct from the Office,* 11 *Wellington Street North, Strand, on the following terms:—*

Subscription for One Quarter, or 13 Numbers . 2s. 6d.
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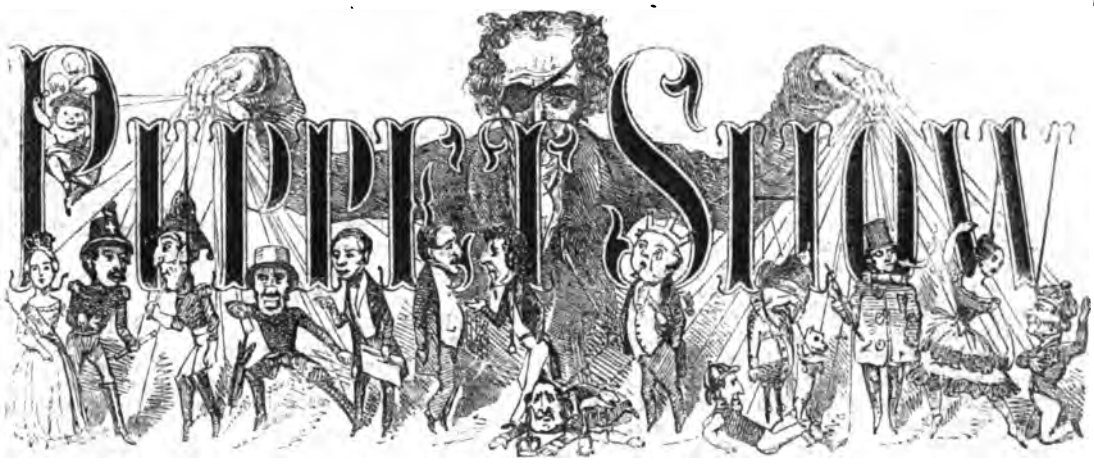

NUMBER 23. LONDON, AUGUST 19, 1848. ONE PENNY.

THE ESTIMATES.

"HONOURABLE MEMBERS" were employed all last week in voting away the public money, so that there was more fun, more idleness, more absurdity, and more sleep in the House than usual. The little amusements on these occasions remind one of the dancing of certain barbarous tribes round the victims they are immolating. Poor John Bull bleeds as fast as Seneca in the warm bath, and Russell smiles, D'Israeli jokes, and Sibthorpe makes the exhibition complete by downright buffoonery. If a sensible member—such as Mr. Cobden, or Mr. Hume—makes a practicable objection to a preposterous increase, up jumps some stupid and enthusiastic gentleman, and taunts him with wishing to diminish the national glory; as if the national glory depended upon expending fifty times more than is necessary for all rational purposes! We have thousands spent in steamers that can't carry guns, and frigates that won't sail, because these large sums of money were at the disposal of incompetent persons; whereas, if the charges had been rigidly supervised, no such disgraceful blundering could have taken place.

The most curious phenomenon in the debate was not so much the buffoonery, perhaps, as the sleeping in the House, which is now becoming a kind of furnished lodging for indolent senators to pass the night in. While about the estimates, why did not some one propose a sum for beds and blankets, that members might, at all events, sleep comfortably and respectably? There might be tent-beds for hardy young representatives, hammocks for captains in the navy, and even cradles for those gentlemen—and there are more than one—who have reached their second, perhaps their third, childhood.

We admit the strong temptation to sleep caused by the generality of speeches; but let honourable gentlemen be men, and exert themselves. If Virgil's *Palinurus* had had strong coffee, he need not have tumbled overboard in his sleep; and cannot coffee be procured at Bellamy's?

THE RIVAL OPERAS.

SOME one or other once remarked that the Opera was a place where people went to see the music, and hear each other talk. The establishment of a second Opera-house has rendered this remark untrue: at present the audience at Her Majesty's Theatre go to see the *ballet*, and to hear each other talk (as well as the braying of the brass instruments will allow them) during the Opera; while at the rival house, people go to hear the Opera, and can see nothing at all in the *ballet*.

We expect soon to have Messrs. Harris and Co. advertising improved opera-glasses for the patrons of

Mr. Lumley, while the attention of Mr. Delafield's friends will be called to some hearing-trumpets of a refined and delicate nature. It may be said that our illustration embodies all the criticisms, positive and comparative—they are never very superlative—that were ever written upon the rival Operas.

GREEN (MR.)—It is reported that a well-known aeronaut will endeavour next session to introduce a Bill about something or other into Parliament, in hopes that he will be enabled to obtain the Royal *Assent*.

OUR GRAND REVIEW.

THE SHOWMAN, emulating the example given at warlike Chatham, recently reviewed his Contributors, on the lawn in front of his villa. The operations began by a charge executed by the Heavy Slashers, who stormed and cut up a dull volume with great effect. The Light Jokers next took the field, and fired off a volley of puns with admirable regularity; after which they marched off, the band playing a popular parody. The great guns, or artillery, then took up a commanding position, and opened fire on a national abuse. Some smart rifle-practice at a stuffed figure, labelled Feargus O'Connor, followed. After the proceedings were over, the SHOWMAN rode on his hobby round the columns, and expressed himself much satisfied with their general appearance and efficiency. The gallant fellows then bivouacked in the garden, and partook of a *déjeûner au fromage et half-and-half*, which had been prepared for them.

"THERE 'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL."

I.

WHAT need of all this fuss and strife,
Each warring with his brother?
Why should we, in the crowd of life,
Keep trampling down each other?
Is there no goal that can be won,
Without a squeeze to gain it—
No other way of getting on,
But scrambling to obtain it?
Oh, fellow-men, hear wisdom, then,
In friendly warning call,—
"Your claims divide—the world is wide—
There 's room enough for all!"

II.

What if the swarthy peasant find
No field for honest labour,
He need not idly stop behind,
To thrust aside his neighbour.
There is a land with sunny skies,
Which gold for toil is giving,
Where every brawny hand that tries
Its strength can grasp a living.
Oh, fellow-men, remember, then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide—where those abide,
There 's room enough for all.

III.

From poisoned air ye breathe in courts,
And typhus-tainted alleys,
Go forth and dwell where health resorts,
In fertile hills and valleys;
Where every arm that clears a bough
Finds Plenty in attendance,
And every furrow of the plough,
A step to independence.
Oh, hasten, then, from fevered den,
And lodging cramped and small;
The world is wide—in lands beside
There 's room enough for all.

IV.

In this fair region, far away,
Will labour find employment—
A fair day's work, a fair day's pay,
And toil *will* earn enjoyment.
What need, then, of this daily strife,
Where each wars with his brother?
Why need we, through the crowd of life,
Keep trampling down each other?
From rags and crime Australia's clime
Will free the pauper's thrall;
Take fortune's tide—the world so wide
Has room enough for all.

FLOGGING IN THE ARMY.—Seeing that a number of our soldiers are at Kilkenny, we presume that they will soon know all about the "Kilkenny cats," of which so much has been said.

"A FINISHING WRITING MASTER"—A man who teaches you to sign an accommodation bill.

EXTRAORDINARY MEETING.—We understand that ministers are endeavouring to arrange a meeting of a totally novel character. In short, there are rumours abroad that great efforts are being made to induce the Revenue to meet the Expenditure. For our part, we believe the meeting will be of a hostile character, as the two parties have never been known to agree.

THE ARMED POLICE.

THERE is a "curious felicity" in blundering about the present Government. They not only do bad things, but do them at the worst moment. They make themselves ridiculous just when everybody is in the humour to laugh.

When everybody had arrived at the conclusion that truncheons were dangerous weapons to trust to a brutal and ignorant body—with a natural turn for perjury, too—down come the Whigs and give them swords in addition. They forgot the old proverb about trusting weapons to persons of a certain class of intellect; and now you see the Peelers swaggering at night with all the airs of heavy dragoons, doubtlessly doubly imposing in the sight of the servant maids, the only class of the community for whose interests they care one dump.

But this is not all. The swords given them are *serrated*—or, in plain language, made like saws—that the wounds inflicted may be more dreadful. The kind of instrument used for cutting down trees, they are to have for cutting down Englishmen. The police are to have saws to cut down the British oak.

Perhaps the most amusing thing in the affair is, that the police are armed in this preposterous manner just when the fate of the Irish rebels proves the total superfluousness of anything of the sort. Does any sane man imagine that the poor wretches of Chartists are formidable enough to require these tremendous preparations? And who does not see, that arming a civil body as you would a military one is a dangerous innovation—unnatural in its nature, and disgusting by its cruelty? Surely Government must suppose that the people are their natural enemies, since they take such precautions against them!

It is quite natural to suppose that the younger members of the body of Peelers—the top-sawyers, as we suppose we must now call them—will feel anxious to try the temper of their swords, and the courage of the populace. We shall have a Don Quixote A 21, or an Amadis de Gaul B 52, sallying out in search of adventures, in Clapham or Camden Town, and proclaiming themselves the recognised champions of cooks in distress, or housemaids in imprisonment.

The spectacle of this armament will in the meantime inflame the indignation of the lower orders——But perhaps Government will hail that, as tending to give them a chance of further intrusion on our political rights!

A SMALL ORDER.

The Conservatives make a great many long and loud speeches about their anxiety to preserve order. The order which they are most desirous of maintaining is, as everybody knows, the exclusive one to which they belong.

VERY ABSURD.

Some ridiculous person says that Albert Smith's wit is refined. We, of course, deny this assertion, although we will at the same time admit that it is *strained*.

THE LAST RESOURCE.

The Irish rebels, finding pikes and scythes useless, determined to try a "mine" against Government, and hid themselves there accordingly.

AN AFFECTING JOKE.

Albert Smith's friends complain that some articles which the SHOWMAN has published against him have affected his reputation. We can assure them that his is a reputation which we do not "affect" at all.

VERY ILL-NATURED.

Last week some "monster in human form" had the cruelty to affix a paper to the door of the Whittington Club, with these words upon it—"A Goose Club held here."

SELF-EVIDENT.

It has been said that, in spite of their attractions, there is no chance of the juvenile company filling the *Strand* theatre. How can they, being so small?

IMPOSSIBLE.

During the recent debate on an alteration in the Poor Law, some one talked about taking the feeling of the House on the subject. Judging from the very little displayed, we must say that this would be an extremely difficult matter.

QUITE EXPLAINED.

We hear that G. W. M. N. O. P. Q. Reynolds, in order to judge of low life, buys all his provisions at the most vulgar haunts. This does not surprise us; we have long known him to be an author who deals in commonplaces.

FRIGHTFUL DESTITUTION.

Feargus O'Connor prides himself upon his self-possession. This is very little property to boast of.

A LAUGHABLE FACT.

The Conservatives affect to despise Mr. H. Berkeley's victory on the subject of vote by ballot, and say they laugh at it:—true; at the wrong side of their mouths.

CRACKING A JOKE.

No wonder that there is a "split" among the rebels, considering that they were always "cracked!"

AN IMPROVEMENT.

The Conservatives, who accuse the Chartists of being mean and dirty in all their actions, will be delighted to hear that, according to the last financial report, the admirers of Cuffey are "cleaned out" at last.

UNJUST ACCUSATION.

Feargus O'Connor has often been accused of a great want of honesty. This, however, is unjust, for how can

THE "CANCAN" IN HIGH LIFE.

ONE of our contemporaries talks a world of nonsense about a *pas de caractère*, that is, a *pas* of a very bad character, danced at the St. James's Theatre by M. Levassor and Mdlle. Durand. This dance, which our friend describes as "nothing more nor less than the fashionable (!) *cancan*," was introduced after several others, and is said to have "obtained the palm;" and, in fact, it obtained both palms, for the audience applauded it in the most noisy manner. Such an exhibition would not be tolerated for an instant at the Casino or the plebeian Cremorne, and would most certainly involve the exit of the bold executant with great haste and a tall policeman. But they order these things better at the French Theatre, where the dancers are allowed the fullest liberty of action (some persons would call it license). The aristocratic audience are, moreover, positively delighted whenever one of the *artistes* attains any sort of perfection in his indecency, and their gratification is partaken of and re-echoed by the equivocal portion of the press. Witness the rapture of the obscene journal from which we quote, and which states, that "no one can equal M. Levassor in such exhibitions; he was enthusiastically applauded and encored"!!! We admire, though we cannot respect, the appreciation which the writer evinces for what he calls the "fashionable *cancan*;" at the same time, would it not be better for him not to acquaint the public with his depraved tastes, but rather to indulge them quietly in the obscurity for which he is so well fitted? By all means let him enjoy, in a select social circle, that dance which he designates as "fashionable," but which, although fashionable amongst the persons with whom he associates, and in the haunts which he frequents, has not yet been introduced into decent life. If, however, he has lost respectability by his low tastes and habits, can he not, at all events as a writer for the press, endeavour to keep up the semblance of it? With regard to Mr. Mitchell, admirable manager as he is, we think he may find the introduction of this *pas* to be a step in the wrong direction.

A SHAKSPERIAN INCIDENT.

Her "bustle" dropping, quoth Ophelia fair,
"Oh, Hamlet, what a falling off was there!"

A FINE ANTIQUE.—An opinion has hitherto prevailed that Old Parr was the oldest man that ever lived since the days of the patriarchs. This is, however, passionately contested by the immortal Widdicombe, who declares that he is much older, being able to remember the days when Mother Earth was only a little girl, and Father Time a chubby urchin in a short jacket and pinafore.

A BACK SETTLEMENT—Paying arrears.

CAUTION TO OBSTINATE PEOPLE.—It is folly to refuse to defer to any one on the ground that procastination is a sin, and that you ought never to "defer to to-morrow," etc.

DONKEYS AND DRIVERS.

BY a curious coincidence, just as the shooting season is beginning, the London and North Western Company are taking measures which are likely to result in a considerable number of passengers being bagged. They have been quarrelling with their drivers, sacking some of the best, and, as it would appear, appointing drunken ones in their room, or rather in their engines. A beggar on horseback, the proverb says, will ride to the devil; and if this be so, we think a drunken beggar on an engine is likely to get there rather before him. We cannot fancy anything more exciting to a man of fast habits, than going out on the loose in engine 991, and it is doubtless capital fun to drink half-and-half with a stoker at 70 miles an hour; but whether the same view is likely to be taken by a respectable company of persons in the train, momentarily expecting to be turned "inside out," is at least doubtful.

The dispute arose from an apprehension on the part of the drivers that their salary was to be reduced, by a pitiful act of economy which would save a few pounds at the expense of the public safety. For our part, we consider Railway Directors, as a general rule, capable of anything. We hope that the public voice will frighten these harpies away from their gold, and leave it for just and

THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.

Chapter VIII.—The Excursion Boats.

THE pleasant summer days have come, and the sun shines hot on London streets, then the excursionists start into lively being, and dead wall and hoarding are eloquent with their placards.

NOTICE.

EXCURSION TO GRAVESEND AND THE NORE,

SAILING ROUND HER MAJESTY'S FLEET AT SHEERNESS.

The announcement being embellished by a striking portrait of a steamer—supposed to be the excursion boat—under all sail and steam; the marine view in question presenting the phenomenon of the canvas blowing in one direction, while the smoke from the funnel is proceeding another. Such placards as this everywhere tempt the smoke-dried artizan into a day's fresh air and pleasure. Sometimes excursions are got up for the benefit of wonderfully civil captains, and stewards favourably known for their attentions to voyagers during the perils of water passages to Gravesend and the Nore. The principal excursions of the season, however, are generally got up by benefit clubs and social philanthropic societies. Now, a steamer is hired by the "Convivial Company of Happy Hedgehogs;" again, the select society of the "Social Villagers"—the villagers in question being probably the inhabitants of grimy alleys and back lanes, and shabby little bricken streets in the suburbs—are the voyagers who set out from London Bridge intent upon a sniff of sea water. The teetotallers have doleful excursions under the patronage of eminent dissenting ministers, whom nobody ever heard of; and philanthropic associations for providing spectacles and cotton umbrellas for the aged heathen get up mild voyages to Herne Bay and back. Occasionally you see steamers proceeding down the river laden with whole charity schools—the boys, with their muffin caps and leathers, ranged in a line from stem to stern on the starboard side of the boat; the girls, with their little white skull-caps and grey cloaks and black stockings, occupying a similarly extended position to larboard. The beadle, who appears newly painted and gilded for the occasion, is resplendent on the quarter-deck, and the two or three heavy men, dressed in black, with dangling watch chains and softly folded white neckerchiefs, dusty with snuff, are the leading respectable inhabitants of the district, who pat the good boys on the head, and make thundering speeches to the children when they have a scholastic blow-out of rolls, weak tea, and water-cresses.

More jolly are the excursions of "Little Old Hoxton Provident Coal-scuttle Manufacturers," or the "United Lodge of Brotherly Small-tooth Comb Cutters," or the "Honourable Order of Children in the Wood"—all of whom make an annual voyage to Herne Bay and back, staying there two hours; that is to say, about long enough to walk from the sea to the land end of the pier and back again. The steamer which conveys these social excursionists leaves London Bridge a perfect flutter of colours, and the "first-rate quadrille band," stationed on the forecastle, "interpret," as the musical critics say, a polka with singularly drummy energy. Sweeping adown the winding reaches of the stream, the gallant young Coal-scuttle Manufacturers, Small-tooth Comb Cutters, and Children in the Wood, point out to the females of their species the lions of the river, and, aided by the penny steam-boat guide, inform them in what year before the Christian era the first stone of the East India Docks was laid by Julius Cæsar. Meantime, the elderly gents of the professions in question swig away at bottled stout, and their ladies produce ham sandwiches from their reticules, and oranges and apples, of a high temperature, from their pockets. The stewards of the excursion, each embellished with a bunch of blue ribbons at their button-holes, are in the meantime

privately closeted in the stewards' pantry, counting tickets and plunging into elaborate calculations, the which are not forwarded by copious draughts of cold brandy-and-water. Perhaps a stiffish easterly breeze is blowing, and accordingly, as the river beyond the Nore begins to widen out into the blue sea, the boat begins to dance gaily to every ridge of foam-crowned water which comes tumbling onwards, and great is the tribulation and dismay thereby spread amongst the excursionists. No fewer than ninety-seven young ladies, who have been expecting to be sea-sick every ten minutes since they left London Bridge, are taken poorly in rapid succession. Three stewards, with pale countenances, curse the infatuation of their brethren which overruled their (the stewards') proposition for—instead of the Herne Bay trip—a dinner at Highbury Barn; and nineteen gallant young Coal-scuttle Manufacturers, Small-tooth Comb Makers, or Children in the Wood, who have stated to as many ladies that, although they were rather in the habit of spending their time on the ocean, they never could make out what sea-sickness meant, are committed to the care of the steward in a lamentable and awe-inspiring condition. The captain is besieged by a bevy of elderly ladies, entreating to be informed "when we shall get there." A good many secretly calculate whether they have money enough to return home by land; while the band, which has gradually fallen off one by one, as the sea gets rougher, finds itself at length reduced to a squeamish piccolo and a trombone very pallid about the gills. But the wind probably falls with the tide—the sea goes down with both of them. The land air at Herne Bay has done wonders, and, during the first part of the return voyage at least, everybody are as merry as kittens: the band playing polkas as before—the young gents and gentesses dancing to the enlivening strains—the old gents and gentesses very cosey over their gin-and-water; a state of things which generally lasts up to a little above Gravesend, when, so far as our observation has ever gone, all excursionists may be divided into two categories—those who are tired and sulky, and those who are, strictly and mathematically speaking, not sober.

However, take it all in all, the excursion has gone off not so badly; and let us hope that it has had beneficial effects, as connected with the common purses of the social and philanthropic societies with whose names we have taken so much liberty.

WILL O' THE WISP AND THE KING OF MUNSTER.

Gazette Extraordinary!

[A PARAGRAPH, which first appeared, we believe, in the *John Bull*, has been going the round of the newspapers, stating that a new journal, devoted chiefly to continental politics, is about to be issued under the auspices of editors no less illustrious and abominable than M. Guizot and Prince Metternich, respectively. It is called *La Comète Politique, Gazette des Légitimes.*

By good fortune and the aid of a quick-witted friend, we are in possession of a copy of the first number, which is at present very privately circulated among English ministers and foreigners of distinction. It is written in French, and occasionally in German. The following is a *verbatim* translation.]

LA COMÈTE POLITIQUE,
GAZETTE DES LÉGITIMES.

OUR PRINCIPLES.

BELIEVING, as we do, that the noble institution of aristocracies, and the higher orders in general, is not an artificial distinction, but one intended by Imperial Nature as the best means of carrying on her serene government, we have stepped forward, boldly pointing the toe, at this important crisis of the world's affairs, to demonstrate that it is only by natural men like us that the common people of great countries can be saved from impending destruction. Though we profess ourselves to be in a state of nature, we do not intend to say that we are denuded or deficient (albeit our recent losses in clothes and money are extremely heavy), but that we are in the highest state of nature which civilization can possibly produce, and therefore, best prepared to stand at the helm of civilized communities in danger of shipwreck. We say this openly, sternly, and quite *gratuitously;* but, if we fully carry out our designs, we shall naturally hope to make a little something.

France.

The affairs of this unfortunate country continue in just that precarious condition which must be expected from the temporary downfall of the old established system of monarchy, and of the directing counsels of a great minister. One set of revolutionary quacks—having no legitimate quack-diploma—has succeeded, and must continue to succeed another at the national table, varied with hot side-dishes of barricade-fights and *entre-mets* of military dictatorships, to the unceasing surprise of everybody except the conductors of *La Comète Politique.* There will not be—there cannot be—any permanent peace in this impetuous country, till some representative of legitimate royalty be restored, and a *certain person* be "sent for."

Italy.

FERRARA.—The advance of 25,000 Piedmontese under General Bava, added to the touch-and-go position of the Austrian army at that time, was quite a sufficient excuse for the precipitate retreat of the Austrian general, Prince Licktenswine, even though he left behind him all his soldiers' baggage, half their arms, all his officers' effects, all the ammunition-stores, and one of his own chased gold sauer-kraut forks.

VERONA.—The patriot-sycophant king, Charles Albert, in his recent defeat by the Austrians on the heights overlooking Verona and the plain of Villa Franca, took flight to meet a fresh plucking of his borrowed hero-plumes at Goito, and thence across the river Oglio. He announced his intention of retreating to Cremona—not on a recruiting party, but in order to recruit his spirits at a small "evening party" by a tune on one of the finest violins in the town.

NAPLES AND SICILY.—The brilliant preparations of the King of Naples for the invasion of Sicily has caused all hearts to beat, every mind to be in a fever, every hand to be in the pocket, and every eye to be wide awake. The tax levied for the purpose, though it fall rather heavily on the king's devoted subjects, ought never to be resisted in the disgraceful way we are obliged to hear of, since it is required by a prince to whom an excellent English poet, named Shakspere, has lately written an ode, we are informed, beginning with "Thou art the best of cut-throats!"

Prussia.

The King of Prussia seems really to have consented to be styled "King of the *Prussians*"—as if the people were everything, and the King (who is the Land-lord by divine right) nothing! When and where will all this madness stop?

Austria.

VIENNA.—Count Doublehoof having communicated to the Diet the intelligence of the recent successes of General Radetzski over King Charles Albert, and explained that the prospect of leaving the bones of the Austrian army to whiten the fields of Italy, was now changed to the probability of the whitening and fertilizing process being effected by bones indigenous to the land, a vote of outrageous thanks to the General was instantly passed. A golden pipe-bowl is being made as a present for him, with a figure in relief upon it, of the Emperor of Austria, standing on his head, and crying "Cui bono!" or "Buy bones, O!"

PRESBURG.—Only one thing can equal *crimen læsi magistatûs*, and that is, the crime of caricaturing ministers. The figure of a certain princely diplomatist has lately been represented on the walls of Presburg, in the act of running away with a budget under his arm, and exclaiming, "*Jede Constitution erfordert Bewegung* (every constitution requires motion). A day may yet come when that same personage will not only run back himself, but make others run backwards.

Spain.

M. le Duc de Sotomayor, minister of foreign affairs, has begged the Council to obtain his release from this post, his left leg (which he showed to the Council) being even larger than his post—and far more tender—from the gout. He was appointed Spanish Ambassador in Paris, instead. Whereupon his had leg instantly came to its proper size, the gouty part (or padding) flying away, as we see things in a pantomime.

Great Britain.

THE CLOSE OF THE SESSION.

The Lords and Squires of either House—
Anxious—excited—full of *news*—
Speak not their thoughts—on shooting grouse.

DUBLIN.—The King of Munster, who led the rear of the rebellion in Ireland, is now a prisoner in Dublin Castle. He will, no doubt, lose his crown; but the English are a merciful people, so that it is not likely they will shed his whisky.

A CHRONICLE.

Lord Hardinge, who conquered the Sikhs,
Is sent over bog-lands and dykes,
To conquer the *threats* of the Pikes.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. M. The Duke of Iron-cone is greatly thanked. His advice shall be attended to.

Cantab.—Prince Metternich *is* a Doctor of the University of Oxford. The degree was presented on the close of the philanthropic treaty of the Quadruple Alliance.

*The * * * Club* must pay us in advance.

*Lord Palm * * stern* is thanked, but we cannot yet get enough steam up to enable our machine to execute so large an order.

Mother Place.—Yes: she *does* know we're out. *We* also know it too well.

Soft Soap and Palm Oil.—Many thanks; but we have enough to go on with, at present.

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COLONEL SIBTHORPE AND LINCOLN.—Colonel Sibthorpe says, that Lincoln—so celebrated for its liberality—has ever been ready to "stand" anything reasonable, but that Parliament was pushing matters a little too far when it ordered the town "to stand part of the schedule of the Corrupt Practices Bill."

THE SNARLING PHILANTHROPISTS.—The *People's Journal* and *Howitt's* ditto, having quarrelled in the moment of prosperity, have become reconciled to each other in the day of failure and disgrace. Let them not, however, suppose that in their case two negatives can make an affirmative, or such a union constitute strength.

A Small Donation.—A mannikin company, exclusively composed of children, has just made its appearance at the Strand Theatre—that dramatic refuge for the destitute. We know that the drama has received no great support lately; but it would seem now that its supporters are to be less than ever—for if a man is known by the company he keeps, the manager of this establishment must have been very "short" indeed when he entered into such a speculation.

A Matter of Opinion.—We cannot agree with a "Constant Reader" in believing that Mr. Anstey must, in private life, have a taste for being imposed on, simply because in Parliament he continually "prefers the most extravagant charges."

The Rebel Uniform.—Now that Government have caught it—we mean the green goose—nothing remains but to give it a good dressing.

Compliment to a Great Man.—We believe it was Alderman Lawrence who said of Roger Bacon, that he was unquestionably the original "learned pig."

SMITHFIELD AND TREASON.

Mr. Showman,—At a time like the present, when every man of the least sense must see the desperate condition into which revolutionary doctrines have plunged almost every country in Europe, I should have thought that Englishmen would have clung more fondly than ever to the venerable institutions of their country.

Such, I am sorry to say, is not the case. A most rabid attack has again been made upon Smithfield!

Let Ministers beware. A feather thrown up in the air shows which way the wind blows. Treason is not confined to Ireland alone.

People are horrified when they hear the name of M. Proudhon mentioned; but let me tell you that M. Proudhon is not half so bad as those advocates of so-called liberal principles who cry out for the abolition of Smithfield.

M. Proudhon, at least, accords capitalists and others three hundred years ere he would do away with property; but the Smithfield abolitionists would not even allow a twelvemonth before proceeding to their act of spoliation.

Let us see on what these abolitionists ground their recent outcry. It appears that a few days since an infuriated ox gored a gentleman in one of the streets near Lincoln's Inn. What does that prove? Anything unfavourable to the practice of driving cattle through the streets? Quite the reverse. A case of this kind now and then has a beneficial effect, showing, by its unfrequent occurrence, how well the cattle are generally driven, and making the Londoners appreciate, more than they otherwise would be able to do, the skill and dexterity of the drovers.

Supposing, however, that men entertain so little respect for the sacred rights of property, have they no reverence for the memory of their fathers?

In Smithfield did their fathers, and their grandfathers, and their great-grandfathers buy and sell before them; and any attempt to do away with Smithfield is a direct insult to their memory, and ought to be put down with as much contempt as was formerly the project to transfer the seat of government from Rome to Veiæ.

If people are afraid of cattle, let them stay at home on market-days; or, as Sir G. Grey has already commenced putting the police on a different footing than formerly, let him extend his improvements, and mount a few of the most praiseworthy, furnishing them at the same time with the *lasso*, or noose, by which buffaloes and wild horses are snared in the plains of the New World. By this means we should have a most effective body of men, who would always be ready to secure any poor animal which might happen to run a little wild. This new force might also be advantageously employed in singling out and catching the ringleaders in any public disturbance.

Having thus given an impartial view of the matter, I shall conclude by again warning Ministers to consider ere they permit one of the most venerable institutions in our country to be attacked with impunity. In Ireland they have acted well. Let them pursue the same course, and take against the detractors of Smithfield similar measures to those adopted against the rebels of the *United Irishman* and *Felon*.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
A Smithfield Proprietor.

THE SHOWMAN AND FRIEND.

DIALOGUE THE THIRD.

Scene—*The Showman's Study. Table spread as usual.*

Showman. I'm sick at once of politics and laws,
Of Russell speaking—Kelly picking flaws;
D'Israeli's darts fall feebler every shot;
Prout's gone to Cork, and Feargus gone to pot.
In Tamworth's shades slow wanders mighty Peel.
You've taught me letters—teach me now to feel.
Like the old monarch of the eastern nation,
Nothing that's new will do, but a sensation.

Friend. The King of Munster.

Showman. What! bestow a line,
Except a hemp one, on him? throw to swine
The pearls of wit, or waste upon a hind
Shafts that by heaven were for kings designed?
I would not stoop to pity or to hate
A coward's failure or a rebel's fate,
A wretch who crawled, like serpents, on the ground,
When in their blood his comrades fell around—
Who thought a brave man's life just worth a pound!

Friend. What, then, of letters?

Showman. Shall I waste my time
On Ainsworth's twaddle or on Patmore's rhyme?
Such writing donkeys gallop by the mile,
But nothing ever greets us from Carlyle,
While Cockney scribblers scribble on and feed,
Daring to write although they never read.

Friend. The scene is painful, draw the curtain down;
Give port to me, and pity to the town.

The Politic Economists.—Certain members, whose notions of political economy consist in not treating their voters during the period of an election, wish in the shabbiest possible manner to make an instance of ordinary liberality a crime—one, by-the-bye, of which they are not very likely to be guilty. These gentlemen profess to "stand upon integrity," and this expression is certainly very applicable to those who do not mind trampling honesty under foot.

A Mis-statement.—Immediately after the alteration in the Corn Laws, the Protectionists began prating about "this unhappy country." We really do not think that their native land is in such misery as they affect to believe, although we are aware that since the success of the Anti-Corn-Law League the Protectionists have been living in a wretched state.

Glorious News.—We lately understood that our ignorant rulers were beginning to show some signs of improvement, as they have been gaining a great deal of information. This at first sight looked well, but on inquiry we found the boasted information was all derived from Government spies.

Legerdemain.—A "subscriber," who states that he lives in very good circumstances and Regent Street, writes to us in a very indignant strain, to complain that the celebrated M. Houdin, the conjuror—with whom our correspondent states he was on very intimate terms up to last Monday—refused to shake hands with him in the presence of a large company. We never interfere in private affairs, and shall therefore summarily dismiss the matter, merely observing that we see nothing extraordinary in the fact of Mr. Houdin's practising a little *slight*-of-hand.

Hopeless Infatuation.—An unfortunate friend of ours wrote some time since to ask our opinion of a certain hair-dye, warranted to change even the most outrageous red (our friend's colour) into a beautiful auburn or a raven black. Knowing that the liquid in question had also—and that not unfrequently—a tendency to produce a sky-blue, we advised our correspondent to have nothing to do with it. After having obtained our advice, he immediately determined on not following it; he declared that any state of things was better than the present one, and therefore, in the words of Richard III., he had made up his mind to "stand the hazard of the dye."

A RAILWAY "SLEEPER."

Old Gentleman. "HOLLOA, THERE, GUARD!—GUARD! HOW FAR ARE WE FROM COVENTRY?"
Guard. "THIRTY MILES, SIR: WE PASSED IT AN HOUR AGO."

THE "HUE AND CRY."

WE have recently been much grieved to see the unfeeling minuteness with which Government have been describing the rebels in Ireland in the *Hue and Cry*. If a gentleman who is fond of a "turn-up" happens, characteristically, to have one in his nose, surely there is no reason for describing that nose as "cocked," when the expression "very *retroussé*," would have effectually answered the object! Might not they also state that a rebel had an unfortunate eruption on his face, instead of registering "small-pox" in his description? Condemn a man's principles if you like, but spare his pimples; seize his weapons, but be merciful to his mug! Besides, this comes with a very bad grace from a Government whose members certainly have no personal attractions to boast of, as the following description which we have drawn up will show. It was a task of considerable difficulty, as all the Ministry are "more easily imagined than described."

"JOHN RUSSELL.—Occupation, an unfortunate Premier; age, about forty-five (?); height, four feet, two inches; dark; black wiry hair; death's-head expression; small whiskers; not very well dressed.

"GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK HOWARD, *alias* MORPETH.—Occupation, a cleaner-out of dirty cities (except London); height, five feet ten inches; a vacant expression of countenance; thick lips; gooseberry eyes; wears a yellow coat, red waistcoat, and pink and white trowsers."

We intended to follow this up with the remaining members of Her Majesty's Government, but really the task was so disheartening that we were compelled to abandon it.

TREASONABLE COMMUNICATION.—We have received a communication, commencing—"What is the difference between Her Majesty and Prince Albert?" We beg to inform the unprincipled writer of this effusion, who does not fear to intrude in so disgusting a manner on the privacy of the royal *ménage*, that there is not, nor ever has been, any difference between Her Majesty and her Illustrious Consort; on the contrary, their union has always been famous for the absence of anything of the kind.

THE LAY OF THE CAPTIVE.

In his dungeon sits O'Brien, all dishevelled is his hair,
Long his beard, and long the time, too, since a razor has been there.

Suddenly upon its hinges slowly turns the door, and see
'Tis his jailor, who has brought him in, as usual, his tea.

"Jailor," says O'Brien, "listen while my sorrows I unfold;
Thou art faithful—trusty—art thou also proof against my gold?"

"Yes, I am," replied the jailor, in a manner short and terse,
Knowing at the time he did so empty was O'Brien's purse.

"Very well," returns O'Brien, "much I joy that thou art true,
Though that with the present subject has not got the least to do.

I'd not fly—by me your tortures, racks, and thumb-screws are defied,
Seeing that I know for certain they will never be applied.

But there's one thing which alarms me, and weighs down my heart with care—
'Tis I may be used to puff off Rowland's oil for the hair:

That some paragraph beginning—'Capture of the Rebel Chief,'
And describing my appearance, worn by fatigue and grief,

Suddenly should end with—'but his visage, spite of this, we're sure,
Would have still retained its freshness, had he used our Kalydor.

And his hair, which hung disordered, from anxiety and toil,
Certainly would not have done so, had he patronised our Oil.'

This, O jailor, is the sorrow which pursues me night and day:
That Young Ireland's insurrection's doomed to finish in this way—

That I should have staked existence—had Detectives on my trace—
Only to behold my name used an advertisement to grace."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INQUIRER is informed that Mr. Albert Smith is the Member for Cockaigne mentioned in "Our Court of Review" of last week.

A letter for *Delta* is left at the Office.

In the waste-paper basket—Hood the Younger, Tag-mutton, W. H. T., Munster, &c., &c., &c.

NOTICE.

Numerous Correspondents having complained of the difficulty experienced in obtaining copies of the PUPPET-SHOW *in various parts of the country, the Proprietors have determined on the publication of a* **Stamped Edition,** *to go free by post, and which may be procured by order of any London Newsman. Parties preferring it will be regularly supplied with the Stamped Edition of the* PUPPET-SHOW, *carefully enclosed in a wrapper, direct from the Office,* 11 *Wellington Street North, Strand, on the following terms:—*

Subscription for One Quarter, or 13 Numbers . 2s. 6d.
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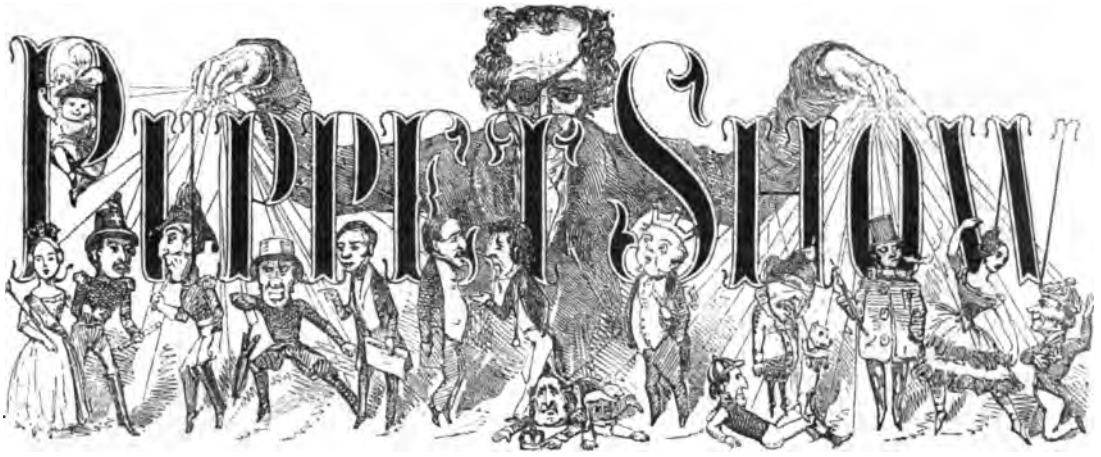

NUMBER 24. LONDON, AUGUST 26, 1848. ONE PENNY.

PAT IN A FIX.

"I'M TO GO WID YOU, AM I? FAITH AND YOU SEE NOTHIN' SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING ABOUT ME, SURE!"

A PHYSICAL IMPOSSIBILITY.—A contemporary, speaking of Mr. J. Martin's trial, observes, that on the announcement of the verdict considerable sensation was manifested by the spectators, but that the prisoner "remained unmoved." How can that be, when he was immediately conveyed from the dock?

NAUTICAL.—The *Times*, in speaking of the Chartists, calls upon society to "put down such knots of ruffians." We were glad to see that the police had been arresting them on Wednesday last, at the rate of half-a-dozen knots an hour.

CONSISTENT.—Such is Mr. Spooner's horror of Roman Catholicism, that he can never be prevailed upon to partake of a leg of mutton because it contains a *Pope's eye.*

THE DEVIL AND THE POTATOES.

AN IRISH BALLAD.

AIR—"*The Deil came fiddlin' through the toun.*"

I.

THE Irish soil swarmed thick with toads
And reptiles holding revel,
But good St. Patrick drove them out,
And sore surprised the Devil.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "St. Patrick dear,
You think you 're wondrous clever;
But I 'll send you plagues far worse than these,
And bother you for ever."

II.

The ripe grain grew in Irish fields
As thus they held their parley—
Each plain and river-bank was fair
With corn, and rye, and barley;
St. Patrick thought no harm could come
To land thus favoured highly,
But the Devil knew more tricks than he,
And took his measures slily.

III.

He taught the people to distil
The corn to burning liquor;
It fired their eyes—it baked their brains—
It made their blood run thicker.
"Ha! ha!" said he, "St. Patrick dear,
You 've cleared the land of vermin;
But if my plague 's not worse than yours,
I leave you to determine."

IV.

St. Patrick wept for very shame
To see that frantic nation;
They drank, they swore, they fought, they slew,
For fun or desperation;
Their vices ripened into crimes—
The Devil laughed at *that* trick,
And clapped his hands in furious joy,
And sniggered at St. Patrick.

V.

At last the Saint plucked up his heart,
And sought a man to aid him,
Found Father Matthew in his church,
And laboured to persuade him:—
"Go forth," said he, "o'er all the land—
We 'll catch the devil winking—
And teach the people, for my sake,
The wickedness of drinking."

VI.

The Father did as he was bid—
His mission prospered rarely,
And all the world confessed with joy
He beat the devil fairly.
But Satan laughed, and laughed outright—
"No doubt you 're mighty clever,
But, faith, I know a better trick
To give you work for ever.

VII.

"I 've failed," thought he, "in way of drink,
The game 's not worth repeating—
The next shall be a surer move;
I'll curse them in their eating.
To make a nation bold and strong,
Industrious, nothing fearing,
The best of food is corn and beef—
I 'll banish them from Erin.

VIII.

"For food to please the idle taste—
For lazy loons to feed on—
To keep existence warm enough
For slattern wives to breed on—
To fill the land with pithless swarms
At most prolific rate, oh—
I want no aid of beef or corn—
I 'll do with the Potato."

IX.

He thought: he did: the evil spread,
The root found favour daily;
Where corn grew ripe, where mutton fed,
Its green stalks flourished gaily.
The peasant led a lazy life,
And each man with his neighbour
Went fighting feuds, and smoking pipes,
And hating sturdy labour.

X.

The Devil laughed, as well he might,
To know his plot succeeding,
And poor St. Patrick wept and groaned,
And struck his bosom bleeding.
Let 's hope he 'll find the means ere long
To teach all Macs and great O's,
To cheat the Devil once for all,
And do without Potatoes.

CONUNDRUM FOR THE CHARTISTS.

Q. Why is a low Chartist in a low tavern unlike (for this time only) a goose?

A. Because he never gets *trussed*.

A FAST MAN—Smith O'Brien in prison.

A GOOD PHYSIOGNOMIST.—The *Times* correspondent (evidently a facial magician) announces that Mr. Donoghue's face exhibits "large puckered seams and harsh lines." This is not unlikely, as he has seemed in a pucker for some time, and the lines he has written have been harsh enough.

PROPHETIC.—The reason why Lord John Russell is a Finality man arises from a conviction that his political career will soon reach its end.

A GREAT DESIDERATUM.—A new method of silvering glass has lately been discovered, by which means the reflection is rendered more correct. The fluid is so subtle that the papers announce it will penetrate anything. If it would but penetrate the minds of King Hudson or Colonel Sibthorpe, that great desideratum of the poet—

"Would that the gods some gift would gi'e us,
To see ourselves as others see us"—

might probably be achieved.

BRAVO, BALZAC!—One of our *collaborateurs* (M. de Balzac) says, that although the Chartists afford plenty of opportunities for satire, they are, after all, *de très mauvais sujets*.

DUCAL INSOLVENCY.

THE "Snobs of England" have been thrown, during the last week, into a state of profound and very stupid melancholy. The Duke of Buckingham—a real live Duke, with strawberry leaves, ignorance, and contempt for the people, complete—has actually been sold up for the benefit of his creditors! What next? If once this vulgar habit of considering mere honest tradesmen's claims spreads among the aristocracy, there must obviously be an end of the constitution. We shall be beaten by the French, and the British Lion may retire to Wombwell's.

But seriously, how strange it is, that the man who owes a million meets with more sympathy than the debtor of a hundred! Ten thousand Smiths, quite as honest and intelligent as this Duke, have withered into pauperism unregretted; but he must be wept over. Tomkins's piano goes to the broker amidst the derision of the neighbours; but Grenville's candelabra are considered as sacred as the chalice in a church. The follies of the ruined but aristocratic spendthrift get the sympathy of the servile snob.

How very much this Duke is to be regretted! He has only owed a million of money for a length of years. How much he is to be honoured! He has performed an act of common honesty, and his Order look round upon England, and claim her admiration of the unheard-of phenomenon.

It is dreadful to reflect what straits he is reduced to. He is held up for public pity as a ruined man; he is doomed to rough out life on £20,000 a-year, as the *Daily News* tells us in an article, the writer of which, by the way, is guilty, in another paragraph, of the indescribable asininity of calling the plate at Stowe, *bijouterie!*

The Duke is blamed for inducing his son—a youth of the ripe age of twenty-five—to cut off the entail. Of course, it would have been much better if the family had stuck to dishonesty and the law of entail, in the eyes of those snobs who would have a thousand tradesmen sacrificed that a generation of dukes might exist on their ruins, as the yew trees flourish from the nourishment of the dead carcases beneath.

As Newton discovered gravity from the fall of a rotten apple, so we discover, in the fall of the Duke of Buckingham, the principle that will pull down aristocracy. It is a vanity that leads to extravagance; a want of principle that leads to staving off debts; a selfishness that impels to the consideration of family pride, in preference to private honour.

Let the disgrace of this man be the warning of others. The caterpillar of debt is devouring the strawberry leaf of dukedom. No false sympathy with the barbarous ancestry of any man will induce the English to forgive his dishonesty. It is a terrible degradation, my lords, but you must pay!

MENTAL AND BODILY.

Mr. Meagher's personal appearance is described as being more of the "swell" than of the gentleman. We have always looked upon him as the frog in the fable.

AN OLD PROVERB.

Some people think that as "the rebel Leyne" is only a silly enthusiast, he will be sent to the treadmill. Very likely! for it is a long *lane* that never has a turning.

USEFUL IN ITS WAY.

It has become a question with many—Is Ireland worth keeping? The SHOWMAN thinks so, for he always makes game of it.

MILITARY PROMOTION.

Cavaignac intends to make peace with England the groundwork of his foreign policy—thereby raising himself to "General Satisfaction."

MAKING A "HANDEL" OF HIM.

On the return of the Emperor of Austria to Vienna, he was escorted to St. Stephen's Cathedral, where the *Te Deum* was sung. To bepraise so imbecile a monarch, the *tedium* was no doubt very imposing.

PUBLICANS AND SINNERS.

The ruffianly Chartists are always prating about their love for the public. We believe that the only "public" which they have the least regard for is some "Green Dragon," or "Yellow Ape," in Bermondsey.

TOO EVIDENT.

We hear that Mr. Albert Smith declares he would, on no account whatever, contribute to the PUPPET-SHOW. We can assure him that if he did it would not make one wit's difference to us!

THE OLD PLEA AGAIN.

Whether Smith O'Brien be sane or insane is at present a matter of doubt; but, as puffing tradesmen invariably announce, "one *trial* will prove the fact."

THE PIPING TIME OF PEACE.

One of the points in the Chartists' plan was to extinguish the gas. Unfortunately for them, however, instead of the gas pipes, it was their own which were put out.

AMBITIOUS TO THE LAST.

Smith O'Brien *rolled over* among the cabbages in Widow Cormack's garden; because, standing so small a chance of the kingship of Munster, his insanity prompted him to aspire to the dukedom of *Somerset*.

A ROARER BORE-ALIS.

When we learn that the salutes cost £50 a-day to the country, can we doubt that this roaring of cannon is a thundering shame?

THE COUNCIL OF NICE.

The Corporation of London declare that they won't be "nice" about opposing the sanitary movement. No fear of that; they 're always nasty in their operations.

A GOOD HIDING-PLACE.

We understand that numerous Chartists, now skulking about London, are seeking in vain for a place of safety from the detective force. Why don't they try the Strand Theatre?

MORPETH—AND MUD.

SOME time since, a meeting was held to consider the state of the Serpentine, the waters of which were said to be about "as clear as mud." This was satisfactorily—we mean satisfactorily for those who did not bathe in it—proved to be the case; and it was established beyond doubt, that any one having a "dip" in the Serpentine was likely to receive a very unpleasant dye. The condition of the river may be explained in the words, "Wash and ye shall be dirty;" and it is a well-known fact, that in the vicinity of Brompton the most insulting speech that can be made to a man who is not remarkable for personal cleanliness, is, "You 've been bathing in the Serpentine!" The state of this river certainly requires attention, and we were in hopes that Lord Morpeth would have entered into it before now: but such is not the case; and we will, therefore, endeavour to give our readers some idea of the Serpentine as it is in a lyric—which, by-the-bye, we are informed, resembles "Flow on, thou shining river:"—

Flow on, thou dirty river;
  If thou couldst reach the sea,
What lots of mud thou 'dst give her,
  Which now must float on thee!
I tell thee thus: If thou wert mine,
  The current of thy stream should be
So clear, that each one's face should shine,
  Where now but dirt we see.

But as thou 'lt ne'er get thither,
  Lord M. should heed thy prayer,
Or else his plan will wither
  For purifying our air.
I tell him thus: When summer 's o'er,
  The atmosphere shall brimful be
Of noxious gas, that 's kept in store
  By that foul stuff on thee.

"THE GREATEST PLAGUE OF LIFE"—Reading it.

THE SHOWMAN'S "Commissioner" happening to ask a Tipperary "boy" what he thought of the rebellion, Pat replied, "Faith, yer honor, 'tis the best thrade a-goin', since the Government offer 'rewards for traitors!'"

A NECESSARY CONSEQUENCE.—A short time since, a friend of ours afflicted us with a wretched pun which he informed us he had taken from the *Man in the Moon*. This at once accounted for its being very *far-fetched*.

AN INDUSTRIOUS LIBELLER.—An ill-natured acquaintance suggests that Michel Chevalier, the talented writer on industrial resources, might be appropriately called a *Chevalier d'industrie*.

CONUNDRUM BY OUR D. C.

Q. What bird most resembles a worshipper of Bacchus?
A. A grey plover (grape lover) ! ! ! *ad infinitum*.

MEAGHER OF THE HANDCUFF.

IT is rather characteristic of the Irish-patriot character that Meagher, the man who spouted more nonsense, howled more sedition, and invoked the God of Battles more loudly than any of his *confrères*, should have been the first to beg his life from the "bloody Saxon." We thought that the "Butcher-General of all Ireland" was to have been addressed by Meagher the victor, not Meagher the suppliant; but the case is different, and the hero has now been obliged to offer up a prayer to a Government which he hopes will, by a strange anomaly, be at the same time generous and sparing. If Meagher had been successful, and had had his full swing—and we use the word without any allusion to what might almost be called his *sus*pending fate—he would have been by no means "meagre of the sword." The Government, however, will have but little claim to the epithet of liberal if they do not grant so small a boon as the life of Mr. Meagher. We suppose that the unfortunate man will have to emigrate at the national expense, and when supported in one of our colonies by government funds, he will be in his proper position, for he is just the kind of person to be kept at a distance.

REMARKS ON REMARKABLE DINING PLACES.

By an Habitué *of all of them.*

No. IV.—THE CHESHIRE CHEESE, AND OTHER CHOP-HOUSES.

CRITIC on Dining Places soon discovers that his capability of forming a right opinion on any one of them depends much upon external—by which, after all, we mean internal — circumstances. For instance, at the Albion one can dine either with or without an appetite; at the French *restaurants* such a thing is a decided disadvantage, unless intended to be retained for ever; but at the chop-houses, not only a gigantic appetite, but positive, or rather superlative hunger, is requisite in order to come up to the scratch in a proper manner, provided always the visitor be not a city clerk or a reporter on the *Sun* newspaper.

The class of chop-houses of which we are treating does not include coffee-houses where chops can be obtained, but such places as the "Cock," and, above all, the "Cheshire Cheese," which are chiefly characterized by a substitution on the floor of sawdust for carpet, and on the tables of steel forks for silver ones. Moreover, the waiters obstinately refuse to allow potatoes to be peeled previously to being served up, and altogether a *régime* is in force which would not be tolerated for one instant west of Temple Bar. When the writer of the present article comes forward as a candidate at the next general election, his cry will be "Reform for our chop-houses;" instead of "Repeal the Union," he will adopt for his motto, "Peel our potatoes;" and the Government, instead of being called upon to "redress our grievances," shall be invited to "dress our salads."

A RAW RECRUIT.

Of the "Cock" we shall say but little, as, although it is always crowing about its stout, which for the rest is very good, it has not yet attained a sufficient degree of civilization to admit pale ale on the premises. If the reader wishes to see a waiter horrified, let him go to the "Cock" and ask for a glass of pale ale. It would produce less effect were he to call for a bowl of prussic acid.

After a contest of some years, Mr. Dollamore, the worthy proprietor of the Cheshire Cheese, yielded to the popular clamour for bitter beer. One concession begets another, and the importation of sherry-cobblers was soon afterwards demanded and obtained. Encouraged by these successes, we have already commenced an agitation which shall not cease until the steel-forks are abolished; and we have made a solemn vow to "die on the floor of the house" unless the sawdust which covers it, to say nothing of other abuses, be speedily swept away.

We have also ulterior intentions of causing the English language to be spoken at the establishment in question. The first time we ever entered it, a youth, whom we at the time believed to be insane, nearly frightened our wits out by screaming at the top of his voice, "Cook, a single mut," "A single kid." "Two muts down together, and one kid to follow, thoroughly done." We soon discovered that there was a peculiar language spoken at the Cheshire Cheese, and we accordingly looked for a dictionary or an interpreter, when an old gentleman, who had been in the habit of dining there every day, except Sunday, during forty-nine years, informed us, with a look of unmitigated contempt, that "mut" was the "Cheese" for a mutton-chop, and that "kid" was translateable into English by the word "kidney."

FRIGHTENING OUR WITS OUT.

TWO KIDS TO FOLLOW.

The Cheshire Cheese is governed by a waiterocracy. The proprietor, who is two or three hosts in himself, seldom interferes, except by coming into one of the rooms, and bowing at random to any of the visitors who may happen to be looking his way. But the waiters are tyrants. Nothing can be done except by their express permission; and their indignation at the SHOWMAN's having published this article without their leave will be of that terrible nature which, in the somewhat vague language of the penny-a-liner, can be more easily imagined than depicted. However, they are occasionally merciful; and that venerable old waiterocrat William has been even known to descend to a species of favouritism which permits him to carry newspapers under his coat for the especial gratification of those who happen, for the moment, to be basking in the sunshine of his favour. But there is one limit at which he pauses and resumes his wonted austerity. William would not, for any earthly consideration, allow a paper to be carried up stairs into the smoking-room. He would feel that, after giving up that point, he might as well abolish the custom of handing bread on the point of the fork, as if to a bear on the top of a pole; and when the right of choice as to crust and crumb is once allowed to the visitor, instead of the selection being left to the waiter, as at present, poor old William will die, and have his portrait hung over the mantelpiece, as has been the fate of other waiters before him.

CHOP-FALLEN.

We imagine that at one time political feeling ran very high among the Cheshire Cheesites; for at present the habitual visitors separate themselves into two distinct bodies, and occupy two distinct rooms, one of which is adapted to the use of Whigs, while the other is suitable to the accommodation of Tories. Of course, the expressions "Liberal" and "Conservative" are far too "new-fangled" for the persons of whom we are speaking. In this room you may read the *Globe* and the *Advertiser* (the *Daily News* will not be taken in until it has been established a dozen years); in that, you may grow sleepy over the *Herald*, or delighted with the *Chronicle*, which, by-the-bye, was, some months ago, formally removed from the apartment where it had been seen daily for a tolerably large fraction of a century into the one in which it is at present visible. Some of its ancient readers were observed to shed tears on the occasion.

SETTLING WITH THE WAITER.

CHOP WELL DONE.

Our readers will be able to form some opinion of the love for the antique possessed by the Cheshire Cheesites when we inform them that the latter read the jokes in *Punch*; and they will further be enabled to arrive at some idea of the injury which their absurd prejudices cause them, when we say that their pet establishment is one of the few that does not take in the PUPPET-SHOW! In order to be consistent, Mr. Dollamore ought to keep all his port till it becomes watery, and all his bread till it gets stale. Let us hope, however, that as long as he keeps the Cheshire Cheese it will in no way become decayed.

BREAKING UP.

Master Russell—"PLEASE, SIR, MAY N'T WE HAVE A HOLIDAY? WE'VE WORKED VERY HARD THIS HALF."

Mr. Bull—"WORKED HARD! WHY YOU HAVE DONE NOTHING AT ALL.—HOLIDAY, INDEED! NOT YET, AT ANY RATE."

NEWSPAPER BRUTALITIES.

Some person employed by the *Times* to scribble reports from the "rebel districts" of Ireland—as even the most peaceful localities are still called—is in the habit of indulging in the most hideous personalities concerning the unfortunate enthusiasts whom he mistakes for criminals, and whose misery his low mind cannot of course compassionate. We do not mean to say that the man is personal merely in the same sense that we are when directing our immediate attention to Mr. Anstey, in order to prove him a blockhead, or to Mr. Hudson with a view to convicting him of ignorance; but that he gratifies his malice by noting down any little peculiarity of dress or personal appearance which may serve to procure a grin from the brutal, not on account of the writer's wit, but of the prisoner's wretchedness.

When Smith O'Brien was being escorted to Dublin, this reporter, who is equally destitute of feeling and of humour, was constantly at his side, staring impudently into his countenance, observing with delight any change of feature which would give him an opportunity of writing an extra line, and gloating with avidity over an unmistakeable expression of despair, which might deserve the honour of a new paragraph. As one instance of coward brutality we may mention that the rascal, after noticing that the prisoner yawned at a certain time, went on to state that he believed it was merely done in order to conceal the real cause of the tears which were trickling down his face! When no mental emotion is exhibited by a captured insurgent, the reporter assumes the airs of a gentleman; but on the whole is not successful. He criticises dress like a journeyman tailor, and endeavours to cast ridicule on Messrs. Meagher and Donoghue because they did not come down from the mountains in evening costume.

This impostor, moreover, who delights in noticing the peculiarities of a heart-broken man, stands forth in the most generous manner to take the part of a policeman who was "chaffed" by Donoghue in the railway carriage which was conveying him to gaol. The fact was that Donoghue ought to have exhibited some mental distress for the penny-a-liner to enlarge upon; but as this was not the case, the paltry scribbler contents himself with praising the modesty and bashfulness evinced by the constable.

THE MYSTERIES OF VAUXHALL.

Last Tuesday a masquerade was given at Vauxhall, which, to use the language of the bills, was "on a scale of magnificence hitherto unattempted in this or any other country." Now, we admit that the masquerade was on a scale of, &c., which has never been attempted by M. Jullien, because he has always, as a matter of course, surpassed it, and to imitate it would be like the *Times* attempting the "scale of magnificence" by which everything in *Lloyd's Journal* is weighed. The mere statement that the entertainment was to be of a nature that had never been aimed at, either at home or abroad, said very little in its favour; and we should advise the proprietors, on the next occasion, to induce visitors to attend by promising a masquerade such as is generally "attempted" in civilized countries. This puff from the Vauxhall management reminds us of one which issued from the direction of a somewhat similar place of entertainment, and in which it was stated, that "the band had been selected from the best orchestras in London," the advertiser omitting to state that the conductor had made a point of choosing all the bad and none of the good musicians.

We perceive that some Scotch society invaded Vauxhall last week. How happy must have been their *fête*, for they were permitted to walk about with tartan awkwardly thrown on, and legs indecently exposed, the air smelling strongly of sulphur during the time! With singular aptness, the day chosen for the festival was the Duchess of Kent's birthday! If the Germans wish to return the compliment and the absurdity, they cannot do better than give a national entertainment on the day when the Duke of Sutherland first saw the light; and we firmly believe that many Englishmen (the believers in the *Times*, for instance) would have great pleasure in celebrating their nationality and the praises of the Emperor of Russia on the same occasion.

COURT CIRCULAR EXTRAORDINARY.

The Court Circular, which has long been known as the essence of English snobbism in a vehicle of clumsy language, is becoming a little more liberal. On the 18th, it condescended to inform us of the following important facts:—

"Her Royal Highness's" (the Duchess of Kent's) "town tradesmen dined together, as usual, at the King's Arms Tavern, Sir George Couper having sent, by the Duchess's orders, a fine fat buck for the occasion."

The penny-a-liner then goes on to inform us, that the company were "entertained" by Mr. Ransford—a fact which we cannot understand, except on the supposition that he was striving to be serious and pathetic.

There is distinct evidence in this statement about the dinner, that the man who "does" the Court Circular is descending a little from the dignity of his birth and position, and condescending to acknowledge the claims of the lower orders to attention. Formerly he used to confine himself to telling all Europe, that Prince Cockaleekie had aired his Royal carcase on a certain lawn, or that some Serene baby had partaken of regal pap. We shall no doubt now learn, that the Duchess of Kent's flunkies enjoyed their usual half-and-half yesterday, and subsequently honoured the gallery at Astley's with their presence in the evening.

A "Capital" Joke.—We think there can be no doubt, after the capture of the Chartists in the "Orange Tree," like so many toads in a hole, of the infernal nature of their designs. We are not of a sanguinary disposition, but we really think that these designs ought to followed by speedy execution.

"Most Musical, most Melancholy."—A musical friend of ours, who is so prejudiced in favour of Logier's system of instruction that he disbelieves in every other, was last week introduced to Hullah; when, after listening to an elaborate exposition of his theory, he exclaimed, "It 's all very fine, Mr. Hullah, but you don't *Logier!*"

The "Last Appeal."—Will no one find a grievance for Mr. Charles Cochrane to redress?

POLICE REPORT.

Scotchmen and Indecency.—Last week, a tall man, with high cheek-bones, red hair, and a tendency to rub himself on every possible object and every possible occasion, was brought before a magistrate, charged with having wandered about London in a denuded and disgusting condition.

The prisoner said, in defence, that he was a Scotchman, and was allowed certain privileges. When taken by the policeman he had declared his willingness to come up to the scratch like a man—he meant a Scotchman—and as he had no itching (*a laugh*) for popularity, he trusted his worship would let him off, when he had no doubt he would be enabled to rub on (*a grin*) in a decent manner.

His worship said it seemed that Scotchmen possessed what appeared to him the unenviable privilege of walking about with the lower part of their bodies completely devoid of clothing; this might be picturesque, but it was not proper; it was, moreover, a piece of barbarism that would not be tolerated for an instant in the Irish labourer or the English workmen. Why Englishmen were forced to wear trowsers, while Scotchmen were allowed to "infest our streets, and dishonour our public places," in a state of half nakedness, it was impossible to say. Either it was indecent to walk about without nether garments, in which case the Scot should be compelled to attire himself like a civilized being; or it was a decent practice, upon which supposition Englishmen ought to enjoy the same rights and the same privilege of running about with naked legs, which was at present confined by a partial legislation to the Caledonians alone. In his (his worship's) opinion, it was nonsense to give the Scotch education until they had been supplied with that clothing, which, however necessary, they were at present unable to procure. He hoped to live to see the day when every Scotchman would be enabled to enjoy a comfortable pair of pantaloons. At present it was all very well to make an attempt at display in the upper garments; the tinsel which glittered above could not conceal the appalling nakedness beneath.

The prisoner was then discharged with a caution, and a pair of velveteens at the public expense.

A "LEARNED THEBAN."

THE other evening, Colonel Sibthorpe observed that "a public man ought to know everything." This has created an immense sensation; for as the Colonel is celebrated for being a staunch lover of the proverb "Practice is better than Precept," it is evident he would never have hazarded the assertion he did without feeling the proud consciousness that he himself was a living example of its truth.

According to his own confession, therefore, the gallant Colonel knows everything. How invaluable he would prove attached to the *Family Herald* or *Weekly Despatch* in the capacity of editor; with what ease he would answer the numerous and often bewildering questions of curious correspondents! The SHOWMAN, in consequence, begs to present the following queries to the Colonel's attention, and would feel obliged by an early reply:—

When talent without interest, and stupidity with it, are both trying for the same government situation, what are the odds against the former's not obtaining the place?

How much opium—in cwts., qrs., lbs., &c.—have been contained in Mr. C. Anstey's speeches since the beginning of the Session? Further, is the hon. gentleman not really chargeable with the general somnolency to which the House has lately been addicted?

What is the exact time it generally takes Mr. D'Israeli to manufacture the brilliant impromptu speeches he is in the habit of making?

Who is the author of the letters of Junius?

It is so long since the cathedral of Cologne was commenced, that the name of the architect has been lost in the darkness of ages. Will Mr. Barry's fate be a similar one?

How often has Lord G. Bentinck dreamed he was prime minister? And

From what (at present) unaccountable cause has the "awful calamity" which the Lord Mayor declared he and the Corporation were anxiously waiting for, and the captains, crews, engineers, and stokers of the river steamboats been so sedulously striving, by overcrowding, drunkenness, &c., to bring about, not yet taken place?

THE CHARTIST BULLIES.

WE are glad to see that a few gangs of dirty "physical force" ruffians have been seized by the police, in those fœtid pot-house dens where they go to wallow in beer, dirt, bluster, and treason. All England is interested in their being put down at once, and pitchforked into some penal colony, to work in gangs with the off-scourings of the country—the most loathsome of whom, however, is too respectable for the association. The ease with which their plots were discovered shows their stupidity, as much as the way in which they surrendered betrays their cowardice. Nothing now remains but to punish them, and they should be punished as men chastise dogs, with a severity that prevents the brutality of instinct (they have no reason) from breaking into violence. They are the natural enemies of all that is good—from religion to soap. They act on a base hatred of all that is quiet and holy, and track the ruin of a country as the shark, in Barry Cornwall's poem, follows the ship containing a dying man. There is no way of dealing with them but by the stocks, the whip, the branding-iron, and the gallows.

A MERRIE CONCEIT.—About ye same tyme (namelie, iv or v dayes after I had taken ye Lyceum) Will Shakespere and myselfe proceeded to ye house of a certaine cavalier, who hadde invited us at divers periodes to passe a weeke with hyme. Now this gentlemanne was very fond of his houndes, for whiche he hadde builded a beautifull kennel, and which he used to visyte every morn, so that when it was announced one daie, a year or so later, that, what with *bona robas* and court gallants, he was clean ruined, Will Shakespere remarked: "I am not surprysed; it is not wonderfull that he should go to ye dogges." At which scurvey jeste we laughed right heartilie.—*Burbage's Diary.*

THE "MAN COWELL."

WE have seen a number of placards about London, announcing the astounding fact that some one calling himself the "Man Cowell" either is going to take, or is not going to take, or has taken a benefit! What benefit does he mean? Is it a benefit at a theatre, or at the Insolvent Debtors' Court? The "Man Cowell" ought really to be more explicit as to who he is, what he is going to do, where he is going to do it, and why he does it at all.

A STRAPPING-FELLOW—A surgeon's dresser.

SOYER'S NECTAR.

WE heard, the other day,
Some "fast" men, drinking SOYER'S NECTAR, say,
"May everlasting slowness straightway crush us,
If any human tipple 's half so luscious.
Why, it beats liqueurs, spirits, punch, and wine—
Takes out of beer and shandy-gaff the shine—
In one word, 't is divine."
The "fast" men spoke more truly than they thought;
The Nectar *is* divine, because—in fact—in short,
Now is the proper time and place, we think,
To let the world know all about this drink.

One day, half lost in deep reflection,
Soyer the First was turning in his head
All sorts of thoughts which had not much connexion
With one another, when he sprung
All of a sudden from his chair, and said:
"I've done already for mankind, I feel,
A precious deal.
With my renown the whole world has rung.
Mais que m'importe—that's not enough—
Particularly as I'm sure
Within my breast I've got the stuff
To do much more.
Yes! ere my span of life is run,
I'll yet surpass all I have ever done;
Some hero I will imitate of old—
Mais qui?
Come—let me see—
Why, there's Prometheus—famous, we are told,
For scaling high Olympus, whence he stole
The sacred fire, where Jove had hid it—
Eh bien! Olympus also be my goal:
I'll scale it, too!"
This did great Soyer say he'd do;
And, what is more, he did it!
"What, reach the skies!"
I hear some hundred readers all exclaim,
In some surprise.
"What means did he adopt, may we p'rhaps ask,
In order to accomplish such a task?"

He mounted on his own transcendant Fame.

Having, then, reached his destination,
He seized upon the very first occasion—
By dint of flattery, *vulgo* (very) "chaff"—
To wheedle from that Nymph so coy and neat,
Fair Hebe, the receipt
Of the famed Nectar which the gods all quaff:
Then, shortly after, bidding her adieu,
And planting on her lips a kiss or two,
Came down
As fast as possible to Town.

This will explain, gentle reader mine,
Why the "fast" men,
Mentioned above, quite right were when
They said that Soyer's Nectar was "divine."

What follows is already written
In History's page;
The Nectar soon became the rage
All over Britain.
In every tavern, store, hotel,
And pastrycook's and grocer's shop as well—
E'en in the most sequestered place—
The Nectar placards stared you in the face.

At present,
With every coming day its credit waxes;
It's quite as universal as the taxes,
And, of a surety, far more pleasant.

TRYING IT ON.

Wife of your Bosom.—"Oh, George—*do* look!—what loves of Bonnets."

George.—"Ah! Hem! Yes, my Dear; but I'm afraid it will rain. We'd better be going."

BATHING ON THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY!

QUARRELLING with that rare virtue of public companies—their liberality—is far from the Showman's custom; but even this good quality may be carried too far; and therefore, in the present rainy season, when the almanac-makers, like newspaper editors, seem to be favouring us with a "second edition" of the month of April, decidedly uncalled for, the Showman cannot allow his unique optic to glance quietly over the extreme liberality of the South-Eastern Railway Company.

Conspicuously placarded about and around the Metropolis, for weeks past may have been read the words "Half Fares"—words more taking at holiday times to Cockneys than is bird-lime to hedge sparrows. Inspired by an intense anxiety to study the recreative enjoyments of the people—an anxiety equal to that which may induce Lord Morpeth practically to acquaint himself with their sanatory condition by wading breast high in the foul waters of the Serpentine, or threading, knee deep in filth, the labyrinthine sewers of London—inspired by the most laudable of motives, the Showman lately took, and paid for, one of the Company's third class "excursion tickets" to Ramsgate.

Everybody knows that on pleasure lines the third class carriages are too open by half for the comfort of the passengers; but those only who, seeking like the Showman the healthful pursuit of autumnal bathing, have indulged in the six hours' martyrdom of an excursion train, can fully appreciate the redeeming advantages. You leave the London Bridge Terminus by steam, and long ere you reach Reigate (fortunate possessor of a third class ticket!) you indulge in the luxury of a most copious shower-bath; by the time the train arrives at Tunbridge, the shower-bath combines with a foot-bath; and both increasing in the same ratio, station after station, a very pleasant hip-bath, for such as prefer this mode of ablution, is the result before the train approaches Ashford. Here you have an opportunity of indulging in a glass of "warm with," to counteract the effects of the possibly too abundant "cold without." Between this station and Ramsgate the water rises in all probability so high that the passengers are able to sport about like dolphins, and at the ticket station not a little fun is created by some persons diving in search of their lost pasteboard, which they have the felicity of showing three or four times in the course of the journey. The entertainment is generally repeated on your return, and through the liberality of the company you enjoy for the small sum of seven shillings and sixpence a ride of nearly two hundred miles, and a greater variety of bathing than, on reaching Ramsgate, you could obtain, supposing you were inclined to do so, for double the money.

To make the arrangements of this cold-water cure for third class passengers more perfect, the Showman would suggest to the Directors that towels be distributed with the tickets—that the use of soap be prohibited—that the waste steam be conveyed into certain carriages to be distinctly marked "Tepid Bath"—that brushes, combs, and bootjacks be provided, and looking-glasses affixed between the compartments—and finally, that a bathing guard and a receiving-house, upon the principle of the Royal Humane Society, accompany every excursion train. A few carriages might be set apart for ladies exclusively; and if in the next issue of Time Tables the above advantages be enumerated among the attractions of the line, the Showman ventures to predict a considerable decrease in the dividends of the liberal-South Eastern Railway Company!

WHERE TO DRAW THE LINE.

Where is the line to be drawn between a rebel and a patriot?

Does rebel mean an unsuccessful patriot, and does patriot signify a successful rebel?

Would Smith O'Brien have been looked upon as a rebel if he had succeeded?

And would the Parisians have been considered as patriots if they had failed?

Over Delicacy.—An American friend of ours carries his sense of honour so far, as to spend all his time in perfect idleness, because he does not even like to *take advantage* of time.

Cheering Prospect.—We are glad to say that since the late attempt at insurrection provisions appear to be far more plentiful in Ireland than they previously were: at least there is a great abundance of *Irish Stew*.

"So Much for Buckingham."—The *Times* states that "the avenue to Stowe resembles the road to Epsom on a Derby day." This is consoling to the Duke, for the more *dust* the purchasers come down with, the better he will be pleased.

Operatic "Bon Mot."—We learn that Madame Grisi declares she will never sing with any tenor but Mario, who has been in consequence named the "tenor of her life."

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Next week a Double Number of the Puppet-Show, completing Vol. I., will be published, comprising, in addition to the usual contents, an engraved title-page, dedication, index of contents, &c.

NOTICE.

Numerous Correspondents having complained of the difficulty experienced in obtaining copies of the Puppet-Show *in various parts of the country, the Proprietors have determined on the publication of a* **Stamped Edition,** *to go free by post, and which may be procured by order of any London Newsman. Parties preferring it will be regularly supplied with the Stamped Edition of the* Puppet-Show, *carefully enclosed in a wrapper, direct from the Office,* 11 *Wellington Street North, Strand, on the following terms:—*

Subscription for One Quarter, or 13 Numbers . 2s. 6d.
Half-year, or 26 Numbers . 5s. 0d.

The amount may be transmitted by Postage Stamps, or by a Post-Office Order, made payable to William Dover.

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GRANTING OF LICENSES.

THE public, particularly that portion of it which reads the *Morning Advertiser*—or barrel-organ, as we have wittily called it—must be aware that this is about the time at which the proprietors of taverns have to apply for their licenses. It is not, however, so generally known that the SHOWMAN lately held a court, at which he heard various applications, chiefly for the renewal of certain licenses which had been previously enjoyed by the persons coming before him. Amongst others,

LORD JOHN RUSSELL applied for a license to be exempted from the persecutions of the PUPPET-SHOW. Refused with savage delight.

MR. D'ISRAELI applied for a license to attack everybody. Granted with sympathy.

MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY applied for a license to be a permanent bore. Granted in despair.

LORD MONTEAGLE applied for a license to make Government compel every one to emigrate at the national expense. Refused with a smile.

MR. SPOONER applied for a license to oblige every one to sit in one position during the whole of Sunday. Refused with pity.

SIR R. INGLIS applied for a license to have all the Roman Catholic priests in Ireland tied up in a sack, and pitched into the sea. Refused with contempt.

MR. WEBSTER, comedian, applied for a license to produce bad translations of good French pieces, and to prevent any one from going to see the originals. Refused with a knowing laugh.

MADAME CELESTE applied for a license to speak the English language with an accent totally unknown in any European country. Granted out of compliment to the audience of the Adelphi Theatre.

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.—During a speech of the Premier, a member near Sir Robert Peel asked him if he did not hear a noise. "No," replied the ex-one, "only a little *rustle*."

A PI(O)US ACT.—The Diplomatic Relations with Rome Bill.

SILK WEAVERS AND SILK WEARERS.

THE INDEPENDENT FIREMEN.

COMPETITION, like the locust-swarms of old, respects nothing. It goes steadily on its way, attacking everything it may happen to encounter. Bakers, butchers, patriots, doctors, together with the members of nearly every other calling, have all been its victims; and, though last not least, soldiers and policemen have at length felt its insatiable tooth.

These individuals had from time immemorial monopolized the profession of lady-killers; at present a formidable race of rivals has sprung up: we allude to those members of the metropolitan fire-establishment, into whose custody are delivered the fire-escapes which adorn different points of London as soon as evening has set in.

These officials are a cross between the lancer and the policeman, with a strong dash of the private gentleman. To all the charms of a jaunty uniform, consisting of a military-looking frock coat, and a sort of light-cavalry cap, the poke surrounded with a most martial brass edging, they add the incalculable advantage of being pretty well their own masters while on duty. They can talk with whom they like, joke with whom they like, and drink with whom they like. Perhaps the talking and drinking may not be exactly according to orders; but what matters that to them: they do it.

To their honour, though, be it said, it is not with low and vulgar companions that they talk and drink, and, we may add, eat: this they would scorn. They prefer the soft and inspiring society of beings of a fairer kind—of guileless, confiding women, and, generally speaking, of such specimens of the species as fulfil the functions of cooks and housemaids—cooks being the more sought after—and who, in return for the fascinating conversation of these entertaining fellows, insist upon the latter's accepting trifling pledges of their esteem, in the shape of remnants of cold legs of mutton, boiled and roast beef, chickens, pork and fruit pies, agreeably diversified by small bottles of sundry cordials, and sometimes a mug of warm tea.

The detractors of the Independent Firemen, as the SHOWMAN thinks himself justified in calling the latter, assert that there was never a case—that is, a bottle—in which water was ever brought to them; but the reason is obvious—there is generally a pump near at hand, from which they can always obtain an abundant supply of the pure element: justice, however, requires the SHOWMAN to state he never saw them do so.

From eight till about ten o'clock, the hour at which tyrannical mistresses require street-doors to be bolted and area-gates locked, there is hardly a spot where an Independent keeps guard, round which a group of too susceptible maidens is not gathered. But it is when the SHOWMAN perceives some fair daughter of Eve *tête-à-tête* with the fiery Lothario that he trembles for her. Without wishing to detract from the merit of the *corps* in general, it is pretty certain that individually they have the same hankering after filthy lucre as most men; and that, if a girl is foolish enough to avow the possession of a stake in the Savings Bank, or merely of a tidy sum in the corner of an old stocking, the Independent will most indubitably talk about eternal love and the potato trade, or of marriage and a spring-van, winding up by hints of throwing himself into the very first fire at which his professional exertions may be required. Alas! for the poor girl. Too late she finds out that her idol, with a total disregard of his vocation, instead of doing his best to extinguish the flame which he has kindled in her breast, exerts himself to the utmost to excite it, and that, however active he may be in saving others through the instrumentality of his "Escape," for her at least all escape is totally out of the question.

CONUNDRUMS.

Q. What do the aquatic tournaments at Cremorne resemble?

A. Water-mills.

Q. Why is a lady with a small waist like a frequent traveller?

A. Because her stays are very limited.

LOVERS' RHYMES.

NED sat with Susan underneath a tree,
And both were happy, as betrothed should be;
And toying with her hair to sweeten time,
"Help me," he said, "dear Susan, to a rhyme:
I want one sadly, jingling well with 'hiss'"——
"No—Susan—no—a new one, and not 'bliss.'"

"Not 'bliss,'" said she; "the easiest rhyme I know;
But since thou wilt not, grumbler, have it so,
What can I do? Look in mine eyes and see,
And for *one* word, discarded, I 'll give *three*.
And all the three combined shall mean but 'bliss;'
Look at me, Ned, and own it—'KISS, THIS, MISS!'"

MOTTO FOR A NON-DUELLIST.—*Nulli secundus*, Second to none.

THE SESSION.

THE time is now drawing near when the most useless of all sessions will be brought to a termination, and the members of the House of Commons dismissed to shooting, and those other occupations for which they are more fitted than governing the country. Lord John and his colleagues will then be able to work—or rather be idle—in safe obscurity; but before the time comes, let the premier be first asked what he has done beyond proving himself the most dishonest and incompetent minister that ever pocketed a salary or made a stupid speech.

Where, for example, are those social reforms, so magniloquently announced, that were to raise Ireland from the state of degradation into which "noble" ministers have brought her? Has one more acre of waste land been cultivated, one more peasant been taught to read, one more fish caught, or one more potato planted in that country, since this heir of the stupidity of all the Bedfords began his ministerial sway? No, must be the answer to this, as to every other inquiry about his utility. But he has adopted as a principle, and pushed to an extreme, that coercion which his party have always affected to repudiate. He has irritated Irish generosity and neglected Irish prayer, insulted Irish feeling and fettered Irish patriotism by a system which makes every creature of it a scoundrel, and every victim of it a slave.

What has he done in England—given sanitary reform to her cities, employment to her poor, or education to her children? His partial reform of the Navigation Laws has not yet become law; his bill on the Jewish Disabilities was rejected by the Lords. Like the old man in Rasselas he has "left many great designs unattempted, and many great attempts unfinished." He was prevented from cleaning out the sty of the City by the grunting of the aldermanic pigs, at which his little heart took fright.

One of his last exploits was denying, in the face of the people of England, that they wanted any reforms. Why, is not the fact of his being premier a sufficient proof that reforms are wanted? Are there no men in England better fitted to govern than he is? Or does he possess any other recommendation beyond that of being son of a Duke and author of "Don Carlos?"

When this session expires it will carry with it no man's regret. It began without hope, and will end without performance. The curse of Whiggery was upon it from the beginning; for with Whigs meanness is the motive, and littleness the result of every action.

A CAUTIOUS GAME.

Her Majesty don't go to Ireland; Lord John does. England, not liking to risk the Queen out of her hands, plays the Knave!

MINISTERIAL LEECHES.

The Whigs are often designated as a race of political blood-suckers who have fixed themselves upon the nation. Luckily, however, they are a race which is soon likely to *come off*.

AN ESSENTIAL WANT.

Ernest Jones, finding prison diet the reverse of *piquant*, has applied to M. Soyer for a supply of his popular sauce. This proves the Chartist leader to be dissatisfied with his present *pickle*.

AN UNFORTUNATE SNOB.

Mr. Vernon, one of the Chartist leaders in prison, is a mesmerist. This accounts for his bringing matters to such a "pass."

MEAGHER AGAIN.

The bombastic threats which "Meagher of the Sword" threw out against her Majesty's Government having ended in nothing, henceforth let him be named Meagher of the *Hatchet!*

A RAZOR FOR THE CHARTISTS.

We may say of the Chartists, with all their folly and filth, that they are trying to raise (*raze*) the town if they can.

THE WHIG JUGGLER.

Sir George Grey asserted that the arming of the police was only a temporary necessity. Time, however, has shown that instead of the Whig Juggler it is the public who must swallow the sword.

AWFUL REFLECTION.

The Duke of Buckingham never knew when to stop in this extravagance. He has at last, however, been obliged to Stowe it!

THROWING THE FIRST STONE.

A Whig has written to us, to say, respecting Lord John's visit to Ireland, that it 's too bad, when the Irish want bread, we should send them a "brick!"

A MOTION OF COURSE.

The election of the Right Hon. E. Strutt has been declared void. After having seen Mr. Strutt on the hustings we shall now see him strut off.

A LOGICAL DEDUCTION.

Speaking of some absurd project or other, Mr. C. Anstey lately declared "he would give it a full share of his consideration." Bearing in mind the little consideration the Hon. Gentleman himself enjoys, at least in the House, we should say he had not much to spare.

TOO BAD.

A man was recently committed for having passed himself off as Lord George Bentinck. We should have thought that to be taken for that nobleman, anywhere, was punishment sufficient!

UNBOUNDED ARROGANCE.

The Premier says, that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. We might almost infer from this that at some time or other he has considered himself a sharp one.

AN OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

"ONE afternoon, sir, when we was raythier lateish, an old woman hailed us in Cheapside, an knowin the wonderful deal o' time old ladies requires to conduct themsel into a 'bus, I give her the blind eye, but it wos no go; she kep a chasin us all 'long Cheapside and all roun San Paul's Churchyard, runnin an bawlin 'nough to split her precious winepipe. 'Cut away, Charley,' ses I to our coachman, an with 'at he puts the 'osses on 's fast as they could foot it till we gits to Ludgate 'ill, where a coal waggin brings us to a dead lock. When she come up with us, puffin an blowin, an all out o' breath, she ses to me, ses she, 'I say there,'s two people in that 'bus afore you that 's agoin to Kew Bridge!' an with that she turns on her heels agin. Now do you know, sir, I 've thought a hundred times an more, over what th' old woman said, an for the life of me I never can make out why she took the trouble to communicate to me that pertikellary interestin piece of information."

VERY LIKE † † † † † †.

Last week our printer received a domiciliary visit from the police, in consequence of an intimation that he was unlawfully possessed of a large quantity of daggers! On searching the office the supposed mischievous weapons turned out to be *dagger o' types* (or "daguerrotypes"), from which the only danger to be apprehended consisted in their bearing a "*striking* likeness" to the more deadly steel.

The sparrows of London have it in contemplation to present Mr. Charles Barry with a silver bird's-nest with golden eggs, in return for the immense number of eligible lodgings he has provided for them in the *façade* of the New Palace at Westminster. Surely the feathered satirists must be twit-twitting the architect.

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION—A Chartist taking a step on the treadmill.

SONNET TO A BAD SIXPENCE.

BASE coin, avaunt! Pale, wan, and leaden-eyed,
Thy smooth hypocrisy might well betray,
Thou Ghost of genuine currency—away!
Dull mocker of the hapless wight who took thee—
A curse upon the cabman who forsook thee,
And on his fare the spurious coinage tried!
Thou monster, worse than Frankenstein created,
Doomed to dismay the world—hacked, hooted, hated;
A hideous spectre—bugbear of the pocket;
A bottle-imp, of which each rids himself,
Until the last possessor of the pelf,
Entrapped, has found it raises hope to mock it;
A subtle snare that—that—"*Want change, d' ye say?*"
Huzza! my fears and sixpence both have passed away!

SCIENCE.—A FRAGMENT.

Mrs. Bluestocking. . . . Of course, Julia, you can do as you like, my love; either go to the ball with Harriet and George, or accompany me to hear Professor Oxygen's lecture at the Institution.

Julia. I would rather go with you, aunt.

Harriet. La! Julia. What, prefer a number of nasty dirty-looking retorts and odious-smelling gasses, to such a love of a ball as Mrs. Dashaway's is sure to be? Come—aunt won't be affronted if you choose the ball—

Mrs. Bluestocking. Certainly not—my dear girl—I——

Julia. No—I would not lose the lecture for the world. I am sure the ball can never be compared to the treat the Professor has in store for us. How can I hesitate an instant when I reflect on the numerous and great benefits which—which—

Mrs. Bluestocking. Quite right, Julia—which we owe to science—

Julia. Yes, aunt—and the beauties—the sublimity—the—the wonders—

Mrs. Bluestocking. It unveils—

Julia. It unveils—combined with—(*aside to Harriet*) Don't you recollect that dear Captain Swordknot is sure to be at the lecture? . . . . . .

HORSES *versus* MEN.

ONE of the votes proposed in the supplies was £1,574 for the encouragement of horse-racing in Ireland. Every person of the least understanding would have supposed that such a vote as this would pass without discussion. But Mr. Bright willed it otherwise.

This Hon. Member did all he could to disallow the sum in question. He pretended that it would be a great deal better to improve the breed of men than the breed of horses. The question is not one of improvement. The breed of men has been improved, as so has that of horses; and the result has been a proud aristocracy of horses as well as of men. A grateful and admiring country has made ample provision for the latter. It is to pursue a similar course as regards the former that the pitiful sum of £1,574 was demanded.

Some other Hon. Member wished merely to defer the vote until such time as the misery in Ireland should not be so great. This is as neat a piece of irony as it is possible to conceive. "Until the misery in Ireland shall not be so great." Why, if we waited till then, we might bid adieu to the money altogether; none but a man without a spark of feeling for the noble and national amusement we are treating of could have ever made such a proposition.

As for the idea of expending the £1,574 in sending a certain number of poor persons as emigrants to our colonies, it is absolutely sickening. Let me ask, Mr. SHOWMAN, when all this philanthropical twaddle is to be abolished? Really at the present day it has become quite a nuisance. A gentleman cannot take a glass of wine, or demand a pension, without being bored about emigration. If people are so desirous of going to the Cape, or New South Wales, let them do so, in the name of all that's good, but let them cease to bother Government about it. Do I ask for a hundred or two every time I go to Vienna, or take a trip up the Rhine? Certainly not; and still I am not sure that I should not be justified in so doing, seeing the amount of taxes I pay.

Trusting that these few hasty remarks will find a responsive echo in the heart of every true Englishman who has the least respect for the "high-mettled racers" which, with a few other considerations, have raised England to the proud eminence she now occupies,

I remain, MR. SHOWMAN,
Your obedient servant,
BEAGLE.

CONUNDRUM ADAPTED TO THE MEANEST CAPACITY.

Q. What leader of the time of Queen Elizabeth would be best suited for the command of Charles Albert's army?
A. Sir Walter Raleigh (rally).

A NEW CON FOR THE NEW COIN.—We understand that Prince Albert has suggested that the new coin about to be issued from the Mint should be called a florin. We object to this, as we shall be constantly hearing jokes made about there being a *flaw—in* the florin. We hope then that the florin (*floorin'* another argument on our side) will give way, and that we shall fall upon some better name.

KILLING WITH KINDNESS.—The Protestant Dissenting ministers declare that they don't want the national grant of £1,695. Lord John, however, declares that they must have it, averring that he's as Independent a minister as any one of them.

UNFEELING REMARK.—Last week, a young man of feeble intellect used a hair-dye, which turned his hair green. On applying to the *peruquier* on the subject, he was informed by the monster (in human form, of course), that he "ought not to be particular to a shade!"

DONNA INEZ.

IN his lordly hall Don Carlos entertains his noble guests,
While with noiseless tread his menials execute his dread behests.
Noble matrons, smiling damsels, knights without reproach or fear,
Pass around the sparkling wine-cup to increase the festive cheer.
Wherefore should his only daughter, Donna Inez, sit so still
And so mournful, while the others with their mirth the building fill?
Wherefore should the tears thus trickle down her face—and why those throes?
Why? *Because that horrid mustard's been and got into her nose.*

MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

Q. What is "bursting a blood-vessel?"
A. Blowing up a slave-ship.

A FRUITFUL THEME.—A warehouseman was lately committed for robbing his employers of several boxes of raisins. This certainly is an appropriate although not strictly legal mode of "*raisin* the wind."

ANECDOTE EXTRAORDINARY.—Last week it was found necessary to have some repairs executed in the roof of the SHOWMAN's villa, and a celebrated builder was accordingly engaged to do all that was necessary, under the superintendance of a celebrated architect. A number of men mounted to the top of the house, all of whom had been recommended as persons who would "get through their work quickly," which they certainly did, for, as soon as a few rafters had been replaced, the workmen tumbled through into one of the top attics!

DEVILLED KIDNEYS—Potatoes affected with the disease.

ATTEMPT AT IMPOSITION.

PUBLIC curiosity has never been so excited as it is at present about the birth, parentage, circumstances, and education of the SHOWMAN. One individual has been playing the lion at an endless number of balls, routs, dinners, and *thés dansants*, on the strength of his having patched up some story or other about the SHOWMAN's patch—pretending to know how the latter came by it, how long he had worn it, and whether he meant at any future period to leave it off. Now, the SHOWMAN gave his portrait, and all he wished to be known of himself, to his subscribers in his first Number; and he will as certainly give it any person who shall, after this warning, endeavour to gain popularity by pretending to an intimate acquaintance with him. The SHOWMAN would have inflicted a public castigation on the individual referred to—who got very drunk with his temporary popularity and other people's wines—had his conduct not brought its own punishment with it. In consequence of the great number of dinners he swallowed, in an incredibly short period, he is at present a martyr to a most awful state of indigestion.

When the proper time arrives, the SHOWMAN will himself explain away the mystery which now envelopes him, and draw up the curtain behind which he is concealed. But as yet the public mind would be unequal to sustain the shock: when it has been duly prepared by an assiduous perusal of the articles in the PUPPET-SHOW, then, and then only, may the SHOWMAN be induced to publish something of his history to the wondering world.

In the meantime, the SHOWMAN returns his thanks for the many invitations and challenges he has received, all of which he declines; begging to inform the public, that in his stead, three gentlemen who contribute occasionally to the PUPPET-SHOW have expressed their willingness to accept, and, in accordance with the principles of their chief—great in everything he undertakes—to do justice to the former; while a treaty has just been concluded with two "dead shots," of gentlemanly exterior, to manage all affairs arising out of the latter.

REMOVAL OF THE QUADRANT!

WE have been lately much startled by an advertisement in the newspapers which states that the Quadrant is about to be removed. The astounding announcement is put forth by a Mr. Stocken, who, with his stock in trade, is to be removed at the same time as the Quadrant; and who, we may be allowed to say, is at present but one degree removed from the condition of an ignoramus. When first we saw the words "Removal of the Quadrant" in conjunction with the name of Stocken, we thought that that very good stationer, but exceedingly bad writer, was giving notice to some nautical gentleman who had left his quadrant at his (Mr. Stocken's) shop, that unless removed it would be sold to pay expenses. We were, however, wrong; the word Quadrant begins with a capital letter, and Mr. Stocken lives in one of the houses which compose it. What Stocken says is, that the Quadrant with a capital Q, the Quadrant which is made up of two colonnades, and lots of houses, shops, billiard-rooms, and indescribable places, will be removed, with all its billiard-tables, cigars, prepared coffee, hats, coats, boots, shoes, and Stockens. But who is to remove the Quadrant? Can Stocken undertake the task *solus?* And then where is it to be removed to, and what is to become of the vacant place which will be left, and why is it to be removed at all? These are questions which we hope Stocken will answer. We are aware that the colonnade is to be pulled down, but that has nothing to do with the houses themselves. If Stocken has some plot for destroying these, let him avow it, and appease the fears of the at present panic-stricken inhabitants of Regent Street!

EARL GREY'S NOVEL THEORY.

DURING the debate of August 24th, Earl Grey made an absurd attempt to defend the Hudson's Bay Company against a charge of unjust conduct towards the natives of some of their territories. The noble Earl admitted that they had cheated the Indians in purchasing their skins—by which we mean the skins of their animals—but justified the proceeding by saying, that, as the Indians were in the habit of "indulging in intoxicating liquors," the less money they received the better! The principle is a novel one, and requires testing. Let some noble lord endeavour to apply it to the labourers employed on his estate, and he will soon find whether it will be any consolation to them, when paid only half their customary wages, to hear that it is all for their own good, as it will prevent them "indulging in intoxicating liquors." Moreover, let the doctrine be applied to noble lords themselves. Let Lord Dyce de Roulette be informed that his salary from the Foreign Office will be discontinued, as he spends it all at the gaming-table, and it will be far better for him to be without the means of gratifying his taste for gambling. Captain Turf should also be informed that his half-pay will be in future retained for the private use of the authorities at the Horse Guards in consequence of the inconsiderate manner in which he backs all the horses in John Day's stables. We will venture something that after such proceedings neither Turf nor De Roulette would be of any material advantage to Government by their assistance on an important division. No; until Earl Grey proves his belief in his own theory by applying the practise of it, to the cases of all the Whiglings at present in office, we shall continue unshaken in our opinion that one man has no right to pick another's pocket in order to prevent the latter from "indulging in intoxicating liquors."

THE DONKEYS AND DRIVERS AGAIN.

FOR a very great wonder, the cause of justice and common sense has been victorious in the case of the North Western engine-drivers. Owing to the benevolence of the *Times*, who took the side which appeared strongest, there was every chance at one period of the best men being dismissed from the line, and an accident or two had borne witness to the wisdom of the "economy" that dictated the movement; but luckily Lord Dudley Stuart threatened to ask "certain questions" of Mr. Glyn in the House, and that gentleman shrunk from the torture and conceded the point. We are glad to see the affair settled without any worse damage than a couple of collisions and some injury to the character of the directors. Mr. M'Connell, we understand, is to resign. Somebody must be sacrificed to atone for the directors' blunders, we suppose; but why this gentleman should be so, who doubtless only acted under instructions from the board, we cannot understand. Cannot he get some member to "put certain questions" to Mr. Glyn, and make that rich banker and poor reasoner haul in his horns once more?

Mr. Glyn has been much be-plastered with praise for his share in the business, which consisted, however, of sticking out for wrong while he could, and giving in to right when he had no other choice. We shall expect soon to hear of a Chartist being praised for patience on the tread-mill, when, being fastened on, he had no other choice but to be patient.

We hope that we shall hear no more of any such greediness and obstinacy as led to this mischievous and ridiculous dispute; and that if the drivers are again trifled with in a similar way, they will come forward to exert themselves in as energetic a manner as has on this occasion (with the aid of the PUPPET-SHOW) finished the quarrel by a termination as honourable to themselves as it is discreditable to their opponents.

EPIGRAM.

Of all our lingual mysteries,
That least is understood,
Why shrubs that grow on mountain tops
Are ycleped *under*wood.

BARON NATHAN CONSIDERED AS A POLYGAMIST AND A BLIND MAN.

WE perceive that Baron Nathan had a benefit last week a Rosherville Gardens. The SHOWMAN received an invitation t "rally round him;" but like Grouchy, when unable to reac Waterloo, he was prevented doing so by a previous engagement Among other attractions, a new dance, called "Humphery' Old Clock" (for which every one was on the watch), was given and was executed by TWELVE YOUNG LADIES! We admir the idea of the Baron possessing a clock composed of "twelv young ladies," in a country where polygamy is not tolerated This reprobate must be taught that Rosherville is not Turkey and that Baron Nathan is not the Sultan. If, however, an person could be induced to look upon "twelve young ladies" a so much wood, metal, and wire, when in fact they possess none c the attributes of a clock excepting hands and face, we would after insulting him grossly for his stupidity, just ask him how h would turn such a time-piece to any advantage? We kno plenty of young ladies who are "up to the time of day," bu then some of them are exceedingly fast, and never know whe to stop, and all require more or less regulating.

Besides the attractions of the clock, which we have no doub was wound up in the most successful manner, we had the Baro doing his eggstraordinary egg-dance blindfolded. We alway thought that to hop about among thirty eggs was a thing tha no sensible man would do with his eyes open; and by putting bandage over his optics, the Baron has proved himself to be c our opinion. While hazarding his reputation, and the fate c two shillings' worth of eggs, the hero of Rosherville was with th greatest *nonchalance* accompanying himself on the violin! S Nero fiddled when Rome was burning! Moreover he was perform ing on "only two strings," and this is put forward as somethin wonderful. Here, however, we must correct the Baron, as ever man must be well off if he can boast of two strings to hi bow!

THE MINISTERIAL WHITEBAIT DINNER.

"Turba sonans prædam pedibus circumvolat uncis,
Polluit ore dapes." ÆNEID, lib. iii.

INVOCATION OF THE GOD OF SATIRE.

O THOU, who from Olympus sent the fire
That burns in Juvenal's immortal page—
Thou who taught Pope to sweep the graceful lyre,
And raised in glorious Dryden holy rage—
Who made rough-hearted Churchill brand his age,
The Azræl* Chatterton his vials pour—
Tip us your hand, my brick, and we will wage
A war against the Whigs, and make them roar,
As howls the hungry wolf on far Siberia's shore!

"O'er the glad waters," down the Thames and back,
Their minds as muddy, and their hearts as black,
Fast as the steam can bear them o'er the brine,
Survey the Whigs in council met to dine.
Our's are the realms that hate their stupid sway,
Their sceptre, one we scorn while we obey.

"Fair laughs the breeze, and soft the zephyr blows,"
As proudly gliding through the muddy realm,
In gallant trim the hiréd steamer goes,
HAWES at the prow and RUSSELL at the helm!
Careless of state affairs, they glide away,
And, sunk in dull repose, expect their evening prey!

One bound they made—each gained his plate;
Already down their throats have sunk
The *water-souchée* and whitebait,
And half the icéd punch is drunk.
The waiters bring fresh food for slaughter,
And sherry, hock, and soda-water.

The cloth removed, the grace half-muttered said,
The rich dessert was on the table laid—
Wine from the land that kicked poor Bulwer out,
And grapes as ruddy as a lord mayor's snout;
Pines from those glowing islands of the west,
Whose ruin feathered many a Mawworm's nest;
And figs fresh gathered from some hot-house bough,
Almost as soft and green, dear HAWES, as thou!
"Now for a noble toast," Lord RUSSELL cries,
Pride in his voice and brilliance in his eyes.
"In solemn silence let us all be sunk,
'*The Bills that at St. Stephen's fell*' be drunk!"
A gloom profound clouds every vacant face,
A moment's decent silence rules the place.

Then up rose MORPETH, after one more sip,
A champagne dew-drop glittering on his lip,
"*The City's health*," he cried, "I next propose,"
While peals of laughter round the table rose.
"Its health," he cried again, "for sure no hurt
Can come from good old long-established dirt.
Shall impious men, with Jerrold at their head,
Disturb the sewers which their fathers laid?
Shall sacrilegious hands their dunghills rout,
Or old time-honoured cesspools be cleaned out?"
He spoke, a cheer burst from the faithful band,
And a full wine-glass gleamed in every hand.

Next up rose HAWES; sad sighs came from the throng,
For HAWES's speeches (like his ears) are long.
So GREY cried out, "No speech! Come, HAWES, a song!"

AIR—"*Molly Lepel.*"

Sure ne'er such a hubbub was seen,
Since the old Tory government fell,
As when Bentinck would ask 'bout despatches,
And we did not know what to tell.

To be paid by the country's all proper,
But to work—quite a different thing;
For Bentinck is anxious to bore us,
And D'Israeli ready to sting.

His song raised warm surprise on every cheek—
As Balaam wondered that his ass should speak.

"I claim to give a toast," a figure cried,
And up rose PALMERSTON in all his pride:
"Is there a land from Lisbon to the Rhine,
A Turkish village or a Cornish mine,
A habitation—from the frozen pole
To where the oceans in the tropics roll—
Where my right arm has not waved o'er the land,—
Where kings or people know not my command?
Let paltry ministers, attached to peace,
Bid men be tranquil, or bid trade increase.
Such calmly-working spiders webs may form;
I, like the lightning, shine but in the storm!
My flaming sword—like the old angel's—will
Keep human beings from an Eden still!
I but contemn, and will not stoop to hate
Those who get sea-sick in the storms of state.
Say, shall my arm"—here laughter shook the board,
For a low sound proclaimed that RUSSELL snored.
"Enough!" cried PALMERSTON, with haughty frown;
"*Our Foreign Policy.*" And he sat down.
The toast was drunk as Whigs drink everything,
And RUSSELL, waking up, began to sing.

FRA DIAVOLO, *Acte Troisième.*

AIR—"*Je vois marcher,*" *&c.*

"Proudly and wide my standard flies,"
Under it march Whigs of all degree;
Whether the Chartists or Ireland rise,
So long as we're paid, is nothing to me.

A general murmur through the members ran.
"I can beat that," quoth GREY, and he began.

THE GOVERNMENT TREE

[After THACKERAY's capital Christmas Song.]

I.

Ireland is up,
Rebels are out,
Making a rout;
Little care we—
Little we care,
Snug as you see
Perched up to feed
On the British Oak Tree.

II.

Hunger and toil
Come to the gate;
There let them wait;
Little care we—
Little we care,
While snugly we
Grub on the leaves
Of the jolly Oak Tree!

When the last echoes of this lively lay
'Midst jingling wine-glasses had died away,
Once more rose RUSSELL to address the room,
But not so confident—a shade of gloom
Passed o'er his brow and quivered on his lip,
As schoolboys quiver when they see the whip,
Or GREY when active Cuffey gives the slip.
"There is a guest distinguished," he began,†
A thrilling movement through the circle ran,
And "SHOWMAN! SHOWMAN!" burst from every man.

Yes, 't was the SHOWMAN! Calmly he had sate,
Much more intent on drinking than on prate.
But now he rose, and from his lips there broke
A smile of silvery sweetness; thus he spoke:
"Oh, that the wine which sparkles here to-day
Could wash Whig blunders or Whig crimes away!
Or the rich fruits that sweeten all the gale
Heal like the apple in the Persian tale!

* It may be necessary, in order that this sentence may be intelligible to some "progress" writers, buffoons, Chartists, &c., to state that Azræl is the destroying angel of the Mahometan creed.—SHOWMAN.

† See the large cut for a representation of this interesting scene.—SHOWMAN.

THE MINISTERIAL WHITEBAIT DINNER.

But long as colonies derive their laws
From supercilious GREY and stupid HAWES,
While fools in letters can be chiefs in state,
And *Keepsake* writers* settle England's fate,
So long will Ireland starve and Chartists howl,
And wise men sigh, and I, the SHOWMAN, growl.

"That HAWES can manage empires, shall we hope,
Because forsooth he 's great at boiling soap?
Or deem that RUSSELL 's fit to make a law,
Because none quicker can an income draw!
Though MORPETH was in lofty castles bred,
Do not the rooks build highest overhead?
And if you taunt us with his ancient blood,
Know each dog's ancestors were at the flood!

"No! Whiggism is a chain in one dark bend,
Snobs are the links, and swindling 's at each end.
You treat your friends the people in this guise,
Fawn when you 're down, and cut them when you rise,
As purse-proud *parvenus* renounce their race,
And grow aristocratic, mean, and base.

"Now, my coercing foes to all coercion,
The people's tyrants, and the priest's aversion,
With this one toast my short harangue I seal,
'*A health to England and Sir Robert Peel.*'"

The SHOWMAN ceased, in grief broke up the spread,
And two small boys took RUSSELL home to bed.

* It is a well-known fact, that nearly all the leading Whigs have been small and unsuccessful poetasters in their time. We mean to review their "poems" some day!—SHOWMAN.

TYRANNY AND GROUSE.

ON Wednesday last a *soirée* of rather a peculiar character was held at the rooms of Augustus Yawn, Esq., of the Treasury. It was at first resolved, for reasons given below, that the proceedings should be kept strictly private; but as the SHOWMAN, on being made acquainted with the matter, did not acknowledge the validity of these reasons, the gentlemen concerned bowed to his superior judgment, and enabled him to present the following authentic account of the *soirée* to the public.

The company, composed principally of gentlemen employed in the Treasury and Foreign Office, with one or two from Somerset House, arrived at about nine o'clock, and shortly afterwards partook of an elegant supper, consisting of all the delicacies in season and several out of it.

On the conclusion of the repast, cigars, wines, and spirits having been first brought in, Mr. A. Yawn begged to remind his friends that they had that night met for an important purpose, and that he should therefore propose, "That the *soirée* do now resolve itself into a committee to make certain inquiries regarding the condition and treatment of gentlemen employed in Government offices." The resolution was immediately adopted, and Mr. A. YAWN requested to take the chair.

Mr. CHARLES WILLIAM HENRY DAWDLE said he would not detain his honourable friends long: that he had the honour to inform them that he was a slave—one of those who were doomed to look at life through the window-panes of the Treasury; that nearly a twelvemonth since he had been inveigled into accepting a situation of £200 a-year in the department just alluded to. He had been aware that the labour expected was severe; that he should have to attend from the hours of 10 A.M to 4 P.M., but that, not wishing to live a life of idleness, he had consented. He had not, however, been acquainted with the extent of the sacrifice he was making. He had expected that he still should have been able to partake of certain pleasures which were absolutely necessary to a gentlemen's existence—for instance, that he should have been free to leave for the moors on the 12th instant; but that, to his horror, and he would likewise add, unmitigated indignation, he found this was not the case. He discovered too late that he had been the victim of a misunderstanding (*hear, hear*). He was free to own it had been on his own part; but what man of proper feeling would not have made the same mistake? (*hear, hear, hear*). That unless some measures were taken, and that speedily, for him and others in a similar situation to himself, the far-famed boast—

"Britons never, never, never shall be slaves,"

was a bitter mockery, a cruel piece of irony, and he therefore begged to propose that a petition be drawn up, praying Her Majesty's Government to order that for the future the holidays (*cries of Order*). He begged to apologize for the use of the term, but he had been so ground down by hard work and a sense of his degrading position that he was absolutely becoming forgetful of the simplest *convenances* of society; he had great pleasure in substituting the word "recess" (*cheers*). He would pray then that Her Majesty's Government do order that for the future the recess of the gentlemen connected with the public offices of this country shall commence on the 12th day of August, so as to enable the said gentlemen to participate in the manly and national pastime of grouse shooting. (*Mr. Dawdle resumed his seat amidst loud cheering.*)

MR. SAUNTER perfectly coincided in the opinion of his friend, C. W. H. Dawdle, Esq.—in saying this he could assure the gentlemen present that he emitted not only his own opinion but that of all his colleagues of the Stamps—he himself was in the Stamps. He fully knew how to appreciate the honour which that evening had fallen to his share, humble individual as he was, of meeting so many gentlemen of the Treasury and Foreign Office—he should not soon forget it; it was an era in his life, to be marked on a white slate—no—he meant to be commemorated with a white mark, as some one had once observed—and that therefore he should have great pleasure in seconding the motion.

MR. V. A. RIETY observed, that in his opinion it would be advisable that the recess should be timed by the opera season, beginning the day after the last night. He should very much like to know what Government supposed a person was to do after the closing of the two operas. He would frankly own he himself was in an awful state of ignorance on that point—at present. He found town very slow—he might be the only one (*cries of "No, no"*)—he was encouraged by those marks of approbation—he was emboldened to go further and declare he found it dummy in the highest degree—they had not even Madame Warton as Lady Godiva, or Venus Rising from the Sea (*a laugh*). London appeared to him like a city of the dead—he had never had the pleasure of traversing the desert, but that he should say it was lively compared to the metropolis; in the desert he believed you could see somebody, whereas in London you could see nobody—that is, of course, nobody who was anybody. He thought this keeping them in town was an insult—it was reducing them to the level of a railway clerk or any other mechanic (*shame, shame*). In conclusion, he would merely advise the gentlemen present to keep the proceedings of that evening a secret. He knew the British people—he was acquainted with their pluck, and he was very sure that if they were aware of what he and his colleagues had to suffer, they would, especially in these excited times, rise to a man.

Mr. V. A. Riety's amendment having passed unanimously, the greater part of the company retired. The gentlemen from the Treasury, however, and Mr. V. A. Riety having taken the precaution to procure certificates of illness which relieved them from the disagreeable necessity of attending to their official duties next day, did not separate till an early hour of the morning.

FOOL OR KNAVE?

AT the last Ambleside petty sessions, in Westmoreland, the parish constable appeared against himself, and accused himself of having been intoxicated at the fair, for which offence the magistrate fined him five shillings. We suppose that this conscientious wearer of the parochial cocked hat and laced coat would have locked himself up had the money not been forthcoming, or have confined himself in the stocks, or whipped himself at the cart-tail, had Justice required it. Of course we cannot for a moment suppose that this possessor of so soft a conscience was actuated by any worldly motive—that he had been seen rolling about the fair in a state of inebriation, when he should have been engaged in his duty, and that he had accused himself in order to prevent others from doing so—or that he had the most remote design of endeavouring, by the sacrifice of five shillings, to preserve some forty or fifty pounds, the amount of his annual salary and perquisites.

THAT SHOCKING ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH!

If "an honest man" be "the noblest work of God," as Pope said, and as a million persons say every day, the dishonest Electric Telegraph is certainly the most ignoble invention of man. It possesses the mendacity of a newspaper reporter, multiplied by that of a county court witness; and again, by the falseness of a person who praises Lumley's orchestra! It does not lie like the editor of a weekly newspaper who may couch his assertions in ambiguous language; nor like the babbler of small tea-parties, who may deny what he has said, and trust to the bad memory of some of his hearers. As a plain utterer of unvarnished falsehood, the *Electric Telegraph* (luckily enough) stands alone; its information is given in black and white, and in expressions which—like the jokes in *Punch*—do not admit of any double meaning. There are only two ways in which we can account for the Telegraph's mendacity: either it condenses its information, and, as steam is condensed into water, gives something like a substantial form to that which was at first but mere vapour; or, like an active, but stupid errand-boy, it runs off with the commencement of a piece of intelligence without waiting for the end, which might altogether alter its meaning.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

(WITH A STUTTERING IMPEDIMENT.)

Oh, boo-boo-beauteous Mary, say,
When shish-shish-shall we wedded be?
Nin-name the ha-ha-happy day
That will us mar-mar-married see.
Nay, did-did-dearest, though thy cheek
A crick-crick-crimson blush hath dyed,
I could not wait a wee-wee-week,
Without my jo-jaw-joyful bride.

Then, Mary, let us fif-fif-fix
For Too-Too-Tuesday next the day,
When in the morn at sis-sis-six,
I 'll fy-fy-fetch thee hence away.
Then to some bub-bub-blessful spot,
To pass the mum-mum-month we 'll go,
A cook-coo-coach I 've gee-gee-got,
Thou could'st not say nin-*nin-ny*-no!

A Hint for Our D.C.—We know a gentleman so averse to giving offence to any one or anything, that he can never be prevailed on to make a joke, because he would not willingly even *provoke laughter*.

A Good Sign.—The rascals who call themselves Chartists, march every evening in great force, to increase, if possible, the obscurity of their intellects, by getting fuddled over cheap beer. We like to see them on their road to these low haunts, as it proves they are going to pot.

A Common Phrase.—We often hear people talk about "*enjoying* bad health." Now, although we certainly hold it best to bear with resignation an evil which cannot be avoided, we think that persons go a little too far in asserting that they take a delight in it.

Sibthorpe out-done.—A punster alluding to the wretched nonentities of the Colonial Office, says, you hear nothing in their speeches but *hums* and *Hawes!*

A Mean Sophism.—Our D.C. is continually breaking his promises—firstly, from the natural depravity of his disposition; and secondly, that he may have the satisfaction of pleading in extenuation that it is morally and physically impossible for a person to *keep* his word when he has *given* it to another.

A Perfect Sequitur.—Many persons must have noticed how exactly the opinions of the *Times'* reporter in Ireland correspond with those expressed in the leading articles of that journal. This has given rise to the remark that "Our Own Correspondent" writes on the principle of "follow my leader."

TEMPTING TITLES.

The idea that there is nothing in a name, has been long since exploded—the discoveries of modern science have swept it away, with numerous other fallacies, which had been always accepted as truisms. Formerly, the object of a title, whether to a book, a play, or a piece of music, was to give some idea of its character and contents; at present it is merely a bait (sometimes, alas! with a hook at the end) to procure a purchaser. In the matter of books, we have, first, the startling titles, such as "Omoo," or "Typee," which are just about as intelligible as "Row-de-dow" or "Fol-de-rol." There is another species of book-names (as the German-English writers would say) which, although equally incomprehensible at first sight with those of the "Omoo" class, are found, if the reader have patience to finish the work, to have some sort of connexion with its contents. To this description belong "Now and then," or "Here, There, and Everywhere." Some of our authors are very fond of appealing to the brutal appetites of the mob—not so much for blood, in the old Lloyd style, as for eating and drinking—and on this principle call their productions "A Glass of Ale and a Sandwich," "A Pot of Porter and a Screw of Tobacco." Among these we must rank "Biscuits and Grog," which we confess contains far more intellectual nourishment than the majority of the works which are held out as something to be devoured by the multitude. A book is being now advertised under the very drinkable title of "A Claret-Cup;" and we have no doubt that it will be shortly followed by "A Glass of Port Negus."

The commonplace figurative title is one which is rather amusing, and which includes "A Stumble on the Threshold," and which might just as well comprise "A Fall on the Scraper," or "Head-over-heels down the Staircase."

We don't like spoiling our own trade, but we must, in conclusion, call attention to a class of titles which afford comic writers excellent opportunities of making short paragraphs. For instance, if an author brings out a book called "The Serpent among the Flowers," some comic gentleman instantly states that the same writer is preparing "The Slug in the Cauliflower," or "Smith O'Brien in the Cabbages." The best name of this kind which we have lately seen is "Points for the Consideration of Persons about to embark for the Indies," and which of course suggests the points of a facetious contemporary, which require a study of some months to become intelligible.

AUDACIOUS PUFF.

In the *Lancet*, of two numbers ago, we perceived a letter containing what the writer intends for Latin criticism, signed by some person calling himself James Hannay, and introducing another equally obscure man, one Sutherland Edwards, as having assisted him in his absurd performance. We are not aware whether Hannay belongs to the firm of Hannay, Dietrichsen, and Co.; but we are afraid those respectable persons would disclaim the connexion with cosiderable alacrity. As for Edwards, we have no doubt that he is the well-known Henry Edwards of "egg-powder notoriety"—the "Sutherland" being merely introduced by way of blind. We trust that such a sensible man as the editor of the *Lancet* will not allow his paper to be made the vehicle of puffing two illiterate tradesmen, whose knowledge of Latinity is doubtless altogether due to the prescriptions perused by the first-named of these insignificant personages. Edwards, we suppose, had been "egged-on," as he would say, by some of those friends to whose *amusement* he is alleged to have contributed. His egg-powder is said to possess all sorts of advantages, in which of course we, who know the man, place no belief. If Edwards is in want of employment, we suggest that he should relinquish the velveteens which he at present sports, for a pair of goose-feather trowsers, when he might endeavour to perform the part of the parent-bird, and give that "life" to his egg-powder which is now only to be found in the corruption which it speedily attains. Having performed our duty to society, by knocking these two fellows' heads together, we conclude by expressing a hope that some of their friends will muzzle them, to prevent similar extravagances.

"MODEL" CHARTIST UNIFORM.

CONSOLATION.—Some persons have hinted that Lord Brougham's nature must be vastly changed, as the learned peer has lately been so quiet. This seems to us the very best proof that he is Lord Brougham *still*.

MR. SPOONER AGAIN.—We have heard that the honourable member for Birmingham could never be prevailed on to make a journey of any length, in consequence of his being, on principle, invariably averse to *roam*.

CIGARS AND REBELLION.

MR. SHOWMAN,—A short time since a placard was exhibited at the office of one of your contemporaries, announcing the breaking out of an insurrection in Cuba. As you may easily imagine, my heart was in my mouth in an instant. An insurrection in Cuba! If this be true, what guarantee have I that the Havannah will not shortly follow the example of her sister isle? Such a concatenation of events as this, followed by a war with America, about some out-of-the-way territory or another, and our supplies of one of the first necessaries of life are immediately cut off—I am afraid irrevocably so.

Compared to a misfortune like this, the potato blight sinks at once into utter insignificance. The place of potatoes may be supplied by carrots, cabbages, rice, and a host of other things; but what substitute can be found for tobacco?

I am not generally an advocate for intervention. I think Government much to blame for meddling as it did in the affairs of Italy—being matters which did not concern them; but this is a widely different case, and therefore I trust that a competent person—by which, of course, I cannot possibly mean Lord Minto—be sent out to arrange matters, so that the peace—I mean the smoking—of the world be not disturbed, otherwise every lover of the noble weed, instead of being able to offer to a friend a case of cigars, will only present to the public at large a case of distress.

As I have seen no confirmation of the dreadful intelligence in any other paper than the one I have alluded to, I am still in hopes that it is not true; if so, I hope that you will not fail to castigate the unscrupulous periodical which has thus presumed to trifle with our best feelings. I enclose its name.

I remain, Sir,
Your obedient se rvant,
A SMOKER.

ANECDOTES OF JENNY LIND.

FROM ALL SORTS OF PAPERS.

IT may be mentioned as an extraordinary instance of the generosity of Jenny Lind, that when her washerwoman (who had never heard her sing) was waiting in the hall for her bill, the Swedish nightingale continued an *aria* which she was practising, for two bars and a half, and then desired her laundress to call again.

Last week one of the chorus singers at Her Majesty's Theatre was taken seriously ill. Jenny Lind kissed her (on both cheeks), and expressed a hope that she would soon be better.

Jenny Lind's amiability of disposition is evinced in numerous little ways which might almost escape notice, were it not that the habit has become a prominent feature in her character. We may remark, as one instance of this peculiarity, that she never troubles Mr. Lumley to send her salary, but always goes for it herself.

Mademoiselle Lind's goodness of heart cannot be more strongly proved than by the fact that she never receives a thousand pounds from Mr. Lumley without a sigh and an expression of regret that nature (and the newspapers) have endowed her with talents of such a valuable order.

Like all true artists, Mademoiselle Lind is imbued with a deep feeling of religion. When praying in the *Sonnambula* she is not merely performing the part of a mimic, but is actually repeating a psalm.

AN APPROPRIATE MOTTO.—We presume that Vernon the Chartist belongs to the distinguished family of that name, for their motto is *Vernon semper viret*—Vernon is always green!

AN ESSENTIAL OIL—Florence oil for making salads.

"PASSING STRANGE"—Going by his shop in Paternoster Row.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PISCATOR wishes to be informed whether the Chartist Pike is easily caught, what is the best bait for it, and also where it most abounds.

The "Pike" is shy, never showing itself unless when it fancies it can do so with perfect safety. The best bait for it is a *small* "special," although it is usually to be taken by a moderate-sized policeman. The "Pike" is principally found in the disturbed and muddy waters of Clerkenwell and Bethnal Green; some fine specimens have also been lately captured in a dirty outlet near the Thames, called Webber Street.

INVESTIGATOR.—To your first question, No.—To your second, Forty-five, to the best of our knowledge.—To your third, We think not; a Roman Catholic priest cannot be accused of betting because he says he will "lay a ghost."

A LYRE is earnestly solicited not to forward us any more of his jokes (!) What does he think our readers would say if we inserted such trash as that "the painting of a dog, disposed of at the Buckingham sale, was with justice said to resemble a certain class of steamboat officials, because it was a *Stowe cur* (stoker)."

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

This Number completes the First Volume of the PUPPET-SHOW. *In commencing his Second Volume the* SHOWMAN *avails himself of the opportunity to yield to the wishes of those numerous Subscribers who have, from time to time, objected to the repetition of the weekly headings. To effect a change which appears to be universally desired, as well as to carry out other valuable suggestions, the* PUPPET-SHOW *will henceforth be increased in size. The price of the* Enlarged Series *will be Three halfpence.*

Appropriately embellished covers (price 1s.) for binding Volume I. may be obtained through all Booksellers and Newsvenders, to whom Subscribers desirous of completing their sets are requested to make early application for back numbers.

Parts I., II., III., and IV., price 6d., each, and Part V., price 7d., completing Volume I., may still be had.

Volume I. of the PUPPET-SHOW, *price 3s. 6d., in scarlet cloth, ornamented with gold design and lettering, is now publishing.*

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THE PUPPET-SHOW.

VOLUME II.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 334 STRAND (OPPOSITE SOMERSET HOUSE);
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
MDCCCXLIX.

THE SHOWMAN'S DEDICATION
TO
LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

PRESIDENT,

Disregarding the prognostications of various kind friends, the First Volume of the PUPPET-SHOW boldly stood up in a duel *à outrance* with existing abuses, and, spite of the severe laws of England, was not without a Second—which has just come to a conclusion, that, like all others in its pages, was of course excellent.

I have been accused of being too bitter; but I was so only when the bitterness was deserved. As a proof that I am possessed of an ample portion of the milk of human kindness, I will proceed to administer some, in the shape of good advice, to you. As a mere infant in Wisdom, you may possibly be much benefited by it.

An old proverb tells us, that Truth is to be found at the bottom of a well;—but that is not the only place she inhabits, as a perusal of the pages of the PUPPET-SHOW in general, and the present one in particular—not so called because you have a gratis copy sent you—will prove.

In spite of her traditionary place of abode, Truth is not, as some quibblers might pretend, invariably welcome; but that shall not hinder my words from being as plain as your own face, and as unvarnished as your patent-leather boots, after you had been fished out of the sea, on the occasion of your unmemorable descent in Boulogne, and the estimation of every man of any sense.

You may think it unkind that I remind you of these facts, but I do it for your good; I only wish I could re-mind you altogether, for then there might be some chance of a good judgment bei g passed upon you.

But I am afraid your case is hopeless, and the best proof is, that you would never have proposed yourself for President, had you only given a thought to the difficulties of that post—it is true, however, that you cannot give what you have not got.

You are seated upon a lofty height. I do not advise you not to become giddy, as you have been a giddy sort of young man all your life. I will merely observe, that clouds and mist often surround the mountain peak when all below is clear and serene. The Red Republicans, the Legitimists, the Socialists, and others, will be your mist and vapours, as you will soon discover. How unlucky they are not like yourself—for if you were to disappear to-morrow, you would never be mist.

You have already received your first check; your ticket—to walk—will speedily follow.

The idea that you will ever remain a stopper—(for the space of four years)—in the great bottle which contains those ardent spirits, the French people, is an absurdity.

Before the time assigned for the duration of your office be expired, you will either be drawn out—and your incapacity exposed—or else popped off, like a ginger-beer cork, or Gustavus III.—which last is not at all unlikely.

As, however, you will not believe me alone, wait until your first speech has been submitted to the Chamber, and you will then see how you will be caught up, to be immediately afterwards put down.

If your eyes are then opened, you will see that there remains but one way which you can take to prevent your being ultimately kicked out of the country.

That way, which I would recommend you to take without delay, is the way that leads to the frontier.

I remain, your Obedient Servant,

THE SHOWMAN.

THE SHOWMAN'S CHRISTMAS ADDRESS TO HIS FRIENDS.

ONCE more the rapid, fleeting year
Has brought old Christmas to the door;
Come, let us treat him with such cheer
As folk were wont in days of yore,
When burgher grave and belted knight,
And cottage-maid and lady fair,
Obeyed the old, familiar sprite,
And, at his bidding, banished Care—
That sullen, surly, melancholy wight.

Let 's hang from beams, all black with time,
The mistletoe's insidious bough,
'Neath which, as little birds with lime,
Young girls are snared, "They know not how—
"The horrid thing—they never thought
"It half so near—for if they had,
"'T is certain they had not been caught—
"On that rely—it was too bad,
"And not at all behaving as one ought."

Upon the hearth pile up the fire,
And, that it may burn clear and bright,
Cast in it every base desire,
All envy, hatred, vengeance, spite:
Believe me, the event will show
By acting in this way you 'll gain—
For you will feel a genial glow
Dance through each gladly-swelling vein,
And onwards to your very heart's core go.

Bring, too, the sparkling wassail bowl,
That jolly Christmas holds so dear,
And if you 'd have it warm your soul—
The mind as well as body cheer—
Amid the wine and spirit pour
The blessings from some humble roof;
A little Charity is sure
To call them forth: in sober truth,
They 'll give the draught one matchless flavour more.

And you, fair Sovereign of this isle,
Who love to deck the Christmas tree,
So that the massy, regal pile
Resound with mirth and jollity,
Remember that the stem with new
Strength thrives, if pruned with careful hand;
Then trim your Christmas sapling, too,
And to the Poor throughout the land
Send of the shoots thus lopped away a few.

SAFE PROPHECIES FOR 1849.

The Whigs will make many blunders.

A new weekly newspaper will be started.

Drury Lane will be "to let."

James will publish fifty-two novels.

Lord Brougham will make numerous speeches in the House of Lords.

The Chartists will *not* hold a monster meeting.

SOCIAL MAXIMS.

When you hear Jones at the door, in the act of being informed that you are not at home, do not look out of the window until Jones has had time to turn the corner into the next street, otherwise Jones might catch a glimpse which would lead him to imbibe notions derogatory to the spotless candour of your amiable character.

When you invite Jones to dinner in a quiet way, and there happens to be a good deal of cold meat at table, refrain from talking to your wife about how pleasantly the dinner-party went off yesterday, otherwise Jones might be induced to think he does not stand at the very head of your list of friends.

When Jones lends you, on a wet night, an umbrella, which you lose the next day, be careful not to bring up the subject of umbrellas in Jones's presence, otherwise he would be apt to think of his own, which, as he is never destined to get it, would form a consideration painful and tantalizing in the last degree.

Q. When are Cheap Shirt-dealers like rats?

A. When they *cut down the Sewers.*

METEREOLOGICAL PHENOMENON.—Instead of complaining of any trifling inconvenience from a thaw of the present day, we ought to be grateful that we do not live in the times of our Saxon forefathers, who, as it is well known, used to have a Thaw all the year round.

DIRTY QUIBBLE.—An American detractor of Royalty, referring to the fact that England never possessed a king of the name of Robert, observes, that this plainly proves that the whole succession is not worth a "Bob."

HOW TO LIVE ON SIXPENCE A DAY.—Breakfast and dine on credit, and keep your sixpence for cigars.

MALE FEMALES, AND FEMALE MALES.

The SHOWMAN, as a lover of nature, is sorry to observe that the difference between the sexes is gradually disappearing, and that there will soon be no distinctive marks by which to recognise a lady from a gentleman.

The ladies began it, and they are, so to speak, stripping the gentlemen of their clothes in a shameful manner. First, they took our *paletots* and our shirt-fronts; now they are taking our Joinvilles, while many of them are getting into our snow-boots; and if not stopped, will soon deprive us of those bluchers which have hitherto been looked upon as essentially the attributes of man. In the house they wear our slippers, and even their wrappers are nothing less than dressing-gowns, under a fictitious name.

The men have, certainly, in many cases, adopted the female boot, the female glove, and the female *mouchoir* (pocket-handkerchiefs can not be female); but then they have been obliged to do it in self-defence. That is the reason why some men go so far as to wear stays, and patronise curl papers. We know how it would have been in another year if we had not interfered. No one would have known *what* to ask to dance, *what* to give *bouquets* to, *what*, in fine, to propose to. We call upon the ladies, for their own sakes, to drop the *paletot*, abandon the Joinvilles, sink the shirt-front, and resign the blucher which even now is exciting their envy. Otherwise, we swear we will use our influence with Mr. Paul Bedford, and induce him to walk every day down Regent Street in an elegant bonnet, and a dress with a double skirt.

GAGGING BILL.—On account of the great national distress, Government resolved to stop the people's mouths.

GAGGING BILL.

Last June, the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, being less chary than usual of measures for the public accommodation, ordered several hundred chairs to be placed in the different parks.

GOVERNMENT EMIGRATION BILL.—Ministers charge themselves with carrying out its provisions, as well as the emigrants with their provisions, charging the nation with the expense.

SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

We would publish a list, but really the places of these worthy ladies and gentlemen seem so very insecure, that the dread of having to keep issuing fresh batches of errata—say once a fortnight, in order to preserve our readers *au courant* of the run of events—induces us to abstain from having anything to do with this—once seldom altered—part of almanacks.

ECLIPSES.

"Dr. Birch and his Young Friends" will eclipse "The Haunted Man or the Ghost's Bargain." The eclipse will be visible in all intelligent circles. Begins as soon as the works are published, and ends when people stop thinking of them.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

A GOOSE-CLUB in Long Acre will eclipse the WHITTINGTON, in point of the prosperity and intelligence of its members.

The *Eclipse* polka every night. Audible at the Casino. First contact with the cornet, 10h. 5m.: middle of the *Eclipse*, 10h. 10m.: contact with the *piccolo*, 10h. 12m.: last contact with the cornet, 10h. 14m.: the *Eclipse* ends at 10h. 15m., in key E flat and *tempo* 2.4.

N.B.—The Coda of the *Eclipse* commences at 10h. 13m.

ECLIPSES DURING THE PAST YEAR.

Partial eclipse of the *Sun* by the *London Telegraph*. Begins immediately after the French Revolution, and ends with the election of General Cavaignac.

Total eclipse of the *Man in the Moon*. Visible in the cuts, and also in the letter-press.

STAGE MOON.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

At Astley's, during the representation of the Battle of Waterloo, the moon will be

New at five minutes to	9
First quarter at three minutes to . .	9
Full at	9
Last quarter at two minutes past . .	9

VARIATION OF TIME.

TIME OUT OF MIND.

When a friend from Bayswater is invited to dine with a friend at Kensington, and arrives twenty-five minutes too late, there is a difference of twenty-five minutes between the time of Kensington and that of Bayswater.

HIGH WATER.

AT CHELSEA.—High water, when the kitchens are inundated. Low water, when they are only damp.

AT MARGATE.—High water, when passengers cannot land at the jetty. Low water, when they cannot land at the pier.

Birmingham
Leeds
Sheffield
Exeter
Salisbury
Stoke Pogis
Bullock Smithy

These places being inland, the time at which it is high water at each of them may be calculated by subtracting something from nothing, and dividing the remainder by anything.

LONGEST AND SHORTEST DAYS.

The longest day is that on which your friend reads you a five act tragedy.

The shortest day is that on which you read a five act tragedy to your friend.

MOVEABLE FEASTS.

A box of sandwiches and a bottle of ale.

A penny loaf, with a saveloy stuck in the centre, and a flask of brandy.

Hard eggs and a Captain's biscuit.

Pork pies.

MOVEABLE FEAST.

TRANSFER DAYS, &c.

Transfers of books and umbrellas may be made every day in good society. Transfers of pocket-handkerchiefs and snuff-boxes in bad ditto.

UNCLAIMED DIVIDENDS.

The dividends from the profits of *Jerrold's Magazine* are all unclaimed.

HOLIDAYS AT PRIVATE OFFICES.

These holidays—and we talk of them rather in reference to the clerks than the public—fall upon the days on which one or more of the former send a note or notes to the place of business with the tidings that he or they are laid up with severe influenza, afterwards proceeding to pass the afternoon at Greenwich.

In merchants' offices holidays are kept so closely, that no one can get them at all.

On the morning papers there are holidays on Saturdays, when the *employés* write laborious articles for the weekly press.

At legitimate theatres there are holidays nearly all the year.

After a panic, there are many holidays in railway offices.

[*N.B.* During Christmas time the days are all holly-days.]

A DEY AFTER THE FEAST.

LAW TERMS.

Laches, plover, and *replevin*, are law terms.

UNIVERSITY TERMS.

Great-go and little-go are University terms.

LIST OF BANKERS.

We had prepared a full and complete list of bankers, when we received a requisition of the Whittington Club requesting a list of pawnbrokers instead. We have great pleasure in not complying with the request.

ARMY AGENTS.

The most evident army agents that we know of are recruiting serjeants. Apply at the nearest barracks.

NAVY AGENTS,

Under the name of "Crimps," abound at Portsmouth and Plymouth, where you can go and inquire for them, without any other formality than the payment of the railway fares to those places.

SEA WEED.

CUSTOMS.

It is not to the customs of the Government officers, so much as to their manners, that travellers object. The customs of Old England (as adopted by Young England) appear to have been cruelly heavy.

STAMPS.

A black eye or a bloody nose is a valid stamp, marking the acceptation of a blow.

Hair brushed from the forehead, and a turn-down collar, are not valid stamps of genius.

A loud stamp on the floor is anything but a stamp marking the receipt by your wife of a "love of a velvet cape."

SPOILED STAMPS.—If Joseph Ady has put his name to a bill, no allowance is made for the spoiled stamp.

PENALTY FOR ACCEPTING AN ACCOMMODATION BILL.—Having to take it up.

TAXES.

There is a general aversion to paying taxes; but many persons, when they do so, are particularly obliged.

There are a great many taxes connected with cabs: that, for instance, of having to drive a friend about.

The tax on wigs is that of having to convince your friends that they are really "gentlemen's real heads of hair."

Taxes on windows are very absurd, as every man, unless he is blind, can see through them. Strange that light taxation should be so very heavy!

PULLING UP THE BLIND.

Even the premier cannot escape duty, and is constantly liable to a tax (attacks).

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

POLITICAL WEIGHT.

12	Dull men	=	1 Blockhead.
8	Blockheads	=	1 Donkey.
10	Donkeys	=	1 Good-for-nothing humbug.
16	Good-for-nothing humbugs	=	1 Whig Cabinet.

DEAD WAIT.

ELECTION WEIGHT.

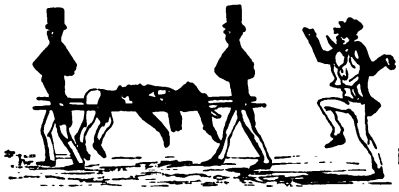
12	Promises of situations	=	1 Sov.
20	Sovs.	=	1 Bribe.
150	Bribes	=	1 Member of Parliament.

ADELPHI THEATRICAL MEASURE.

Ever-so-much illiterateness	=	1 Adelphi author.
Two Adelphi authors	=	Ever-so-much slang.
Ever-so-much slang	=	1 Adelphi hit.

FAST MAN'S LIQUID MEASURE.

3 Drops of brandy in the forenoon	=	1 Bottle of wine at dinner.
2 Bottles of wine at dinner	=	1 Go of grog after supper.
4 Goes of grog after supper	=	1 Fine of five shillings next morning.



HAPPY IS HE WHOSE FRIENDS ARE BORN BEFORE HIM.

BEER MEASURE.

Two pints of bottled ale make one pint of draught ale.

CHARTIST MEASURE.

Six *pints* make one people's charter.

WINE MEASURE.

Fourteen wine glasses make one quart.
Seven wine glasses make one quart bottle.

MEDICAL STUDENTS' MEASURE.

Two drains make one pull at the pewter.
Three pulls at the pewter makes one swig at the can.
Four swigs at the can make one gallon.

IN HIS CUPS.

AFFIDAVITS AT THE COUNTY COURT.

Price of stamp	...	...	...	2s. 6d.
Fee to witness	...	...	...	A pot of beer.

A TABLE OF DISCOUNT.

To a merchant	4 per cent.
Ditto, in difficulties	6 per cent.
To a tradesman	5 per cent.
Ditto, in difficulties	8 per cent.
To a gentleman	20 per cent.
Ditto, very hard-up	60 per cent.
Ditto, with moustache, red waistcoat, false teeth, "gentleman's real head of hair," and a love of billiards	100 per cent.
Honest and industrious young man, but without expectations	Market not open.

ON ACCUMULATION.

The man who drinks a pint of porter per day would, if he saved the twopence, have enough money at the end of the year to purchase five hundred tracts on temperance to distribute among his friends.

The man who smokes six cigars per day, at threepence each, would, if he saved the money, possess enough at the end of the year to buy a small cabbage garden of his own.

In the course of one twelvemonth there is more money spent in strawberry ice alone than would serve to teach the Church Catechism to all the Birman Empire.

During the London season every lady, on an average, spends ten times as much money on gloves, for sinful balls and theatres, as would suffice to purchase all the sermons of the Rev. Baptist Noel.

There is more money spent in London in six hours on pomatum alone than would afford the means of converting the Wang Fum Islanders to the faith of the Independent Howlers.

IN AT ONE EAR AND OUT AT THE OTHER.

CAB FARES.

To a man who takes cabmen's numbers, 8*d.* per mile.

To an ordinary person, 1*s.* per mile.

To a person in a dreadful hurry, 1*s.* 6*d.* per mile.

To a medical student, who rides on the box, and chaffs the driver, 1*s.* 9*d.* per mile (very cheap).

To a foreigner, 2*s.* per mile.

To a British tar, 2*s.* 6*d.* per mile.

Ditto, in liquor, or with three ladies, 3*s.* per mile.

COMPANIONS FOR THE THEATRE.

For the Italian Operas—A three volume novel to read between the acts.

For the Promenade Concerts—Cotton to stop the ears.

For the Haymarket—A night-cap.

For the Princess's, when opera is not played—A cup of coffee very strong.

For the Lyceum—A syncretic who does not believe in the *quasi* illegitimate drama.

For the Adelphi—A cambric handkerchief in the beginning of the evening, and two friends to hold your sides at the end.

At the Surrey and Victoria—A basin to receive your tears during the farce, and a number of *Punch* to keep you from laughing during the tragedy.

QUIETNESS IS BEST.

At the Heagle, Halbert Saloon, &c.—A smelling bottle.

CONUNDRUM.

Q. Why ought meat to be only half cooked.

A. Because what's *done* cannot be *helped.*

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—New work published on the art of "painting without smell." This is the second of their seven senses which artists can now dispense with, for most of them knew long ago how to paint without taste.

HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.

JANUARY.—Baths and Washhouses for the Labouring Classes.

JANUARY. XXXI. Days.		
1	M	Circumcision
2	T	
3	W	
4	T	
5	F	
6	S	Epiph. 12 day
7	S	1 S. aft. Epiph.
8	M	Plough Mond.
9	T	
10	W	
11	T	Hil. Term beg.
12	F	Lavater d.1801
13	S	Camb.Ter.beg.
14	S	2 S. aft. Epiph.
15	M	Oxfd. Ter.beg.
16	T	
17	W	
18	T	Old Twelfth D.
19	F	Watt born 1736
20	S	Ame. Ind.1783
21	S	3 S. aft. Epiph.
22	M	Washin.b.1732
23	T	Pitt died 1806
24	W	Fox born 1749
25	T	Conv.of S.Paul
26	F	
27	S	Pol. Rev. 1842
28	S	4 S. aft.Epiph.
29	M	Geo.III.d.1820
30	T	Mar.K.Charles
31	W	Hil.Term ends

First comes a "great-unwashed one," wrapped
In fustian coat, to keep the cold away: [well
Yet did he quake, while much he strove to quell
His fears; for water filled him with dismay,
And he was numb'd when he had cast away
The musty garments he had used of old,
And eke his bluchers, worn full many a day.
Then did he blow his nose, for he 'd a cold,
And loathing much, into the streme he rolled.

Cheap Baths and Washhouses.—By means of which the poor man may be thoroughly washed without being completely "cleaned out."

Sanitary.—A great stir in the Metropolitan sewers. Commissioners knowingly propose to be paid at the rate of so much per scent.

Denunciations from the Altar.—Irish priests tell tenants to take their landlords as their great aim, and hope that by this means they will touch their hearts.

It being quite natural that a priest should offer a sacrifice, the neighbouring landlords are selected for the purpose.

Baron v. Demerson.—Question raised as to whether being a member of the bar is a bar to the possession of honourable feeling. Precedent of "Honour among thieves" is adduced.

Flight of Louis Philippe.—A revolution takes place in France, and Mark Lemon makes a joke in England.

Baron Rothschild, after standing the expenses of the City election, is not allowed to sit.

Navigation Laws.—The demonstration in favour of the British tar is carried to an extraordinary pitch.

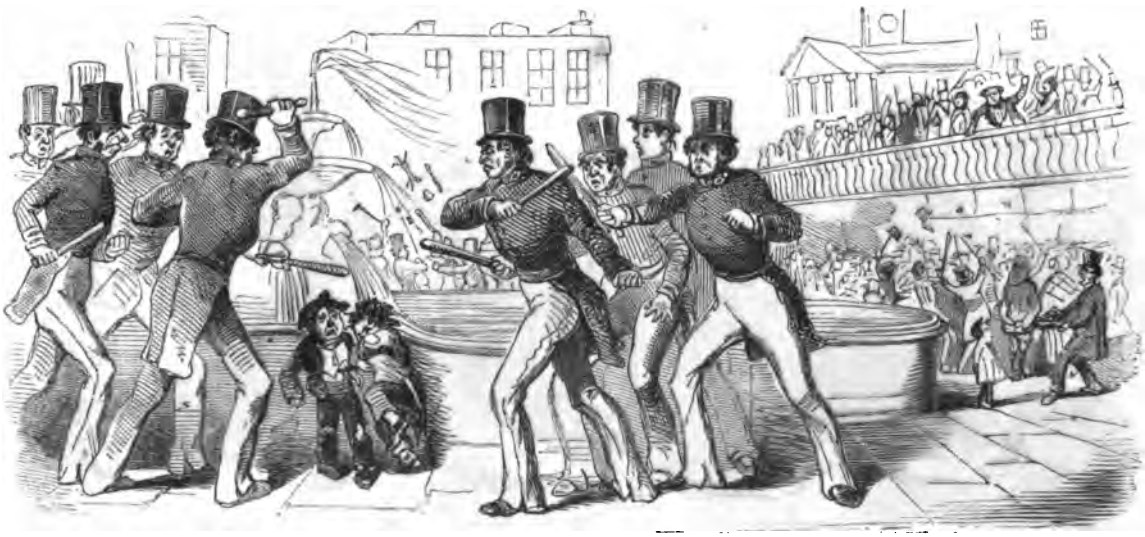
Valentine's Day occurs on the 14th of this month, while *Ember* Week commences on the 28th. In the intervening fortnight, the "all-devouring flame" reduces Valentines to *ashes*.

Chisholm Anstey, although a very feeble man, moves a resolution of very great weight, but is unable to carry it.

Then Louis Philippe came, with a visage grim,
For, certes, he was a most unlucky wight;
And divers matters sore had troubled him,
So that he knew that he was ruined quite.
And he had not his subjects ruled by right,
And never would old Louis graunt them grace,
But made them all the vassals of his might;
So that at last they gave him his due place,
And thrust him out from his own court, an outlaw base.

FEBRUARY. XXVIII. Days.		
1	T	Par.&Ph.Sh.e.
2	F	Candlemas D.
3	S	St. Blaise
4	S	SeptagesimaS.
5	M	SirR.Peelb1788
6	T	Char.II.d.1685
7	W	
8	T	Half Qr. Day
9	F	
10	S	Q.Vic.ma.1840
11	S	Sexagesima S.
12	M	Ly.J.Greybeh.
13	T	[1555
14	W	Valentine's D.
15	T	Melancthon b.
16	F	[1797
17	S	
18	S	Quinquages.S.
19	M	Galileo b. 1564
20	T	Shrove Tuesd.
21	W	Ash Wednesd.
22	T	Fr.Rev. c.1848
23	F	L.Phil.ab.1848
24	S	D. Cam.b.1774
25	S	1 Sun. in Lent
26	M	
27	T	Hare Huntg.e.
28	W	Ember Week

FEBRUARY.—The First French Invasion. Joinville taking Possession of the Soil.



MARCH.—The Trafalgar Square Revolution.

THE POLICE CHARGING THE POPULACE.

Mob Orator—The time has arrived for all true Englishmen to Free themselves from the Oppressor's yoke! The holy voice of Liberty calls out to you in Language that cannot be mistaken——

Fruit Merchant—Here you are—real Revolutionary Warnuts—four a-penny!

MARCH.

XXXI. DAYS.

1	T	St. David
2	F	St. Chad
3	S	Otway b. 1651
4	☉	2 Sun. in Lent
5	M	
6	T	£1 n. 1st issd.
7	W	[1717
8	T	Wil. III. d. 1702
9	F	
10	S	B. West d. 1820
11	☉	3 Sun. in Lent
12	M	St. Gregory
13	T	Nap. outl. 1815
14	W	
15	T	
16	F	
17	S	St. Patrick's D.
18	☉	4 Sun. in Lent
19	M	LeBrun. b. 1739
20	T	Sir I. Newton
21	W	[died 1727
22	T	Bat. Alex. 1801
23	F	
24	S	Gen. Fast 1847
25	☉	5 Sun. in Lent
26	M	[Lady-day
27	T	
28	W	Abercrombie
29	T	[died, 1801
30	F	Cam. Ter. ends
31	S	Oxf. Ter. ends

THEN, roaring loudly, came the Chartists, clad
In garment all of rags downe to the ground.
First, Charlie Cochrane, he whom men deem mad,
And worthy to be lockt up in some pound;
Then, Reynolds, who in nonsense doth abound,
And in obscenitie doth much delight.
Then 'gan they speak, and made most wondrous sound,
Until two Peelers came with all their might,
And put the rebels base full soon to flight.

A NEW COMET is anxiously expected, and the PUPPET-SHOW appears.

FRENCH orators stick up poplar trees as symbols of liberty. The sounding brass and the *cymbal*, therefore, go together as usual.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE REVOLUTION.—General insurrection of insignificancies. The very fountains rise—to an additional height of three inches and a half. Reynolds addresses the London pickpockets as "fellow-subjects." The thieves increase the assemblage to such an extent, as to merit the *sobriquet* of the "swell-mob."

IRISH REPEALERS send messengers to the French Provisional Government, with instructions to "wait for an answer." In spite of the demand there is no supply.

SPECIAL CONSTABLE FINED FOR REFUSING TO ACT.—Mr. H. Vandenhoff is earnestly requested to follow this example. The fine shall be paid by public subscription, and himself presented with a handsome annuity for life.

CUFFEY, being a tailor, vows to repair the breaches made by the Whigs in the constitution.

FEARGUS O'CONNOR fails in a petition. This is strange, for, considering what he gets out of the working classes, he must be a good hand at begging.

MR. G. THOMPSON BRINGS FORWARD HIS MOTION ON THE RAJAH OF SATTARA FOR THE THIRTIETH TIME.—The secret of the long-sought Perpetual Motion at last discovered.

AGAIN came Chartists, full of lustyhed,
And wanton as an ass which still doth kick:
Within a van they rode, and there they fed
On meat and drink which they had boughte on tick.
But of the foul affaire they soon fell sick,
For downe the raine did pour with savage ire,
And then the Chartists vanishéd full quick,
Bespattered o'er with mud and filthy mire,
And much they grieved awhile that they did e'er conspire.

APRIL.

XXX. DAYS.

1	☉	Palm Sunday
2	M	
3	T	
4	W	St. Ambrose
5	T	Maunday Th.
6	F	Good Frid. (O.
7	S	[Lady-day)
8	☉	Easter Sun.
9	M	Easter Mon.
10	T	
11	W	Canning b. 1770
12	T	Ame. disc. 1492
13	F	
14	S	
15	☉	Low Sun.
16	M	East. Ter. beg.
17	T	[begins
18	W	Ox. & Cam. Ter.
19	T	St. Alphage
20	F	Spa. Arm. 1654
21	S	Alex. Great d.
22	☉	2 Sun. aft. East.
23	M	Shaksp. b. 1564
24	T	St. George
25	W	St. Mark. Ps.
26	T	[Alice b. 1835
27	F	
28	S	
29	☉	3 Sun. aft. East.
30	M	

APRIL.—Chartist Demonstration on Kennington Common.

MAY,—Exhibition of the Chinese Junk.

MAY. XXXI. Days.		
1	T	Holid. at Bank
2	W	
3	T	Inv. of Cross
4	F	
5	S	Napol. d. 1821
6	☉	4 Sun. af. East.
7	M	[East.T.ends
8	T	
9	W	
10	T	Test A. rp.1828
11	F	
12	S	
13	☉	Rogation Sun.
14	M	Grattan d.1820
15	T	O'Conn. d.1847
16	W	
17	T	Ascen.Day. H.
18	F	[Thursday
19	S	St. Dunstan
20	☉	Sun. af. Ascen.
21	M	
22	T	Trin. Ter. beg.
23	W	
24	T	Q.Vict. b.1819
25	F	Prs.Hel.b.1846
26	S	Augustine, A.
27	☉	Whit Sunday
28	M	Whit Monday
29	T	K. C. II. r. 1660
30	W	
31	T	

THEN came the Chinese Junk to English ground,
Deckt all with dainties of its country's pryde;
And painted gods and dæmons were around,
And eke were wooden birds and beasts beside,
And beads all green and gold together tyde.
The crowds who went downe by the Blackwall traine,
Lud! how they laught when they the Junk first spide,
And leapt and danct, and looked at it againe,
Until they left the place, for it began to rain.

MITCHELL'S TRIAL—To organise a rebellion. His conviction—that he has made a fool of himself.

MONSTER MEETINGS at Exeter Hall, and large increase in the demand for tea.

DANGEROUS OVERCROWDING OF THE CHEAP RIVER STEAMERS.—Passengers stand a chance of going a much longer journey than they bargained for. No return tickets.

RESTORATION OF KING CHARLES THE II.—It is well known this event occurred on the production of "*Court Beauties*" at the Lyceum.

FEARGUS O'CONNOR'S LAND SCHEME.—The greatest smoke-nuisance of the day.

THE French actors at Drury Lane are put down by their rivals here, who dread their talents. Notwithstanding modern facilities for travel, it is strange that there should be such a dislike to foreign parts.

MONTE CHRISTO leaves Drury Lane in the same way as he left prison—he gets the sack.

THE promoters of the Irish insurrection issue directions how to use vitriol and other deadly agents against the troops, but are destined to discover that the sum total of their gross receipts is merely discomfiture and imprisonment.

AND then came Irish Moral Force arrayed
In seedie vest, and hat yclept "Repale;"
Yet in his time he fought as well as played,
For he with huge great brick-bats would assaile
All men who laught to scorn at his mad wail.
With crooked, crawling steps, an uncouth pace,
He forward reeled, with drink and fury pale,
And then old Moral Force his foes did face,
And, filling these with fear, soon drove them from the place.

JUNE. XXX. Days.		
1	F	Nicodemus
2	S	Gordn.rio.1780
3	☉	Trinity Sund.
4	M	
5	T	K.Han.b.1771
6	W	Census taken
7	T	Ref.Bill p.1832
8	F	
9	S	
10	☉	1 Sun.aft.Trin.
11	M	St. Barnabas
12	T	Trin.Tm. ends
13	W	[1800
14	T	Bat. Marengo
15	F	St. Vitus
16	S	D. of Marlb. d.
17	☉	2 Sun.aft.Trin.
18	M	B.Waterl. 1815
19	T	M.Ch. sig.1215
20	W	Vic. acc. 1837
21	T	Longest day
22	F	
23	S	
24	☉	3 Sun.aft.Trin.
25	M	[Mids. Day
26	T	Geo.IV. d.1830
27	W	
28	T	Q.Vic. cr. 1838
29	F	St. Peter
30	S	

JUNE.—Irish "Moral" Force.

Mob—"We will! We will!"

Moral Force Agitator—"I entreat you to be calm—to be cool—to be collected—to be prudent—and not to let your passions outrun your judgment; but to show these cursed Saxons the fallacy of the diabolical assertion that we are unfit for self-government." (*The speaker here bursts a blood-vessel.*)

JULY.—Irish "Physical" Force.

JULY.

XXXI. Days.

1	S	4 Sun. af. Trin.
2	M	Vis. B.V. Mar.
3	T	Dog Days beg.
4	W	Trans. St. Mark
5	T	
6	F	Cam. Tm. ends
7	S	Oxf. Tm. ends
8	S	5 Sun. af. Trin.
9	M	Bour. rest. 1815
10	T	Calvin b. 1509
11	W	
12	T	
13	F	Duc d'Orleans
14	S	[killed 1842
15	S	6 Sun. af. Trin.
16	M	[St. Swithin
17	T	A Smith d. 1790
18	W	Petrarch d 1743
19	T	
20	F	St. Margaret
21	S	Burns b. 1796
22	S	7 Sun. af. Trin.
23	M	
24	T	Insur. beg. 1696
25	W	St. James
26	T	St. Anne
27	F	
28	S	
29	S	8 Sun. af. Trin.
30	M	
31	T	

Then Force hight Physical, who boyled like fire,
Came, for all reason he had cast away;
Like to a lyon, raging yet with ire,
He roared, and swore that men should him obey;
(It was the beast who whilome did forray
The Commons' House till none could him abide),
He forward rode, and with him his array,
For many were there gathered on his side,
But soon they ran with fear, and scattered far and wide.

Smith O'Brien plays a game of all-fours among Widow M'Cormack's cabbage-stumps, and is stumped out by the police.

Chartists March to the Bank—retire on observing the sentries posted there—a remarkable instance of sentrifugal force.

Viscount Arbuthnot Accused of Forgery.—A true bill found, but his lordship is not, having, in consequence of inability to meet the heavy charge, settled it by quitting the country.

How is it possible that "every dog can have his day," as the proverb says, when there are so many dogs and only 365 days in the year?

Patron Saint of Vauxhall—St. Swithin.

Cuffey, the tailor, arrested. The poor fellow finds out that as he sowed so he must reap.

Revolt of the Engine-Drivers.—Having been very much put out by the Company's manager, they determine the fires shall be put out too; as a natural consequence, nothing flares up except themselves.

Sale at Stowe.—The cellars are considered very valuable, the only exception being the greatest seller of all—the Duke of Buckingham himself—who is not thought to be worth much.

Then came the engine-drivers much enraged,
For wickedde men their wages would cut downe;
Ne rode they on their engines more, but waged
A war against their masters: and the towne
Did all declare that they were done quite browne.
And travellers did quiver much and quake,
For that the able engine-drivers lounged in the publicks and did make folk shake,
Because no men but these could safe the railwaies make.

AUGUST.

XXXI. Days.

1	W	Lammas Day
2	T	
3	F	
4	S	B. Eng. c. 1732
5	S	9 Sun. aft. Trin.
6	M	Pr. Alf. b. 1844
7	T	Q. Carol. d. 1821
8	W	Canning d. 1827
9	T	Dryden b. 1631
0	F	[end
11	S	Hf. Qr. Dog ds.
12	S	10 Sun. af. Trin.
13	M	Old Lammas
14	T	Print. inv. 1437
15	W	Napoln. b. 1769
16	T	
17	F	Des. Kent born
18	S	[1786
19	S	10 Sun. af. Trin.
20	M	
21	T	Surinam t. 1796
22	W	B. Bos. Fd. 1485
23	T	Am. Wr. c. 1775
24	F	St. Bartholm.
25	S	
26	S	12 Sun. af. Trin.
27	M	[P. Alb. b. 1819
28	T	St. Augustine
29	W	St. Jno. Bp. be.
30	T	
31	F	

AUGUST.—Revolt of Engine-Drivers.

Dog-Fancier.—"Here's a go—Why they say the train's to be druv by the chief director. I aint a-going to trust my valuable life and property to a novis like him."

Engine-Driver.—"Do you think I 'm going to have my head froze and legs baked, all day long, for thirty bob a-week?"

SEPTEMBER.—Ordnance Survey.

SEPTEMBER. XXX. Days.		
1	S	Part. shoot. b.
2	S	13 Sun. af. Trin.
3	M	O. Crom. d. 1658
4		Blake b. 1657
5		Old Bartho.
6		King Jas. II. d.
7		Eunuchus
8		Nat. V. M.
9	S	14 Sun. af. Trin.
10	M	
11	T	
12	W	Siege of Vienna
13	T	
14	F	Mosc. brnt 1812
15	S	
16	S	15 Sun. af. Trin.
17	M	Lambert
18	T	
19	W	
20	T	
21	F	St. Matthew
22	S	
23	S	16 Sun. af. Trin.
24	M	Ch. I. deth. 1640
25	T	
26	W	St. Cyprian
27	T	
28	F	Sheriffs sworn.
29	S	Michaelmas D.
30	S	17 Sun. af. Trin.

NEXT the surveyors marchèd, eke on foote,
To take precautions, that the city's spoyle
Should ne'er be trampled 'neath a victor's boot,
To make our wealth a manure for his soyle.
In his one land, chief object of his toyle,
He held a level—in the other hand
Two noble turnips, which he meant to boyle
When on St. Paul's—he measured out the land,
And gazed from lofty height on
Fleet Street and the Strand.

DISAPPEARANCE OF COCKNEY SPORTSMEN FROM TOWN.—They are *missing* all the month.

ROYAL VISIT TO SCOTLAND.—Not being able to accompany Her Majesty to Balmoral, a set of snobs propose to get up a *Bal Moral* of their own, at Covent Garden, instead of patronizing Jullien's *Bal Masqué*, which they pretend is a *Bal Immoral*.

CHARTISTS BROUGHT UP AT THE OLD BAILEY.—Their modest wish to remain in obscurity is the theme of universal admiration; and it is not to be attributed to any desire of their own that they are tried and "not found wanting."

LORD J. RUSSELL VISITS IRELAND.—No one has the least idea what he went for—unless indeed it was merely for a few days.

FRENCH NATIONAL GUARDS IN LONDON.—Great harmony between them and the inhabitants, whom they call "brothers." In return, some unprincipled individuals extend the relationship still further, and *cozen* them.

DISGUSTING state of the Thames; people, however, do not complain so much of the mud on its banks, as of the atrocious filth in its shores.

BOYS sent to the House of Correction for meddling with the deer in Richmond Park. Things are altered since the time of *As you like It*. The answer now to the question,

"What shall he have who kills the deer."

Is likely to be,

"Cold-bath Fields for half the year."

Thus is poetry ruined by civilization!

THEN came the Guards hight "National" to see
The land which they "perfidious" whilome deemed,
And then with mirth and eke with jollitie
They drank until their eyes with porter beamed,
And full of frolick and of lust they seemed.
Sixteen in one huge Hansom cab did ride
And, certes, their noules were totty of the must,
For they did shout and roar on every side,
Ne were they by our English prejudices tyde.

OCTOBER. XXXI. Days.		
1	M	Ph. shoot. beg.
2	T	
3	W	
4	T	Reformation
5	F	
6	S	L. Phil. b. 1773
7	S	18 Sun. af. Trin.
8	M	Erskine d. 1817
9	T	St. Denys
10	W	Ox. & Cam. T. b.
11	T	O. Mich. Day
12	F	
13	S	Fire Ins. cease
14	S	19 Sun. af. Trin.
15	M	
16	T	H. Par. brt. 1834
17	W	
18	T	St. Luke
19	F	D. Swift d. 1745
20	S	
21	S	20 Sun. af. Trin.
22	M	
23	T	Amo. disc. 1492
24	W	
25	T	St. Crispin
26	F	Bristol ki. 1831
27	S	
28	S	21 Sun. af. Trin.
29	M	[1841
30	T	Tow. Ar. burnt
31	W	All Hallow's Ev

OCTOBER.—The Second French Invasion.

NOVEMBER.—The Vernon Gallery Exhibition.

NOVEMBER. XXX. Days.		
1	T	All Saints Day
2	F	Mich. Term b.
3	S	
4	☉	22Sun.af.Trin.
5	M	Gun.Plot, 1605
6	T	P.Charl.d.1817
7	W	
8	T	Milton d. 1674
9	F	P.of Wa.b.1841
10	S	St. Martin
11	☉	23Sun. af.Trin.
12	M	
13	T	Curran d. 1817
14	W	
15	T	Machutus
16	F	
17	S	Q.Char. d. 1818
18	☉	24 Sun.af.Trin.
19	M	
20	T	
21	W	Prs. R. b. 1840
22	T	St. Cecilia
23	F	Old Mart. D.
24	S	
25	☉	25 Sun.af.Trin.
26	M	Mich. T. ends
27	T	
28	W	Polis.Rev.1830
29	T	Wolsey d. 1530
30	F	St. Andrew

NEXT came the Vernon Gallerie, a pit
As blacke as night, where nothing well might seeme,
And there were pictures painted with such wit,
That all did them approve and much esteem.
Yet came there not from Sol one single beame,
That men might then behold their great delight,
And why this was, not easie was to deeme,
For all folks wondered at this dreadful sight,
And eke did for their countrie grieve, as well they might.

A BOOK IS PUBLISHED CALLED "GLIMPSES OF THE BEAUTIFUL."—M. Perrot complains that the author has not mentioned him.

WE hope the fate of young Fitzwilliam in the West Riding will be a warning to youth; in which case he will not only be a buoy but a beacon.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT—A plot, remarkable for not having been stolen from a French dramatist.

THE Quadrant Colonnade is removed, having been previously pulled to pieces by the *Times*.

PIUS IX. ESCAPES FROM ROME.—Complains that though he has often granted indulgences to the people, they have treated him with none.

ELECTRIC LIGHT EXHIBITED AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—Whatever credit this light may reflect upon its inventor, it can never reflect any credit on the building.

POLICEMAN, P 214, acquitted for dining with a cook, as he belonged to the "public service." The "dinner service" would be more appropriate.

ABDICATION OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, who proves that he is not such a fool after all.

THEN, after him, came Jullien with his ball,
And those who daunced much merry feasting made;
And drank the ioyous wine till they did fall,
Old Kœnig's sounds their minds did so much glad,
Yet, the next day, I ween, their heads were bad.
Like to base robbers, many there were dight,
Or clad as dæmons (these were well-nigh mad);
And when they gained the strete, and it was light,
Full many a laugh they caused from each rude wight.

DECEMBER. XXXI. Days.		
1	S	Pope Leo X.d.
2	☉	Advent Sun.
3	M	Ab.Jas.II.1688
4	T	
5	W	Mozart d. 1792
6	T	St. Nicholas
7	F	[B. V. M.
8	S	Conception of
9	☉	2 Sun. in Adv.
10	M	Grouse sh.ends
11	T	
12	W	
13	T	St. Lucy
14	F	Washin.d.1799
15	S	
16	☉	3 Sun. in Adv.
17	M	Oxf. Term e.
18	T	
19	W	
20	T	Gray born 1546
21	F	St. Thomas.—
22	S	[Shortest Day
23	☉	4 Sun. in Adv.
24	M	
25	T	Christmas Day
26	W	St. Stephen
27	T	St. John
28	F	Innocents!
29	S	
30	☉	1 Sun. af. Chr.
31	M	Silvester

DECEMBER.—Jullien's Bal Masqué.

SEASONABLE ADVICE.

THE SHOWMAN 'cautions the public in general, and skaters in particular, against the increased risk they run, from the "dangerous" condition of the Serpentine. Although the ice may appear to hermetically seal and deodorize the stream, yet despite the remedial measures of the Royal Humane Society, great doubts are entertained of the possibility of recovering from the effects of the liquid poison swallowed during immersion.

CONUNDRUMS.

Q. Why are holidays at the public offices like convicts?
A. Because they are observed with the greatest strictness.

Q. Why is a writing-master luckier than any one else?
A. Because he can never help flourishing.

Q. Why is a clergyman who hunts like an officer who runs away from an engagement?
A. Because he departs from his sphere of action (his fear of action).

WHO'S DAT DYING ON DE FLOOR?

AIR—"*Who's dat knocking at the door.*"

I HAD just come up for dis famous Town to see,
And all de curiosities, whatever dey might be;
I went to de house, and heard de Speaker say
To some big humbug who 'fore de chair dere lay—
"Am dat O'Connell—am dat you, John?
What, you ain't dead yet? you better get along!
"For dar is no use dying on de floor any more.

"Who 's dat dying on de floor?
Twenty times you 've done that, I tink, before—
I 'll call de SHOWMAN, tell him how
You always go on as you 're doing now:
Who 's dat dying on the floor?
Am dat O'Connell, am dat you, John?
If you ain't dead yet, you 'd better go along,
"For it 's no use dying on de floor any more."

AN ACUTE ANGLE.

AN OBTUSE ANGLE.

SANITARY MEASURES.

HEALTH OF TOWNS BILL.—The question was postponed until after the cholera.

CHOLERA arrived, and was received with the greatest attention by the civic authorities.

SHALLOW BROOKES ARE VERY NOISY.

LOLA MONTES.—Europe was, some time since, amused by the King of Bavaria's gambolling, induced by certain skilful "legs."

DEBUT OF MR. G. V. BROOKE.—His appearance was prepossessing but not successful. After being cut up by the papers, he reappeared in several pieces.

WISE MEN DO NOT WISH FOR WHAT THEY CANNOT HAVE.

MINISTERIAL WHITEBAIT—The shilling paid to Powell the spy.

MARK LEMON often quotes to himself with a sigh the lines of the poet—

"Man wants but little *ear* below,
Nor wants that little *long!*"

Nature oppresses him much by her superfluous kindness!

BUNN *v.* LIND.—Bunn, after having been much injured by Lind, ultimately "recovered."

DINNER AND DEATH.

OUT of the Haymarket, near to the top,
Runs a small passage, in which there 's a shop,
Where you can get, with "sauce piquante," a chop,
Which Verrey himself might in vain try to wop.

Two seedy gentlemen turn up the court;
One has ten shillings, the other has naught,
To pay for the steaks which are ordered and brought.

Strange thing this eating—that beings should cram
Mutton and beef, sugar and jam,
Pepper and mustard, pickles and ham,
Salmon and soles, whiting and plaice,
All through a hole in the front of the face.

A LITTLE BODY OFTEN HARBOURS A GREAT SOUL.

Of the two seedy gentlemen sitting together,
The dullest remarks that it 's very bad weather;
Whilst the other, who takes a long pull at the can,
Observes that Macaulay 's a very great man.

This, the dummy one cries,
He flatly denies;
Then, invoking his eyes,
Declares that he 's got a friend ten times as wise;
Which the other asserts is a parcel of lies.
Whereupon, in a fury, both gentlemen rise,
And the wit, who 's remarkably brave for his size,
Holds out his fist, and the dull one defies;
Which insult the dull, while he shows some surprise,
Declares he 'll avenge, though to-morrow he dies.
"Pooh! pooh! you 'll do neither," the short man replies.
"The deuce!" cries the dull, and a bottle he throws,
As hard as he can, at that part of his foe's
Physiognomy, which is well known as the nose;
But missing his aim, the weapon swift goes,
And drops on a quiet old gentleman's toes.

The affray now assumes an appearance most frightful,
And both are becoming excessively spiteful—
Thumping away, without mercy or dread,
Each kicking the other, and punching his head.
Till the short one, determined the matter to end,
Seizes hold of a fork, which he sticks in his friend;
And lifting him up, with a horrible leer,
Severs his throttle from ear unto ear.

Then away he runs as hard as he can,
Upsetting a woman, two lads, and a man;
Down the street, across the Park,
Up against posts, on account of the dark;
Frowning at boys, who opine it 's a lark,
Till he 's stopped by a green-grocer, surnamed John Clark.

But, now to finish this terrible tale,
This wretched young man is shut up in gaol.
His crime is so awful, they will not take bail:
Then he 's hanged, sir, he 's hanged! and his clothes are for sale.

FALLACY OF THE FACULTY.—It seems strange that medical men should so often prescribe bleeding, when it is well known always to be a *vein* operation.

ESSEX has furnished a complete illustration of the proverb that "one man's meat is another man's poison," since many people are known to have supported themselves by murdering their relatives.

A Royal Princess is born. Salutes are fired on the occasion. As salutes are also fired on the demise of royal personages, their lives may be said both to begin and end—in smoke.

DURING the captures of Chartists, an attempt was made to carry off some of the "leaders" from the *Northern Star* Office. Their weight, however, rendered it impossible.

A BURTHEN ONE CHOOSES IS NOT FELT.

CHARTIST FLATS.

(AIR—*Buffalo Girls.*)

As I went past the Orange Tree—Orange Tree,
Tom Powell there I chanced to see—who peached, Lord John, for you.
"Chartist flats, won't you come out and fight—come out and fight—come out and fight—
Chartist flats, won't you come out and fight, and be transported soon?"

He asked them if they 'd have some pikes—have some pikes,
And said that a wise man always strikes, while hot the iron be.
"Chartist flats, won't you come out and fight—come out and fight—come out and fight—
Chartist flats, won't you come out and fight, and be transported soon?"

Then went and told the Peelers straight—Peelers straight.
Who led the poor flats to their fate—say, who so base as he?
Chartist flats, never go out and fight—go out and fight—go out and fight,
Chartist flats, never go out and fight for such a lying loon.

PUT NO FAITH IN TALE-BEARERS.

SCENE IN A BALL-ROOM.

Lady of the House.—Will you dance, Mr. Smith?
Smith.—Oh, with pleasure!
Lady of House.—Will you dance, Mr. O'Mulligan?
Mr. O'Mulligan.—Och sure and I'll dance with the greatest of satisfaction alive, particularly when it 's your own charming self thot 's the invitress.
[Very clever fellows these Irishmen; such brilliant wit, so much conversation.]

THE COMIC WRITER WHO SMELLS OF THE SHOP.

Comic Writer loquitur.—Hallo! Libel, I've such a lot of copy to do. I 'm going to work up that story you gave me about Harrison roaring over a gate at a bull. Bye-the-bye, I've a paragraph that 'll do capitally for the *Scorpion.* I'm not going to use it, so the joke's quite at your service. You must put it in a new form, or else some stupid fellow will swear it 's that pun of à Beckett's from the *Forty Thieves;* and now I think of it, Planché has something like it in the *Golden Branch,* so mind you're careful about it. I see that Webster has been coming out with his bad grammar again. I wish you would touch him off; I really have not time: there 's Lumley to be pitched into; and I've a regular slasher on Jerrold coming out next week. Bye-the-bye, I was at a ball last night, and hit on a capital subject for a caricature. There was an old fellow, too, sitting next me, who could be served up beautifully in a shilling book. I think old Brown, the man who is almost too lazy to eat his dinner, could also be made a character of. If I can get a striking name, I know a man who will bring it out to-morrow. Did you hear what O'Runnovan said yesterday about Lablache? That would make a capital epigram, if I could think of another point for it: it 's hardly strong enough by itself. Do you mean to go to Rummer's to-morrow night? I think it will be slow, but it will be such an odd affair that we shall be sure to make something out of it in the way of copy. Well, good-bye, if you will go. Mind the step, or you 'll fall. Ah! good heavens! I said you would; and you've split your trowsers! I say, though, that suggests a very good social cut. Excuse me, I shall stick it down, now I think of it.

THE MORE THE MERRIER.

THE MEDICAL STUDENT WHO SMELLS OF THE SHOP.

Medical student loquitur.—"What, are you here still in the land of the living? Let 's look at your tongue? Do you feel any pains in your bones, as if you had been beaten all over with a stick, or had been run over by a waggon? Well, it 's deuced odd if you don't! Can you sleep at night? Don't you feel as if you were wretchedly tired when you havn't been taking any exercise at all? Well, never mind, let 's feel your pulse. Hem! what 's that black mark on you lip? Oh, it 's a little smut, is it! Well, of course if Simpson don't think anything of it, it does n't matter to me. Let 's tap your chest? Here, undo your waistcoat. Does this give you any pain? Well, but don't you feel great difficulty in breathing? Any aching pains in your head? Any sore throat, then, accompanied by extreme uneasiness in swallowing? Well, perhaps, you can manage to swallow; but you don't mean to say you have any appetite? Well, I don't know; it certainly is very extraordinary! Ha! what 's that on your shirt! By Jove! Pull it open! Oh, it 's a drop of ale, is it! Ah! I see how it is; you 've been drinking, my boy. Now, you mind what I say—you're suffering from incipient *delirium tremens,* and you 've a strong disposition to typhus. Now, mark—my—words—you 'll be dead in three weeks—that is, if you don't take care of yourself. The best thing you can do is to go home, have your head shaved, put thirty-seven leeches—or thirty-three, if they are large ones—on your temples, and make up your mind to be regularly laid up for nine months. Give my respects to Simpson, and tell him he doesn't know what he 's talking about. And—mind—what I—say: if you don't take *precious* care of yourself—I tell you as a friend—you'll be as dead as a herring in less than a month!

HEEDLESS OF ANOTHER'S WORD.

THE SOLICITOR WHO SMELLS OF THE SHOP.

Solicitor loquitur. Well, you 've had a row with Timkins, have you? and he hinted that the sooner you paid your tailor, the better it would be for your reputation.

I think you did quite right to cut him; that language, you know, is actionable. I remember a case when I was articled to Sharper, in which the plaintiff had been asked by the defendant, whether when he left his house he was also obliged to leave his furniture. Well, sir, that man recovered damages; and you may depend upon it, an action would stand against Timkins for the insinuations thrown out against your character. It's rather unfortunate, by-the-bye, that you hit him. He could n't prove any intention to murder, I suppose; but do you think he could fall back on the "intent to do some grievous bodily harm?" Well, you know, if you merely hit him with your glove, it amounted to an assault. However, I don't think that would interfere with the action for defamation of character. Is Timkins in the profession? Oh, then, if he isn 't, I dare say he won't know what to be at. By-the-bye, do you know whether he has ever been in the habit of assailing your character before every one he knows? Oh! he told some one that you had owed a "tick" at the *Cafe de l'Europe* for a long while—did he? That also tends to injure your character for honesty; but as you have n't paid it, it would be as well not to allude to it. Do you think he 's likely to send a friend to you? because, if he does, you can bind him over to keep the peace; and although Roulette would be his second, he would n't be his surety? Anyhow, his language was actionable; so I 'll speak to our common law-clerk about it, and will let you know.

GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL.

THE HEIGHT OF COOLNESS.—The top of Mont Blanc.

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.—Taking shelter from the rain in an umbrella shop.

A DISPUTE recently arose, as to whether Sir Peter Laurie or Mr. Paul Bedford was the greatest buffoon.

"Oh, Bedford, certainly," said a gentleman present.

"No, Sir Peter Laurie is the greatest," replied the SHOWMAN. "You are 'robbing Peter to pay Paul,' when you pronounce otherwise.

YOU SHOULD N'T HOLLOW BEFORE YOU ARE OUT OF THE WOOD.

PROVERBS.

(BY OUR OWN WISE MAN.)

Dresses are to women what candles are to moths.

The young lady who eats least at dinner has eaten most at lunch.

A man's word may be as good as his bond, but his bond may be as bad as his word.

Better to be up to a lark than up with it.

Tell me what the *Times* affirms to-day, and I will tell you what the *Daily News* will deny to-morrow—and *vice versâ*.

Bills are good pedestrians; they will run long, and beat you in the long run.

A virtuous indignation writer is one who is indignant at virtue, and with whom virtue is herself indignant.

"WELL, THIS IS REALLY THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY CROP OF P'S I EVER SAW."

PRIZE ESSAY.

The SHOWMAN shortly intends to place for discussion, or, if possible, solution, a great moral question in the hands of the literary community. He intends, in fact, to offer a handsome prize for an essay on the following important subject, viz. :—

"Whether it be immoral, as well as illegal, to give a box-keeper a bad shilling?"

The SHOWMAN'S private opinion is decidedly against the doctrine of there being anything immoral in the transaction.

THINGS SLIGHTLY OUT OF PLACE.—A fan in Nova Zembla; a Gibus on the Swan River; a lorgnette at sea; a renter's admission to Drury Lane in Sierra Leone; a voice lozenge in the cell of a prisoner undergoing the silent system; a pair of dress boots on a raft in the Pacific.

A HUBBUB MADE ABOUT THE SUGAR DUTIES.

The following tariff is drawn up by a contributor to the PUPPET-SHOW:—

Brown sugar will be by no means allowed into port—nor into gin, whisky, or rum.

Sugar-candy will be admitted into coffee at the usual amount—*i.e.*, two or three pieces to each cup.

No sugar but lump-sugar will, on any account, be admitted into grog. As for brown sugar being let in, the SHOWMAN would not touch it with a pair of tongs. The amount fixed for lump sugar, is three lumps per tumbler.

Sugar duties in the abstract—that is, the duty of castigating small boys who abstract the sugar—must be rigidly carried out. The amount fixed, is one whack for every whack the boy takes.

Sugar duties in the concrete—or, in the lump that is—may be defined as the duties of passing the sugar when required to do so. You have no right to keep the sugar in bond.

N.B.—It does not follow that because tongs are used for helping sugar, pokers may be.

A DIPLOMATIC RELATION.—One who humbugs you into lending him a sovereign.

JEWISH DISABILITIES.—Not being able to eat pork, speak correct English, smell agreeably, or look clean.

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

HARK! it is the wished-for signal!
Gladness sparkles in her eyes,
As the beauteous Donna Laura
To her lofty casement hies.

There, upon the steps of marble,
Stands her love! her bosom's pride!
While his gondola lies cradled
On the gently rippling tide.

All entranced—for bliss scarce breathing—
Lists she to his touching lay,
When she utters—pale with terror—
One loud shriek of wild dismay.

For she sees her loved one stagger
Down towards the silver flood,
And can track each step he taketh
By large drops of crimson blood.

Has a hated rival struck him
With the lurking bravo's knife;
Or, with sure and well-aimed bullet,
Snapt in twain the thread of life?

Quickly, with dishevelled tresses,
To the victim's aid she goes,
Ah! she faints, but 't is to find he 's
Only bleeding at the nose.

THE following were among the best tricks on April-fool day:—

The Secretary of the Whittington Club was informed that a "gentleman" wished to become a member.

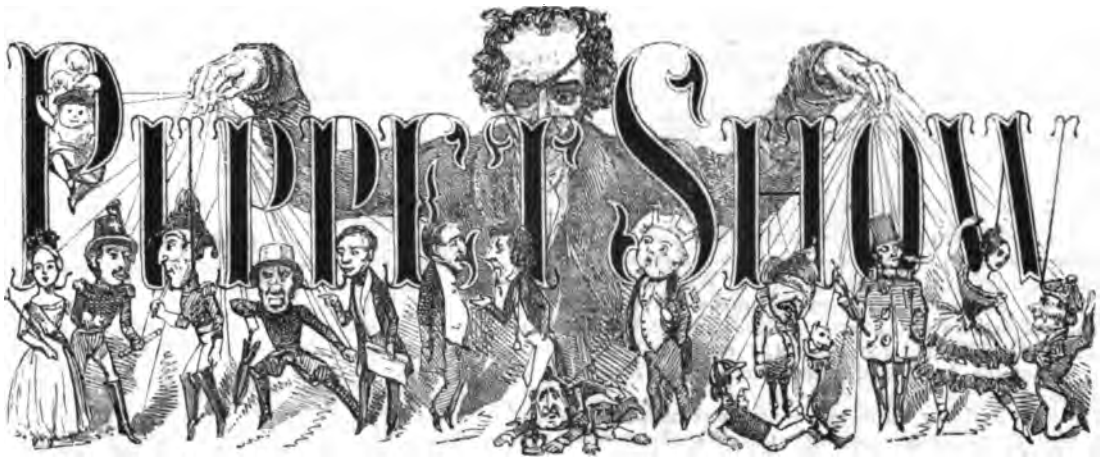
Charles Cochrane's friends sent him round the corner, saying that he would meet a voter for him. And

Peter Borthwick's servant told his tailor that he was at home.

TURN-OUT OF ENGLISH WORKMEN FROM FRANCE.—English spades are beaten by French clubs. The revolutionists look upon the British pick-axe as a base tool of *perfide Albion*.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING ends on the 1st of February, but the SHOWMAN never met with a sportsman honest enough to say whether the cause was the exhaustion of the birds, of himself, or of his powder.

Lord Ellesmere's letter on the National Defences causes some offence. The greatest offence is a plot which the subject gives rise to at the Adelphi Theatre, and which is conducted in such a manner that no one can discover it.



PROLOGUE

TO NEXT HALF-YEAR'S PERFORMANCES IN THE *PUPPET-SHOW*.

"They talk like Solomon himself in the PUPPET-SHOW."—BULWER'S *Devereux*.

THE curtain rises on a new half-year
Of satire, humour, parody, and sneer;
To introduce in form its earliest week,
A word of prologue will the SHOWMAN speak.

RUSSELL, beware! though safe on Erin's strand,
To dine in splendour in a starving land—
To learn from Castle toadies why men rise,
And read abhorrence in a nation's eyes—
To hear chains jingle on each pauper slave—
My lash can reach your carcase o'er the wave!

BENTINCK, beware! (poor creature who presumes
To sneer at Fonblanque while he lives with grooms!)
Back to your stable! seek but jockeys' votes;
Keep your statistics just to measure oats.
I do not deign to hate you, but I flog
With a half-pity, as one whips a dog.

And thou, friend CUFFEY, of the sombre mug,
One word of caution in thy lengthened lug:
Back to the shop-board! leave affairs of state,
Patch Chartists' corduroys, and cease to prate.
Calmly to sew is better than to strike;
Resume the needle, and lay by the pike.

And now, kind reader, one word ere I go,
To you who peep into my PUPPET-SHOW.
Long as my breast retains its wonted fires—
Long as these hands have strength to pull the wires,
For a few coppers you shall every week
Behold my puppets play and hear them squeak.
Peel's stately form—the nigro Cuffey's face—
Disraeli's scowl, and Brougham's grotesque grimace—
The brazen Bentinck, and the booby Hawes—
Shall glide before you, eager for applause.

Whene'er a Chartist, thirsting for your blood,
Kicks up a hubbub in his native mud,
Fast as the Peelers bear him to the cage,
The Snob shall writhe before you on my stage.

The Showman

CAUTION. EVIL-MINDED PERSONS are cautioned against making self-evident jokes in reference to the abolition of the headings which formerly adorned the various departments of the PUPPET-SHOW. And notice is hereby given that any joker or jokers who shall presume to make any would-be facetious remarks to the effect that our "Pins and Needles" are at present without heads, shall be exposed to the ridicule of the vulgar and the scorn of the high-minded.

Given at our Office, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand,
This 9th day of September, 1849. THE SHOWMAN.

TO OUR READERS AND (THEREFORE) ADMIRERS.

IT is a well known commercial truth (Mr. Cobden will correct us if we are wrong) that the value of an article rises or falls according to the demand for it. What holds true with regard to one article may be equally alleged of a collection of articles such as are contained in the PUPPET-SHOW. Rothschild and the SHOWMAN are bound by the same immutable laws, and must proceed on identical principles.

The PUPPET-SHOW, price one penny, was addressed to some fifty thousand persons, with the risk of its being accepted only by twenty thousand, and the probability that it would be welcomed by some seventy or eighty thousand. The SHOWMAN, as a moderate man, calculated on fifty thousand readers at one penny; supposing them to have wanted some thirty thousand of that amount the charge for the journal would, on the true commercial principle, have been lowered, in consequence of the small demand, to one halfpenny. But, as the paper has been in the greatest possible request among all classes—the good and the bad, the high and the low, the rich and the poor—the SHOWMAN, as a philosopher and a man of business, has determined to increase its price to one penny halfpenny, payable in farthings, halfpence, or a mixed currency of pence and halfpence. And do we say "determined?" The SHOWMAN has been *compelled* to do so. He can no more regulate the value and therefore the price of PUPPET-SHOWS, than can Mr. Bright of Manchester goods, or any grazier of beef and mutton. By charging the actual value of the Journal as decided, not by his individual opinion, but by the voice of the public, the SHOWMAN performs a duty to himself; which is the best guarantee that he will also do his duty by the public.

Let us hope that the course which has been adopted will bring the circulation of the PUPPET-SHOW within reasonable bounds. The subscribers—and we say it with all due respect to them—have hitherto been too numerous; let us hope that the additional halfpenny will act as a cooler to the ardour of some of them. The task of addressing so gigantic a body was becoming too arduous. The writers feared the responsibility, the compositors trembled with nervousness, and the very boys shook in their Bluchers while waiting for "copy." The paper manufacturer, less remote from the scene of action, was at the same time unable to supply his reams with sufficient quickness; the steam-engine was fast wearing out, and the engineers were dying! Independently, then, of commercial considerations (always despicable in the eyes—we mean the one eye—of the SHOWMAN), justice, humanity, and philoprogenitiveness united in calling for an increase of price. To this cry the SHOWMAN has, he trusts, responded in the most noble manner.

The receipts derived from the additional halfpenny will be spent in charitable purposes. Part will be expended in the support of decayed compositors and worn-out machinists, and in sending the writers to recruit their energies at the seaside, while the remainder will be devoted to the erection of a pound for the accomodation of our Discharged Contributor.

PUPPET-SHOW STATISTICS.

THE justly celebrated M'Culloch has written to communicate to us the result of some calculations with which he has been some time employed in reference to the PUPPET-SHOW and its contents. The eminent statistician informs us that the twenty-five numbers forming the first half-yearly volume contained 2750 jokes, of which 2 were old. Of the remainder, 449 were of a playful character, 315 were ironical, 451 were sarcastic, 25 were rather weak, 1 had no point (owing to a misprint), 606 were savage, and 901 were terribly severe. Of the whole number (2750), 1450 appeared in long articles and 1300 in short paragraphs. Of the latter, 49 were published in foreign languages, 87 in the form of epigrams, 827 as "Pins and Needles," and 337 as paragraphs of various descriptions. Again, out of the 1300 short paragraphs, 206 were of a general character, the remainder, 1094, being more or less personal, of which 102 were of a particularly violent description.

Lord John Russell had been attacked 754 times, and on 35 occasions with considerable rancour. Lord George Bentinck had been "chaffed" 28 times, and ridiculed with severity 14 times.

Jerrold and Albert Smith (literary *ouvrier*) had been pitched into five times a-piece in fun, and twice in earnest.

Mr. Lumley had been attacked 135 times, and 79 times with great ferocity. Webster had been assaulted 58 times with paragraphs of a murderous description; and one Cowell had been snubbed 3 times.

The Repealers had been satirized 7 times, the Irish "Patriots" had been held up to contempt 314 times, the rulers of Ireland had been scourged 523 times. The Chartists, generally, had been recommended to use soap 79 times, to keep civil tongues in their heads 54 times, to avoid beer and ardent spirits 83 times, to do a little work 221 times; the physical force Chartists had been flagellated without mercy 311 times.

Our Discharged Contributor had sent us jokes for insertion 100,000,000 times, and he had been requested not to do so 200,000,000 times.

SORDID MOTIVE.—No class of men are more delighted at the instances of generosity displayed in the case of the "Ocean Monarch" than Messrs. Moon, Colnaghi, and colleagues, who having got a large number on hand are naturally glad of any rise in the popularity of the *prints* of Joinville.

A FORLORN HOPE.—The forthcoming of the Peninsular medals.

VERY SHOCKING.—The Russians regret that the cholera did not rage more violently in the Caucasus, because in that case the leader of the Circassian troops, who lately defeated the Czar's troops, might by this time have fallen a victim to the disease, instead of being merely sham ill (Schamyl).

RIDDLES FOR ALBERT SMITH.

WE are of opinion that a great mistake is made with regard to riddles. They ought to be made with more regard to the character, disposition, and general information of the persons to whom they are addressed. To a man of no learning or acquirements, such as Albert Smith, the riddles should be just of the difficulty which would compel him to think attentively for a short time, and to determine the answer in about three guesses. We will, however, divide our paradoxes into three classes, for the purpose of explaining those that Smith could guess with facility; those that he could guess with a little application; and those that he could never guess at all. The following may be ranked in the first or simple class:—

1. How many times will two go into four?
2. What does twice one come to?
3. State the colour of Nebuchadnezzar's grey horse?

If Smith answered these with facility, we would try him with the subjoined:—

1. Who succeeded Henry I.?
2. What is the dative plural of *asinus?*
3. What are the characteristics of the baboon?
4. How many feet has a quadruped?

The above would probably be about the mark for our pupil; but if he should, in writing any new book, evince the slightest trace of reading, or of general information, we will torture him with some puzzlers in the style of the annexed:—

1. Who wrote the *Vicar of Wakefield?*
2. Did Julius Cæsar fight at the Battle of Hastings; and if so, which side did he take?
3. Did Demosthenes write in Latin or in Greek?
4. Is there anything worth reading in Shakspere?

THE SHOWMAN'S TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

No. I.—THE GAMBLER RECLAIMED.

Capting Dyce De Roulette was a gambler by profession: he had been driven to it, in the first instance, by inclination and a superfluity of riches; in the second, by necessity, and an absence of cash. He had imbibed the taste with his mother's milk, and, at the earliest age, neglected the play becoming to childhood for that of more mature and corrupt age; for him no toys except skittles had the least charms, and the baby-like rattle was only tolerated from its suggesting the more congenial and exciting pleasure afforded by the dice-box.

He would cry for hours together, until his nurse consented to "toss him up;" and when, at a more advanced period of life, the infantine pap was replaced by a more solid species of food, he would, if asked as to which portion of a sucking-pig he preferred, decide in the most characteristic manner for "head or tail." His love for a game at buttons caused him to tear off those indispensable utilities and ornaments of dress on every possible occasion; he was once induced to proceed with a felonious intention to the British Museum, in order to carry off and play with the Elgin marbles, and exhibited his future passion for "the turf" by preferring to shiver with cold rather than sit by any fire which was not composed of that material. On one occasion, when the wheel came off his father's carriage, and the whole family were precipitated to the earth at the imminent peril of their lives, the infatuated boy was only bent upon running off with the cause of the catastrophe, for the purpose of getting up a game at *roulette;* and he was once discovered in his private room, surrounded by a collection of bullocks' hearts, gardeners' spades, and wooden clubs, in the greatest distress at being unable to procure some diamonds to complete the pack of nonsense!

When at school, and subjected to a stricter discipline, it may be thought that our disreputable hero in some measure improved. On the contrary, his monomania increased. He would only study one subject, in classics as in everything else: whatever he might be directed to learn, he was sure to be caught at his Olympic games, or endeavouring to ascertain the pedigree of Pegasus; while, at other periods, he would be found hard at work with some abstruse work on the "distinctions of races." He was constantly dieting himself with Epsom salts, contracted a *liaison* with a young lady simply because her name was Bet, and often wagered his whole dinner upon the success of the Derby; while, at breakfast time, he would prove his confidence in a horse by laying two or three eggs.

On leaving school De Roulette, after indulging for a few months in a course of domestic gambling—with the groom in the stables and the family in the drawing-room—received a commission in the 591st light infantry—a regiment which is as notorious for the high play indulged in by its officers, as for the severe discipline enforced in its ranks. His passion had by this time assumed all the character of a monomania. He would bet as to whether the following day would be marked by good or by bad weather; would toss for "double or quits" when about to settle his bill with his tailor; and frequently backed a stable boy of his acquaintance to eat more food, and in less time, than any two children of the same age that could be produced by the neighbourhood. But it was with his fellow-officers that his distressing symptoms more particularly evinced themselves. A few weeks sufficed for him to lose the whole of the ready money which he possessed. Another short month, and a large sum which he had obtained for the reversion of his interest in his father's estate, was swallowed by the demon of play.

Nor could time put any limits to his mad play. The crowing of the cock was once a signal for himself and his companions to throw down their cards, and abandon themselves to repose, not to return to their exciting amusement until a late hour on the following evening. But now the case was different. Day came, and still De Roulette rattled the dice-box wildly above his head, or dealt the cards with frantic energy, and too often, alas, with spasmodic nervousness! Again he wanted money. Rushing into the the presence of his now heart-broken father, he desired his decrepit parent to choose between a surrender of all that could be raised on his already encumbered estate and the death (by poison) of his vile but beloved son!

* * * * *

De Roulette was alone in the world. His family had perished ignominiously—his mother, through want; and his father, through the workhouse diet, which violently disagreed with him. Having pawned his razors, he grew a pair of fierce moustaches, which, however becoming, were contrary to the regulations in an infantry regiment. The Colonel accordingly brought him to trial before a court-martial, when he was sentenced to be deprived of his epaulettes and his commission: the former had been already lost at *écarté.*

The gambler was now left to his own resources. He immediately determined to change his mode of play, and to gamble not for excitement but for mere gain. He accordingly promoted himself from the rank of ensign to that of captain (or capting, as he was usually called); and was soon afterwards seen in the neighbourhood of St. James' Street, from which he descended to become an *habitué* of suspicious-looking dens in Jermyn Street, and a constant patroniser of cigar-shops where no one was ever seen to buy a cigar, in the purlieus of the Haymarket. The Capting continued his easterly course. In about a twelvemonth he had progressed as far as Leicester Square, and ultimately arrived in Castle Street, where his destiny awaited him.

De Roulette, even during his lucky moments, was invariably unlucky. While winning notes in St. James' Street he was sure to recognise some of them as having been at another period in the possession of one or other of his deceased parents. The same was the case with the sovereigns of Jermyn Street and the shillings of Leicester Square—every coin he touched bore the curse. It was after a series of ill-luck that the Capting rose one evening starving, penniless, and ill clad. He hurried to the gaming-table, and his credit not being good was obliged to raise a small sum of money on his ragged and threadbare coat. He won. Fortune favoured him, and again he picked up the shining gold. Five, ten, fifteen sovereigns are his. Again he throws, and rises from the table the envied winner of twenty pounds. He crushes the note eagerly into his pocket, congratulates himself on his prudence in withdrawing at the early hour of half-past five, and reaches home, mad with joy! The next day De Roulette awoke a happy man. His landlady entered to inquire for the forty-seventh time when she could have a little money. The gambler, in a temporary fit of honesty, tendered her the bank-note for change. A few minutes, and the woman returned. The note was a forgery!

From that day De Roulette abandoned the gambling-table in disgust and became a moral man. The lesson had an effect upon him which could never be effaced from his memory; and often, in after years, when warning the youth of the period from the awful but infatuating vice, he would relate the incident by which he became converted from the ways of sin to the paths of virtue.

Extraordinary Phenomenon.—Last week the well-known joke about cutting one's stick, which it was thought had retired from public life on account of its age, made its re-appearance in the columns of a facetious contemporary. It was introduced with Mr. Meagher of the Sword, but failed to produce the same impression as was wont to be caused by its appearance some twenty years since.

Very Fastidious.—We have heard of a writer for the press, who is so cautious about attacking individuals, that he objects to the use of a *personal* pronoun!

BRUTAL IGNORANCE.

IN the *Times* of August 30, we find the following sentence attributed to George Bentinck, commonly called Lord George Bentinck, and member for Lynn Regis :—

"He did not know nor care who Mr. A. W. Fonblanque was."

We confess that, accustomed as we are to having to deal with every sort of abominable absurdity, from Chartist bluster to Whig pretensions, we never saw *this* matched. Lord George has now fairly reached the pinnacle of asininity, and may boldly defy Sibthorpe, Chisholm Anstey, or any other member of the House.

Has he ever heard of a man named Bulwer, who wrote a book called *England and the English* some sixteen years ago? Let him get one of his father's servants, or Mr. D'Israeli, to read it to him (explaining the big words as he goes along), and he will find there this A. W. Fonblanque described as the "profound and vigorous editor of the *Examiner*." Let him further procure a file of the *Examiner* (a sixpenny paper, my lord, published weekly), and for a course of years he will find in it a series of articles combining the lucidity of Cobbett, with imagery worthy of Burke, the productions of this A. W. Fonblanque, of whom he knows nothing.

Not knowing who Mr. Fonblanque is, pray what does he know?

That there was once a poet called Shakspere?

That there used to be a people called the Romans?

That we must all die?

Let us, however, charitably suppose that the assertion was a falsehood; that "the scent of the stable will cling to him still."

What does he mean by saying that he does not *care* who Mr. Fonblanque is?

It is amusing to see this poor worm—generated from the corruption of the turf—attempt a feeble nibble at the heel of a great man—an Apollo, whose sun-arrows have struck terror into the proudest hearts in Europe, piercing alike through the tyrant's purple and the rebel's brass! After all, there is a kind of praiseworthy audacity in the exceeding impudence of the attempt. Animals of that class usually wait till the object is dead, and then prey without fear of the consequences. We need not say that we shall forgive Bentinck altogether, if he induces Mr. Fonblanque to reply!

However, even if he does not know who Mr. Fonblanque is, everybody knows who *he* is, and appreciates him accordingly. Englishmen have long congratulated themselves on not being governed by a man, who having broken down in Parliament to begin with, and then passed the prime of his life in the pursuits of the better and the groom, kindly condescends to bring the fag-end of a second-rate mediocre understanding to bear on the Imperial Legislature!

CONUNDRUM.

Q. What English opera do fleas remind you of?
A. The "Night Dancers."

A VERY FREE ADMISSION.—It has been asserted that a great amount of crime exists in connexion with the police. This report appears to be confirmed by the circumstance of one of the Chartists having lately first admitted the officers of justice, and then immediately afterwards admitted his guilt.

LAMENTATION OF A CAB HORSE.

AM I not, I ask any reasonable person, the most miserable brute under the canopy of heaven? Am I not the most hard-worked, half-starved framework of an animal ever seen crawling on the outside of the globe? I who once was the pride of a duke, the pet of a duchess, and the admired of all! Who sported over the earth like a lamb, or bore my master through briar and brake with the velocity of lightning and the resistless power of the thunder-bolt, "sharing with my lord the pleasure and the pride!" And what am I now? A disgrace even to a cab! A bye-word amongst watermen! A lean, stiff-jointed, broken-kneed Bucephalus! My back, which once exhibited the fall so necessary to equine beauty, now shows the curve in reverse, likening me to the bison, or even the dromedary. My mane has long since formed the stuffing of the armed chair of a plebeian. My hide resembles the covering of some well-worn trunk. My eyes are like a couple of billiard balls. Every rib in my carcase may be counted, while three of my feet are tied up in venerable carpet. Then my tail—my once long, silky, flowing tail—is now represented only by an attenuated stump, on which a worn-out paint-brush would look down with contempt. Of my harness I can scarcely bear to speak. My collar was long since cast off by one of Barclay and Perkin's dray horses, the belly-band originally belonged to a Shetland pony, one of my traces is too short—an evil which is scarcely compensated for by the other being too long—while my bit is simply a crowbar! While waiting on the dreary cab-stand, I am ever and anon cheered by the conversation of my driver, who is perpetually talking to his pals about touching me up on the raw, and inflicting other punishments too horrible to mention!

GRATITUDE.—One of the passengers in the "Ocean Monarch," who was saved by the intrepidity of the French prince, says, that the Joinville tie is one which he must always respect.

FOUND, at the late assizes, a VERDICT of GUILTY against C. MIZZLE, who has since escaped. The above named individual may immediately enter into possession of all advantages resulting from the same by applying at the Bow Street Police Office.

OUR LEADER.

THE PREMIER'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

EVERY effort hitherto made to provide an Irish remedy having failed, Lord John has gone over in person—a drop of Whig oil to calm the ocean. In the presence of the pigmy Divinity, the devils that possess the body of Ireland are to quail and fly. What arms, money, Acts of Parliament, and speeches have failed to do, is to be accomplished by a Whig gentleman four-feet-six in stature. The process will be simple. Lord John will dine with Clarendon, and breakfast with the Commandant of the Army.

In the Eastern apologue, the Vizier tells the Sultan Mahmoud that he has heard a discourse between two owls, congratulating each other on the certainty of having plenty of ruined villages during his reign. If Lord John can manage to understand the congenial owl's language, he may probably hear similar congratulations on his government. Condemned and despised by men, it will be gratifying to hear praise from the dark and disgusting Bird of Night. On the whole, this expedition of His Lordship is what statesmen call a "stroke of policy," and honest men a humbug. It is a simple piece of "gag," as much so as Wright's sticking his tongue in his mouth when he leers at the Adelphi pit. He knows that a week or month in Ireland can teach him nothing that books had not told him before. But the visit will please and propitiate the Irish; and it is the lot of that unfortunate people to have their generous feelings played on against themselves. They are alternately bullied and cajoled like children.

Lord John's visit is a farce; but what shall we say to Lord George Bentinck's—the ape imitating the harlequin? He imitates Peel in his manifestoes, and apes Russell in his movements. How does it interest us to know that he is going to Ireland? He may go to Bath if he thinks proper. We see no objection to his visiting the stables of that country, or making himself useful about the coach-houses—operations within the range of his capacity. But after this visit, we shall have him assuming a double degree of dogmatism—having added to the stammering orator, the rash statesman, and the blundering statistician, the additional qualification of the mis-judging traveller.

PINS & NEEDLES.

The Irish rebels, beings Catholics, are, appropriately enough, to be tried *en masse* on the monster indictment of conspiracy. In mercy to the culprits, we hope we shall not hear of an "elevation of the host."

An ill-natured correspondent remarks that Lord G. Bentinck's propositions are always rejected as a matter of course. Anything from the course is no doubt very questionable.

Numerous articles of clothing having been seized at the Boulogne Custom House from the rash visitors to that land of anarchy—*la belle France!* the difference between Communism and the government system appears to be this: with the former "property is a robbery," and by the latter property is robbed.

No wonder that Albert Smith chooses a "Legacy" as the subject of a story. He has always dealt with other people's leavings.

During the late examination, two of the Paris insurgents, with a view of not criminating themselves, refused to answer any questions. In spite of this, they were condemned to transportation—a proof that if they would not answer, their system of silence would not answer either.

Cheltenham is in a fair way to be ruined. It is said that the waters have been rendered muddy, owing to the dirt flung by the Berkeley Brothers.

Speaking of the mutilated manner in which Lumley produced "Robert the Devil," Meyerbeer says, that however he may forget any other slight put upon him by the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, on *that score*, at least, he can never forgive him.

Mr. and Mrs. Keeley have for some time past been "starring" it, to rather thin audiences, at the Marylebone Theatre; so that, spite of their talent, the house is still a very "ill-starred" one.

Bentinck says that Free Trade will ultimately ruin even the manufacturers themselves. If so, they will be all praying for Protection—from the Bankruptcy Court.

The Young Irelanders are always raving about English tyranny. We dare say they will at last carry their absurdity to such a pitch as to refuse an English egg on account of their hatred of the Saxon yolk.

Ministers have only adopted one useful bill during the whole session. The fact is (as we were convinced by what we saw at the whitebait dinner) the only thing which they are qualified to pass is the bottle.

If the Whigs continue their absurd course of legislation for Ireland, we suggest that Russell should be prosecuted under the Licensed Victuallers Act for using false measures.

The Czar has long been attempting to bind the Circassians; events have proved, however, that the latter are more skilful than he, since they have just proved themselves great adepts in the art of "Russia leathering."

In vain may his friends any eager hopes build
That one day with sense poor Lord George will be filled;
You may teach, you may thrash him as long as you will,
But the scent of the stable will cling to him still.

THE DREAM OF THE HARVEST-HOME.

I.

Down by misty cornfields wandering,
Strewn with sere, autumnal leaves,
In the rosy twilight pondering,
Dreaming by the golden sheaves,—
Whilst the leafy branches o'er us
Swayed about with fitful sound,
Lo! a vision came before us,
In the shadows gathering round,
And with holy aspect, slowly,
Rose a Phantom from the ground.

II.

Far his eyes were set asunder,
Shining with a spectral light,
And his voice boomed forth like thunder,
Rattling in the dead of night.
Round his robe a girdle meeting,
Clasped him in its magic band;
Yet his form was vague and fleeting,
Like a shadow on the land.
Thus enshrouded, did the clouded
Phantom of the Future stand.

III.

"Think not, mortal, human sowing,
Earth-born, fed by sun and rain,
Is the only harvest growing,
Sown as seed and reaped as grain!
Gaze upon the world around thee,
Trace the progress of the plan,
See what buds of promise bound thee,
Ripening into fruit for man!
These are teachers—world-wide preachers!"
Thus the Phantom Voice began.

IV.

"Day by day mankind are nearing
That which is their destined goal,
Where the dawn of truth appearing,
Strikes the shackles from the soul;
Old opinions narrow-minded,
Bigot's law, and musty creed,
All shall vanish—and the blinded
Then shall have their vision freed.
Seeds are sowing—grains are growing—
To a Harvest rare indeed!

V.

"Day by day some germ expanding,
Into ripe perfection comes,
Freedom, faith, and understanding,
Garnered to our hearts and homes.
Growth, though slow, is yet incessant,
Therefore time will come at last,
When man wisely from the present
Learns to profit by the past—
Some deep meaning all are gleaning
As the hour approaches fast.

VI.

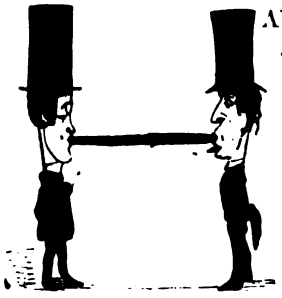
"Let the reapers then be ready,
Let the gleaners round them stand;
Be the people true and steady,
There's a Harvest-home at hand.
Plenty shall be their's for ever,
With the time that's coming soon,
When the rights of justice never
Shall be doled forth as a boon."

Thus he spoke—the vision ended,
And as on our way we wended
O'er the meadows, fell the shadows
Of the rising Harvest-moon.

Accidental Discovery.—We have recently seen in an obsolete "cookery book" that a rasher of bacon is partially typical of Noah's second son, for on his arrival in Africa he felt it so intensely hot that he became frizzled "Ham."

THE GARDENS OF ENGLAND.

No. III.—CREMORNE.



HAVING never studied the subject, we cannot pronounce a decided opinion as to the derivation of the word "Cremorne." The gardens are, however, supposed (by ourselves) to derive their name from Lord Cremorne, to whom they at one time probably belonged.

The word is pronounced Cremórne, with the accent on the last syllable, although the gents and all the worst authorities persist in transferring the accent to the first syllable, and pronouncing it Crémorne. In fact it is the Shibboleth by which the gentish population may be at once recognised.

The Gardens of Cremorne are bounded on one side by the King's Road, Chelsea, and on another—the opposite one—by the River Thames. It produces trees of very large growth, and during the season often contains many thousand inhabitants. The dress of the male part of the population resembles in many respects that of Englishmen generally, from which it is only distinguished by the bows of their Joinvilles being longer, the stripes of their trowsers more conspicuous, the shape of their hats more peculiar, and their coats of a more cut-away character. The females are partial to pink bonnets and crinoline; and some few of them delight in dresses which unite the various combinations of colours found in the "flags of all nations." The habits of the majority of the men are very simple, as they spend most of their time and their money in treating the young ladies who appear in the brilliant costumes above alluded to. The food and drink which the Gardens afford are of the most varied nature; in fact, everything which any reasonable man would require may be obtained at the most reasonable prices, from sandwiches and bottled porter to venison and Burgundy. The young ladies bearing the colours of all nations may be divided into two classes—those who have not eaten enough dinner, and those who have eaten no dinner at all. Consequently, they all require supper, and to obtain this from the young gentlemen of simple, but not austere habits, appears to be the great object of their career through the various walks of the Gardens.

The system by which the waiters are governed is one which has always excited in us the greatest admiration, mingled occasionally with dissatisfaction, as the waiting is sometimes performed rather by the public than by the attendants. The first time we went to Cremorne we imagined that we had only to call for a bottle of *Chateau Margaux* and throw down our money in order at once to obtain it. However, all we could get was a check which entitled us to walk to the other end of the Gardens, and there procure our favourite beverage. The object in giving these checks is a "sensible" one enough, for it is severely felt by the visitors; indeed every one must be aware that a system of checks cannot fail to cause a delay.

A TIDE WAITER.

The last introduction in the shape of amusements at Cremorne is the "Aerial Machine," or "that *'ere* machine," as we once heard a youth call it who was lecturing on the subject. Many persons who have not witnessed it cutting through the air imagine that it moves from one tree to another supported on a single wire, like somebody—*Il Diavolo*—at Vauxhall. We are almost inclined to coincide in that opinion, but as "wonders will never cease," we hope this recent one will not cease to be exhibited until we have had an opportunity of viewing it and deciding for ourselves.

CUTTING THROUGH THE AIR.

The advertisements of Cremorne Gardens constitute a feature in the literature of the present age, as every one will admit who remembers the celebrated panegyric upon "this Elysium upon earth," where bachelors were invited to attend for the purpose of "pirouetting among the trees," and to "dance *l'été* to their heart's content before the gaze of admiring multitudes!" Rumour differs as to the authorship of these most poetical announcements; some have attributed them to one of the officials, viz., Mr. Van Buren, who, in that case, might with propriety be called an advertising Van; we, however, are inclined to give the honour either to Baron Nicholson or to Lord Brougham.

We shall not say much about the Aquatic Tournaments, further than that they get on swimmingly. We believe their

establishment originated with Mr. Ellis, the spirited proprietor, in consequence of which an intelligent school-boy of our acquaintance always speaks of them as *Ellis's Exercises*. Some of the Life Guardsmen who take part in the performances, contribute still more to the entertainment of the public by the energetic manner in which they, at a later period of the evening, execute the polka. If Henry Russell's boatmen used to dance in a style half so bold, they well deserve the celebrity which he has acquired for them by his song. And while on the boards of the dancing place, let us remonstrate with the proprietors, who expect that persons can dance on a surface resembling that of a ploughed field, and presenting a succession of ups and downs which perhaps teach a good moral, but certainly a severe one. The worst of it is that one is almost forced to dance by the excellence of the orchestra, which, independently of the *entente cordiale* existing between the musicians, is conducted by Laurent, who, with Jullien, takes his place at the head of the directors of dance music. He will lead his devoted band through the greatest difficulties without the slightest danger, and always ends by achieving a complete triumph.

The balloon ascent is a great attraction at Cremorne. These things, however, are all very similar. The first ascent we witnessed was one in which Prince Albert Smith took part: the last time we were present the car was occupied by a monkey.

The ascent of a balloon does not afford much amusement, beyond giving an opportunity of speculating as to the

"——— PADDY! WILL YOU NOW,
TAKE ME WHILE I'M IN THE HUMOUR?"

probable fate of an enemy who may be going up. It, however, appears to be a source of gratification to a vast number of dirty boys, to whom its appearance is always the signal for insane howling and screaming. It also furnishes material for a paragraph to the penny-a-liners, to whom the event is worth full one-and-twopence.

We have said nothing about the invisible poet, for the simple reason that he must be "*seen* to be appreciated."

A *ballet* forms part of the entertainments. These are, of course, of different descriptions, but it is a remarkable fact that the last scene invariably displays a group of fairies, a blaze of light, and an illuminated scroll bearing as a device "Welcome to Cremorne."

In returning home the traveller has two modes of conveyance to choose from—the omnibus, in which he will be crushed to death, and the steam-boat, where he will be squeezed to suffocation. We remember no instance of a person having returned to London by public conveyance in which there was not considerable difficulty in bringing him to rights, which, after all, is the best possible proof that Cremorne is patronized as it deserves to be.

BRINGING HIM TO WRIGHT'S.

LATEST FROM THE CAUCASUS.—The Russian army have been signally defeated by the chieftain Schamyl. It is hardly necessary to add that they were very much "cut up."

PRINCE ALBERT'S BIRTHDAY.

ONCE more has the rolling year brought round the fortunate day lucky enough to be that on which H. R. H. Prince Albert deigned to view the light. The happy event was of course celebrated with grand rejoicings at Osborne, while in London and other places every tradesman who had ever served the Prince with the value of a shilling, or given him change for sixpence, found vent for his loyalty in a greater or less consumption of oil or gas as the case might be.

What pictures are not conjured up in a contemplative mind by the sight of these annual illuminations—what respect for the patriotism of those men who thus decorate their house-fronts, totally uninfluenced by the mere vulgar considerations of pounds, shillings, and pence. True it is that in some cases tradesmen have been heard to complain of so much money thrown away in oil, but they only did this in order to conceal the whole extent of their enthusiasm. Others again have urged that the sums thus expended in illuminations might be far more profitably employed in relieving the distress and misery which they pretend is universal; but these persons do not merit even a reply: they are evidently Chartists of the worst order.

The SHOWMAN will not soon forget the pure emotions which filled his breast as he walked down the principal thoroughfares of the West-end on the night of the anniversary in question. In every glittering crown there exhibited he saw that respect for our glorious constitution shadowed forth for which England is so famous, in every branch of laurel he beheld a *memento* of the warlike deeds effected by His Royal Highness at the head of his favourite regiment, while the letters P. A., which the SHOWMAN's mind, superior to the common and hackneyed rules of orthography, construed into the word "Pay," absolutely made him smile with contempt when he reflected what a mere trifle the Prince Consort and other advantages of a similar description cost our fortunate land.

A HINT.—As a great many inquiries have been lately made after Mr. Cuffey, at that gentleman's residence, the SHOWMAN ventures to suggest that much trouble might be spared by attaching to one of the shutters the following notice:—

W. CUFFEY,
Tailor and Chartist Patriot,
REMOVED BY GOVERNMENT) TO NEWGATE.

DRAMATIC DESTITUTION.

FOR some time past the walls and hoardings of London have been covered with bills appealing to the heart of the benevolent in the touching terms, "Don't forget Mr. and Mrs. Keeley." We do not recollect when we were more shocked; to think that two once popular favourites should be reduced so low as to be under the necessity of sending a sort of begging letter, or rather literary hat for halfpence, round the Metropolis is really heart rending. We trust for the sake of "auld lang syne" that a collection will speedily be made, otherwise we shall be having the unfortunate actor acting as a living reproach to his age, by holding horses, or sweeping a crossing, if indeed he be not reduced to the more painful experiment of coiling himself upon the pavement, with the words "starving," or "not tasted food for eight-and-forty hours," inscribed before him; while his wife will be obliged to go out washing, or take a situation as a governess.

The next thing we shall behold will be doubtless "please to remember poor Buckstone;" or, "bestow a halfpenny on Wright." Really it is time that something were done to remedy this awful state of things.

HONOURABLE ECONOMY.—The newspapers have talked a great deal about the economy practised by the Orleans family. Prince de Joinville proves it by saving all he can, as appeared in the case of the "Ocean Monarch."

LATEST FROM THE CONTINENT—(*From Our Own Correspondent.*)—Milan and Paris are both quiet: the former under the rule of Marshal Radetski, the latter under that of martial law.

A FEW WORDS ON QUOTATIONS.

"And without learning make most learned quotations."
RELIGIO LAICI.

MR. SHOWMAN,—I observe from your paper that an ignorant fellow has regularly made a hole in the "*descensus Averni*" quotation from Virgil—unhappy bard! Now, sir, will you take such useful and elegant quotations under your protection, and save them from the prodigious slaughter made every day upon them? *Par example*, young Smith, who went no further than Eutropius, is continually saying, "*Rara avis*," no matter whether the *rara avis* be a Park hack or a cricket-bat; will you tell him that others besides himself have *seen* that very rare book the Eton Latin Grammar? Nor will he gain the reputation of a classic by using "*Bis dat qui cito dat*" three times in an afternoon; neither will Slummer, from calling the Chartists *οἱ πολλοί*, be thought a Grecian; nor Choker, who, with the same ambitious idea, quotes

"Βῇ δ' ἀκέων παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης"

to every one he can catch on the chain-pier at Brighton. The classical attainments of old Coke Fritter the lawyer may also be doubted, although he persist in speaking of every falsehood as a *suppressio veri*.

But the foreigners, sir, are slight sufferers in comparison to the natives. Poor Shakspere! I declare I don't know whether "to be, or not to be," is poetry or not, because Smith says it, if he and his "young 'oman" hesitate about going to Cremorne or "Vite Condick"—old Jones says it, if he is dubious as to having another pint—and Billy Walker uttered it at Epsom races, when he was about to lay a crown as to the whereabouts of the "little pea."

Then there's young Shortcut, who puffs out "Divine tobacco, which from east to west," with every whiff of his wretched Cuba; and Pistons, who talks about "When music, heavenly maid! was young," at every amateur concert he goes to. I excuse old M. Chassez, the dancing-master, spouting "On se light vantastique toe," because I believe that bit of English is part of his stock-in-trade, and as inseparable from him as his kit; but can we pardon hundreds of mouths harping on one line, such as, "Like Niobe, all tears," &c.; "Angels' visits, few and far," &c.; "Full many a gem," &c.; all of which every one has heard at least a thousand times before.

Lastly, will you declare it treason against the kingdom of unappreciated and unquoted poets, to conclude—as every lecturer without exception does, and as I do now—with

"To each and all a fair good night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers bright."

Yours in despair,
ONE WHO HAS BEEN A' MOST WORRIED TO DEATH.

COMPANION TO THE OMNIBUS;

BEING

A CODE OF MAXIMS AND HINTS FOR THE USE OF BOTH SEXES, TOWARDS THE BETTER REGULATION OF CONDUCT IN RESPECT OF THIS IMPORTANT VEHICLE, CONCERNING WHICH SO MUCH IGNORANCE AT PRESENT EXISTS.

BY A PERFECT GENTLEMAN AND HIS SISTER.

DEDICATED TO ALL LONDON.

PREFACE.

THE following work was composed for the private study and improvement of the authors, and without any idea of its publication; but the eulogies that were passed on the manuscript by many elegant-minded and learned friends were so overpowering, that, much against the diffident disinclinations of the authors, they at length covered their faces with both hands, and permitted the publication.

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

In the earliest ages of civilized antiquity, a remote approximation to a similitude may be traced between some of the vehicles described by Pliny and Suetonius, and by Homer and Virgil—not the *συνωρία*, nor the *biga*, or *bigue*, of the Phrygians; not the *essida* (derived, no doubt, from the Celtic *ess*), and certainly not the *covinus*, or scythed chariot, which the ancient • • • •

[The editorial wand of the SHOWMAN has dashed out all the remainder of this learned Historical Introduction.]

PART I.

HOW TO HAIL AN OMNIBUS.

The conductors of omnibusses being known to be the stupidest men in London, seldom looking in the right direction, scarcely ever looking behind them, and never being able to distinguish a signal at a greater distance than twenty or thirty yards, it is advisable for gentlemen to carry a few stones in the pocket, having previously practised at a mark, so as to be able with tolerable accuracy to hit a conductor in the small of the back, which is so much more frequently presented towards you than his face. Ladies are recommended to hail the coachman in preference; and the best way to do this is by placing themselves a little in front of the horses' heads, in which case he will be pretty sure to see them, and pull up in order to avoid running over the *fair*.

DIRECTIONS FOR GETTING IN.

Seize the conductor firmly by the arm with one hand, and the brass rail on the inside of the door with the other; then swing your legs up into the omnibus, raise yourself by your hands, and throw your body gracefully forwards, to the admiration of the company, who are all anxious to receive you.

HOW TO ATTAIN A SEAT.

We suppose the omnibus to be nearly full, and that you have to find a narrow pinch of seat up in a remote corner. The double row of knees nearly meet, and nobody moves. All sit with true Saxon stolidity. Begin by treading upon the toes of the two persons nearest the door, extending your umbrella, parasol, or walking-stick so as to endanger the eyes and noses of those who sit next. This will at once produce a little commotion and liveliness near the door, and you may then tread your way forwards over toes, till a clear passage opens before you. Having thus attained a seat, look down the omnibus, on both sides, at the faces of the company. How very different in colour and expression to what they presented when the door was just opened for you. Draw a moral, but say nothing.

HOW TO SIT DOWN.

If you are of a merry disposition, and have no immediate need of external excitement, sit down at once, and enjoy your own thoughts; but if you are of a grave disposition, or, feeling rather melancholy at the time, would like to have a little enlivening entertainment, then do not sit down at once, but stand fidgetting and arranging your coat-skirts or frock-folds; and when the omnibus goes on, as it always begins with a sudden jerk, you will be thrown right along the knees of those who sit next you towards the door, or else at full length in the straw. This will afford a pleasant diversion to the company, and much gratification to yourself.

HOW TO SIT.

The whole philosophy of omnibus-travelling, and all the ethics, turn mainly on this apparently simple question. We shall have more to say on this all-important part of our treatise when we come to Part II., which treats of the many abuses which attend the privilege of entering this delightful vehicle. For the present, therefore, we sum up our best wisdom in these brief words—Sit as you would be sat by.

OF CONVERSATION.

If you do not mind the risk of being thought a foreigner, you may open a conversation with any intelligent looking person on general topics of the day, without beginning by informing the person in question that "it rains," or, "how hot it is," which in all probability he has been told twenty times before in the course of the morning. If you are at a loss for a subject to begin with, produce the last number of the PUPPET-SHOW from your pocket, find some very smart thing—ha! ha! ha!—and hand it, pointing to the passage. Ladies may open a conversation by feeling rather faint, desiring a window to be put down, and then put up again.

[The SHOWMAN, notwithstanding the above compliment, has felt himself called upon to reduce the following, not by decapitation, but by a far more appropriate process, viz., by cutting off the bodies and leaving the heads.]

OF GENERAL POLITENESS.

OF MARKED ATTENTIONS.

OF OGLEING.

OF ELBOWS AND KNEES.

OF INTRUSIONS WITH THE TOE.

OF PERSEVERING OFFICIOUSNESS.

AUDACITY.

OF INSULTS.

HOW TO COMPLAIN.

OF RESENTMENT AND REDRESS.

OF SUPERCILIOUS GRAVITY.

OF POKING FUN.

OF FEELING VERY SICK.

OF DELICATE ASSISTANCE.

PRELIMINARIES TO ALIGHTING.

OF HAVING LOST YOUR PURSE.

HOW TO STOP THE OMNIBUS FROM WITHIN.

HOW TO ATTAIN THE DOOR.

[The concluding advice, however, must not be omitted]:—

HOW TO PAY.

This question, which has been a great difficulty since the age of Pericles (and indeed long before his time), which the accomplished monarch, George IV., declared himself unable to settle satisfactorily to anybody except himself, and which even now often puzzles those who ride in vehicles of the present day,—this perplexing question we do not pretend to put at rest for ever, nor do we consider it possible to do so in a world where the property qualification is in so very *fluctuating* a condition. To limit this broad problem, however, to the act of "paying your 'bus," we should simply say that if you wish to seem a person of some consequence, and to make yourself rather conspicuous, do not get your money ready beforehand, but having stopped the omnibus, stand on the step and deliberately begin to draw out your purse, so that if the horses should make the least movement forwards, you are certain to be thrown flat on your face in the mud; and if this does not make you conspicuous, we don't know what will.

[PART II., which comprises all the principal abuses and nuisances to which travellers in omnibusses are liable, will be given next week.]

THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.

Chapter IX.—The Lonely River-side Public-houses.

RECLINING at your ease on board the vessel as you steam gallantly down the river, you cannot, if you have your eyes about you—and few people leave them at home—avoid observing those lonely public-houses which stand upon either bank, rearing their dismal bricks and tiles over long expanses of reeds and rushes and wastes of river mud. We have always eyed those ghastly tenements with curiosity. We have meditatively sipped our stout—a cockney trick, but pleasing withal—and whiffed our cigar, and fancied strange visions of these grim publics and their inhabitants—that is, if they have any. In the first place, who built them? We have fancied a mad architect, a mad builder, a mad brickmaker, and a mad bricklayer's labourer employed in the hopeful scheme. No doubt it was planned in Bedlam, and the estimates were furnished from St. Luke's. How bargemen and boamen floating up and down the river must have stared as the walls began to peep above the untrodden mud! How they would have essayed to land to seize the builders, in order to restore them to their friends; and how the mad pilers of the vain edifices would escape, shrieking and raving, into neighbouring swamps, and flounder helplessly in the bog-holes and mud! Who could they have been? Perhaps escaped convicts turned daft by the silent system; perhaps English monks of La Trappe; perhaps high and gloomy-minded misanthropes—Manfreds in corduroys and half-boots, hating their accursed kind, finding solitude in the crowd, and lively and agreeable society in slake and slime, crows and curlews.

Well, but the houses are built. Who and what are their tenants? Here is another field for fancy to romp in. Perhaps they are villains who, having committed some dreadful crime, shun the face of man, and live all alone, with the exception of a lovely daughter a-piece, who knows nothing of her parent's deep-seated gloom, and who may be supposed to address him thus:—

Lovely Daughter—Beloved parent! why thus so sad? What weight hangs upon your heart? Oh! if you would but share your sorrows with your child.

Misanthropic Parent—Child! Ha! ha! ha! I have no child——

Lovely Daughter—My father!

Misanthropic Parent—Begone, begone! What have I done that I should be a man? Accursed race! Why was I not a donkey rather?

Lovely Daughter—Alas, alas! the fearful hour is dark upon his spirit.

Misanthropic Parent—The worthless, soulless, crawling, creeping things which men call heroes, but which I call slaves! Ha! ha! ha!

Lovely Daughter—Nay, suffer my lute to calm your troubled thoughts.

[*Plays the air of the "Literary Dustman" on the lute.*

Misanthropic Parent—Fairy-like music—stealing o'er my senses—with slumbrous influence—like hocussed beer! Mine eyelids are heavy.

[*Sleeps.—Scene closes.*

We have another theory touching these lone taverns. They must be the identical houses of entertainment very famous in the robber stories of our childhood. We remember these tales dimly, but we do remember them. They spoke of evening in an unfrequented place, of a traveller who had lost his way—as all travellers in old stories always did, and which proves either that the ways must have been very equivocal, or the travellers very stupid—and who came in the twilight to a lone inn. The landlord of this "hostelrie," as we should say if we were doing the picturesque, is invariably a dark sinister-looking man, gruff and grim. He receives the traveller with scant courtesy, and the wearied man goes to bed. Somehow he cannot sleep, and he hears a dim sound as of whispering, being able only to distinguish isolated words of fearful import—such as "blood," "pistol," "dark lantern," "strangle." In anxiety and terror he waits for the daylight which he is never to see. Suddenly there is a creak and a rattle, and down goes the bed under him—down, down a yawning trap-door—down floor after floor, till it lands with a splash in the muddy water which surges over the pavement of a cellar dungeon. Then—and then——But we are writing the Funniology, and not the Horrorology of the Thames.

The houses in question are public-houses. Of that there can be no doubt. One of these is called the "Rising Sun." We have often read the sign. But public-houses must have customers, and who are the customers who frequent these taverns for a social glass? The *habitués* must be select rather than numerous; indeed, we should imagine that the festive circle in general consists only of the landlord and the pot-boy—a circumstance which, however, goes far to disprove the proverb, that two are company while three are none. But where should guests come from? Sheep, many specimens of which graze in the adjoining swamps, are merely brutes, and therefore not given to getting intoxicated like the members of higher orders of created things; and crows, and curlews, and sea-gulls, although very respectable birds in their way, are not in the habit of dipping their beaks into cheering beakers, or patronizing any public—not even those rejoicing in the sign of the Feathers. Thus we are necessitated to end as we began. All we know is, that we know nothing. Man won't pay for his liquor in those drear resorts, and birds and beasts can't. The whole thing is a mystery. We give up all attempts to fathom it. There stand these deserted taverns—these houses sent to Coventry—these masses of brick and mortar condemned to the separate and solitary system. Why they were erected—by whom they were erected—how people live in them—why people live in them—and what people live in them—are mysteries only to be solved at that supreme and triumphant moment of human investigation, when it is ascertained why nobody ever saw a dead donkey, and wherefore it is the coalheavers wear white cotton stockings.

A Doubtful Hit.—A landsmen wishes to be informed why sailors, who would be so indignant at an insult of the kind being offered by an ordinary person, never complain of the constant practice their admirals have of "striking their flag."

LORD JOHN IN IRELAND.

LORD JOHN has gone over to Ireland to acquire a personal knowledge of the state of the country. He had better, therefore, do as follows:—

1. Eat diseased potatoes, to learn the state of the crops.

2. Stick himself up to be shot at, to know the condition of the landlords.

3. Get somebody to kick him out of a farm, to acquire the feelings of a tenant.

4. Wear rags, to know how the masses dress.

5. Despise himself, to know how his Government is liked.

6. Hate the Protestants, to know the sentiments of the Catholics.

7. Detest the Catholics, to appreciate the feelings of the Protestants.

If His Lordship tries all these things, he will return a "wiser," if a "sadder" man. We prophesy, however, that he will learn nothing but the state of Clarendon's kitchen.

THE UNDECEIVED ONE.

BEAUTEOUS Emma! how I love thee
Language is too weak to tell
(If the tale about the money
Be not after all a sell!)

When at church I first did see thee
In my pew I ravished sat
(A tall flunky followed with the
Books—I liked the look of that.)

Dearest, hear me: I adore thee
For thyself and not thy gold—
(If I get her, as I think I
Shall, my mare need not be sold.)

What! you 're poor! you 're "the companion,"
Not the child of Mrs. Dodd?
(Then I still shall go to ruin,
And what's worse, I fear to quod.)

A HINT FOR ARTISTS.—At the ministerial dinner, Lord John was "supported" by Lord Morpeth and Earl Grey. What a capital illustration of the Devil on two sticks!

LOUIS BLANC'S DIARY.

WE all remember the saying of Vergniaud, the eloquent *Girondin*, that the Revolution was like Saturn—it devoured its own children. The last Revolution in France is doing much the same. It has not, however, devoured little Blanc—who is scarcely a seven-month's child, by the way—but has sent him over here to school. We trust that it will be found beneficial to his understanding. For our part, we will supply that important educational element—the rod.

It is well known that one of Louis's firmest beliefs always has been, that England is in the lowest state of degradation, full of serfs, and heaven knows what. We are not aware what he thinks of that by this time, but we leave our readers to judge from the following copy of a diary which he has kept since his landing:—

Aug. 29. Landed at Dover. Gave carpet-bag to a small boy. Boy not painted blue, but wears clothes. Must see about this. Cæsar's *Commentaries* all wrong!

Aug. 30. Asked landlord where the Druids meet now. Any human sacrifices going on? Landlord not able to tell me. Can't understand his barbarous language. *N.B.*—Knives and forks in the hotel!

Aug. 31. Saw some English soldiers. Could not discover any scythe-chariots with them. Must have been misinformed. Find railroad quite as good as ours is; rails not torn up either! Saw many children by the road as passed along. *Memo.*—Doubtful whether aristocracy eat pauper boys, as said in France.

Arrived in London. Really a great town, after all. Lower orders do have something to eat. Don't find aristocrats going into lower orders' houses to seize their things. *Memo.*—Must inquire further touching my old statements!

DIRECTIONS FOR AMATEUR FLORISTS.

IN consequence of numerous complaints from a vast quanti of respectable and industrious individuals in the metropoli to the effect that their taste for floriculture is continual exposing them to a system of vexatious annoyance fro parties who, taking themselves no pleasure in a geraniu pot, nor deriving any amusement from a box of mignionett try to prevent others from doing so either, upon the grou that the cultivation, in the streets of London, of the pleasi rural art above alluded to, is a nuisance, the SHOWMAN h drawn up the following rules and regulations, to be in cases binding and without appeal:—

1. In case any of the pans in which your flower-pots usual stand should be broken or lost, you are at perfect liberty to ta any china plates or saucers you can lay your hands on to supp their place.

2. If you do not possess a watering-pot, and should not f inclined or have the money to buy one, a pewter pot in which y have had your beer from a neighbouring public-house may advantageously retained.

3. In case the paint of the window-sill is worn away by yo flower-pots, of course you are in no ways called upon to repaint t sill. That is the landlord's business, and not yours.

4. It is folly for an individual to suppose that you are bound make him or her any indemnification for his or her hat or bon respectively, which may happen to have been spoilt by the wa with which you were refreshing your flowers having run over i the street below. It is not to be supposed that you can pay pro attention to your flowers if you are required to see whether there any one passing or not at the time you water them.

5. You are perfectly justified in kicking down stairs, or othe wise injuring in whatever manner may lie in your power, any in vidual who shall have presumed to pluck a bud or blossom fr any of your plants, under the pretence that he did not see the use keeping flowers unless some advantage were derived from them.

6. You are not responsible for any accidents which may res from flower-pots blowing down on a stormy day. It is not yo fault if the wind is high. As to the idea of conferring on t police a discretionary power of seeing that all flower-pots a properly secured so as prevent their being hurled on the heads the passengers, it is preposterous to entertain it for a single i stant. A measure of this sort is regularly enforced by the Pref of the French police, and therefore every true Briton will resist the utmost of his power any attempt to introduce it into England

WHO IS A TRAVELLER?

THE Act of Parliament which relates to the sale of bee provides that it shall not be sold until after one o'clock Sunday morning, except to travellers. Now as the questi of beer is one which deeply affects the whole community, should like to be informed by some member of the Gover ment as to what the definition of a traveller may be. Is necessary in order to be regarded as a traveller, and treat (with beer) accordingly, to walk about in a costume such would be worn by one of that favoured class on the stag with a pair of pistols in one's belt, and a trusty servant one's heels? or would it be sufficient to drive up to a tave in a post-chaise with a heap of luggage and a couple postillions—would this be sufficient to entitle a man a glass of ale? Some persons affirm, that any one wh carries a carpet-bag, and looks in a hurry, has a clear tit to malt liquor. We, however, have tested the truth of t assertion, and were prevented at the outset from maintain our rights by the obstinacy of the publican, who could n be induced to open the door. Probably the commerci travellers are the favoured ones. If so, we know sever medical students who would give up their studies and becom bagmen to-morrow. The privilege cannot belong to th members of the "Travellers' Club," or that associatio would be more popular. In fact we almost felt at a loss ho to solve the question, unless by "solving" it be understoo the act of loosing it and letting it go. We will conclude b putting two queries to any one who likes to answer them:— Is a man who travels from Temple Bar to St. Paul's entitle to beer? and, if distance be what is required, coul Thackeray, when he started from *Cornhill to Cairo*, hav stopped at London Bridge for the purpose of obtaining bee during church-time; or, at all events, would he hav obtained it?

OUR DISTORTING GLASS. No. VII.

BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, THE BRAVO OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

WITH the dark forehead, whose malignant frown
Calls to the mind a beggar on the town;
Whose prayer rejected, off you see him reel,
No bread to feed on, and no spoons to steal,
To raise his voice and hand against the laws,
And curse the fate that made him what he was.—
A man there is, whom daily you may meet,
Stealing with coward's shuffle through the street;
Ringlets, like Furies' snakes, his features grace,
And eyes that dare not look you in the face.
Yet if his form to favour don't invite,
If bad the bark—there 's worse behind—the bite.
Who shall resist, though clothed in strongest truth,
The tiger's fierceness, with the serpent's tooth?
Statesmen, beware his fangs, before you try 'em,
Or would you 'scape them harmless, you must buy him!

A BOW STREET JOKE.—It was notorious to everybody that the Chartists had no education. It now appears, however, that some of their leaders were very well "brought-up."

HALLO! HOLLOWAY.

WE have caught Holloway tripping. The "Professor," who has been for a long time supporting himself upon a "bad leg of many years' standing," has at length broken down. Now, to paraphrase his own words, "not all the most remarkable of his puffs, nay not even the Earl of Aldborough cured of a bowel and liver complaint," will effect his restoration. In a moment of honesty, from which he soon recovered, Holloway lately introduced the public to "a wounded leg which, after three years of suffering, was cured by his pills," or else by his ointment, we really forget which. Now, if the cure was not effected until after three years of suffering had been undergone, the pills or the ointment, or both of them, are beginning to lose their efficacy; and if, at the same time, the inventor should gain in honesty, the result will be most disastrous for his business.

Since writing the above we find that Holloway has come out with a "dread*ful* bad wound," which was cured in less than no time; this is all very well, but the public will not forget the case of the leg which was only healed "*after three years' suffering!*"

THE NOBLE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.—The best proof that the "noble art of self-defence" is of more real utility than is generally supposed, is found in the fact that many of the crew of the "Ocean Monarch" were only saved by means of *spars*.

TO RUSSELL.—Russell, in order to attain public favour, runs away from London before the termination of the Session. This will do him no good, although, if anxious to get out of his financial difficulties, he had better "cut his wood" as soon as possible.

SHOCKING INSTANCE OF YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.—We are acquainted (unfortunately) with a young man who, not contented with *pledging* his love the other day, actually proceeded further and *popped* the question.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—We understand that Mr. Benjamin Caunt, the eminent prize-fighter, intends visiting Kissingen this autumn, previous to writing a work on the *Spas* of Germany.

STRANGE ANOMALY.—An old lady of our acquaintance is much surprised that Government are not stricter as regards duelling. Her feelings were greatly shocked at some person lately "challenging" a whole jury.

NOTICE.—In order to receive the full particulars from Doncaster as soon as possible, we have despatched a clerk to the place, whose capabilities of *posting* the Ledger are undoubted.

GREENWICH-PARK GALLANTRY.

Pensioner—"IT'S RATHER STEEP JUST HERE, MUM—LET ME OFFER YOU MY ARM."

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Appropriately embellished Covers (price 1s.) for binding Volume I. may be obtained through all Booksellers and Newsvenders, to whom Subscribers desirous of completing their sets are requested to make early application for back numbers.

Parts I., II., III., and IV., price 6d., each, and Part V., price 7d., completing Volume I., may still be had.

Volume I. of the PUPPET-SHOW, *price 3s. 6d., in scarlet cloth, ornamented with gold design and lettering, is just published.*

London: Printed by WILLIAM DOVER, of No. 106 Blackfriars Road, in the County of Surrey, at the Office of Vizetelly Brothers and Co. Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and published by the said WILLIAM DOVER at the Office of the Puppet-Show, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, in the parish of St. Paul, in the City of Westminster.

POPULARITY OF THE PUPPET-SHOW.

EVERY one who reads the daily or weekly papers must be aware that the PUPPET-SHOW is much quoted into all respectable journals except the *Times* and another print, the motives of which we can easily understand. Even *Punch* pays us the compliment of taking largely from our columns, although we regret to say that our contemporary has not the courtesy to own the source from which its wit is derived. Unless, however, our contemporary behaves with more honesty we may feel it our duty to obtain an injunction to prevent him from publishing our jokes without acknowledgment. We have selected about a dozen instances in which the hunch-backed felon has stolen from our columns, and we may add that the cowardly thief has robbed us in many other cases, where he has concealed our brilliant paragraphs in the safe obscurity of some long and tedious article. The brilliancy of the jokes betrays the theft, and the rascals are discovered, as the beggar was detected, from patching his rags with purple. Subjoined is the evidence on which any jury—partial or impartial—would convict the deformed wretch :—

Poor Louis Philippe from the Tuileries ran,
And tore off his wig like a desperate man;
His children came rushing pell-mell into town,
And found that papa had no *heirs* to his crown.
Puppet-Show, March 25.

Q. Why is there no chance of the Comte de Paris being King of France?

A. Because Louis Philippe sacrificed the *heir to the crown* when he threw away his wig.—*Punch*, April 1.

LORD PALMERSTON TO MR. BULWER.—"I see that the Queen has been in the habit of riding out in her carriage in the afternoon; this I cannot permit." . . . "I beg likewise to add, that I have observed with disgust that General Narvaez wears a green coat, buttoned up. This cannot be permitted," &c., &c.—*Puppet-Show*, May 6.

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON TO H. E. THE ENGLISH AMBASSADOR AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—"You will request His Excellency, on the part of the Government, to subscribe the thirty-nine articles as soon as may be; and also, at his earliest convenience, to learn the Church Catechism," &c. &c.—*Punch*, May 13.

If it be requisite for ladies to wear dresses of British manufactures, why should not gentlemen be called upon to drink British brandy, and smoke Hornsey Havannahs, &c.—*Puppet-Show*, May 13.

Our ladies have been requested to wear British manufactures. Our smokers to smoke British cigars. Our elderly gentlewomen to make tea with the British sloe-leaf, &c.—*Punch*, June 3.

Mr. Mitchell, in a recent speech, stated that his party was now hastening to the "goal" of their ambition. By an unfortunate misprint it was made gaol, and this now appears to have been the proper version.—*Puppet-Show*, April 1.

We wish, however, that these *United Irishmen* had adopted the modern style of orthography, and placed the *a* before the *o* in the word gaol.—*Punch*, May 20.

The Germans talk of discarding the costume of the present day, and adopting one of the sixteenth century. They would show their wisdom much more by their redressing all existing abuses than by their puerile ideas of redressing themselves.—*Puppet-Show*, April 29.

The idea of getting up a movement to redress old feather-beds, whose grievances or wrongs cannot lie very heavily upon them, is a needless excess of liberality. Surely the old feather-beds ought to be downy enough to redress themselves.—*Punch*, May 20.

On Saturday last the SHOWMAN started for Paris, having previously left word with his black page that he should be back again to dinner. The magician who had put it in his power to effect this miracle was that talented artist Mr. Bradwell, who has actually transported the capital of France to the Regent's Park.—*Puppet-Show*, May 13.

We do not wonder at Paris having arrived in London and taken up its quarters at the Colosseum, for poor Paris could actually not have felt itself at home in its own country under circumstances like the present. The skill of Mr. Bradwell has been employed in rendering Paris perfectly itself in the Regent's Park.—*Punch*, May 27.

It thus appears that in Parliament, as at Epsom, *Surplice* was destined to beat *Shylock*.—*Puppet-Show*, June 3 (published on the *Tuesday* previous).

Surplice beat *Shylock* on the Derby day. *Shylock* was again beaten by *Surplice* the following day in the House of Lords, on the Jewish Disabilities Bill.—*Punch*, June 3 (published on the *Thursday* previous).

GENERAL WRANGEL AN OBSTACLE TO GENERAL PEACE.

For Peace the Germans and the Danes
Loudly profess they're of one mind;
How can this be, while Prussian troops
To Wrangel seem so much inclined.
Puppet-Show, May 27.

We regret to observe that General Wrangel is re-commencing hostilities in Schleswig-Holstein. The general's name is ominous. We hope this General Wrangel will not prove the precursor of a European war.—*Punch*, August 19.

The abolitionists maintain that the Whig settlement of the West India question will encourage the slave trade with all its horrors. This will suit the economists, for, as every one knows, sugar is refined with blood.—*Puppet-Show*, July 8.

If sinecurists and pensioners would only throw back some of their lumps of sugar into the state basin —*sugar, by the way, refined by the blood of over-taxed industry*—the timely sacrifice, &c. &c.—*Punch*, July 15.

The Duke of Buckingham never knew where to stop in his extravagance. He has at last, however, been obliged to Stowe it.—*Puppet-Show*, September 2 (published on the *Tuesday* previous).

Foreseen as well as unforseen causes have led to the sale of the Duke of Buckingham's effects at Stowe. It is not generally known that Mr. Dunup has been compelled to Stowe it.—*Punch*, September 2 (published on the *Thursday* previous).

A publisher is now advertising a "Digest of the Parliamentary Debates." We should like to know the author who can manage to digest what no one else could ever swallow. —*Puppet-Show*, June 24.

On the Committee of supply there was passed a vote of £3,600 for the expenses of the Commissioners for Digesting the Criminal Law. We hope that so costly a specific will be found to have effectually aided the Commissioners' digestion. —*Punch*, September 2.

It will gratify the public to know that our foreign relations are on a very good footing, notwithstanding this state of things, for our uncle at Berlin has recovered from the gout, &c.—*Puppet-Show*, April 1.

"Diplomatic relations" *mean* [Punch's own grammar] the number of relations which our family have in in all the diplomatic appointments of the country.—*Punch*, September 2.

Is it true, sir, that, whether or no, every one of us is to be made to have Relations at Rome.—*Punch*, September 2.

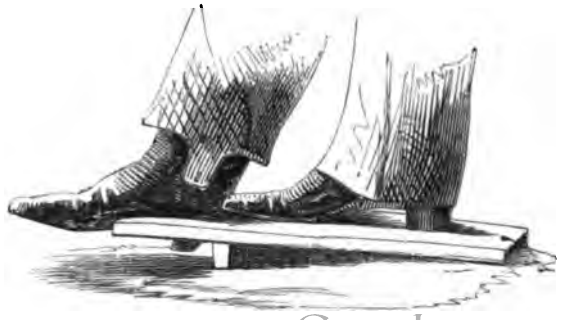
[N.B.—This last joke, be it observed, was stolen twice.]

The *Punch* writers say that they can't understand our jokes. We feel assured that the world will admit that they "*take*" them fast enough.

LEGAL RAILLERY.—Justice Pollock complained on the bench to one of his brethren of a head-ache, on which the other immediately assured him he was a "wise acher."

IMPUDENT INQUIRY.—A correspondent is informed that he cannot with justice declare our little Whig Premier to be in want of money, because he happens to be "very short!"

SOPHISTICAL EXCUSE.—A lady of our acquaintance borrowed a bottle of aromatic vinegar, which she forgot to return, on which the owner taxed her with it in a most passionate manner, asserting that there was nothing surprising in his thus falling into a violent (vial lent) rage.



THE BEST FRIEND AT A PINCH.

SHAKSPERIAN READINGS.

"COMEDY OF ERRORS—" As Sir Robert Peel observes to himself with a wink, when reviewing the Whig proceedings of the Session.

"AS YOU LIKE IT—" As everybody observes of the PUPPET-SHOW's wit.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING—" As sensible persons say of Punch's Illuminated Title Page, and puffing advertisements.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

THE lovers of English literature, in studying its beauties in the Supplement of the *Times* of August 31st, must, like ourselves, have been struck with the following advertisement:—

SERVANT.—An active middle-aged man wishes for a SITUATION as SERVANT to a single lady or gentleman. He can be highly recommended, besides giving security to the amount of £2,000 or £3,000 of his own money, &c., &c.

It appears to us that this "active middle-aged man" must be a very curious one; but we, in this instance, are quite as curious as himself. Who can the individual possibly be that thus offers £2,000 or £3,000 of his own money as security?—Who, we repeat, can it be? and Echo, to our great dissatisfaction, answers "who?" and nothing else.

Can it be M. Guizot in disguise? Is that celebrated statesman so desirous to re-don the livery for which he evinced such a partiality in his flight from Paris, that he actually offers £2,000 or £3,000 to enable him to do so?

Or is it some confidential clerk, who after having amassed the £2,000 or £3,000 at the expense of his health, in a close pent-up office in some back court, wishes to exchange the latter for a more "airey" situation?

Or is the whole but a stratagem of some scion of a noble house, tired of the heartlessness and depravity of fashionable life, to conceal his real station, and enter some family where, like a second Lord of Burleigh, affirming that

"He is but a red-plushed lackey,"

he may gain the hand of his master's daughter, after having first squeezed it vehemently while extending to her the usual glass of Barclay and Perkins' Entire at dinner, or helping her into her carriage on an Opera night?

But waiving for the present all considerations of this "middle-aged man's" personality, we may be allowed to indulge in a few surmises as to the course this Crœsus in velveteens will pursue upon being lucky enough to hear of a situation. Will he send his solicitor to draw up the conditions on which he deigns to accept the place, and that being done, will he so far degrade himself as to dine without wine, or eat cold meat for supper?

We are acquainted with several young gentlemen who have serious ideas of proceeding to the Cape, or New South Wales, partly because they have a wish to get away from certain troublesome creditors, and partly to enjoy the amusement of shooting kangaroos or natives—it is immaterial which—and of drinking tea or ardent spirits in the bush, occupations which they fervently believe to constitute the greater portion of the occupations of a settler in those colonies. Now for these young men we are of opinion that this is an eligible opportunity. They might engage this excellent domestic, even supposing they had not originally intended taking a valet with them. They might also kindly consent to take care of their humble follower's £2,000 or £3,000; and seeing that he appears to leave it to the option of the master which sum it shall be, we should say the latter would be preferred. The only obstacle to this arrangement is, that the "middle-aged man" might require a good character of his master, before he engaged *him*, and this being a luxury not always deemed indispensable in good society, the general ruck of masters might find some difficulty in satisfying the foolish fellow's demands.

All the cooks are exclaiming that the potatoes are not worth boiling. This is a very bad sign, as it proves that they are not "fit even to go to pot."

COMMITTEE ON THE PUBLIC BUSINESS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

HIS Honour the SHOWMAN examined.

CHAIRMAN. What do you consider the principal obstacles in the way of public business?—The indolence and incapacity of ministers, the stammering blunders of Bentinck, the prolix verbosity of Urquhart, the stolid perseverance of Anstey, and the superfluous personality of Disraeli.

SIR ROBERT PEEL. Are you acquainted with the proceedings of other eminent debating societies besides the House of Commons?—Yes, with those of Coger's Hall.

SIR ROBERT PEEL. How is dispatch of business brought about in that celebrated assembly?—When a member of the House has been too long on his legs there is a general cry of "Walker," and "Stow it," and the speaker is asked "if he knows what he is talking about?" This is found effectual.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM. What steps are taken in the event of a gentleman coming down flushed with tipple, as sometimes happens in another place?—He is removed by the waiter.

MR. DISRAELI. Are reporters allowed to be present?—Yes, if they choose to order half-and-half, or a go of spirits of any kind.

MR. COBDEN. What is the usual standard of oratory there?—The worst-informed speaker is more accurate than Bentinck, and the dullest more brilliant than Mr. John O'Connell.

The above minutes of evidence were taken after the examination of M. Guizot, and exercised considerable influence on the Committee.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A JOCKEY" enquires Is Lord Bentinck a member of the Portland family? Yes; we once heard a calumniously-disposed person say he was the "leg" of it.

In answer to his communication to the SHOWMAN, M. Louis Blanc is informed that he is wrong in supposing the Irish to be cannibals, because they are partial to "a broth of a boy."

OUR LEADER.

MORE POLICE BRUTALITY.

IT is with shame and disgust that we have observed in the newspapers, of late, how fast the Police Force is becoming an organised brutality. Scarcely a week passes without their committing some offence which disgusts everybody but the magistrates. Boys are bruised by their ferocity, women insulted by their ruffianism; and that which brutality has done, perjury denies, and magisterial stupidity suffers to go unpunished. Something must be done to check this growing nuisance, for it is utterly impossible that it can be tolerated in a civilized town.

The whole body is corrupt. A policeman may be seen setting himself up as a judge in the corners of the streets, and calling on men of the lower orders for evidence. They may further be seen as executioners thrashing the boys; and if any humane person interferes, he at once becomes the object of their ferocity in the street, and of their lies in the Court.

They are open to bribery, as is very well known, and may all be bought—like so much manure—by a liberal purchaser. No night passes in London that some offence is not compromised by their venality; nor a morning that some other is not exaggerated by their falsehood. They are the natural enemies of the poor, and the festering discontent of the masses is kept at fever pitch by the provocation they administer.

What are the magistrates about that they do not see to this state of things? Are the guardians of the peace of the country, to be the only villains unpunished in it? One would think that lying and brutality would be naturally repulsive to a gentleman; but somehow magistrates get indifferent, as tallow-chandlers become habituated to the filthy odours attendant in the carrying out their trade operations.

The fact is, the magistrates are a body of briefless barristers appointed by party dishonesty. None know better the bad state of things, but they will not amend it. And "police brutality" is fast becoming one of our most "venerated institutions!"

PINS & NEEDLES.

Mr. Hastie, the member for Paisley, not having given satisfaction, has been called on by his constituents to resign. This the Hon. Gentlemen has refused to do, proving that, as far as his resignation is concerned, Hastie will be rather slow.

John O'Connell has issued a whining address beseeching the Repealers to save Conciliation Hall. We think he might be contented by this time, as it has proved a pretty good *haul* for him, and one by which he has netted a tolerably neat sum.

W. J. Fox is such a man for "progress" and "moving with the age" that he requires all his payments to be made in advance.

The Ministerial party in the French Assembly ardently desire to get A. Fould returned for one of the vacant seats. We are very much afraid that, unlike Hamlet, they will not "be *fooled* to the top of their bent."

At the dinner lately given by the "Vegetarian Society" amongst other dishes there was a great deal of "flummery." This, we suppose, was the speeches made on the occasion.

The freedom of the city of Aberdeen has been presented to Prince Albert in a box. We hope the box was not locked, for freedom is a thing which no one can find the key to.

The man who was apprehended instead of O'Donoghue says, that he feels much insulted at having been taken for a fool.

It is asserted that several actors, formerly of the Haymarket Theatre, are about to engage Drury Lane. We hope it will not turn out that, having agreed to take it, they have only taken it to *dis*agree.

The papers make a great fuss about Prince Albert having been presented with the freedom of Aberdeen, as if there were anything extraordinary in His Royal Highness leaving that city "Scot-free."

We see that Rachel is declining in popularity in consequence of having sung the *Marseillaise*, the favourite air of the Red Republicans. We should be very sorry to hear of her reputation "going for a mere song."

The *Standard*, speaking of the resignation of Dr. Lee, Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, says that "he is far away the best Hebrew scholar of the day." So he may be "far away"—at Timbuctoo, for instance—but is he in England?

Louis Napoleon has again offered himself as a candidate for the department of the Seine. Bearing in mind his conduct on one or two occasions, we should decidedly say he is far better adapted for the department of the insane.

Since the report of Austria's acceptance of the Anglo-Gallic mediation, her enemies pretend that her ruin is inevitable. Nothing, they say, can last very long which, as is her case, is once going to seed (cede).

A friend of Mr. Anstey's observed the other day that that gentleman's talent for speaking was greatly respected. This is true; for no sooner do most persons perceive the Hon. Member approaching than, not content with taking their hats off as to ordinary individuals, they also take themselves off as quickly as possible.

LORD RUSSELL; OR, TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

AIR—"*Lord Lorell.*"

LORD RUSSELL stood at St. Stephen's gate,
And the PUPPET-SHOW did read,
When up came the Whig ministry,
To wish their Premier good speed, speed, speed—
To wish their Premier good speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Russell?" they said;
"Where are you going?" said they.
"To Ireland and Scotland, my ministry,
My carcase I'm going to convey, vey, vey,
My carcase," &c.

"When will you be back, Lord Russell?" they said;
"When will you be back?" said they.
"In a month, or two, or three at most,
I'll return to my ministry, stry, stry,
I'll return," &c.

But he had gone a month and a-half
Strange countries for to see,
When thoughts came into his thick, thick head,
His Ministry he would see, see, see.
His Min'stry, &c.

So with haste, and with haste, like a jackass fleet,
He came to London town,
And then he heard the cries of joy,
While the people were smiling around, round, round,*
And the people, &c.

"Oh, what is the row?" Lord Russell he said,
"Oh, what is the row?" said he.
"A great humbug is dead," the people replied,
"And some call it the Whig Ministry, stry, stry,"
"And some call it," &c.

And he wandered down the streets so wide,
And at Charing Cross turned down,
And wept when he came to Downing Street,
For he felt he 'd been done quite brown, brown, brown.
For he felt, &c.

The Ministry died as it might be to-day,
Lord Russell he died on the morrow;
The Ministry died from despair and from shame,
Lord Russell from ditto *plus* sorrow, ror, rorrow!
Lord Russell, &c.

The Ministry all were then placed on a shelf,
Lord Russell enjoyed the same bier,
And *their* epitaph was but one word of contempt,
Lord Russell's a general sneer, sneer, sneer,
Lord Russell's, &c.

These favours increased to a terrible pitch,
Till men's rage could scarce grow any higher,
And then were united the epitaphs twain,
For all humbugs and Whigs to admire, ire, ire,
For all humbugs, &c.

* This rhyme appears incorrect. We, however, have the authority of the original for making use of it.

A PECULIAR PERSON.

[By G. A. à-B - - k - t.]

WE once knew a tradesman. He was a man of most peculiar habits, and had such a habit of giving the sack to his assistants that it was generally reported that he was a Saxon by birth. In his childhood the only sport that had any charms for him was jumping in sacks; while, at a maturer age, he drank nothing but sack, and when in distress would mourn in sackcloth and ashes. His only accomplishment was playing the Saxhorn. He was continually selling off his goods, which consisted entirely of sacks and saccharine matter, at an enormous sacrifice, and once, just for the fun of the thing, actually committed sacrilege; besides which, he had actually been present at the sacking of a town. He lived in a *cul de sac*, and when he died merely requested that he might be buried in a *sac de nuit*.

THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.

CHAPTER X.—The 'Bove Bridge Boats.

to the gallant fleet—iron and wood—two-penny, penny, and half-penny — which cheaply conveys our friends the cockneys from the massive piers of London Bridge, and all the roar, and smoke, and smother of the City, up-stream to the swampy and willow-clad domains of Battersea, and the elm-shaded façade of Chelsea. All hail, we say, to these smoking, and shrieking, and paddling river omnibusses! How far preferable to their cousins upon four wheels, which loiter, and rumble, and zig-zag, and wait, between Hyde Park Corner and the Bank. Who would crawl along the Poultry, listening to the loud but monotonous oratory of the conductor, addressed to lawful travellers from the City to the West-end; who would squeeze himself into a smothering omnibus, among crusty old gentlemen and crummy old ladies, when he could proudly pace the deck of Citizen Grocer or Citizen Haberdasher, as the gallant captain mounts the paddle-box, and the gallant steamboat-boy shouts "Move 'er a-hee-i-id—go hon," and the gallant stoker gives a pull to one iron handle, and a shove to another, and the gallant paddles begin to whirl, and the gallant *tout ensemble* moves steadily away from the busy rendezvous at Dyer's Wharf.

Thus embarked on the world of London waters, let us glance at our fellow-voyagers. The gentleman with the green cut-away coat, and knowingly-tied Joinville, and patent-leather boots, and white kid gloves, is a rich and flourishing gent on 'Change. He is on his way to his "little place down in Surrey," which, when he does not drive his dog-cart, he attains through the medium of our favoured steamer and the Southampton Railway. He is given to the smoking of cigars and to talking of the odds. He wears much jewellery, and is skilful in regard to doing "a bit of stiff." Near him is a fat, elderly gentleman, fresh from his counting-house in the City, and on his way to his private place of sojourn, beyond the suburb of Chelsea. He reads the miscellaneous intelligence in the *Times*, having only had time in the morning to cast his eye over the City article. Under his seat are two small hampers; one contains a couple of pines, the other a lobster. Altogether it is a comfortable old gentleman, whose name, if not great, is good in the City; and perchance, as our captain touches his glazed hat respectfully to him, he is one of the directors of the company in whose boat we are proceeding.

But here comes Blackfriars Bridge, and the paddles stop. We receive on board additional passengers—to wit, four clerks, in sharp-pointed boots, from an Insurance Office in Bridge Street (all clerks in Insurance Offices wear sharp-pointed boots—the fact is as well known as that all coal-merchants keep yachts); two rowing gents from the city, in white trowsers made very clumsily—a style of manufacture which appears requisite for rowing men—with rough pea-jackets and straw hats, on their way to Searle's; two fat ladies and three thin ones, who have been shopping all day in St. Paul's Churchyard; a servant-girl, in a yellow bonnet and red gown, out for the afternoon; a gent with a cigar, and a gentess, who gives little screams as the steam puffs and roars, and giggles exceedingly; and a tired town traveller with a moreen bag full of patterns, who directly sits down and makes entries in an over-full memorandum-book, with a fat pencil.

We then continue our voyage to the Temple Pier, where we are reinforced by a snuffy-looking gentleman, his coat collar very white and powdery, and wearing an ill-washed white handkerchief and plaid trowsers. A glance at the man shows the barrister on his way to Westminster. The gentleman who has strode from the gangway sturdily up to the extreme bow, and who, planting himself against the windlass, puts his hat upon the deck and opens his mouth in a regular business-like, systematic fashion, as if he were determined to lose not a cubic inch of any of the fresh air going, is evidently come aboard for that pleasant and needful thing, "a blow on the river." You may see that he is an *habitué*. He nods to the captain, knows the rowing men, and calmly scrutinizes either bank, and the craft floating past, with the air of a man thoroughly used to them.

By this time Hungerford appears, and a family group consisting of a portly red-faced man, in ill-made good clothes, an over-dressed woman, awfully fussy and anxious-looking, three grown-up daughters, fresh, rosy-looking

lasses, and a fat boy who holds mamma's hand—this group, I say, after a short consultation with the captain, bustle exceedingly and prepare their tickets, with the intent of landing. They are country folks up in town sight-seeing, and after having been through St. Paul's—up at the cross, of course—and having seen the Bank, and the Royal Exchange, and been up the Monument—all but mamma, who broke down half-way, and sat upon a refreshingly cool step of the stone stairs until the rest returned—having, I say, seen all these remarkable and instructive sights, the family in question had proceeded to London Bridge with the intention of taking shipping for the Tunnel, when unhappily the papa's ideas of the points of the compass having become rather conglomerated, the travellers mistook up the river for down. Now, however, they are deposited snugly in a Greenwich steamer, consigned to the especial care of the commander.

Off from Hungerford, with a large addition to our freight of passengers—to wit, a few more rowing men; more gents, escorting more gentesses, and drinking stout for'ard; two or three timid and nervous-looking young ladies, who carry parcels and keep their eyes fixed on the deck; a woman with eight children who are always getting lost about the steamer; a couple of sporting gents with a gun-case, bound to the Red House for the extermination of pigeons and sparrows—an elevating and manly sport; two or three working men with bundles of tools; and a gentleman calling himself an "arteest," who cuts profiles out of black paper at the small charge of one penny per head.

At Westminster Bridge, the snuffy barrister and two or three prim clerks with parchments under their arms walk briskly ashore. The two fat ladies, who intended to have landed here, not having perceived the bridge — after the manner of fat ladies, or, for that matter, of ladies in general — until the steamer has passed it, are in despair, and take no part in the general criticism passed upon the New Houses of Parliament. The Stock Exchange gent thinks them "damned

WHO'S THE WINNER?

Paddy—"HURROO! SANDY, MY BOY, THERE'S THE JACK; BATE HIM IF YE CAN!"
Sandy—"HOOT! AWA' WI' YE, MAN; HERE'S HIS MISTRESS! I'VE GOTTEN THE QUEEN!"

good"—the old City merchant thinks nothing on the subject—the young ladies consider them "oh my—so nice!"—the gentesses giggle and have no opinion—the ordinary gents consider them stunning—the sporting gents hold them to be beneath their notice—the woman with eight children don't know nuffin about them, nor don't care, *ny-ther*—the gentleman come for a blow on the river shakes his head and has his own opinion—and an artist on his way to his studio at Kensington thinks them trivial, frittered, and laboriously ineffective.

At Nine Elms we lose the greater number of our passengers, and they in turn generally lose the train. A rapid run up Battersea Reach and we set ashore the sporting gents, who proceed to the enclosure, from which every now and then you hear the crack of a gun, and see a pigeon which has just soared above the palings tumble down again, to the disappointment of the tribe of sporting blackguards who hang round the enclosure with guns, in the hope of a chance shot at a stray bird which may have escaped the first legitimate discharge.

But we are still gazing back at the classic arena when the paddles stop, the steam whistles shrilly up, and we see the fair Cheyne Walk, with its fine, high, many-windowed houses, and lofty embowering trees, and dancing wherries, and loungers on the bank, and the next moment the Citizen is moored at the pier. The passengers have gone off each his own way, and the gallant captain and his crew are refreshing their frames with beer.

SALT-PETRE—Laurie after a dip at Ramsgate.

MR. JOHN O'CONNELL RAMPANT.

Now that the danger and the fighting are all over, Mr. John O'Connell has come out of the hole where he had hid himself, as slugs and caterpillars emerge after a shower of rain. John says that nothing will do but Repeal, just when Repeal has been proved impossible, and calls on the Irish to work for it, just when the Irish have shown that they 'll do nothing of the sort. Bravo, John!

After grandiloquent babble about Ireland in his manifesto, he drops down suddenly with the homely fact that Conciliation Hall and the premises must speedily be sold up and closed! In fact, the affair is insolvent; lying is at a discount; brag has become a drug; and John an article that nobody will buy.

John whines about the rebels, but it was John that helped them into their present plight. John and his family excited the people till they were nearly ready, and then the rebels stepped in to help, and completed the job. John brayed, and when the time came for kicking, bolted.

John threatened the other day to leave the country for ever, and added as a piece of gag, that he would take his father's bones with him. What a filthy instance of profane, unhallowed, and disgustingly bad taste! He evidently thought that he would pick something handsome out of the bones, and we firmly believe that if he could get a few coppers by rattling them about at the Irish fairs, he would set about it as actively as an Ethiopian serenader. This brutal threat showed the nature of the man. Poor Daniel O'Connell! You had your faults, like other great men; but surely, surely, to have produced such a despicable race of hereditary beggars has been punishment enough!

LOUIS BLANC AND HIS DINNER.

LOUIS BLANC has written to the *Times*, saying that if the English public wish to give a dinner to him, he shall, nevertheless, not attend it, because he does not desire to get up an agitation in this country; in fact, is unwilling to perform the part of hero in an English revolution, which (were it not that it is dishonourable to do so in a country where one has fled for refuge) he has no doubt he could arrange at the shortest notice. In our opinion, Louis Blanc will not attend a dinner of the kind to which he alludes, not so much because he is afraid of causing an agitation which, when we consider the kind and the number of persons who believe in M. Louis Blanc, would, of course, be of the most terrific nature—as, for the simple reason that the entertainment will not be given. M. Louis Blanc may enjoy the pity of the English for his misfortunes, and their admiration for his writings, but they have no sympathy with him on account of his principles and his doctrines, which they look upon as absurd and already exploded. Nor has M. Louis Blanc ever shown much warmth of affection, or even cordiality of friendship for the English; and we really are astonished that he should reject the imaginary invitation to the fabulous dinner from any reason than the simple one, that they are a nation without ideas. But Louis Blanc's notion about having a dinner given to him is not a novel one. Mr. Sergeant Warren—a man of powerful imagination—fancied, during the period of the last general election, that the voters of Marylebone panted to have him for a representative, and sent forth a document to an astonished world stating that he really must decline standing, as a great many of the persons to whom such fashionables as himself would naturally look for support were out of town at that season of the year. We suggest that M. Blanc and Sergeant Warren be requested to imagine invitations of all descriptions between themselves, to decline them between themselves, and to keep the particulars between themselves; thus the public will be spared a good deal of absurdity, and themselves a good deal of ridicule.

EPIGRAM.

More than even the bliss with which heaven repays
Love to parents, in Anstey's long yarns we command,
For 't is not, as the promise says, merely our "days,"
But our nights that he serves to "make *long in the land*."

FEROCIOUS CONDUCT.—Not content with endeavouring to strip Lamartine of all merits as a statesman, an evening contemporary has actually gone so far as to attack the *Herald* for proclaiming the ex-minister the inventor of the Ode in France. This is, to say the least, very *odious*.

A KNOWING DODGE.—Our attention has been attracted of late to the more than usually numerous advertisements for "Gentleman's cast-off Wearing Apparel." We were for some time at a loss to account for this, until we discovered that the increase in their number was caused by Lord G. Bentinck, who had ordered his agents to buy up as extensively as possible in the hopes that, among other articles, he might walk into Lord John Russell's shoes.

LITERARY ANECDOTE.—The editor of some weekly newspaper, when engaged in a contest with a certain defunct journal, used to be always bragging that he was considerably in advance of the *Age*.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Mr. Shaw Lefevre states that it is the "forms" of the House which are the cause of the idle talk. This is very true, as the members are usually stretched at full length on them.

EGG-DUST AND ADSURDITY.—A fortnight since we honoured one Edwards—an inventor of a certain egg-dust or powder, which, if judiciously set upon by an experienced hen, will, we believe, produce fricasseed chickens—with an allusion to him in our columns. Mr. Edwards knows that a sarcasm from the SHOWMAN is as terrible as a thunderbolt from Jupiter; but he must be told that it does not follow, as he supposes, that because he (Edwards, not Jupiter) is referred to in pure fun, therefore his character, credit, and business will be utterly ruined. The fact is, we know nothing about the Edwards in question—but were speaking of a very different person.

COMPANION TO THE OMNIBUS;

BEING

A CODE OF MAXIMS AND HINTS FOR THE USE OF BOTH SEXES, TOWARDS THE BETTER REGULATION OF CONDUCT IN RESPECT OF THIS IMPORTANT VEHICLE, CONCERNING WHICH SO MUCH IGNORANCE AT PRESENT EXISTS.

BY A PERFECT GENTLEMAN AND HIS SISTER.

DEDICATED TO ALL LONDON.

PART II.

WITH unfeigned grief, we feel ourselves bound to admit that a great number and variety of abuses and impertinences have crept into this otherwise commodious and delightful vehicle; to the pointing out and cure whereof, this our second part will be right earnestly devoted.

OF SITTING SQUARE.

"Sitting square," or "sitting wide," otherwise known as the *roomy dodge*, is an elegant method of sticking out the elbows, and widening the space between the knees, so as to occupy as much room as possible, and to make the unfortunate persons who sit next, on each side, wretchedly uncomfortable and close—jammed, if not half suffocated. Reasoning would be lost upon anybody who could do such a thing: the best remedy (next to a dig in the side) is to call the attention of the whole omnibus to the fact.

OF SITTING SIDEWAYS.

This method, also known as the *slantendicular dodge*, is of the same selfish family as the foregoing, and is yet more detestable, because it is generally practised with a most provoking appearance of unconsciousness, as though it were merely an easy and negligent attitude—whereas, the unworthy denizen of a civilized community, who only pays for a single seat, is actually occupying a seat and three-quarters, and thus distributing a fraction of misery to each of his fellow-travellers on the same side.

OF GREAT-COATS, CLOAKS, FUR-TIPPETS, SHAWLS, &c.

There ought to be some limitation to the size of these articles, or some extra charge, since a gentleman in two or three coats (perhaps with the pockets full), and a lady in four petticoats, with bustle to match, and a thick Welsh whittle, with fur-tippet and boa, unavoidably occupy nearly double their natural share of the seat. They should pay accordingly. On the same principle, all extremely corpulent people should pay an extra fare, regulated by a scale of measurement; and extremely thin people, on leaving the omnibus, ought to receive a small *douceur* for their unmerited sufferings, and as an encouragement.

A RAINY DAY.

Let us suppose thirteen people inside, each with a wet umbrella. Did any one ever witness the phenomenon of a single person placing his umbrella underneath the seat? No!—or by the rarest chance, once. These thirteen umbrellas are all held bolt upright between the knees, which they wet; while the ferrule drips a puddle for the feet to rest in.

DANGEROUS WEAPONS.

No terms of reprehension can be too strong for the hasty entrance of a person with an umbrella, parasol, or walking-stick, held point-foremost, as if making a charge, in order to take a place by an assault at the visual or nasal organs of the alarmed and peaceful company there assembled.

OF PARCELS, BAGS, BASKETS, BUNDLES, &c.

Huge linen-drapers' parcels, carpet bags, and bags of miscellaneous articles, probably for a small retail trade in the suburbs, are nuisance enough; but we have it recorded among our painful experiences, that baskets of greens, clothes-baskets, and bundles of "base odour," are sometimes squeezed in by shameless elderly women, who think it a sufficient excuse if they carry their things in their laps with embracing arms—thus occupying the middle, or breathing-space, of the vehicle. We have even known a sailor bring his bedding in, after coolly shoving a tar-bucket under the seat; and it is well known that Greenacre carried Mrs. * * * * in two parcels, at different times, held on his knees, as he sat smiling placidly on his fellow-travellers.

[The SHOWMAN, borrowing a hint, for this once only, from the notorious individual just quoted, has "cut up" the following with his magic wand, and left only the heads to speak for themselves:—]

OF GARRULITY AND FACETIOUSNESS.

OF STOLIDITY.

OF RUDE WHISTLING AND HUMMING.

OF FAVOURITE DOGS.

OF EATING CONSPICUOUSLY, OR SLILY.

OF FALLING ASLEEP UNGRACEFULLY.

OF ONIONS AND PEPPERMINT—*(faugh!)*

OF CHILDREN WITH CAKES OR TOYS.

OF WOODEN LEGS.

[The remainder must be given entire.]

OF BABIES.

No right-minded person will take, or give offence, at the exercise of the maternal office in silencing a clamorous voice by natural nutriment; but a public exhibition of pap-boats, and milk bottles, or a messing with plum-buns and moistened sponge-cakes, are open to an unmitigated denunciation.

OF THE LAME, THE SICK, AND THE BLIND.

The best lovers of fun are equally open to good feeling; and there is nothing that can do more honour to a good joke-maker than to become serious when a really serious claim to his consideration and assistance presents itself.

INFECTION AND CONTAGION.

However doctors may disagree on this subject, most certain it is that fevers of various kinds are often caught in an omnibus; so is the small-pox; so are the measles; and a variety of other diseases, which bring us to the next question, which is manifestly a very important one in omnibus-travelling.

THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF WINDOW-OPENING.

Whoever sits at the further end of the vehicle has a right to let down any window near him, though it certainly places those below him in a thorough draught. Those who sit in the middle part of the omnibus have a right to resist this, if they choose; but those who sit near the door have no such right, unless they first offer to change places, and it is declined. Good sense and right feeling can always accommodate matters—only the misfortune is that no sense and rank selfishness too often intrude themselves among well-meaning people.

OF VENTILATION.

Foul airs, vile odours, infections, and fatal fevers—we repeat it—are often found in an omnibus. A close hot day, with a cold east wind, and there sit the packed-up sufferers half suffocated, yet naturally dreading to open a window which would place all below it in a thorough draught—certain to produce colds, sore throats, &c. Now, we shall tell you how to obtain a perfect ventilation on the hottest day. Open *all* the windows, if you like as much air, on one side—namely, the leeward side (all the windows on the windy side being kept up), and then order the conductor to put up his wooden door-window, or rather shutter, at the other end. Here you will have a perfectly airy omnibus, the amount of air exactly regulated by the number of windows you choose to let down, yet without the possibility of a draught affecting anybody. This is the true science of omnibus ventilation, simplified; and if you can get thirteen English people to agree to it, you will be a very clever fellow.

A FEW PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MR. AUGUSTUS PHILIPS.

Chapter I.—Introductory.

R. Augustus Philips was walking disconsolately in the enclosure of St. James' Park, on the 8th of June, 1847.

Now this is a fact which, at first sight, may appear to our readers of very little consequence, but we hope that on their becoming better acquainted with Mr. Augustus Philips, they will take a different view of the matter, experience having taught us that the veriest trifles attain a degree of importance quite astonishing, when they relate to celebrated characters.

It is on this principle that the public feel such an intense interest in knowing whether Her Majesty took her usual walk, on such a day, before or after breakfast, or whether F. M. the Duke of Wellington is partial to horse-radish with his roast beef, and whether he eats the said vegetable manufactured into a sauce or merely scraped in the more ordinary manner.

Mr. Augustus Philips, then, was a young gentleman of about five-and-twenty, possessing an agreeable exterior and a set of chambers in the Temple. His parents had been dead some years, leaving him at the age of one-and-twenty an annual income of two hundred pounds. With this he determined to follow the law, and accordingly, after having sedulously attended all the theatres and other amusements of the metropolis, and, which we had almost forgot to mention, eaten his terms with laudable regularity in Hall, was, in due course of time, received a member of the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple.

Besides the two hundred a-year before mentioned, Mr. Philips' father had also left him a brother about four years younger than himself to take care of.

This young gentleman having shown a most marked predilection for first trying the force of prussic acid, arsenic, and other interesting poisons, on any unfortunate cats which might happen to fall in his way, and then cutting them up in the most approved fashion afterwards, was pronounced by competent judges to have a decided vocation for the noble art of surgery, and was articled to a medical man accordingly.

On the expiration of his apprenticeship he entered at one of the principal London Hospitals, where he soon distinguished himself by a most diligent attendance on a place of entertainment near at hand, vulgarly entitled a "public-house."

The name of this incipient Æsculapius was Charles, but by his friends he was more generally distinguished as the "Pilot," an appellation which he owed to the fact of his generally appearing in a sort of pilot coat, very shaggy, very short, and very thick, besides being studded down the front by two rows of large wooden buttons. On his head he mostly wore an oilskin cap, while his legs were encased in rather tight-fitting trowsers, held down by rather long straps.

As regards his moral character, the Pilot was particularly partial to tobacco, whether in the form of the aristocratic cigar, or in the bowl of the more humble, and, to use his own term, more "congenial clay," patronised malt liquor to a considerable extent, and in questioning the prettier out-patients who came under his care as to their complaint, never failed asking their name and address as two of the most important symptoms.

On the 7th of June, 1847, the Pilot had returned from a trip to Ramsgate.

It was this trip which caused his brother Augustus to walk about the Park in the disconsolate manner we described on setting out, and as it moreover exercised a great influence on the said Mr. Augustus' after-prospects, we shall dedicate an especial chapter to its narration.

Chapter II.—The Pilot's Visit to Ramsgate.

"Guzzy, my boy," said the Pilot to his brother, as they sat one morning at breakfast in the latter's chambers, "I am going to Ramsgate."

"Alone!" asked Augustus.

"Man," replied the Pilot gravely, at the same time taking out of his mouth the short pipe which he generally smoked between his first and second cup of coffee; "Man, Augustus, is a gregarious animal, and fond of his species—your ignorance of this fact I will, however, excuse, in consideration of the profession to which you have devoted your energies. No, I do not go alone. I tempt the briny main—I go by packet, of course—it 's much cheaper than rail—in company with two out-and-outers, Lint and Hawker."

The Pilot then went on, at some length, to explain to his brother how the trip of Messrs. Lint and Hawker could not, in the strict acceptation of the word, be termed one of pleasure—that they were, in fact, like many great characters of olden days, about to retire into a sort of honorary exile for the time being, in consequence of their finding it rather inconvenient to appear in the streets of the metropolis, owing to the stupid prejudices and grasping avariciousness of certain tradesmen, and particularly of a tailor named Snoggins—that their misfortunes all arose from their being possessed of a superabundant store of talent—that they had written a most excellent burlesque together, which was cheap at a hundred pounds—that they had sent it to a well-known manager, who had actually refused it, involving them, by his infamous conduct, in great difficulties, as they had, with the confidence which genius should always have in itself, incurred debts before-hand on the strength of the hundred pounds which ought to have been theirs.

The Pilot then went on to descant on the scurvy way in which managers treated authors—a subject sure, as he was well aware, to enlist his brother's sympathies, as the latter held himself to be particularly ill-treated by the said managers—finally winding up by a request for the loan of five pounds for the trip.

The Pilot had calculated well. So excited was his brother by virtuous indignation, that he gave him the sum demanded, and, moreover, promised that he himself would join them in the course of a day or two.

The next morning, accordingly, the Pilot and his two friends set off. Want of space prevents our describing their voyage down. This we may do at some future day. Suffice it for the present to observe that they arrived in safety, and succeeded in procuring lodgings in a respectable public-house, all three agreeing that, to a man of moderate desires, the house in question offered quite sufficient to render his sojourn in the town very agreeable, and, as Mr. Lint expressed it, "to strew his path with flowers to a pretty considerable extent, and no mistake."

A week had nearly rolled by. The three friends had partaken largely of all the intellectual and other amusements of the place—the other amusements, as the Pilot remarked, strongly predominating—when their fate overtook them.

Messrs. Lint and Hawker had just dressed one morning, and were leaning out of the window smoking cigars to give them an appetite for breakfast, and exchanging playful remarks of rather a personal character with the passers by, when they suddenly started back, as we should suppose a person would do on meeting the eye of that rare, but, according to all descriptions, rather disagreeable specimen of the animal kingdom termed a basilisk.

"No mistake," observed Mr. Hawker.

"Snoggins," replied his companion.

"He saw us," continued Mr. Hawker. "There 's our trip dished. What business," pursued he in a meditative mood, "has *he* down here, I should wish to know? Why he is not gone yet—he 's looking at the house—he 's speaking to his wife—and now he leaves her and hurries off—Lint, there 's no time to be lost."

Mr. Lint perfectly coincided in this opinion. "It was very evident Snoggins meant to nab them—there *was* no time to be lost; but what was to be done?"

After some consultation they came to the conclusion that the first train to Dover must be taken, and from that place the packet to Boulogne. But their money was expended, or

at least very nearly all; they had reckoned on Augustus coming down in both senses of the word—ruin seemed imminent, when Mr. Lint's face suddenly brightened up, he beckoned to some one in the street—a step was heard upon the stair, and a son of Israel entered the room.

For some time did the Israelite and the two Christians remain in low parley. The clothes and watch of the sleeping and unsuspecting Pilot were transferred to the custody of the former, while the latter received in return the sum of £1 16*s.* 7*d.* The Jew then walked off, and Messrs. Lint and Hawker, having first written a hasty line or two which they left on the table, followed his example, while their victim slept on, little aware of the surprise which was awaiting him when he should awake.

A Good Reason.—We have been informed that the Whigs chose Lord John for their Premier on the principle that of all evils it is best to choose the "least."

A "progress" friend of ours is always looking out for "Signs of the Times." He often, owing to the tardiness of his newsvender, passes the whole morning without discovering any.

"A Little Knowledge," &c.—Douglas Jerrold (who is just beginning to learn Latin) says that he is afraid of wearing gutta percha soles to his boots in the streets, because he imagines that "*Gutta (percha) cavat lapidem.*"

THE BERKELEY NUISANCE.

Public benefactors—and we say this with a perfect recollection of Jerrold, George Thompson, and Feargus O'Connor—are scarce in the present age. Even the Showman's benevolence is of a negative rather than of a positive character, inasmuch as he delighteth more in exposing humbug than in favouring merit. Nevertheless, an occasion now presents itself for any man to come forward as a philanthropist, and shine in that *rôle* without danger and without difficulty. Howard gained immortal honours, but not without incurring the risk of death on thousands of occasions. The Irish priests have also established their claims as benefactors (with every one but the High Church party) by the fearless manner in which they continued to visit their parishioners at a time when a deadly fever was raging among them. But one does not often have the chance of obtaining fame without exposure to the dangers of either sea or land, and the afflictions of either heaven or man; and this chance is to be taken advantage of at the present moment.

We suggest the getting up of a scheme for the exclusion of the Berkeley family *en masse* from the House of Commons. Those that are at present elected should be kicked out, and those that are not elected should be kept out. The way to manage this is simple enough. Grantley, Grenville, Craven, and the whole gang of Berkeleys, are arrogant, stupid, and consequently disagreeable. The constituents, whether of Cheltenham or of West Gloucestershire, hate the whole gang; and we believe that these constituents would unite, under the auspices of the aspiring benefactor and determined man, for placing the whole gang, not in their proper places, which would be the stable or the pig-sty, but in a situation from which it would be difficult to emerge for the purpose of disgracing themselves and disgusting the public. This they have lately done in various ways.

One of the members has been summoned before a magistrate to show cause why he did not support his illegitimate offspring; before a judge of the County Court, in order to settle the question as to whether he should be called upon to pay for the breakfasts he had devoured; and before a judge of a superior court, to answer for having beaten (with the assistance of another Berkeley and a prize-fighter) a man in whose publication he had been (in the most severe manner) represented as he actually was. But besides having acquired an infamous notoriety in the Police Court, the Small Debts Court, and the Queen's Bench, Grantley has written foolery in a pamphlet, which did not much matter. One naturally avoided the work. But he has been allowed to intrude his rubbish into the *Times*, which one *does* read, and in which he has abused his brothers, and has begged, in infamous grammar, that some person or persons would kindly come forward and pay his election expenses. In the Senate he has been, of course, obscure; but on the hustings all the members of this odious family have been prominently ridiculous, as they have been abusive and ungrammatical in the columns of advertising literature (for without payment their trash is now not published in respectable journals).

But the way to put down these pestilential nuisances, to muzzle these mad dogs. It is as follows:—

Every one knows that directly one of the Berkeleys is returned for Parliament, the other Berkeleys set up a bark, and do not cease their snapping and snarling until, by means of an election petition, they obtain the expulsion of the more fortunate animal, who shirks out of the house with his tail between his legs, instantly to renew that "barking and biting" in which, according to Dr. Watts, such creatures as the Berkeleys especially "delight."

When a Berkeley is elected, he is not elected in preference to a respectable man, but in preference to some other Berkeley, the voters having to choose between two or more dirty bundles of hay, select that which they conceive to be the less soiled. Then when the petition is to be signed which is to dislodge the Berkeley who has become a senator, no one can refuse to attach his name to it, as Berkeley the senator has committed all sorts of acts which unfit him to sit in Parliament. Then, when Berkeley the rejected candidate becomes, in his turn, Berkeley the senator, another petition is presented. As sure as there are spots on the sun, so certainly are there deep stains on the character of all the Berkeleys, and accordingly out comes Berkeley, No. 2, perhaps (for there is sometimes no end to misfortunes), to be replaced by Berkeley, No. 3. Now, by this petitioning process, the Berkeleys have proved what every one knew before, that they are all unfitted to sit in Parliament, in the same way that (as Voltaire remarked) the Whigs, by proving the Tories to be villains, and the Tories by proving the Whigs to be scoundrels, effectually established the point that all political England was depraved. We suggest, then, that the formula for a general anti-Berkeley petition be prepared, alleging causes why ——— Berkeley should not sit in Parliament. The blank can be filled up Grenville, Grantley, Craven, &c., as the case may be. The objections would apply equally to all, and the hateful family could by this means be kept out of Parliament. Several of its members would be enabled to be arrested for debt, and thus prevented from interfering in public matters, and the man by whose principal assistance this object is accomplished will be hailed as a philanthropist and a benefactor to his species.

Beggarly Pride.—We know a beggar, somewhat aristocratic in his views, who considers himself equal to the Earl of Shaftesbury, as both are in the habit of holding the "cap of maintenance."

MENSURATION MADE EASY.

To Find the Exact Distance between any Two Places.—Say, for example, it is required to find the distance between the Waterloo Road Station of the South Western Railway and any part of the New Road. Take a cab, and, having proceeded to your destination, alight, and ask what you have got to pay. On the sum being named, reduce the pence into miles at the rate of eightpence for every mile, and then divide by two. The result will give the relative distance between the two places. Thus:—

EXAMPLE.

Required the distance between S.W.R. Terminus, Waterloo Road, and St. Pancras Church:

Fare charged by cabman, without blushing . . 2*s.* 8*d.*

2*s.* 8*d.* in miles (8*d.* = 1 mile) = 4 miles.

4 miles ÷ 2 = *Two miles, exact distance.*

Strangers arriving from the country at any of the various railway termini will find this a very simple mode of learning street mensuration. We also strongly recommend it to the notice of the Board of Ordnance.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

Head Partner in the house of Ledger and Co.—"So, Mr. Smithers, suppose this is what you call taking an intense interest my affairs, and spending the whole of the day in collecting my outstanding accounts!!!"

THE SHOWMAN'S SPEECH.

he following is a copy of the speech delivered by the howman to his Contributors on the completion of his first alf-yearly volume.

"Satirical and Comic Writers,

"I am happy to be able to congratulate you on the completion my first half-yearly volume. The measures for preventing crime nd theft in the *Punch* writers will, I think, be attended with a eneficial result. The open display of the Puppet-Show jokes as been checked, and several of the principal criminals have been iscovered, publicly convicted, and chastised.

"The distress in the Haymarket Theatre, consequent upon ccessive failures in the production of 'legitimate' plays, has been itigated by the consciousness on the part of the manager that his ults have afforded you opportunities for satire.

"On the other hand, organized confederacies endeavoured to xcite your fears by means of threats. Visions of big sticks and eavy damages were held out to affright the timid, while the ost enormous bribes were exhibited to the avaricious. In this onjuncture I applied to your loyalty and wisdom for increased owers, and strengthened by your prompt concurrence my satire as enabled to defeat, in a few days, machinations which had een prepared during many months. The energy and determination hown by the Publisher in this emergency deserve my warmest pprobation.

"In the midst of these difficulties, you have continued your abours for the improvement of Albert Smith. Your attacks upon he Chartists will, I trust, gradually remove an evil of great magitude in the social state of England.

"I have given my cordial assent to the measures which have in iew the reformation of Mr. Lumley, and I entertain an earnest ope that we have made considerable advances in that beneficent vork.

"I have to thank you for the readiness with which you have ranted the supplie sof copy necessary for the public entertainment.

"I shall avail myself of every opportunity, which a regard for your welfare may allow, of increasing your salaries. [Here a rude and disgustingly loud cheer was given.]

"I have renewed, in a formal manner, my connexion with the *Edinburgh Review*. The good understanding which prevails between the two publications has continued without the slightest interruption.

"Events of no importance have disturbed the tranquillity of the Berkeley family. These events have led to hostilities between the various members.

"I am employing myself in knocking these persons' heads together, in hopes of bringing to an amicable settlement their differences.

"I acknowledge with grateful feelings the many marks of attachment which I have received from all classes. It is my earnest belief that these will be perpetuated."

THE ENTIRE AND INIMITABLE ADELPHI COMPANY.

Webster, the "great legitimist," who never produced anything but the high drama, excepting always translations of French vaudevilles, adaptations of French operas, performances by Ethiopian serenaders, Hungarians, Van Joels, and acrobats of various descriptions, is, in spite of our gentle remonstrances, puffing in his own unrivalled style the company of the Adelphi Theatre, whose elegant performances form the last novelty which he has given in the "legitimate" line. Those who object to the word "legitimate" being applied to such pieces as "Did you ever settle Accounts with your Laundress?" &c., must remember that "legitimate" is everything produced at the Haymarket, and that everything produced at the Haymarket is "legitimate."

But leaving the question as to whether Adelphi performances be or be not "legitimate" as a moot point, let us call attention to Webster's play-bills, in which he announces the last week but ever so many of the Entire and Inimitable Adelphi Company. Now, as Madame Celeste has left for the provinces (at least we suppose she has, as she was announced last week to be about to do so in two days) the company cannot be entire. As to its being inimitable, we, however, have but little doubt. Bedford's nose, size, and vulgarity cannot be imitated with any chance of success, nor can any one hope to approach in absurdity and affectation the pronounciation of Celeste, with her necéssaries, her mássacres (mazourkas), and other words uttered in accents horrible to hear and impossible to acquire in any part of Europe, and in any manner, except in London and from Celeste. Then, again, as no one can equal Wright in his humour, so no one would wish to imitate him in his coarseness and even indecency; and altogether we may safely affirm that although the departure of Celeste prevents the company from being "entire," there can be no doubt that as regards many points Mr. Webster is quite right in speaking of it as inimitable.

IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE.

Some amusement was caused about a fortnight since by (strange as it may at first appear) an article in *Punch*, in which Mr. Bunn was alluded to merely as a "well known bard." This was the first time of any reference being made to that gentleman since the publication of his "Word with *Punch*," which, it was thought, would have done some harm to our disrespected contemporary. It has, however, evidently done him a great deal of good—in the same way that whipping effects an improvement in a rude boy. It is rumoured that several other individuals—who have been attacked for refusing private boxes to one writer, requiring another to pay his bills, starting a rival paper, or being guilty of some piece of effrontery equally gross, for which they have been subsequently libelled and caricatured—intend adopting a similar course to that taken by Mr. Bunn. We understand that as *Punch* will then necessarily lose the favourite subjects of attack, it will alter its style, and reject satire for panegyric.—*Whitefriars Reporter.*

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Appropriately embellished Covers (price 1s.) for binding Volume I. may be obtained through all Booksellers and Newsvenders, to whom Subscribers desirous of completing their sets are requested to make early application for back numbers.

Parts I., II., III., and IV., price 6d., each, and Part V., price 7d., completing Volume I., may still be had.

Volume I. of the Puppet-Show, *price 3s. 6d., in scarlet cloth, ornamented with gold design and lettering, is just published.*

London: Printed by William Dover, of No. 105 Blackfriars Road, in the County of Surrey, at the Office of Vizetelly Brothers and Co. Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and published by the said William Dover at the Office of the Puppet-Show, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, in the parish of St. Paul, in the City of Westminster.

THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.

Chapter XI.—The Richmond Boats.

venerable steamers which paddle their slow way backwards and forwards from London to Richmond Bridge, are supposed by some persons to have been built from the lines of the ark soon after the flood. Our own opinion is, however, that they were constructed some time before, and that the ark was built in imitation of the Era. The Richmond boats may be known by the oceans of white paint wherewith it has been the pleasure of the proprietors to bedeck them; indeed, considering the successive coats which they have had during the lapse of ages, it is not unreasonable to suppose that, although their timbers may have long since crumbled away, the successive layers of paint plastered one over the other answer all the purposes of the original wood—so that, in point of fact, the boats are nothing but shells of paint. It is to be understood that we advance this doctrine rather as a theory than state the matter for a fact.

Another peculiarity of the Richmond boats is the number and size of their windows, which run from stem to stern, and from which one would imagine that the crews were in the habit of keeping a good look-out. This, however, is not the case, inasmuch as generally speaking the greater portion of the time occupied between Putney and Richmond Bridge is passed upon mud-banks waiting for the tide. The voyager has thus an opportunity of beholding the scenery at his leisure, and making many excellent reflections upon the impediments and obstacles to which steam-boats, as well as man, are subject. Above Battersea Bridge the river begins to assume a countrified appearance—the banks, as though in grief for being deserted by the town, wear the willow garland, and many Swans, but no Edgars, are seen gracefully floating in the flood. Hereabouts, on the Surrey shore, the river Wandle joins the Thames. There is an indistinct myth of trout being occasionally seen in this stream, and on making inquiries of an angler who had just returned from its banks, he informed us that, after fishing for some time, he hooked it—thus leading us to give credit to the myth in question. On further investigation, however, we ascertained that "to hook it" was a vulgar expression signifying to go away. Near Putney, upon the right bank, will be observed the College of Civil Engineers, and a number of the pupils, who are completing their mathematical education by lying on their backs on the greensward by the river bank. Passing through Putney Bridge, which was built in order to check duplicity by preventing the progress of craft upon the river, you observe the "Eight Bells," kept by Mrs. Avis, who, for her courteous attention to thirsty voyagers, is really a *Rara Avis in terrâ*—that is, in Surrey. Paddling leisurely by, the steamer heaves in sight of the metropolis of suburban scholastic regions—Hammersmith, where many little boys are brought up Conservatives, in consequence of being sent to Prepare a Tory Schools. In due time we pass under the bridge, which is really a hardly-used one—for, although never condemned, it is cruelly hung in chains. A short distance further, the traveller will perceive, upon the Surrey bank, a wooden fence, which encloses a reservoir of water belonging to some metropolitan company or other. There is a legend that in this pond a huge sturgeon was once captured; and as the creature, to have got there, must have triumphantly lept over the towing-path and the fence, the story shows that a much closer affinity than has generally been observed exists between the sturgeon and the flying-fish.

Near Kew Bridge is generally moored the Maria Wood barge, in which craft the Civic court annually go swan-hopping. This mystic operation is performed by eating vast messes of turtle soup and drinking huge oceans of iced punch and champagne—although we do not exactly see how the process can cut nicks in the swans' beaks—the actual purpose of the expedition. Its object, however, is highly laudable, as it is clear that, by making new nicks every year, the swans are prevented from appearing, as they otherwise would do, in public, eeryv one with his Old Nick behind him.

Kew, as every one knows, is noted for its Botanic Gardens, the soil of which is so fertile as to cause the names of the plants to grow to an immense length—and toughness. Opposite is Brentford, concerning which we have only to make this remark, that if dirt were picturesque, Brentford would be the most picturesque city in the world. We are now rapidly approaching our destination. The river is studded with islands or aits—one of which, from the ridiculous scenes enacted by picnic parties under the shadows of its trees, has got the appellation of the ait of absurdity. A few minutes more and the steamer stays her dripping paddles by Richmond Bridge.

The visitor may now proceed ashore, and look about him. He will probably, in the first place, ascend Richmond Hill, where, however, he will gaze in vain for the "lass" of that locality. The best way of enjoying the celebrated view, however, is to proceed to the Star and Garter. In this house the length of a visitor's purse is of no consequence, but the amount of cash in it dignifies a good deal. Supposing, however, that all is right in this respect, let the pleasure-seeker hie him to one of the terrace dining-rooms, and there, after having pleasantly dispatched his salmon cutlet and roast chicken, and after the noiseless waiter has produced the sparkling crystal, from within which rises the incense of the rich Bordeaux—let him, we say, lean lazily back, and as his eye roams over the glorious panorama of wood and water, let him meditate on the French woman's saying, *Mon dieu!* what a pity that it is not a sin to look at such a landscape!"

A Zoological Comparison.—We compare the country party to a rattlesnake. Bentinck makes the noise with the tail; and Disraeli bites with the fangs.

A Publican and a Sinner.—A tavern-keeper writes to ask us whether, having failed five times and recommenced business as many, he is not justified in holding "re-publican" principles?

FATHER THAMES'S LAMENTATION.

I.

THERE 's many a jolly old river
Comes dashing from mountains down—
The rioting blue Guadalquiver,
And Tagus at Lisbon town.
And travellers say the Simois
Runs still in a silver thread;
It may be, but all that I know is,
I wish I ran there in its stead!

II.

They give me the name of a father,
And call me a wonderful flood;
Their praise is all well, but I 'd rather
Dispense with the gift of their mud;
If they really feel any affection
For what I have done for their race,
They strangely prove such predilection
By flinging their dirt in my face!

III.

I 'm really a seedy old fellow,
And can't meet my brothers at all—
The Rhine, nor the Tiber so yellow,
Are never at home when I call.
The Danube, though often half frozen,
Has ventured to cut me quite dead,
And when I look in he lies dozing,
And won't stir an inch from his bed.

IV.

The Nile fattens crops for his neighbours,
The Shannon hides pikes in his banks;
They honour the one for his labours,
And Paddy to t' other gives thanks.
I carry big ships on my waters,
The whitebait to stuff them I save;
My reward is the blood from their slaughters,
And London's foul sewers, in my wave!

"BROWN EYES, WHICH APPEARS (!) AS IF HIS WHISKERS HAD BEEN SHAVED OFF."

SOME extracts from the *Hue and Cry* appeared last week in the Irish correspondence of the *Times*. Amongst other absurdities, some man was mentioned as "having brown eyes, which appears as if his whiskers had been lately shaved off."

Now, at first, the *non sequitur* in the above appears very ridiculous; but a little reflection will convince any person that deductions equally nonsensical are made every day by what are called "educated persons" in England.

For instance, Sir R. Inglis would say, "Mr. Smith rides in a railway carriage on Sundays, which appears as if he were an atheist."

Many other persons would severally argue:—

1. Mr. Smith objects to the amount of our national expenditure, which appears as if he were a revolutionist.

2. Mr. Smith shakes hand swith a Roman Catholic, which appears as if he were a Jesuit, plotting against the Protestant religion.

3. Mr. O'Donovan objects to appointments in Ireland being given almost exclusively to Englishmen, which appears as if he were a rebel.

4. Mr. Douglas Jerrold abuses everybody right and left, which appears as if he were a philanthropist.

5. Mr. Webster produces translations from the French, and introduces acrobats and Ethiopian serenaders on his boards, which appears as if he were a "legitimate" manager.

To the above we beg to add the following of which the argument is in the same style:—

The *Times*, after ridiculing the "brown eyes which appears as if," &c., says, in a subsequent number (Friday last), that *two men named Patrick Murphy* have been arrested, which seems as if that journal were badly edited.

A BATCH OF WANTS.

WANTED to know the contents of one of the beams referred to in Byron's line, "the moonbeams rested on the waters," in superficial feet, and the value of the same at 2*s*. 6*d*. per foot.

WANTED to know, as "sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," what sort of sauce Mr. Anstey should be served with? also, where he buys his boots?

WANTED to know how they can try all the Chartist *leaders* together, with only one *Wheeler*?

WANTED to know, the amount Government receives from rents of crown lands; and what is done with the money? Is it made "*ducks* and *drakes* of?" and if so, are those in the parks the only specimens?

WANTED to know if Diogenes passed through the Insolvent Court with his lantern, how many honest men he would find?

And, lastly,

WANTED to know a person who can answer all these queries. Should he want a situation, and be able to do everything, speak two or three languages, make himself generally useful, and perform the work of two ordinary clerks and a porter, he may, if he has luck, obtain an engagement in some respectable mercantile house in the City, at eight shillings a-week, and find himself. But if, instead of the above qualifications, he possesses a pair of handsome calves, and is a tall, well-looking man, he may get a place as footman, in some family of distinction, at from forty to fifty pounds a-year, with board, lodging, and clothes.

TO THE ELECTORS OF YOUGHAL.

'T is said that Honesty 's a fool;—
Now if we could invert this rule,
'T would prove as plain as reason can
That Anstey is an honest man.

OUR LEADER.

CONSECRATED REBELS.

IT is the fashion among those who toady the Whig Premier to give him credit for honesty and courage, and so, whenever we complain of his political incapacity, we are told how straightforward he is, and what a vast deal of moral courage he possesses. For our own part, we always thought his honesty a mere compliance with respectable forms, and his moral courage a stupid obstinacy, which passed for bravery because he rushed forward not seeing the probability of his knocking his head against the wall.

Now that Clarendon has put down the Irish Rebellion, Lord John is to deal with those who raised it. The sportman kills, and the pointer goes to pick up the game. It appears that the parties most deeply implicated in the conspiracy are the Irish clergy. These persons have been hounding on the peasantry to fight, blowing the trumpet from behind the altar. Their influential position must obviously have made them the most dangerous partisans of the cause; their functions keep them out of actual personal exposure, and yet these—the most pernicious villains of the faction—are to be saved from punishment, if Lord John Russell can manage to cast his ministerial mantle over them. If this is a specimen of his "moral courage," we confess we shall be glad to hear a new definition of that quality.

A great many people cannot account for this resolution of His Lordship's. To us, the motive appears obvious. He wishes to secure the sacerdotal support for his party; and will let the "surpliced ruffians" endanger the Empire, on condition that they vote for the Whigs.

His partiality to the Roman Catholic clergy has long been known, and forms a strong contrast with the wish he has often evinced to dabble with his profane paws in the Protestant church. But to carry that partiality to the point of *conniving with rebels*, are English constituencies prepared to support *that?*

PINS & NEEDLES.

Mr. Whiteside, Q.C., was in the first instance retained for Smith O'Brien, but subsequently refused to plead. This is not the only instance in which the King of Munster has been unable to keep his own counsel.

The classicality of Disraeli's parliamentary speeches cannot be reasonably doubted. He is an English specimen of the Latin *Jew venal* (Juvenal).

Mr. Macready, the "eminent" tragedian, has, at last, ventured across the Atlantic. As the Yankees are a peculiarly stiff and straight-laced set, the "mannerism" of Mr. Macready will doubtless find its admirers.

Many of the Aldermen who act as Magistrates are lamentably ignorant. Why are they allowed to sit in judgment when they are totally unable to *parse* a sentence?

One of the papers says that the south of Ireland is infested by a horde of savages. Unfortunately, in hoards of another description—gold, for instance—it is very deficient.

The Hon. Craven Berkeley, whose aspersions on Mr. Roundell Palmer provoked a discussion in the House of Commons, now tells the Cheltenham electors that he "*challenges* inquiry." This does not look like a *craven* Berkeley.

Surely the absurdity of the Government passing a Fisheries Bill for Ireland is apparent, because the fisheries must still continue a State monopoly, inasmuch as the executive are seizing all the "Pikes" they can find.

It appears that Lord John is to be a witness on Smith O'Brien's trial. Considering how he has reigned as Premier, everybody will be glad to hear of his "deposition."

The Marquis of Lansdowne has gone to visit and improve his fine Irish estates. For once in his life, he is going to act on "good grounds."

The recent letter of Mr. *Guinness* published in the "*Times*," shows that that celebrated Irish brewer would make a "stout" resistance against the Repeal faction, if required. However, in point of influence and station, Mr. Guinness is to Lord Clarendon what a *barrel organ* would be to Jullien's "concert monstre."

Jenny Lind is spoken of as being very engaging. Her breach of contract with the conductors of the Worcester festival leads us to believe that she often engages to do more than she performs.

On dit that the Lord Chancellor contemplates moving for an injunction to restrain the proprietors of Cremorne from exhibiting the sea lions and lionesses, on account of their interfering with her Majesty's "keeper of the *seals*."

Lord Clarendon, as the papers tell us, allows the Irish rebels new milk every morning for breakfast. How natural, that when Ireland is in a decline, England should have to provide the ass's milk!

By a recent Act, Boards of Health will be established in various country towns. They will most probably be formed from the political sticks of the provinces.

THE MONEY-WORSHIPPERS;

OR, THE PRAYER OF THE MODERNS.

Six days we give thee heart and brain;
In grief or pleasure, joy and pain,
Thou art our guide, oh God of Gain!

And on the seventh, although we kneel
At other altars, and conceal,
For fashion's sake, the Love we feel—

'T is but our outward looks that pray;
Our inward thoughts are far away,
And give thee homage night and day.

Though often at a purer shrine
Our thoughts and actions disincline,
We're never hypocrites at thine.

Oh no! we love thee far too well,
More than our words can ever tell,
With passion indestructible.

When thou art kind, all Earth is fair,
Men's eyes incessant homage glare,
Their tongues perennial flatteries bear.

But when thou frownest, all men frown;
We dwell among the stricken-down,
The scum and byword of the town.

Though we are good and wise and true,
Deprived of thee, men look askew:
We have no merit in their view.

Though we have wit and eloquence,
The world denies us common sense
If thou no golden shower dispense.

But mean, base, stupid, all the three—
It matters not whate'er we be,
We have all Virtue, having thee.

Men hold us in their hearts enshrined,
To all our faults their eyes are blind,
We are the salt of humankind.

If we are old they call us young;
And if we speak with foolish tongue,
The praises of our wit are sung.

If we are ugly, gold can buy
Charms to adorn us in the eye
Of universal flattery.

If we are crooked, we grow straight—
If lame, we have Apollo's gait,
Seen in thy light, oh Potentate!

Shine on us, Mammon, evermore—
Send us increase of golden store—
That we may worship and adore;

And that by look, and voice, and pen
We may be glorified of men,
And praise thy name, Amen! Amen!

APPROPRIATE BOOKS FOR APPROPRIATE PERSONS.

The Rambler	for	Mr. Chisholm Anstey.
The Discontented Man .	,,	Mr. Disraeli.
Baron Munchausen . . .	,,	Mr. W. B. Ferrand.
The Exiles	,,	Louis Blanc and M. Guizot.
The Ready Reckoner . .	,,	Alderman Gibbs.
The Racing Calender . .	,,	Lord G. Bentinck.
Fatal Ambition	,,	Irish Insurgent Leaders.
Splendid Misery . . .	,,	Marquis of Chandos.
Struggles through Life .	,,	Messrs. Duncombe and Borthwick.
Vicissitudes in Genteel Life	,,	The Duke of Buckingham.
Finesse	,,	Sir R. Peel.
Eccentricity	,,	Colonel Sibthorpe.
Children of Error . . .	,,	The Russell Cabinet.
Keith's Arithmetic . .	,,	Sir Charles Wood.
Connaught Rangers . .	,,	Smith O'Brien and Co.

COMPLIMENTARY.

Cockney (stammering).—"WELL K-K-KER-COUNT, I-I-I-I REALLY THE TH-TH-THINK YOU SPEAK BE-BE-BETTER ENGLISH EVERY TIME YOU V-V-V-VISIT THIS COUNTRY."

Count Bosh.—"YOU DON'T ZAY ZO, VELL DIZ VER EGGSDRAWDNARY PUT I DON'T TINK *you* DO!"

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

Now that Her Majesty has again sought in Scotland a little privacy and repose, we presume that she will be dogged by a select party of penny-a-liners from mountain to mountain, as constantly and patiently as sportsmen in that part of the country dog grouse. The Queen having gone by steam, proves that she feared exposing herself to this sort of annoyance, in a journey by land; but we should not be at all surprised if some exemplary reporter followed in the vessel's wake in a bumboat, and registered every "black" that came out of the funnel.

Then there are Mayors at every port she passes, eager to rush into her presence; snobs at every pier, with telescopes of great power to watch her; and boats of all sorts in abundance hovering round her yacht, laden with SNOBS eager to glut a prurient and degrading curiosity, by watching this Royal Lady as closely as jailors watch a criminal. Indeed we are sometimes disposed to believe that she must wish occasionally that she was plain Miss Guelph in a cottage at Kensington. When she sighs, a liner "wafts the sigh" to the metropolis; when she yawns, a dozen plebeians gape to witness the phenomenon.

Another nuisance, arising from this spying system, is, that the liners feel it their duty to describe (as they call it) every place she visits, and the papers are inundated with trash about "stern headlands," "lofty overhanging mountains," and "calm surface of the lake," winding up with some historical balderdash about the towns, stolen from the commonest guide-books.

Now that the Queen is "out of town," the Court Circular Snob will bestow more attention on people of minor importance, in order to eke out his report. The royal babes will be more minutely looked after, and the poor little dears not be allowed even to trundle their hoops in peace!

A REASONABLE QUESTION.—The papers talk of the Irish insurgents sending out several "*flying* columns" to scour the country. Did they ever send out any other?

NOTES UPON DONCASTER RACES.

OUR "Sporting" Reporter—a fellow who, we regret to say, attends more to pleasure than to business—has just dropped into the "PUPPET-SHOW" with a few notes upon the "sights" of the week at Doncaster. He says:—

"The weather continues very fine, notwithstanding the certainty of *small fields* for all the races." By this, we presume the fields at Doncaster have been "cut and dried" for the occasion, like the crops.

"For the sweepstakes of 100 sovereigns each, for four-year olds, Montpensier walked over." Considering the hurried manner in which the French Royal family recently cut away from Paris, we are not surprised that Montpensier was unopposed. In that peculiar style of running the Louis Philippe stock is unrivalled.

"Lord Eglinton's Flying Dutchman carried off the Champagne Stakes." We are told he "won in a *canter*," which, for a *flying* animal seems rather anomalous.

"The Cleveland Handicap was won by the Duke of Bedford's Saddle." If the Duke's *Saddle* was victorious, where was the *horse?* In this race Good Boy was beaten. For a good boy to be beaten is a poor incentive to decent behaviour in future!

"Lord Clifden carried off the Municipal Stakes with his horse "Tiresome"—a tiresome customer apparently to deal with. Mr. Payne's Crucible also ran, but not winning the sovereigns, he could not, of course, melt them.

The Great St. Leger Stakes fell to the lot of Lord Clifden's "Surplice"—an orthodox animal, no doubt. Paradoxical as it may appear, all the Flatcatchers were done—"Flatcatcher" running third. Mr. Green attempted to takes the Stakes by "Assault;" Mr. Parr essayed to wipe them off with his "Sponge;" and Mr. Stephenson's "Cannibal" tried to swallow them, but all to no avail. The Duke of Bedford's "Justice to Ireland" figured in a sorry way. Indeed, as the Duke's brother, the Premier, well knows *justice to Ireland* is not much sought after at present.

Mr. Bell's "Fiddlestring" made capital play for the Queen's Plate to the tune of 100 sovereigns, but whether the money will be paid in notes we have not heard.

The remainder of the "Meet" calls for no comment, save that the Sweepstakes run for were followed by a series of steaks at the hotels, when some of the hungry competitors bolted—their food, previousy to

BALANCING "THE LEDGER."

ROYAL RELIGION IN THE HIGHLANDS

MR. O'DEE'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

(AFTER LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S.)

OUR political readers will be glad to learn that the eminent Mr. O'Dee has proceeded to visit Ireland, in person, with a view to seeing what remedial measures can be adopted for the benefit of that unfortunate country. Mr. O'Dee proceeded by Bristol in the third-class train.

Mr. O'Dee was attended by his usual staff—a disappointed creditor and a seedy companion; and started from his lodgings in a Hansom, amidst the cheers of the small boys in the neighbourhood. He acknowledged the salute of the apple-woman with much courtesy.

On arriving at the railway station, he was received by a demand for half-a-crown from the cabman, and a railway porter who took his carpet-bag. In his journey down, he was pleased to express himself much gratified at the state in which he found the pale ale at the various railway stations along the line.

[FROM OWN OWN CORRESPONDENT].

Ireland, Cork.

Mr. O'Dee arrived here yesterday morning. He has fixed his head-quarters at the Blue Goat for the present. It is rumoured that he will not go out further than the corner of the street. Such is the desperate and lawless condition of this unhappy country, that it is even whispered that his person could not be safe—from the machinations of his tailor!

A council was held yesterday at the Blue Goat—present, Ensign O'Callaghan, Mr. O'Doodle, medical student, Messrs. O'Hullabaloo, M'Buckskin, &c. The council sat two hours. John O'Gorman was the pot-boy in waiting.

It transpired that the question under discussion in some degree bore on the propriety of raising a loan, but the particulars have not reached us. It is also said, that a dispute arose, touching the mode in which the refractory subjects are to be dealt with—Ensign O'Callaghan maintaining the propriety of putting the tailor under a pump; Mr. O'Dee insisting that a horsepond would be more appropriate.

Mr. O'Dee continues to enjoy his usual health, and played skittles this morning for an hour.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE MINISTRY?

WE perceived, by looking into our demi-semi-official friend, the *Observer*, the other day, that all the Ministers have gone out of town, and left Downing Street desolate. Lord John is in Scotland, the Marquis of Lansdowne has gone to visit his Irish estates, Sir George Grey is on the loose in the provinces, and altogether the helm of government is left without a steersman, and the paddle-box of legislation is destitute of a Captain. Under these circumstances, we want to know who is governing Great Britain and the Colonies? If young Hawes has been asked just to hold the helm a minute, we shall be having him sending to Timbuctoo when he wants to write to Cavaignac, or directing the Mediterranean Fleet to cruise in the Dead Sea to keep a look-out on the King of Naples; not to mention his dispatching a steamer to Battersea to find poor Sir John Franklin's expedition.

But perhaps Hawes himself has mizzled as well as his greater colleagues! In that case, do our young friends the Government Clerks carry on the business? We can fancy Fitz-Eagle of the Treasury saying, "Bring me a sandwich and declare war against Austria;" or Bibbleton of the Admiralty roaring out for "pale ale and two new line-of-battle ships, to be got ready immediately." We can't understand how Charles Cochrane has overlooked this opportunity of seizing the reins of power, and mounting by the crupper of despotism; but of this we feel quite sure, that were the gallant Cuffey abroad, instead of being immured in the "jug" by tyranny, he would soon be on the throne of the Guelphs, sitting crossed-legged, and heating his goose in the kitchen fire of Buckingham Palace.

We think this state of things really too bad. The Premier may probably think that there is some "sweet little cherub," in short petticoats, sitting up aloft, to look out for the life of poor Jack Russell; but we warn him against being too confident. And we ask again, what has become of the Ministry?

URQUHART AND ANSTEY.

Now that Parliament is prorogued, and Urquhart and Anstey can't bore the members any more, it becomes a serious question what they will do. These twins (and as Castor and Pollux came from the egg of Leda, so we are half inclined to believe that they were hatched from some goose egg) are cast loose on society. England becomes a vast common, and the animals Urquhart and Anstey are unfettered on its surface.

Demosthenes used to declaim by the sea-shore, that the rolling of the waves might prepare him for the stormy roar of the multitude. Will Urquhart bellow at Gravesend, and Anstey shout at Brighton, in order to be better able to meet the groans and uproar that greet them in Parliament? Or will Urquhart spout at Anstey, and Anstey at Urquhart, in some lonely neighbourhood in the country, where the noise can evoke no response but the sharp sound of the echo and the congenial bray of the ass!

The subject is an interesting one, but we content ourselves with having broached it for the speculation of the curious. Meanwhile, it is gratifying to know that two such objects exist in our Legislature; and we presume they are there for some such mysterious reason as that which prompts our architects to put hideous mediæval heads on our public buildings.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Times* of Sept. 11:—

"Wanted, a Lady's Maid, to go to the West Indies with a Lady *who* thoroughly understands hairdressing, millinery, and dressmaking," &c. &c.

We have often seen advertisements for ladies' maids, requiring them to possess a knowledge of hairdressing, &c., but we never knew the lady herself to trumpet forth her own qualifications in those departments; however, she perhaps intends giving her maid a treat, as the man did the ass when he put it into the cart and got into the shafts himself.

A LITERARY INN.

AMONG the curious suggestions which the brains of the ingenious gentlemen of *Jerrold's Newspaper* hatch every week, we perceive one that a literary inn should be established in the Metropolis, for literary gentlemen to enter, as law-students do the inns of court. At first sight, we thought that the object of the promoters of the project was to establish a "public," or tavern, for the convenience of the profession; and our imagination began to run riot in anticipation of it. We fancied to ourselves a snug coffee-room, and Thomas Carlyle entering to call for a "go" of Scotch whisky, or Savage Landor demanding a sherry-cobbler, and saying "the PUPPET-SHOW after you," to Mr. Hallam, employed opposite with his pint of port and our periodical. We gloried in the notion of observing Sir Edward Bulwer crying, "Waitaw, give me some of the rich juice of the grape which glows in the old Parthenope;" and Disraeli smoking his Latakia, and spouting about the Caucasian race. "How delightful," thought we, "to see Jerrold swallow his bitters before writing a leader; or Albert Smith removed at the request of the company for asking somebody who Pope was!"

But, alas! further inquiry taught us that a much more commonplace affair was proposed. We confess that we see no probability of its ever being carried out, for who, we should like to know, is to bring such a motley crew of historians, poets, metaphysicians, jokers, statisticians, dramatists, comic-writers, critics, essayists, novelists, leading-article men, reviewers, satirists, antiquarians, logicians, rhetoricians, and buffoons, as compose the literary profession, together in harmonious union? How the deuce can one man meet another in hall with his fingers stained with the ink with which he has just been mauling his new book!

And what kind of association must that be in which it could be possible for Carlyle and Albert Smith to meet on an equality, as men of letters?

A QUESTION IN PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.—Across what suspension bridge should a gentleman in difficulties travel? That which would enable him to get over *Menai Straits*.

LIST OF NEW PATENTS.

A PATENT for an extraordinary mechanical invention, by Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, to prevent the royal yacht from rolling at sea. This suggestion was induced in consequence of Her Majesty, while crossing the Firth of Forth, inquiring the reason why the Victoria and Albert "rolled" more than usual. The invention is founded on the "royal road to science."

A Patent for a "lingo-meter," to measure and regulate the speeches of parliamentary orators. By a "silent" member.—Mr. Anstey is selected to test its virtues.

A Patent for a machine to cultivate that Celtic esculent the potato *without manual labour*. By an Irish agriculturist.

A Patent for a scheme by which an extravagant man may pass through the Bankruptcy and Insolvent Courts, *ad libitum*, to the enrichment of himself and the destruction of his creditors. By a Chartist Conventionalist and cheap periodical scribbler, who is practically conversant with the whole of the "intricate" machinery of debtor and creditor, and devoted to the "Dispatch" of business.

A Patent, by Albert Smith, to secure to himself the full benefit of his peculiarly "snobbish style of literature. [We think this superfluous, as nobody is likely to evince any disposition to imitate the commonplace productions of that *quasi* eminent *littérateur*.

A MYSTERY UNRAVELLED.

A CORRESPONDENT calls our attention to a work entitled "The Mysteries of the Court of London," by an Ex-Trafalgar Square Agitator, which has just made its appearance, and asks us, "What particular Court of London it is that the book refers to—whether it is the Court at St. James's, or Buckingham Palace, or Capel Court; or merely one of the courts in the back slums of the metropolis?" An impertinent fellow, who is looking over our shoulder, ill-naturedly suggests, that, judging from the recent public examinations of the author, reported in the daily papers, the Bankruptcy Court is, in all probability, the one alluded to.

OUR OWN LAW REPORT.

SEAGER AND EVANS *v.* CRUIKSHANK.

THIS was an action brought by the plaintiffs, the well-known gin-distillers, to recover damages from the defendant (who has gained a European reputation as a comic and, latterly, as a melo-dramatic artist), for an injury alleged to have been done them by the publication of a set of designs, entitled the "Bottle," and the "Drunkard's Children." Mr. H. S. Edwards appeared for the plaintiffs, the defence being conducted by Mr. Bridgeman (with whom was Mr. Hannay).

The learned counsel who opened the case commenced with some remarks upon gin in general, in which he displayed a profound acquaintance with his subject. Having squeezed much interesting matter from the juniper-berry, he plunged into a cask of the spirit, and gave a most entertaining sketch of its history, from its appearance in the vat of the distillery to its disappearance from the quartern of the tavern. He had formerly been unacquainted with even the taste of gin (*a laugh, which was quickly suppressed by the usher of the court*), but since this case had been placed in his hands, he had felt it his duty to consume several gallons of it. Part of this he had taken "hot with," (meaning, as our reporter understood, "hot with sugar"); another portion he had enjoyed in the form of "cold without;" and the remainder in its simplest and most natural state—a state which he might be allowed to characterize as "*neat* but not gaudy." He need not speak of the beneficial influence which gin exercised over society generally, quieting the squalling infant, and cheering the aged washerwoman over her soporific labours. Now, if a philanthropist were to be checked in the performance of his good deeds, if a missionary were to be arrested in his course of Christianising the heathen, or a Soyer in feeding the destitute poor—if this were to be done without shame, at least it would not be permitted with impunity. In like manner, the person who would wilfully and wantonly injure the gin-distiller should not be suffered to escape without making some compensation at the same time to the injured party and to society at large. The defendant had inflicted a wilful and wanton injury on the plaintiffs, by representing gin, in two series of plates entitled the "Bottle" and the "Drunkard's Children," as a natural conducive to crime and debauchery of every species—to say nothing of death by drowning, which it was also alleged to produce. Trial by jury was the great bulwark of our constitution: he would rather abide by the decision of a jury of twelve Englishmen, than by that of any judge that ever wore the ermine. He had proved himself entitled to a verdict, and now left the case in the hands of twelve honest men, and what was more, twelve Englishmen, with a perfect confidence as to its result.

Mr. BRIDGEMAN, for the defence, would not be harsh upon his learned friend as to the several gallons of gin which he pretended to have found it necessary to consume. He would not say that the acquaintance which his learned friend appeared to possess with the spirit in question did more credit to the strength of his stomach than to his understanding or his morals. His learned friend had spoken of gin as quieting the squalling infant, and consoling the aged washerwoman under the inflictions of her soap-horific labours! (*laughter*). He was not aware that his learned friend had ever been cheered to the performance of any great task, although it was quite possible that, in the other character which had been alluded to, he might have derived some consolation under the afflictions of misfortune. The jury had merely to decide whether habitual intoxication was, or was not, conducive to a man's success in life. In the former case, they would give a verdict on the side of the plaintiffs; in the latter, on the side of truth.

Mr. HANNAY followed on the same side. He would ask his learned friend the counsel for the plaintiffs, what proof he could adduce that gin was the liquor represented in the "Bottle?" Supposing it to have been the object of the talented artist to represent brandy, could he have done so in a mere woodcut? Besides, it might have been whisky, and as such it had been alluded to in an article in the *Times*. His learned friend possessed all the desire and none of the ability to injure the defendant; and as he (his learned friend) had commenced with misrepresentation, so he would end with failure. He would now call a witness, who owing to the effects of spirit drinking, had the rapacity of the vulture without its courage.

John Bosky, examined. Had been in the habit of drinking large quantities of gins. Drunk it in tumblers with hot water and sugar. Intoxication generally ensued after the tenth glass. When intoxicated used to beat his wife and injure his children in various ways. Considered gin, when taken in large quantities, to be exciting, but not prejudicial to health.

Cross-examined—Had never drunk gin in moderation, but always in excess.

Mr. EDWARDS, in replying, would take the liberty of noticing the virtuous feeling which had been displayed by his learned and immaculate friends. Some persons despised gin drinking, although, at the same time, excessively intimate with the vice in question; but every one knew that familiarity was likely to breed contempt. A poem entitled the *Gin Fiend* had been written as a sort of companion to Mr. Cruickshank's plates; so that his learned friend's ingenuity in suggesting brandy and whisky would be thrown away on an intelligent jury.

The SHOWMAN having summed up (after tasting several samples of the spirit in question),

The jury immediately returned a verdict for the defendant.

Loud cheers from the artist's friends followed the announcement, and the SHOWMAN informed Mr. Cruikshank that he left the court without a stain upon his reputation—derived from—"The Bottle."

AN EXCELLENT MATCH.—Lord George Bentinck, touching his visit to Ireland, denies that he is running a race of popularity with Lord John Russell. We see no reason why he should not—for what with the Premier's little body, and Bentinck's little mind, they would equally be "light-weights."

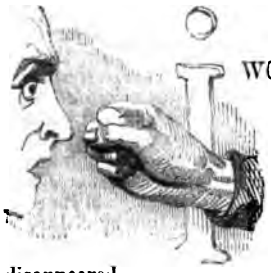
CREST-FALLEN.—We do not know if the Premier is a fatalist? He, however, evidently believes in his motto, "*Che Sara Sara*"—"What will be, will be," and takes no pains to prevent it.

HOLD YOUR BREATH!—The monopoly indulged in by certain distinguished individuals in christening their children, is far more ridiculous than sensible. What will Mr. Cobden say to the following:—"The infant son of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz has been christened George Adolphus Frederick Augustus Victor Adelbert Ernest Gustavus William Wellington!!!" If the favoured infant only realize half the fame attached to the last name, Wellington, all his other titles will be superfluous.

A TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL (NOT BURKE'S).—The report of the fancy dress ball, at the King's Rooms, Portsmouth, is wound up by a "local" reporter as follows:—"Dancing was prolonged *till the glow-worm showed the matin to be near!!!*" We presume that when the incipient ray of the solar beam peeped through Aurora's curtain, the poor glow-worm was obliged to hide its terrestrial rushlight under a bushel.

A FEW PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MR. AUGUSTUS PHILIPS.

Chapter III.—How the Pilot Left his Lodgings.



"I WONDER what o'clock it is," said the Pilot, about an hour after the events recorded in our last chapter, at the same time stretching out his hand to take his watch from the watch-case in which he had placed it the evening previous. For reasons well known to the reader, he found it had disappeared.

"I suppose Lint and Hawker have gone out," he thought, "and taken it with them to time their return to breakfast," and so saying he took his cigar-case from under his pillow, extracted therefrom a cigar, lighted the same, and then laid himself down again in the bed.

The train of thought which he then fell into was what may be termed indefinite. He first wondered—very slightly—where Lint and Hawker were gone to, and then allowed his mind to hover for an instant around the probability of their having ordered kidneys for breakfast; it next struck him that it must be somewhere about the hour at which old Scalpel was delivering his lecture at the Hospital, and how very glad he, the Pilot, was at not being present. After extracting the greatest possible amount of comfort out of this idea, he next proceeded to count the number of panes in the windows of his room, and then the exact quantity of rose-buds in the pattern of his bed-curtains, occasionally imparting a dash of variety into his calculations, by tracing all sorts of fantastic figures of men and beasts in the cracks in the ceiling.

At length, he lighted a third cigar and rung the bell.

After a short period an ambiguous kind of individual, meant for a waiter, but strongly partaking of the characteristics of a pot-boy, made his appearance.

"Are those gentlemen below?" asked the Pilot.

"No, sir, they a'ant," replied the waiter; "I seed them go out pretty airly this mornin!"

"Very well," replied the Pilot, "bring me my boots, and I 'll get up."

On this the waiter disappeared, and a short time afterwards a knock at the door announced that he had again found his way up stairs.

"All right," said the Pilot, "put them down," and a noise as of a pair of boots dropping from the height of two feet, seemed to confirm the Pilot's rather hasty assertion.

After putting on his boots, the Pilot found his toilet brought to an unexpected stand.

"Why, where on earth," said he, looking about, "are my trowsers—they 're not here—that fellow can't have been so foolish as to take them down to brush—what humbug," and the bell was again rung for the ambiguous waiter, who, on coming up, was sent down for the missing garments.

A few minutes elapsed, when he reappeared, but with the intelligence that the clothes were not down stairs, and therefore must be in the room.

"Recollect, sir," added he, "you a'ant sent 'em down to brush since you 've been here, and it a'ant likely I 'd go and take 'em of my own accord."

Struck, apparently, with the force of this reasoning, the Pilot, aided by his companion, again set about looking for the missing apparel in every nook and corner, but of course without success.

"This is very strange," observed the Pilot "you must have got them."

"But we a'ant, expostulated the waiter-pot-boy.

"They are not here, as you see," observed the Pilot, flattering himself he was about to clench the business, "and the last place I was in was Tivoli gardens, on the occasion of the grand gala there yesterday evening. I suppose I did not leave them there."

"Appearantly you left them somewhere else then," answered his companion, "for you a'ant brought them back it, seems."

This remark, whether justly or unjustly, rather raised the Pilot's ire. With some observations as to his being rather tired of having the wind whistling about his legs in that manner, he again affirmed that the clothes *must* be down stairs, and that he should feel obliged by the waiter's going and finding them.

The waiter, on his side, hinted that it was within the range of possibility that he might entertain strong objections against neglecting all his other duties to look for the Pilot's garments, and left the room.

After waiting five minutes, the pilot again had recourse to the bell, and then resumed his occupation of pacing up and down.

No notice having been taken of his summons he once more had recourse to the bell-ropes, but this time pulled with such vigour that the peal was heard through the whole house.

Shortly afterward a confused murmur of voices was heard upon the stairs, and the next minute the ambiguous waiter appeared, preceding the master of the house, accompanied by a couple of friends out of the parlour, a few *habitués* of the tap-room, and a helper or two out of the stable, who had come up with him in the laudable hope of seeing some one getting "his head punched," though, with a true sense of impartiality they were not particular as to whether that "some one" was the Pilot, the waiter, or the landlord himself.

On the latter individual's inquiring the cause of all this noise in his establishment, the Pilot replied that he had merely rung for his clothes, which they had refused to give him.

Hereupon arose a horrible confusion—every one speaking at once.

"You're all a set of swindling blackguards," exclaimed the Pilot, highly incensed.

"If that's the case," said the landlord, "you better leave the house as soon as possible."

"How can I leave it, when you 've got my clothes?" retorted the Pilot.

This sentence, concluding as it did with an assertion which was the cause of all the dispute, caused it to rage with more fury than ever, when suddenly the Pilot's eye caught sight of Messrs. Lint and Hawker's letter addressed to him, and lying on the floor, where it had by accident fallen.

The perusal of this altered matters very much. The Pilot grew cooler, and, with a far greater portion of urbanity than he had before deemed necessary to infuse into his conversation, explained the state of things to the landlord.

When he had concluded, the landlord asked him, in rather a sarcastic tone, whether he, the Pilot, imagined that he, the landlord, believed his account. The Pilot replied that of course he did, and that he should very much like to be acquainted with the individual who would doubt it.

The landlord then replied that the Pilot was particularly lucky in coming there, as his wish was gratified, seeing that he, the landlord, doubted it extremely; on which the Pilot said that the landlord had better mind what he was about, and the other asked why, and the pilot said he would show him, and the landlord, in a taunting manner said he wished he would, but that he, the landlord, had strong misgivings on the subject—the upshot of the matter being that the landlord's observations were suddenly stopt short by two well-directed blows in the face, which knocked him over on the floor just in time to form a cushion for the ambiguous waiter, who instantly followed.

Having thus disposed of these two, the Pilot must have considered it his duty to assail the others, for he immediately commenced an indiscriminate attack on those behind. This occasioned a tremendous rush to the stairs, and in the scuffle which followed, the young disciple of Galen got carried down, without the power of resistance, with the "struggling masses," and at last found himself in the yard of the inn, and shortly afterwards in the grasp of two policemen, whom the cries of the landlady and her barmaid had attracted to the spot.

A quarter of an hour later the Pilot was being escorted to the police court, with half the fly-drivers, ticket-porters, fishermen, and blackguards then in Ramsgate. It is true that his costume was rather singular, seeing that it consisted of nothing more than a shirt, a pair of Wellington boots, and a blanket, which one of the policemen had procured him, wrapped round his body in the manner of an Arab's mantle, or a Roman's toga.

TOUCHING SOCIAL GEOLOGY.

SIR,—The most superficial student of geology must be aware that the globe is formed of a series of layers of earth arranged something after the manner of the skins composing an onion, which—the layers not the skins—are called *strata*, although the appellation at first sight certainly appears an erroneous one, for nothing could possibly be crookeder. Well, each of these *strata* exhibits traces of different species of animals, from the oyster and the cockle to the lion and man. It is supposed that the earth was at one time inhabited by nothing but confusion, afterwards by vegetables, subsequently by fish, and so it went on improving until mankind generally, and the SHOWMAN most particularly, adorned its surface. Now, I have lately discovered that there is an extraordinary similarity between the construction of the earth and the arrangements of a drawing-room card basket. In the latter you find the Lord Fitz Highstrikes and Sir Simon Somethings occupying the first layer; the second is composed of officers of the line; the third of doctors, a Christtino Major or two, and a few Company's Officers, and so on to the end of the chapter—that is, of the cards—until at last humble Mr. Smith stops the scientific research. A great deal of tin and brass is to be found towards the surface, and there are also veins of mourning to be discovered which correspond to those of coal in the earth, although the former proceed from decayed animal rather than vegetable matter. You may also occasionally meet with the fossil remains of an invitation to some mammoth ball, whose grimy appearance betokens its primæval date. If you should deem these remarks worthy a place in your justly admired journal, you will confer a favour on the British Association, and on, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

To The SHOWMAN. J. BUCKLAND.

"PROGRESS OF A BILL."—One of our Correspondents, who signs his letter "A Subscriber to the Illustrated London News," exhibits so intense an anxiety for the withdrawal of W. B. Jerrold's "Bill," that he would stop its "progress" altogether. Now, as Bulwer gave indubitable proof that Pelham was "his own dear self," the SHOWMAN, reasoning by analogy, sets down Douglas Jerrold for a "Man made of Money," and suggests that in justice to his own reputation he ought to discount his son('s) *Bill!*

REFORM YOUR TAILOR'S BILLS.

MR. SHOWMAN,—I see with sorrow that the spirit of innovation is invading our venerable institutions of Lords and Commons. People talk of abolishing the old established forms, as if those which were found to answer the purposes of our ancestors were not good enough for us. Among other changes it is proposed to shorten those attendant on the progress of a bill through the House.

The Legislature would, in my opinion and that of my friends, be acting with a much greater regard for the liberty of the subject, if, instead of doing away the forms in question, they were on the contrary to extend them to the relations of social life. For instance, the eighteen questions now inseparable from a parliamentary might thus be adapted to a tailor's bill.

1. 'That leave be given to bring in his (Shears') bill;' 2. 'That his bill be read a first time;' 3. 'That his bill be read a second time' on some convenient opportunity; 4. 'That his bill be now read a second time' (on his Shears' calling); 5. 'That his bill be considered on a day to be mutually named;' 6. 'That his bill be considered;' 7. 'That the debtor and friends adjourn to some place of entertainment near at hand at Shears' expense;' 8. 'That the result be declared on a given day;' 9. 'That Shears be requested to attend, on the day in question, to hear the result;' 10. 'That the same be read to him;' 11. 'That the same be read a second time, omitting the disputed items;' 12. 'That Shears agree with his customer as to the said items;' 13. 'That his bill be again sent in as "bill delivered;"' 14. 'That you promise to read his bill a third time as soon as convenient;' 15. 'That his bill be really read a third time;' 16. 'That he humbly request his bill be paid;' 17. 'That you look upon this as a rather shamefaced demand;' 18. 'But that you nevertheless will consider of it in due time.'

By giving a place in your columns, Mr. SHOWMAN, to these observations, you will be conferring a benefit on society at large, and more particularly on

Your obedient servant,

YOUNG ENGLAND.

LITERARY RUMOURS.

OUR readers will recollect that there was a rumour floatin about some time ago that an inhuman monster in th *Quarterly Review* was going to annihilate the light literatur of the day. The announcement of the forthcoming ne number has acted on the profession like the report of a gu on a lot of partridges; and comic writers may now be see flying about society in disconsolate confusion. As for Alber Smith, however, *he* need not be afraid. *His* recent writings ar quite heavy enough to keep his hide all safe from the lash.

For our parts, we await the attack with perfect confidence Our course is quite clear. We shall know the writer of th article before a week has passed from its publication; an having discovered the "unhappy beast" (as A'Beckett use to say in *Figaro*), we shall castigate him without mercy, an send him howling through the metropolis in such a miserabl plight, that even his creditors won't be able to recognise hi mutilated carcase. He shall grin in mis-shapen hideousnes from our pillory every week. His friends shall be ashame to be seen speaking to him; and the very boys in the street shall point at him, as the fellow that was wopped by th SHOWMAN. "Rigby, beware!"

Another rumour is, that Mr. Coventry Patmore, th young poet, has a new volume coming out. We confess to liking for his poetry, but should prefer to see a little dash grotesqueness introduced, to relieve the metaphysics whic he is too fond of bringing forth. What does the reade think of the following fragments, intended as a cross betwee the SHOWMAN and Patmore?

• • • •

"They talked about the weather,
He took her gentle hand,
And they wandered out together
On the long-ribbed golden sand,
'Midst the shells and seaweed scattered
By the ocean on the strand!"

Here the reader perceives the abrupt introduction, *à l Patmore*, of an unmarried couple.

"Bright broke the laughing ripples,
Soft and creamy on the beach,
Like the wine a fellow tipples,
With the apple and the peach,
After dinner from the rowdy
The dad puts within his reach!"

The above is the happy mixture we suggest as an improve ment. The next stanza is the amorous business, thoug quite *proper*:—

"Nay, do not blush, dear Mary,
If I kiss you here once more;
See here, my gentle fairy,
How the waters kiss the shore,
How the rain-drops kiss the roses,
When the clouds their treasures pour!

"How the birds the leaves are kissing,
As they rest the weary wing—
So if mother finds us missing,
And declares it 's not the thing,
Tell her to take a lesson
From the practice of the Spring."

Now for a dash of the metaphysical:—

"And if she still should bore us,
Declaring that it 's odd,
Tell the moralist before us—
Poor creature of the sod—
That Nature 's but the garment
Worn before mankind by God!

"That Love's delicious passion,
With its all-devouring flame,
Is but another fashion
Of the garment of the same—
Is but the favourite costume
Of the everlasting Name!"

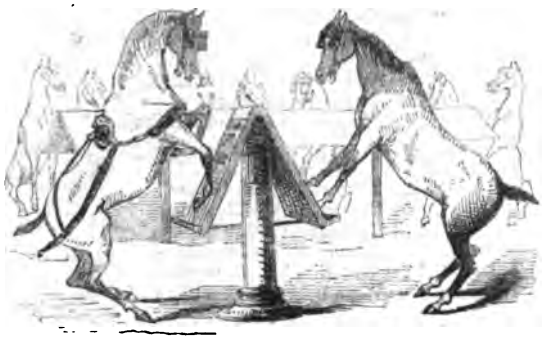
WITH A HOOK.—An anti-repealer tells us, that it 's n wonder John O'Connell makes such a good thing out of hi father's "bones," as he was always a great hand at *castin nets* (castanets) among the people.

DELAFIELD'S MAGNIFICENT STUD.

We perceive from a case which lately came before the Hammersmith Police Court, that Mr. Delafield, the lessee of the Royal Italian Opera, possesses a stud of horses whose names are borrowed from those of eminent actors and actresses. One is called Madame Vestris, another Charles Mathews, a third Mrs. Keeley, and so on throughout the list.

We suggest that during such time as Covent Garden Theatre be not occupied, Mr. Delafield should introduce these horses to the public. An animal which, in addition to beauties of an equine nature, possesses the grace of Madame Vestris, the ease and elegance of Charles Mathews, or the sprightliness of Mrs. Keeley, could not fail to be a thorough favourite with the public. And we have no doubt but that, as the stud includes horses which are entitled, by their dramatic talents, to bear such names as those which we have mentioned, it also contains some which possess qualities akin to those of the members of the Italian Operas. We can fancy one of Mr. Delafield's magnificent dray horses being worthy of the name of Lablache; and he may also possess some particularly fine animal—if so, he is fortunate—with all the fire and vigour of a Grisi.

Alboni might be represented by a cob of engaging qualities, while "Tamburini" would of course be a thorough-bred. We are not aware whether any of the dramatic stud would be able to act as instrumental musicians; if so, it would be only fair towards Signor Costa to make him godfather to one of the best animals. The next in merit might be named after Sainton,



and so on, until all the principal instrumentalists in the Covent Garden Opera had their representatives. If we may be allowed to end with a wretched pun, quite unworthy of our reputation, we will state that, in case of our suggestions being adopted, the singing at Covent Garden will be decidedly *horse!*

Time works Wonders.—The Speaker declares that half an hour is sufficient to address the House. We shall hope after this to hear of more valuable "minutes" of Parliament.

SOVEREIGN REMEDIES.

A POLITICAL TRIO.

Caraignac—Now, Ferdinand, do leave this little affair of Austria to Victoria and me, and we will settle everything to your entire satisfaction.

Victoria—Yes, that we will, my beloved brother! All we desire is to ensure you the entire peace of Italy!

Ferdinand (*like an idiot*)—Oh! very well! I quite agree! The *entire piece* of Italy is all that I desire!

QUESTIONS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

The number and the nature of questions which the Showman receives from correspondents can scarcely be conceived by the general reader. To reverse the expression of the penny-a-liner, they can be more easily described than imagined; and we have, therefore, determined to endeavour to give some faint idea of them by means of the following, which the poet whom we keep has put into very beautiful metre:—

Gentle Showman, prithee tell me
Who's to marry Jenny Lind?
Will you say in your next number
How a chap can raise the wind?

Does His Grace the great Field Marshal
Often go to bed in liquor?
When a certain Duke was bankrupt,
Do you think he pawned his ticker?

Who will win the next St. Leger?
Mention, too, the second horse.
Is there any chance of *Surplice*
Walking coolly o'er the course?

If a man most rudely kicks me,
Is it as an insult meant?
Is a true-born English subject
Bound by law to pay his rent?

Why does Sibthorpe wear a moustache?
Why the Showman wear a patch
O'er that eye whose bright companion
Hath not in this world a match?

Why does Mr. Douglas Jerrold
Never finish any tale?
Is it from benevolence, or
Is it from a want of sale?

If my wife gets precious noisy,
Hav'n't I a right to lick her?
If a man gets very sea-sick,
Think you *Punch* would make him sicker?

Why, when some folks go to Margate,
Do they bid a long adieu
To their friends, as if they started
For the distant Timbuctoo?*

Tell me, Showman, tell me truly,
Who of Junius wrote the letters?
Why do all Celts hate us Saxons,
Is't because they hate their betters?

Ought I, if I hit a Peeler,
To the ground at once be felled?
When great Julius Cæsar perished,
Was there any inquest held?

Will you, please, defend a shop-boy,
Thrashed for stealing from the till?
Will you, kindly, generous Showman,
Put your name unto a bill?

Here we stop, as the last request is really too much for our feelings.

* "Our poet" ought to be ashamed of himself for the above rhyme.—Showman.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Asmodeus is informed that the substance of his verses has appeared in print before.

J. H. had better send us the sketch of the interior.

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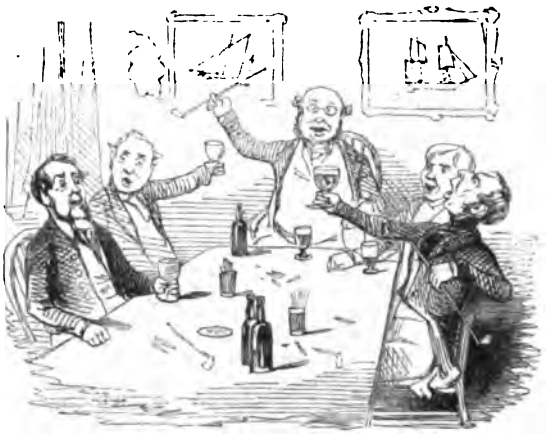
THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.

Chapter XII.—The Man who owns a River Yacht.

He is frequently in business in the City, or, perchance, possesses a wharf somewhere above bridge. He is of jolly habits; a favourer of luncheons; never sticking at a pint of sherry in the forenoon, and having no objection to a glass of something cold-without, provided it be after twelve o'clock. To drink spirits before noon is, in his opinion, to be dissipated, and not "the sort of thing—you know." In costume he is partial to blue coats with anchor buttons, and rather likes people to observe tar stains upon his hands. Afloat, that is to say, somewhere between Gravesend and the Pool, he wears a cap with a gilt band, and is careful to don a jacket. He possesses a huge wardrobe of outside garments, including pilot-coats of unknown thickness, which he is particular in having made as shapeless as possible, and oil-skin wrappers, warranted to stand any climate between London Bridge and the Nore. He does not, as has been falsely represented by more than one of his delineators, interlard all his discourse with sea terms; he does not ask a lady in a quadrille to "fill her topsails and shoot a-head;" or request the performer on the piano-forte, at the end of a figure, to "stand-by and belay:" but he likes to have an opportunity of displaying his nautical lore, notwithstanding; is partial to salt-water novels, and always reads the intensely technical salvage cases in the newspapers.

The man who owns a river yacht has generally a great ally and factotum in the shape of a tarry old Triton, half-sailor half-waterman, who officiates as captain of the craft, and sometimes, too, as crew. With this canvas-breeched gentleman the man who owns a river yacht is on very confidential terms. He talks of him as being a species of unappreciated Lord Nelson; is of opinion that he can sail a hatch-boat better than any man afloat; and is certain that he could pick his way to Margate jetty blindfold. This confidential mariner is eternally seen pottering about the yacht. He is to be found scrubbing away at her counter at low water, and is always examining her moorings and doing odd jobs—nobody but himself knows what they are—about the rigging. For, understand us, we do not talk of Royal Yacht clubbists—of the owners of hundred ton cutters, and two hundred ton schooners, of which the arrival at or departure from Cowes is chronicled in the Hampshire newspapers and the *Morning Post*—but of the more humble proprietors of the three, five, and ten ton hatch-boats, which go dodging about the Thames and the anchorage-grounds, which we have described, at a length worthy of the importance of the subject, in an early chapter of this invaluable series. To resume: the confidential crew is frequently assisted in its labours on board the yacht by the gentleman proprietor; and the two have been seen, on many distinct occasions, to drink beer together. The man who owns a river yacht generally belongs to some small local club which sports a tiny flag, has a code of private signals which nobody understands, the members of which must, once a month, at a small third-rate hotel, drink grog, sing the "Bay of Biscay," the "Death of Nelson," and the "Lass who Loves a Sailor;" and which gets up a funny little match, once in each season, which event the club is proud to have noticed in a very small paragraph, under the head "Aquatics," in *Bell's Life in London*.

The man who owns a river yacht is not very fond of venturing beyond Sea Reach. He occasionally, however, when the weather looks settled, crawls down the coast as far as Margate; and if he feel particularly plucky, and the sea be remarkably smooth, he gallantly doubles the Forland and enters Ramsgate Harbour, with the air of a man who has discovered a New World and thrashed an



Armada. This is an exploit which furnishes matter for a good twelve-months' brag. And the man who keeps a river yacht always refers to it as "that time—you know—when I was knocking about—down Channel."

During the summer season the man who owns a river yacht is fond of having rooms down at Erith or Gravesend, the vicinity of which places of naval resort forms his favourite cruizing ground. He is always very active on the match-day of a large club—the Thames Yacht, for instance; and is fond of stationing his boat in such a position as to make her seem for a brief period the leading craft of the race. When the yacht which is really the first of the competing craft comes up, and is about to shoot past him, the man who owns a river yacht suddenly bears up and stands off in another direction, he and the confidential crew giving a loud hurrah in token of their approbation of the prowess of the triumphing craft, and as a symbol that Britannia really does rule the waves. Our friend then cruizes about until the competing vessels have re-appeared, and nearly arrived at what was the starting-point, and which is the winning-post, when he cunningly manages to sail past the buoy, just a-head of the winning craft, and occasions ignorant speculators to imagine—the delusion being assisted by the gold band round his cap—that he has sailed and gained the match. Feeling by this time pretty tired of his day's tacking and veering, the man who owns a river yacht quits it, returns home by a Greenwich steamer, and leaves the confidential crew to bring the gallant vessel to her moorings.

That night at home, he slips on a snug dressing-gown, puts his feet on the hob, has his brandy-and-water very hot and strong, and considers himself to be an adventurous mariner, a fellow with the dare-devil of the Bucaneers, one who goes down to the sea in slips, and sees the wonders of the great deep.

Latest from the Highlands.—Thanks to the strenuous and untiring exertions of the reporters of the different London journals, the royal "privacy" continues as "public" as usual.

Whirligig Wisdom.—We cannot exactly coincide with the views of the Irish in desiring rotatory or ambulatory parliaments; for being of a rotatory character, we fear the debates would never come to an end; and as for their being ambulatory, it looks very much like "Walker."

FOREIGN INVASION.

Our country readers will learn with astonishment and dismay that London was invaded last week by a body of French soldiers of the National Guard. They entered the city from the docks, and marched towards the West-end, attacking indiscriminately the public-houses on their way. They lighted cigars at nearly every shop they came to, and clanked their sabres as they marched out—carrying fire and sword, in fact, through the streets of our metropolis.

The alarm created by the spectacle will be easily—perhaps we should say *un*easily—imagined by our subscribers. There was a great call made for the Lumber Troop, but, by a singular coincidence, it was found that all those gallant veterans happened to be particularly employed in their coal-cellars at the moment when they were wanted. An absurd attempt was made to fasten scythes on some of the twopenny omnibusses, with a view to charging with them, as our revered ancestors used to do; but the effort resulted in nothing but a fright to some old women, and a graze with the instruments on the shins of the conductors.

The head-quarters of the invading army have been fixed in Leicester Square.

Since the above was written, we have discovered that we were the dupes of an unprincipled penny-a-liner, and that the invaders were neither more nor less than a party of National Guards, who came over from the *fête* at Boulogne to have a glimpse of the town; but we believe it to be true that some alarm was excited among the unthinking by their appearance. Be that as it may, the liner shall be punished for his exaggeration; and we have determined to compel him to associate with the set of his colleagues who are dogging the Queen, at present, in Scotland.

Roman Rebels.—As several of the Popish Ecclesiastical body are supposed to be implicated in the Irish rebellion, it is to be hoped that they will act up to their religion, and go to "Confession" at once.

Ill-Timed Conduct.—It appeared in evidence that the Chartists met at coffee-houses in St. Giles's. How strange, that though close to "Seven Dials" they were never "up to the time of day!"

THE CLERGYMAN AND THE BAD HALF-CROWN.

A clergyman (whose name the *Times* says—and with great truth—it would be cruel to give) was charged last week before Mr. Norton with having passed a bad half-crown to an omnibus conductor.

It was proved that the reverend gentleman received change from the complainant to the amount of one-and-sixpence: that the complainant in testing the half-crown first smelt it, and then almost "bent it in two" (as the reporter absurdly expresses it): that the reverend gentleman's attention was called to the circumstance of the half-crown being a bad one: that he refused to give back the eighteen-pence which he had received as change from his bad half-crown, and even to pay his fare, which was one shilling.

The reverend gentleman was of course given in charge, the fact of his having passed the bad half-crown was proved, and the defence was, that if he had returned the eighteen-pence which he had received as change from his bad half-crown, or had paid the shilling which he owed for his fare, *his character would have been compromised.* What a character to be compromised by the payment of a just debt!

The worthy (of being despised) magistrate thought the clergyman had behaved very properly "under the circumstances," and reprimanded the conductor for having pursued the only course which was open to him.

It was suggested that the conductor might have asked for the clergyman's address: but the man who would refuse to give back eighteen-pence which he had received as change from a bad half-crown, might also decline giving his card, which certainly could not be of so much value.

We wish the *Times* had published the reverend gentleman's name: it would have been a severe punishment, but one which he richly deserved.

THE AGE OF REFINEMENT.

In an intellectual and refined age like the present, when costermongers speak French, and sweeps commit suicide, the young ladies in the middle and lower walks of life are strangly acted on by a love of the marvellous and romantic—so much so, indeed, that they look with scorn on every book which has not a Fitz-James for its hero, or a Clementina Wilmot, or some one else equally interesting, for its heroine.

These same young ladies, who would almost faint at the idea of knowing the price of a loaf, spend in reading maudling nonsense many hours which might be far more profitably employed in the pursuit of household knowledge, or in improving their minds with useful information, in which they are lamentably deficient. We can fancy one of them seated on a bench in some romantic spot—Hampton Court Gardens, for instance—thus accosted by an enraptured swain:—

"Say, gentle maid, what is 't you read
With such a sad delight,
Which thus can cloud with sorrow's gloom
Those features once so bright—
Which thus can cause the tear to start—
Which thus thy mind distracts?"
The gentle maid with sobs replies:
"The *h*Orphan in five *h*Acts."

OUR LEADER.

THE POISONING MANIA.

We don't know whether the present age may properly be called an age of "progress" or not, but we think there can be no doubt that it is an age of poison. We see it in everything. G. W. M. Reynolds poisons the minds of the populace through the medium of his deleterious dulness; the Corporation of London poison the atmosphere by keeping up those ancient institutions the cess-pools; all London conspires to poison the Thames by an agglomeration of abominations; and Lord Morpeth does a little business on his own account, by poisoning the Serpentine. Then cooks poison people by *blanc mange*, and there still are creatures who distil British brandy! Our infants are stuffed with dangerous elixirs and filthy cordials; our boys suck painted lollipops; our young men smoke poisonous Cubas; and everybody accuses everybody else of poisoning. Protestants declare that Catholics poison the minds of the people, and *vice versâ*. There is a small gang of Atheists, too, somewhere in the back slums of town, who publish, weekly, a twopenny dose of the most deadly poison, and call it a "*Reasoner*." We should like to know why these wretches are not punished as well as the dispensers of arsenic, since their aim is to corrupt and destroy the soul?

Poisoning, in its literal form, by the agency of arsenic, has become, too, dreadfully frequent among the poor, a most fearful evidence of the depravity of the age. Where are our preachers and moralists that they make no attempt to suppress this? What are Government about that they do nothing towards it?

In fact, we bid fair to realise, literally, the old proverb, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," by all of us subsisting on the poisoning, in one way or other, of our neighbour.

THE YOUGHAL BLUNDERBUSS.

Poor Anstey shoots with aim untrue,
Talks thick as hail, but injures few,
Discharges words which plainly tell
He 'll soon discharge himself as well.

Metropolitan Improvements.—We perceive that some individual of lowly mind has just opened a Whittington Hat and Cap Warehouse, near the club of the same name. We suppose that we shall next have the Whittington Boot and Shoe Mart, to be followed by the Whittington Early Coffee-stall, at the corner of the street, for such members as are obliged to be up betimes, in order to take down the shutters and clean the windows of the establishments to which they belong. The list will also doubtless include a Whittington Pie House, where, in order to render the matter complete, Whittington's Cat will of course play a conspicuous part.

PINS & NEEDLES.

Since the severe articles in the *Times*, Louis Blanc declares that England is as bitter as *Gaul* against him.

The Irish, when meditating an attack, are frequently described as being well armed; but when the test comes, their retreat proves that they are better legged.

It has been said that there are no reptiles in Ireland. What, then, was Smith O'Brien when crawling amongst Widow Cormack's cabbages?

We perceive that more troops have embarked for Ireland in the "Pigmy" government steamer. Would it not be appropriate for the said *Pigmy* to proceed to Scotland afterwards and bring back the *little* Premier?

The *Sunday Times* says that there is no such thing as Irish distress, because Jenny Lind has been engaged at such high terms that the prices at the Dublin theatre must be raised. According to this doctrine, there can be no pauperism in England while the Italian Operas are fully attended; nor can any one be in want of a penny loaf as long as the *Sunday Times* is sold for sixpence.

Some of the jockeys who rode losing horses at Doncaster, and who belaboured their animals most unmercifully, have now learned that "there 's many a slip between the cup and the whip."

Several instances have lately occurred of men leaving their wives in England, to seek their fortunes in some of the colonies. According to Euclid's axiom that "the whole is greater than its part," it is very absurd for these persons to leave their better halves for the sake of better quarters.

Complaint has been made in some of the repeal prints of the *brusque* manners of Lord Hardinge, during his recent command in Ireland. This allegation cannot excite surprise in those acquainted with the gallant viscount, as he has always been looked upon as an *off-handed* man ever since the battle of Ligny.

O'Mahony, the rebel chieftain, being a vain man, decorates himself in green and gold. We suggest the uniform should be green baize, the only *bays* he is likely to achieve.

The Irish agitators have frequently declared themselves as firm as a rock. Like the emblem of their country, we fear it is a sham-rock.

The French Police are very proud of their reputation for skill and dexterity in the apprehension of offenders. The escape of M. Marc Caussidière, however, proves that in this instance they could not come quite up to the Mark.

Mr. Doheny, in order to amuse his followers, is in the habit of leaping over three or four horses, intermingled occasionally with a jackass. This is a vaulting ambition by which Mr. Doheny may not perhaps *do any* harm; but to clear his political hobbies is a leap which may perhaps cost him his neck.

John O'Connell ought to be taken up under the Mendicity Act, as he has written a letter to Clarendon on Repeal, begging the question.

ROW-IN-LONDON.

CAUSED BY THE INVASION OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL GUARDS.

In London, when the funds were low,
And business was uncommon slow,
The Quadrant only on the go,
And that kept moving sluggishly.

But London saw another sight
When National Guards arrived at night,
And Lumber Troopers took to flight
Across the pavement slippery.

In shirt and stockings fast arrayed,
The Lord Mayor gasped out, sore afraid,
And with the Aldermen essayed
To join the flying cavalry.

To cut and run they 'd stoutly striven,
But back to battle they were driven;
And then the foremost rank was given
The Bunhill Row Artillery.

But bolder yet that troop must grow,
Or, London conquered by the foe,
The Gallic cock will proudly crow
On Temple Bar right merrily.

'T is morn—but Specials, in a swoon,
Won't reach the Mansion House by noon,
Where frantic Gibbs and "pale-faced Moon"
Groan in the butler's pan-t-ry.

The combat deepens—on ye brave,
Who rush to Guildhall or the grave;
Save, Magog! oh, the city save,
And charge with all the Livery.

Few French shall tread where freemen meet
Turtle on Lord Mayor's day to eat;
But hung on high, with dangling feet,
Swing opposite St. Sepulchre's!

SUPPLEMENTARY HINTS UPON ETIQUETTE FOR FAST MEN.

Although a great many works on the above subject have already been published, several indispensable particulars have invariably been omitted. In order to supply this defect, the Showman has determined on drawing up and publishing the following supplementary rules, which are indispensable to all such as wish to act after the most approved model of the first "fast" men of the day:—

1. If you carry a stick, always swing it round as you go along. This will give you a free and easy air. If you hit any one in the face it will only add to the effect, and attract people's attention more surely.

2. Always poke your face under the bonnet of any woman you may happen to pass, especially if she be alone and unprotected. Should any one observe this and be inclined to resent it, do not notice him, but pass on: it is not worth the while of a fast man to get into any squabble with an individual of such low ideas.

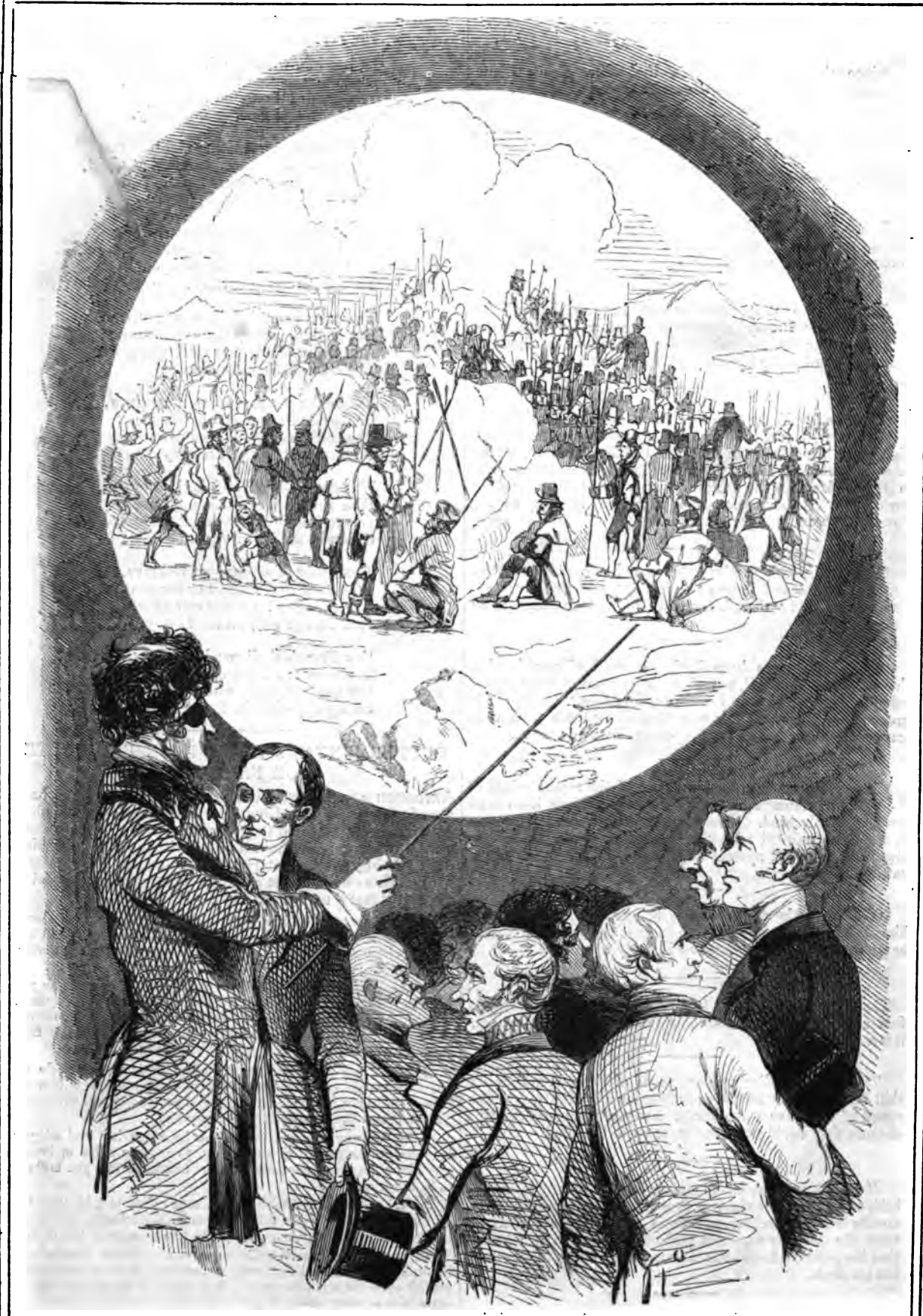
3. Never pay your tradesmen's bills; it is vulgar to do so. Should any one of your creditors ever meet you, make him all sorts of grovelling excuses, and beg him not to be hard with you. This increases the humour of the thing vastly.

4. Should any poor wretch tell you he is starving, and ask you to bestow a halfpenny to enable him to procure a bit of bread, give him a cut with your cane, and let him know that you are not to be taken in.

5. When you go to the theatre, always refuse to take your hat off until you are obliged: this will create a disturbance, which will interrupt the performance and be productive of a great deal of fun.

6. When you enter a coffee-room or chop-house, always call the waiter by some christian name or another: never mind whether you hit upon the right one or no; it is better to be wrong than to name him as other people do.

7. Above all, never walk out with your mother or sister: it would make people imagine that you felt affection for them, which is exceedingly dummy and slow.



THE SHOWMAN'S

View the First—THE MORNING OF THE GREAT IRISH REBELLION.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

View the Second—THE EVENING OF THE GREAT IRISH REBELLION.

THE BOULOGNE *FETES.*

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

HAVING arrived safely in Boulogne, I proceeded to fraternise with the Custom-house officers, in hopes that they would allow me to pass my flannel waistcoats without paying duty. This attempt was attended with signal failure, and the only person who made a genuine offer of fraternisation was an Englishman, with moustaches and a red waistcoat, who invited me to play at *écarté*, and turned up the king every time that he dealt.

One of the principal amusements of Monday was a donkey race, which I shall pass over as a most asinine affair. A race in sacks followed, and excited great enthusiasm among the spectators. At starting, considerable odds were laid against any one reaching the winning-post, for the course had been marked out on the sands, and it was confidently asserted that the sea would come in first. Before the race, the animals took their preliminary jumps, and were pronounced to be in a fine dirty condition. When they pulled up (their sacks), it was evident that the training of one or two of them, at a neighbouring *estaminet*, had had the best possible effect. After they had fairly got off, the favourite made all the jumping, and about two to one were now laid on the ground, from which they did not rise until after the conclusion of the race. After a severe contest the favourite won by exactly a length, which he was unfortunate enough to measure on the sands. The next heat was won by the same animal, who hopped over the course. In the evening, many thousands changed hands—not in consequence of the race, but of various public balls.

TUESDAY.—I rose early, for the purpose of being present at the distribution of alms to the poor. As a member of the literary profession I applied for my share, but my claim was, I regret to say, refused. I have written to the British consul on the subject. I then proceeded to witness the amusement of climbing the greasy pole, and endeavoured to parody

"Fair *clime*, where every season smiles," &c.

which, luckily for your readers, I was unable to accomplish. This climbing reminds the philosophical observer of ambition, for the higher you rise the more chance you have of falling. I must say that in spite of the temptation of the prize—a silver watch—the summit of the tall and greasy pole was an eminence which I had no wish to attain: there are many characters in which one may shine besides that of a *polar* star. The pole had been rendered so very slippery that all who endeavoured to mount came down like lightning—indeed, to use an appropriate Americanism, I may say like greased lightning. It is impossible to assert what sort of a watch the prize would have proved; but it is quite certain that, as no one gained it, it did n't "go." Perhaps the whole affair can be best explained in the following stanza, in which I have imitated Byron:—

The *ile* and grease,
The *ile* and grease,
Which covered o'er that pole so high,
So quick slipped down the human geese,
That none at length to rise would try.
The silver watch is up there yet,
But none that silver watch can get.

WEDNESDAY.—Grand departure of 327 National Guards to Folkestone. Chorus on leaving the harbour—"*Noyer pour la patrie.*" Arrival of the National Guards at Folkestone, without being shipwrecked. General thanksgiving. Terror of the natives of Folkestone at being invaded by the French. Restoration of confidence, and general *entente cordiale.*

While the above affecting tableaux were being enacted, a balloon ascent took place. It was rumoured that Prince Albert Smith would take a seat in the car; but those who remembered his failure in the character of an "intrepid aeronaut" at Vauxhall Gardens were of a different opinion. Thank heaven, he performed a prudent part! The balloon fell into the sea, and although every one was saved, I could not have endured the pain of knowing that the representative of all that is great and noble in English literature was in peril for even one moment!

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.

THE following highly interesting fragment was read to the Royal Society of Bibliomaniacs at their last sitting, by G. Twaddle, Esq., the talented author of "Ye Convicte his Curse," an Elizabethan epic, in twelve books, printed in black letter at the expense of the society.

The fragment was found by this gentleman during his late trip in the Highlands, and bears strong internal marks of its authenticity.

THE FALL OF LONDON.

Dear is the smell of roast venison. The remembrance of currant jelly dwelleth on the mind of Jones. He is invited to dinner.

At Fulham dwelt his host: his shop is in the City. His step in the counting-house is dreaded: his apprentices quail before his looks. His thoughts are given to friendship—to Jones, the purveyor of butter.

[Here unfortunately there is a break in the original M.S., which continues, however, as follows:—]

Black was the brow of Jones: but not with anger. The tear starteth in his eye. He wipeth it away. Ah! wherefore doth he grieve?

He standeth in the street of vehicles:* he looketh around.

His stick is raised:† but all is silent around. If he would no more walk, he must ride on the wings of the storm, for no omnibus is near—no—nor a cab!

Oh! why was this desert in the town! Arise, ye reporters, and tell me! Was the great city fallen? Why rattle no longer the carts nor the prison-vans over the pavement? Why urge not the coachmen more their broughams over the far-spreading causeway? Is London the mighty no more? Is she ruined and sunk down for ever?——Oh, no! we should rather say not. They have stopt up the street—there is no thoroughfare—the authorities are mending the road!

* Most likely Piccadilly is here meant; but this is not certain.
† Perhaps as a signal.

EPIGRAM.

That mirrors are endued with thoughts,
Though strange, yet seems correct,
Since no right-minded person will
Deny that they reflect.

The *Sunday Times*, in speaking of the subscription room at Doncaster, says it was "so filled with clouds of cigar smoke, that the corks bursting from soda-water bottles could scarcely fly through it"!! This is laying it on rather too thick. Was the writer able to walk through the smoke? and if so, does he move with the same momentum as a cork propelled from a soda-water bottle? And is he in the habit of breathing anything—except absurdity? if so, what are his lungs made of? The room cannot have been half so cloudy as the ideas of the person who wrote the above trash.

DISHEARTENING PROSPECTS.—Several members of the Whittington Club are about to give an amateur theatrical performance at the Strand Theatre, as they did last year. In our qualities of critics, we shall naturally have to be present, and, as a matter of course, undergo unutterable torture for two or three hours. We trust, therefore, that the gentlemen in question will let this be their last attempt, since, slightly varying the language of the frogs in the fable in reference to their boyish persecutors, "though it may be *a* play to them, it 's death to us."

MAXIM FOR PERSONS ABOUT TO EMIGRATE.—A life in this land is worth two in the bush.

A Facetious Fallacy.—A young gentleman who had paid much more attention to logic than his creditors, was so much struck with the ingenious paradox which proves that the hare cannot catch the tortoise, that he incautiously imagined that the swiftest bailiff could not catch him when he had once started. He therefore became self-confident, and ran on wholly indifferent to the speed of the law-functionary. It is almost superfluous to add, that the youth who thought he had logic at his fingers' ends, found that he himself was at the fingers' ends of the bailiff almost immediately.

THE COOK "COOKED."

Now tumbled in the fire, alas!
From out the *frying*-pan,
O'Brien in a *broil* must be,
The vain, ambitious man!

Not satisfied with "cellar" fare,
That knight of "tea and toast"
Has burnt his fingers in the vain
Attempt to *rule the roast!*

A. Soyer.

THE CONDITION OF RAMSGATE.

[FROM THE PUPPET-SHOW COMMISSIONER.]

I arrived here a few days since, and was immediately "drawn" to the hotel where I am now "quartered." You are aware that the only object with which I came to Ramsgate was a deformed gentleman, whose acquaintance I enjoy; but there are so many points connected with the place—not of an epigrammatic nature, for with those you are always well supplied—that I feel it my duty, as a philanthropist and a comic writer, to bring them before your notice, in hopes of benefiting the inhabitants through your medium.

The town is as full as the Puppet-Show Office on the day of publication. I was unable at first to obtain a single bed, although the landlord found means to "accommodate" me (as he sarcastically said) with a couple—one on the coffee-room table, where it would of course have been improper to remain after the usual absurd hour for commencing breakfast; the other on a staircase at the top of the house, where I luxuriated until a loud and disagreeable cry of "all out," which I understand was addressed to the bathers in the sea, served as a hint that it was also time for me to make my egress.

The amusements of Ramsgate I have not been able to discover. Those persons who attempt anything of the sort endeavour to find it in walking past each other and riding on donkies—in attending the libraries, where there are no books, and the reading-rooms, where there are no newspapers. Then in the evening (which begins in Ramsgate several hours earlier than in London) there are concerts at those libraries where there are no books, and where the singers have, unfortunately, only to be heard to be at once appreciated. There is, moreover, a Concert *di camera obscura*, which takes place in the promenade close to that wonderful exhibition. The leader of the band, which executes—that is, murders—all sorts of music, is, we believe, "from Her Majesty's Theatre:" at all events, his playing is quite worthy of Mr. Balfe's orchestra.

If, however, the gentleman is not "from Her Majesty's Theatre," all we can say is, that he forms an extraordinary exception to the musicians generally, both of Ramsgate and of Margate. The orchestra at Tivoli—the orchestra at the Assembly Rooms—the orchestra at Ranelagh—and, as we firmly believe, the execrable and not sufficiently-to-be-despised orchestra of the promenade at Ramsgate, are all composed of persons "from Her Majesty's Theatre." We may be allowed to hope that they will be very far from it the next time we honour Mr. Lumley with a visit.

There appears to be no Progressista party in Ramsgate: no change has taken place in the "entertainments" (as they are facetiously called) at the Libraries for many years past. The comic singers roll their eyes in the same manner, distort their mouths in the same manner, and sing the same "Von horse chay," as they did some dozen years ago. Unfortunately, the "Arab horse" continues to enjoy a popularity more than commensurate with its merits; and the wheel of fortune, with 1897 sixpenny tickets and a single ten-shilling one (which, not having been seen for many years, is looked upon as fabulous by the best authorities), is turned to the same lucrative advantage which it has enjoyed since the last century.

As far as I have been enabled to judge, Ramsgate affords no fair specimens of the literature of the country. The most "eminent writer" is a certain P. Pearce, *Esq.*, who has gained a celebrity as a proprietor of bathing-machines, and who aspires to the reputation of a poet. His abilities, however, do not correspond with his intentions, as may be easily ascertained from a perusal of an extract from his poem on the Siege of Seringapatam, which, as a hack-critic would say, "is to be seen on every bathing-machine in the town."

In one line of this effusion P. H. Pearce, *Esq*, speaks of the walls "groaning beneath the slain," which is evidently intended as a complimentary return to the slain, who had just been groaning beneath the walls.

But the inhabitants seem to be deficient even in orthography. For instance, the word "Prospect" (as any one may observe who has ever been on the promenade) is divided into two syllables, of which the first is formed of the letters Pr—while the latter is composed of o s p e c t. But the most amusing piece of English—I mean Ramsgate—literature is an announcement which states that "for the safety of children and the comfort of others, any person injuring the fence, riding, driving, or leading cattle of any description, cutting turf, or making holes in the promenade, *without permission being had from Mr. J. Wells*, will be prosecuted." Now the first thing which strikes a stranger in reading the above, is the extraordinary habits of persons whom it is necessary to caution against "riding any species of cattle:" then again, how can "cutting turf or making holes in the promenade" interfere with "the safety of children?" And, after all, one is led to infer that by "obtaining permission from Mr. J. Wells" (who, if he be not stricter in other matters than he is with his composition, must be a very easy sort of man), any of the horrible crimes which the public are warned from, may be committed with impunity.

It is made to appear, from the announcements of a "Mutual Protection Society," that Ramsgate is infested by a horde of robbers of the most ferocious description. Some of the inhabitants have formed themselves into an association, of which the object is to guarantee its members against all sorts of outrages, from being stopped against their will in the streets, to housebreaking and murder. The members are certainly very lucky fellows: if any "person or persons" dare to "stop" one of them, a sum of forty shillings is offered for the apprehension and conviction of the miscreant; but those who do not belong to the Society may, it appears, be murdered with impunity, as far as the "mutual" gentlemen are concerned. The Association, moreover, engages to give the value for property lost by its constituents. I subscribed to it on my arrival here, and endeavoured to obtain a repayment of some money which I lost in raffling. The wretches, however, have refused to pay me. I shall, therefore, say nothing more about the place.

P.S.—I was induced to-day to taste one of the gigantic oysters which Ramsgate produces. I am afraid I shall taste it for a month to come.

Good Security.—The *Times* informs us that Mr. John O'Connell makes an appeal to the tail of the moral force faction to agitate for Parliamentary sittings in Ireland. The Showman wishes he may join them and remain faithful; for, like the tethered ass, he may be less injurious if tied to a stump.

A Cabinet Toast.—May no man, by "kicking up a breeze" against the Government, ever succeed in "raising the wind" amongst the people!

An Escaped Lunatic.—If the guardians of Bedlam have missed one of their inmates, they may hear tidings of him by applying at our office, as we have recently met with a gentleman who believes that the funds voted for Ireland went to the poor.

A FEW PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MR. AUGUSTUS PHILIPS.

Chapter IV.—In what State Mr. Augustus Philips finds his Brother.

By the time they had arrived at the Police-Court, the crowd, with that profuse, and, we may even venture to say, unbridled exercise of the imaginative faculties for which crowds are so justly celebrated, had already converted the prisoner into a Chartist emissary, a runaway bankrupt, a foreign spy, and an Irish rebel.

By what process each of these several ideas found its way into the heads of its respective partisans was, and most likely, as is generally the case, ever will be, a profound mystery. Still this state of things was not without its merit, as on the disappearance of the Pilot though the doorway of the Court, it was the cause of an agreeable diversion in the day's proceedings, and tended materially to lessen the *ennui* to which the assembled multitude must, while waiting outside, otherwise inevitably have fallen a victim, by getting up a pugilistic contest, on a most lively scale, between a ticket-porter, in a white smock-frock and a glazed hat, and a fly-driver, distinguished by a yellow neck-handkerchief, a very seedy long great-coat, and a peculiarly hoarse voice; the spark which brought about this social explosion being a slight disagreement as to which of the classes just enumerated the object of their surmises belonged.

On the Pilot being introduced before the magistrate, that functionary, who, in compliance with the maxim that "where there is a doubt it is to be given in favour of the accused," looked upon the Pilot, the instant he saw him, as a miscreant and malefactor by nature, asked him, in a very sarcastic tone, whether he believed that Londoners thought they were going to have it all their own way in that part of the world; and further, whether he imagined that he could insult the Court with impunity, as his appearance there with a cigar in his mouth clearly testified he did.

The Pilot answered that such an idea never entered his head, and immediately removed the offending object, thereby saving the five or six policemen, who constitute the "force" of the place, and who had immediately made a savage rush at him, that trouble.

The magistrate having observed that his victim had better mind how he answered, as there was such a thing as punishment for contempt of Court, then proceeded to hear the evidence.

It was in vain that our young acquaintance urged the aggravation he had endured before committing the assault, his inflexible Minos said that "this attempt to palliate the offence instead of showing contrition, only heightened his guilt in the eyes of every man of proper feeling and loyal sentiments, and tended to impress people with a very bad idea of his, the Pilot's, morals, and that therefore he should inflict a fine of five pounds for each of the five assaults that had been proved against him.

"As regarded the charge of endeavouring to swindle the landlord out of the money for board and lodging, it was very evident that the story about his confederates was a mere fiction got up to serve his own purposes, as the escape of his two companions proved;" adding, with what the Pilot, in his situation, could look on in no other light than as a piece of most cutting irony, that, "not wishing to be more severe than was absolutely necessary, he should only require the payment of the fines, and would defer his judgment regarding the swindling, until such time as the prisoner could procure testimonials of his respectability."

After this effort of judicial eloquence, the worthy magistrate leaned back in his chair and looked very hard at the prisoner, thereby giving him clearly to understand that although the latter, from long experience in the practices of depravity and vice, might be very clever, yet there were men, well known for every public and domestic virtue, who were still more clever than he.

The Pilot now began to feel seriously alarmed. He had not a penny, nor any friend to whom he could apply nearer than London; and unless the money were immediately forthcoming, he could not hope to avoid a nearer acquaintance with the internal architecture of the county jail than he felt at all inclined to make.

"You can't pay, I suppose," said the Solon on the bench. "Officers, take him away!"

Although the Pilot was not of the gentlest nature generally, visions of prison-diet, treadmill exercise, and a concomitant peculiarly short cut of hair, were not without effect upon him.

"If you will only remand me," he said, in a most humble tone, "until I can hear from town, I will discharge the fines and——"

"More than we shall you, I am afraid—ha! ha! ha!" interrupted the magistrate, chuckling extremely at this effort of his wit; an example which, of course, none of the independent officials present followed—certainly not!

In spite of this, the Pilot suppressed his indignation, and was continuing in the same strain, when he suddenly gave a howl which would have done honour to one of Mr. Catlin's Indians, and which caused his judge, who was balancing himself on the hind legs of his chair, to start back with affright and considerably derange his centre of gravity, the effect of which was that he first touched the ground again with the back of his head instead of the soles of his feet, as he had no doubt intended.

At this instant, Mr. Augustus Philips, who had been directed thither, made his appearance.

The first thing that met his astonished view was the worthy magistrate on all threes, if we may so express it—that is, on his knees and one of his hands, the other being applied to the back of his head aforesaid, while his eyes were rivetted with horror on the Pilot, who was kicking and struggling in the hands of five of the six policemen present, and in his shirt and boots, while the sixth detective held his blanket, which had been cast off simultaneously with the emission of the howl that had so terrified the judge, and previously to the performance of some feats of agility, more especially limited to the cutting of capers, which at first sight appeared in the highest degree gratuitous and uncalled for.

This, however, was not the case. In obedience to the magisterial commands, the Pilot had taken his cigar from his mouth; but not wishing to lose it, and forgetful of its state of combustion, had concealed it in the folds of his temporary toga, through which it had slowly but surely eaten itself a passage to a most sensitive part of his body, and caused him to seek relief in those antics which we have merely hinted at in our inability to describe.

It is impossible to say how long the Pilot might have persevered in his extraordinary exercises had he not perceived his brother Augustus.

The effect was instantaneous. With the blandest manner in the world, the prisoner turned to the magistrate, who had now recovered his usual position, and informed him that the presence of a beloved relative would enable him to meet those claims which the justice of his country made upon him; then addressing Augustus, he explained to him how matters stood, and requested him to advance the money for discharge of the fines, as likewise for the settlement of the account of himself and friends at the inn.

Mr. Augustus Philips had at first thought the scene very comical: at present, he looked on it in rather a different light, and at eight o'clock the same evening returned, with a heavy heart, an empty purse, and the Pilot in a new suit of clothes, to London, instead of enjoying a pleasant residence of a week or ten days at the sea-side—a memorable example of the delusiveness of human hope. This was the cause of his walking so mournfully in the enclosure of St. James's Park, and of the adventure which then and there befel him.

A Medical Opinion.—A medical student informs us that we need never fear an invasion from the French, because *Dover's* powder would throw them into a fearful perspiration.

SERGEANT ADAMS AND LORD A. RUSSELL'S DOGS.

At the Middlesex petty-sessions, three individuals were lately brought up for having been concerned in the robbery of three bloodhounds belonging to Lord A. Russell.

Mr. Bodkin, who appeared for the prosecution, demanded to have the trial postponed, on the ground that the principal witness, one of Lord A. Russell's grooms, was in attendance on his noble master in Scotland.

With that affability for which he is so distinguished, Mr. Sergeant Adams immediately granted the request, and remanded the prisoners until the October Sessions. Of course, if the witness in question cannot then make it convenient to come up to town, they will be again remanded, and the process be repeated until he can.

This is a case which the Showman feels great pleasure in making public; with honest pride he calls attention to the strict impartiality with which Mr. Sergeant Adams administers justice. With him the maxim that "there is but one law for the rich and the poor," is indeed a reality. Here we have three men accused by an individual in humble life—a groom—in the service of Lord A. Russell, it is true, but that does not, of course, influence Mr. Sergeant Adams in the least; this groom cannot attend, and therefore the prisoners are remanded till he can. Mr. Sergeant Adams has no idea of letting the ends of justice be defeated, and if Lord A. Russell were to take it in his head to make a short trip to Constantinople or New York, or a voyage of discovery to the North Pole, on his departure from Scotland, taking his groom with him, the three accused would be locked up until his return. They might perhaps be innocent, and thus suffer two or three years' unmerited imprisonment; or if Lord A. Russell choose to settle down as a colonist, still retaining his groom, they might linger out their lives in one long captivity; but what of that, it is better that the innocent should suffer than that the guilty should escape.

There might, perhaps, be some objection to this mode of proceeding were it not universal; but who can entertain the least doubt that the favour thus granted to the poor groom of Lord A. Russell—but that, as before observed, has no weight in the matter—will of course not be refused to others, and consequently when some scion of aristocracy is brought up for assaulting or ill-treating a working man, or insulting a defenceless female whose occupations may render his or her absence for a few months requisite, the aristocratic criminal will be locked up, despite of his noble birth, till his lowly prosecutor can return to bear witness against him.

How totally void of foundation, then, is the cry of some evil-minded persons, that in England respect is shown to wealth and rank; in this case we have a direct proof of the contrary, and instead of their being any truth in the assertion that justice is going to the dogs, here we have her coming direct from them—and Mr. Sergeant Adams.

"The Absurd of all Observers."—A week or two since the *Observer* took upon itself to review Talfourd's "Final Memorials of Charles Lamb," and a very wishy-washy namby-pamby article was of course the result. In it we were told that many of Charles Lamb's "most cherished pieces are already forgotten." Charles Lamb's writings forgotten!—by whom, we should like to know, except the *Observer* critic, whose ignorance of English literature is so barefaced, that he does n't even know the author of "Cooper's Hill," a poem that excited the admiration of both Dryden and Pope, and which has been commended by every essayist on English poetry. The *Observer* critic speaks of George Dyer "as the author of a piece named 'Cooper's Hill,' to be found set forth at length in 'Enfield's Speaker.'" In the first place, the poem of "Cooper's Hill" was written by Sir John Denham; and secondly, it was never published in "Enfield's Speaker." Two absurd blunders, sufficient, we should say, to disqualify this ignorant man from writing criticism again in any newspaper in the United Kingdom—excepting the *Observer*.

Q. What distinguished "knight of the hammer" best represents a "Ragged School?"

A. Tatters-all.

"ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO!"

We had just been perusing the *Book of Snobs*, when we dropped on the following advertisement in the *Yorkshire Gazette* of the 16th inst.:—

LOST, at or near the Railway Station, on Wednesday afternoon week, a BUNCH of SEALS, together with a GOLD PENCIL-CASE, and a WATCH-KEY. One of the Seals was a Transparent Pebble, with three sides, having on one side the *Crest* of *George Hudson, Esq., M.P.*; on another the initials of "*E. H.*;" and on the third side the *Arms of the families of Hudson and Nicholson!!!*

A Handsome Reward will be given to any person who, having found the same, shall place them in charge of the Publisher of this Paper.

We are always obliged to anybody who teaches us something that we did not know before, and therefore hail with gratitude the information that Hudson has a crest. We perceive that the cock is not the only bird which wears a crest, but that humbler winged animals enjoy the same appendage.

How did Hudson derive the crest—from his father the labourer, or his master the linen-draper? Is his name on the roll of Battle Abbey, or only on the roll of huckaback which adorned his shop? Did he gain his honours with difficulty, or are they so abundant that he possesses them—by the yard?

And then, how aristocratic the announcement, that the third side of the seal bears the arms of the families of "Hudson *and* Nicholson!" We are positively awed by so much greatness! for of course the armorial bearings of the great Baron Nicholson are those alluded to; or are the arms only those of Nicholson the ostler—Mrs. Hudson's respected parent—who lords it over the vassals of the *Garrick's Head!*

We have now viewed this singular announcement about "arms" in all its "bearings," and pronounce it one of the best instances of snobbism that ever excited our ridicule. We perceive that a "handsome reward" is offered to any one who finds the arms. Is this a hint to the heralds, and can it be possible that the story about the lost seal is an ingenious gag?

However, as the advertisement does not tell the finder how to know the arms, we furnish them, as follows:—

"The crest—a quartern oat-scuttle, impaled on a yard-wand proper. The motto—'Measure for measure.'"

A FEW WORDS TO FORTUNATE SPECULATORS.

In the present day society is full of lucky railroad and other speculators, quondam little tradesmen, with their wives and families, who have been suddenly raised from a state of comparative poverty to one of affluence.

Such people wish to be thought very fashionable; their early education, however, having been neglected, they present us with a curious medley of sparkling jewellery and bad grammar, rustling silks and vulgar expressions, fine linen and coarse mistakes. The Showman recommends, in consequence, with all due delicacy, the following facts to their consideration:—

1. That the expression *it's I* is quite as euphonious, and decidedly more grammatical, than *it's me*. Prepositions, however, have a natural repugnance to be followed by a nominative, and therefore, *between you and I* is not to be preferred to *between you and me*.

2. That *they is* is decidedly incorrect, as is likewise *them as wishes*.

3. That the word *hereditary* has the accent on the second syllable, thus, *heréditary*, and is on no account to be pronounced *heredit-ary*.

4. That the expressions *I'm that tired, he's that hungry*, are by no means elegant ones, but savour strongly of provincialism of the worst class.

5. That it is not indispensably requisite to subjoin the word *wine* when speaking of *sherry*; on the contrary, competent judges deem it more elegant to omit it.

6. That the words *mushroom* and *umbrella* are words of two syllables, and that therefore it is not correct to say *musheroom, umberella*.

7. That the principal part of a lady's dress is a *gown*, and not a *gownd*; while in choosing between the two words *chimney* and *chimbley* the former is to be preferred.

THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE *OVER* DIFFICULTIES.

THE PURSUIT OF THE POLKA UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

My home is Norwood, on the Surrey range of hills my dwelling stands,
Far removed from what a Fast Man's life hilarious most demands.

"Home! sweet home!" 't was nice to hear thee, sung by Vestris long ago,
That was certain to endear thee, even if that home was slow.

But like many other blessings, in this pleasant world of ours,
Home "ad libitum" indulged in, quickly on the palate sours.

Dancing I am fond of, but the neighbours round, a shady set,
Vote the Polka quite indecent, so a pretty chance I get.

Surely, therefore, none would blame me, e'en were I inclined to roam,
Since my parents take such care to keep myself their son at home.

Every day I read the papers, double supplement and all,
Envying, since I can no better, every snob that "does" Vauxhall.

See, what's this! why Cremorne's open! Laurent's band—the thought's [sublime;
Ends, too, at half-past eleven; I'll be back in decent time.

Thinking thus, I, wicked sinner! wrote a note polite and small,
Asking myself out to dinner with some friend apocryphal.

Then, not without fear and trembling, I in boat and railroad trust,
Lest to punish my dissembling trains should smash, or "boilers burst."

Cremorne gained, I need not mention orchestra and lamp-gemmed lawns—
Sounds fantastic toes inviting, "Charles" and whitebait, punch and prawns.

This remark I can't help making, not that, stingy, I repine,
Yet '*t is* odd the predilection Gallic damsels have for wine.

Ask the modest Anglo-Saxon, she'll prefer, if tired or warm
From the *Deux-temps'* dear distraction, Bass or Barclay's blissful balm.

Dancing over, out I mizzle, calling for a cabman bold;
Rain had just begun to drizzle, and 't was getting rather cold.

Off like lightning! but, like weather, such a pace could never last;
As we gained the hill of Balham, rained it hard and stuck we fast.

Spite my oaths and cabby's blows, the tired brute refused to budge—
Force, persuasion, unavailing, three miles homeward I'd to trudge.

When at last the house I entered, jaded, muddy, far from dry,
I foresaw the storm internal would the outer one outvie.

"This the time you come from dinner"—"two o'clock, as I 'm alive,"
Spoke my Pa' in accents wrathful; "thus to worry me you strive."

"Ne'er again," resumed the Gov'n'r, "shall you keep such hours as these,
Learning all that's bad and vicious—now don't answer, if you please."

Thus debarred from telling any monstrous falsehood in defence,
Light in hand, to bed I bolted—type of injured innocence.

Ne'er again in night cab's cattle will I trust to go in haste,
Lest I once more a victim fall to a confidence misplaced!

IRELAND AGRICULTURALLY CONSIDERED.

The farms being very small, and admitting of no division of labour are necessarily *roodly* cultivated. There is no rotation of crops, which brings the people to a stand-still, whilst their poverty deprives them of the proper necessaries of husbandry, which is equally felt by the wives. Drainage is very little known, except by the O'Connell's from the pockets of the poor. The land, like the clothes of the peasantry, consists of miserable patches, which being soon cultivated, leaves the latter in bad habits. They smoke their weeds, instead of cutting them down round their farms, and even at the proper time the harvesting of potatoes is sometimes neglected, which is *radically* wrong. Four-fifths of them are dependent on the soil, which perhaps causes their damaged condition. The larger parcels of land are all tied up, and no one knows when they 'll be opened. The rents of their farms are as bad as those of their stockings—the former going to rack, and the latter to ruin. The landlords sometimes make up the rents by seizing the crops, but this only *sews* discontent, instead of repairing the breach. The small holders have a great many bairns, but very few barns, so that the corn and the children are sometimes thrashed on the public roads simultaneously. The middle-men have little interest in their welfare, being frequently void of principle, and their craft altogether is a bad one, in humble imitation of their priests.

A Decided Improvement.—The Bey of Tunis has lately given £400, besides other rewards, to a Tunisian gentleman for writing a poem in his honour. Poets and authors would soon move down from their attics were all recompensed by such *beys* as this one.

Some one named Donovan a "phrenslogist," advertises that the will engage at a days notice, clerks &c., of *superior organization of brains*, for those who want them. We hope those persons will be consulted at the formation of the next cabinet, as there may then be a chance of a small supply of brain in the heads of the government.

A Needle-*ss* Observation.—The common *sewers* of London are represented as being in a dreadfully bad state. This we believe to be a fact, and one to which some hundreds of poor shirt-makers can bear ample testimony.

At the Norwich Musical Festival the Duke of Cambridge paid particular attention to the score of Elijah, which he held in his hand. This is more than can be said of some of his late royal brothers, who were rather celebrated for *neglecting scores*. But then, they were not scores that involved "sweet sounds."

An old naval officer, who signs himself "a Blue in the Camperdown action," tells the *Times* that "he has been looking for the long-promised war medal." We fear it will be some time before the Government will *meddle* with the affair, and we think also that the old "Blue" ought rather to have assumed the signature of a "green" expectant.

Case of Destitution.—Mr. John O'Connell, feeling himself rejected by his friends, intends joining the agitation for Triennial Parliament, as he is willing to *try any hall* confederation rather than none at all.

The *Times* (sarcastically) remarks, that France is to be the model for the reconstruction of the world. If they intend shaping it differently, we hope they will make "all square."

A Cure for the Cholera.—As this disease is characterized by great depression of the nervous system, the jokes of the Puppet-Show will be found the best remedy!!!

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Impromptu.—Declined, with thanks.

London: Printed by William Dover, of No. 105 Blackfriars Road, in the County of Surrey, at the Office of Vizetelly Brothers and Co. Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and published by the said William Dover at the Office of the Puppet-Show, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, in the parish of St. Paul, in the City of Westminster.

THE SHOWMAN'S TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

No. II.—THE DRUNKARD REFORMED.

TIMOTHY O'BEERY was a labouring man who occupied himself during six days of the week in gaining money, and one night in spending it. His wages were thirty shillings per week, and his liquor was whisky, in which fiery spirit his whole affections were centered. He had no relations and no friends, for during the one night which was devoted to the spending of his weekly earnings—and for the time, as he often remarked, he lived at the rate of six hundred a-year—during this period he recognised none of his acquaintances, but invariably "kept himself (and his whisky) to himself."

It may be argued, from this fact, that O'Beery was a selfish man. But, no! for the motive which prevented him from offering the poisonous alcohol to his associates was purely a benevolent one; he was not the man to nurture an odious vice in others which he was unable to extinguish in himself. And there were moments when O'Beery felt convinced of the sin of drunkenness, and cursed the day when the first noggin was raised to his lips. Often on the Sunday morning, with his tongue parched, his hands dry and feverish, his stomach debilitated, and his head splitting, would he confess the folly, the more than folly, of imbibing intoxicating liquors, and then he would be visited with horrible statistics and terrific deductions.

For O'Beery had been twenty years in full employment, and during that period had expended one pound out of each week's wages in obtaining spirituous consolation. His means, then, enabled him to consume forty goes of whisky (at sixpence per go) on each of those nights which he devoted to drunkenness. And, accordingly, we find that in the course of the year he mopped up, swallowed, and imbibed 2,080 goes of whisky, either "cold without," or "warm with." Multiplying the above result by twenty, for the number of years during which he had pursued his evil ways, we arrive at the stupendous conclusion, that during the whole of his drunken career Mr. Timothy O'Beery had consumed the enormous, disgusting, and incredible-if-not-mentioned-in-the-PUPPET-SHOW amount of 41,600 goes, averaging something more than half-a-quartern each! In order to indulge in this beastly luxury, he had actually spent the sum of £1,040, the amount which any of our readers will have to pay who goes into a tavern and orders 41,600 goes of whisky.

We have already stated that at the period at which our narrative commences O'Beery had been drinking for twenty years; he continued to do so for six months longer, thus incurring an additional expense of twenty-six pounds, when an event occurred which produced an indelible impression on his mind—we mean on that remnant of a mind which alcohol had not deprived him of.

It was a Saturday night, and O'Beery was reeling drunk somewhat before the time at which he usually became so. He had swallowed his thirty-eighth go, and had issued forth into the street in hopes that his heated brow might be somewhat cooled by the night air. He wandered about for some minutes without knowing whither he went, until attracted by a large building, which bore the appearance of a gin-palace; he entered, and, throwing down his remaining shilling, called for the two goes of whisky which were still necessary for the completion of that condition into which he was already so far advanced. He returned home in a state of whisky and of unconsciousness; to open the street-door, fall up stairs half-a-dozen times, tear his clothes off, roll into bed, give one groan, two grunts, and three sneezes, was but the work of three-quarters of an hour, when O'Beery fell into a deep and drunken sleep. He awoke the next morning with his tongue like a board, his breath like fire, his brain like heated coals, and his face like Paul Bedford's.

Mr. O'Beery rose with the moon, and commenced dressing himself. Having occasion to use his *mouchoir*, he inserted his hand in the pocket of his coat in order to draw it forth. The handkerchief was there, and with it a book which he immediately opened, and (after spelling the words carefully) discovered to have some reference to a savings' bank in the neighbourhood. He turned over the pages with a mad excitement which he could scarcely explain (for he was very seedy from the effects of the previous night's debauch), when the figure 1 in the second column of the £ s. d. department caught his bloodshot eye. His hand shook violently, partly from a certain nervousness caused by drink, partly from a wild anxiety as to the meaning of the mysterious figure 1, so that for some seconds he was utterly unable to solve the enigma. At length, however, he discovered that the bank was debtor to some fortunate individual in the amount of one shilling; and, actuated by some strange impulse, he set out in the direction of the establishment from which the inexplicable book had been issued, in order at once to set his mind at rest on the subject. Arrived at the bank, an insurmountable obstacle presented itself—the bank was closed, for the day was Sunday. O'Beery returned home, retired to rest, and passed a night of anxiety, but not of sleep.

When the bank opened on Monday morning, Mr. Timothy O'Beery had been waiting half an hour at the portal, in feverish expectation of the event. He rushed towards the chief clerk, and, laying down the book before him, gasped nervously, while awaiting his explanation. A few minutes served to inform him that he had entered the establishment at a late hour on Saturday night, and, depositing a shilling on the counter, had insisted on being supplied with two goes of whisky; that the clerk had benevolently taken the shilling and had put it down to the drunkard's account; that the drunkard had been conducted in an unconscious state into the street; and that if the money which the drunkard had been in the habit of spending in liquor had been placed in the hands of the said clerk, the said drunkard would have been at that time a Dives on a small scale.

Mr. Timothy O'Beery went home a sober and a wiser man. The little episode in his Saturday night's adventures had produced an alteration in his character and tastes. He abandoned whisky entirely; in short

"Nothing of him but did suffer some watery change."

On Saturday he was a drunken beast; on Monday he was a reasonable being.

A SETTLEMENT IN FULL.—To the numerous parties concerned much satisfaction has recently been communicated by an intimation that during the ensuing session a bill will be brought into Parliament, extending the application of the Act of *Settlement* to the debts of the Duke of York, the accounts of Mr. Alderman Gibbs, and the family feuds of the Brothers Berkeley.

"WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES."—Powell the carpenter, seeing that Chartism had become very much *disjointed* since the 10th of April, and imagining that there would soon be a *screw loose*, resolved upon having some of its members *nailed*, and, for this purpose, sought an engagement with a well-known Whig *cabinet-maker*.

THE SEES OF ASAPH AND BANGOR.—Mr. Hudson wishes to know how any person could have imagined that Bangor could be joined to the Sea of Asof, which is so far distant from it.

GUNPOWDER *versus* THE PRIMER.—It was stated, in the report of a meeting at the Chartist Hall some time ago, that the Chartists had resolved upon establishing a school for the purpose of instructing youth in the *true* principles of Chartism. If we are to judge them by their recent proceedings, the schoolmaster's chief duty will be to "teach the young idea how to shoot."

THE SHOWMAN'S VISIT TO THE WALHALLA.

A SHORT time since the SHOWMAN proceeded in his Brougham, and a very good humour, at half-past eight, P.M., and the express wish of Mr. Richard Pridmore, to Leicester Square, and a private view of the Walhalla, now favourably known to the public as the *Salle de Valentino.*

On alighting—and the pavement in front of the entrance—he found in the first place a large crowd of spectators assembled; and in the next, considerable difficulty in making his way through them, as he was immediately recognised and enthusiastically cheered. Several persons carried their enthusiasm for his talent to such a pitch that they were desirous of obtaining some relic in remembrance of him; and one gentleman in particular, remarkable for his warmth of feeling, made an attempt to obtain his watch: the SHOWMAN, however, declined acceding to his wish, for fear of evincing any undue partiality, and contented himself with confiding his admirer to the care of a policeman, thinking it dangerous to allow him to remain at large in the excited condition he then was.

Having passed the entrance, the SHOWMAN proceeded to lose his way among objects of the most varied description—chairs, tables, hammers, chandeliers, bricks, dusters, tenpenny nails, and a large pay-box, covered with red cloth, and stowed away in a corner, for all the world like a common portmanteau. Having happily steered clear of all these Scyllas and Charybdises of practical life, the SHOWMAN at last attained the landing-place, where he was received with marked respect, and two other gentlemen who had come in after him. On his presenting his card of invitation one of the attendants observed "that's the ticket," and pointed him out the way he should go, from which the SHOWMAN took especial care not to depart, for fear of falling into similar difficulties to those he had just escaped.

On reaching the ball-room, the SHOWMAN immediately proceeded to take a seat, and also copious notes of the whole proceedings.

The *Salle de Danse* is a most noble place; large, lofty, well ventilated, and beautifully decorated. To make an atrocious pun, remarkable for nothing but its truth, the decorator, *Hurwitz*, must certainly have had *his wits* about him while planning and carrying out his designs.

Among the other embellishments, a long table running down the centre of the noble apartment seemed to attract in an especial manner the attention of the "gentlemen of the press!" it is but fair to state, that this table was laid out for supper, and covered with every possible delicacy—sufficient indeed to have supplied Mr. Cochrane himself with the virtue of the same name, and made a modest man of him for the next three years.

"That's a pretty moulding," observed one gentleman.

"What, round the ceiling?" replied a second, looking upwards.

"No, round that raised pie," said the first. Indeed, to his great sorrow, the SHOWMAN observed that while walking up and down pretending to admire the arrangements of the *Casino*, the majority of those present cast furtive glances, which, unlike angels' visits, were anything but "few or far between," at the supper table; and one gentleman, possessed of a frightful obliquity of vision, was evidently the object of much envious feeling on account of his being enabled, without fear of detection, to regard the arrangements for the banquet, and select beforehand the best place at the table.

During the repast, the expressions "excellent," "superb," "divine," were heard on every side. At first the SHOWMAN was at a loss to determine whether these were applied to the viands or the decorations, but the commendatory notices which have since appeared in the various papers prove that they were applied to the latter.

At a late, or rather an early, hour the company—with the exception of one or two, who evinced a decided preference for remaining on the floor—retired, with every wish for the success of the enterprise; a consummation that cannot fail to be accomplished if the proprietor will only prevail on the two or three gentlemen with the very glossy hats, who were there on the night in question, to frequent the *Salle de Valentino* every evening, as nothing will then be able to "take the shine out of it."

SHAMEFUL HOAX.—Last week some inhuman wag wrote to Lord John Russell informing him that Mr. Chisholm Anstey had been afflicted with lock-jaw. Lord John, who was at dinner when the message arrived, drank an extra bottle of claret in consequence of the good news, and had just written a congratulatory epistle to Mr. Shaw Lefevre, when he ascertained that he had been the victim of a base deception. The name of the miscreant has not yet transpired. We suspect Mr. Di-r-e-i.

A RED REPUBLICAN—Louis Blanc with the scarlet fever.

STRANGE MODERATION.—At a period like the present, celebrated for violent language of every description, it is really quite refreshing to find any one still using a quiet and gentlemanly tone. This was forcibly impressed on us the other day in an account of some action in which "the troops were said to be much *annoyed* by the enemy's artillery," which had been raining destruction on them for the last hour. By the way, we should like to know when they would be *disgusted.*

BLOODHOUND.—For SALE, the services of a BLOODHOUND, of the purest Scotland-yard breed, perfectly docile, highly intelligent, and warranted to betray its friends or benefactors without fail: answers to the name of Powell. May be seen, between the hours of 10 and 6, at the Central Criminal Court, Old Bailey. No Chartists need apply.

OUR LEADER.

THE CHARTIST TRIALS.

SUCH is the contemptible nature of the Whig Ministry, that it cannot accomplish even a reputable object by decent means. They defend the constitution, it is true, but their weapon is dirt. They hit foul blows in a good cause, and excite the disgust of those for whose benefit they triumph. We have always been of opinion that the Chartists ought to be put down, but we decidedly object to its being done by the instrumentality of Powell, the approver in the trials.

Powell appears to have been recommended to the Government chiefly by the fact that he was an accomplished rascal. The Whigs put down thimblerigging; but in this case they have made the *amende* by employing a thimblerigger. As sweeps fight with soot, they war with ruffianism.

Respectability of character is the best guarantee of honesty of testimony; yet in this case the principal witness on the side of Our Lady the Queen is a man distinctly proved to have been a blasphemer in language, a swindler by profession, a scoundrel in morals, and so systematically false in every way as to have obtained the *soubriquet* of "Lying Tom," by which he is as well known as Lord John Russell by *his* nickname of "Finality Jack." He ("Lying Tom," we mean) insinuated himself into the confidence of the Chartists, inveigled the unwary, encouraged the seditious, and excited the hesitating, looking forward all the while with eager devotion to the blood-money with which congenial Whiggism was to reward his every footstep in the cause of treachery and crime. There is a fine impudence in the statement that "Lying Tom" was guided solely by a regard for the public good. Considering that now-a-days nobody gives even statesmen credit for perfect disinterestedness, it is amusing to see it claimed for a liar, a rascal, and a spy. We wish the Whigs joy of their new ally. "Birds of a feather," &c.; and it may be consoling to them in their present deserted position to reflect that they are honoured by the alliance of "Lying Tom."

Of the way in which the trial has been conducted by the legal functionaries, everybody will say that Justice Erle has been singularly moderate and impartial; but there are few who will not blame the malignant hostility of the Attorney-General, who appears to have revived the brutality of Coke, and only forgotten his law. We are surprised to see Mr. Kenealey identify himself so prominently with the ruffians of rebellion. It is dishonourable to his talents, which are good, and his acquirements, which are known to be great. Does there not linger in his classical memory a remembrance of the Roman statesman who was blamed for comporting himself as if he were *in republicâ Platonis* instead of *in fæce Romuli?* He may depend upon it, that when talent mingles with the dregs of the populace, the effect is not to elevate the dregs, but to degrade the talent.

Mr. Ballantine, however, comes best out of the affair. He has displayed the most acute sagacity and the most accurate judgment, and has elevated his reputation from that of an able barrister to the higher one of a judicious politician, and a straightforward, sincere man.

On the whole, we can but praise the determination to put down rebellion evinced by Government, and regret that on this important occasion they should have dishonoured the holiness of their intentions by the vulgar viceness of their means.

PINS & NEEDLES.

We are frequently informed that the soldiers in Ireland go out in *scouring* parties. Should they fall in with Archbishop M'Hale, a little soap to that gentleman's conscience would be an improvement.

A new invention, called the "Organic Vibrator," is advertised by S. and B. Solomons, which, when adapted to the ear, has the property of rendering any voice audible. If it would enable Mr. Chisholm Anstey to hear the voice of reason, the invention would be a national advantage.

As the Irish rebel leaders consider themselves of great persuasive powers, might they not escape from prison by attempting to convince the turnkey that "an empty house is better than a bad tenant?"

At Brussels there is a Congress sitting to put down war. Their success against warriors has been small, confirming what the Roman poet said—*impar congressus Achilli!*

Feargus O'Connor stated at a meeting in Nottingham, that the Government had not caught the "old fox" yet, meaning thereby himself. There is no occasion to try, for his recent proceedings prove he is going to the "dogs" of his own accord.

O'Connor also boasted that Government would give any sum for his head. In case of their purchasing the article, we should advise them to take it without the brains.

The Chartists say that Feargus O'Connor is beyond all praise. In respectable circles, he is so far beyond it that it never reaches him.

One of the Irish rebel leaders complains that he is very harshly treated by his masters of the English Government, because, in his situation, "no followers are allowed."

The heat in Paris has lately been very "oppressive." We hope this will not continue to be the case, or we shall have the brave citizens rising again in the cause of Liberty.

The Clerkenwell Chartists are constantly told that they shall soon be "as free as the air they breathe." When we consider that not a particle of the air which they breathe is free from some sort of impurity, we cannot look upon the simile as either a happy or a complimentary one.

A provincial paper speaks of Mr. Webster having "assumed" a certain character to perfection. Our contemporary is probably aware that assumption is a thing for which our legitimate friend is quite notorious.

One of the Irish journals lately spoke of Lord John Russell's imposing appearance. The Premier, then, affords a strange instance in which a man's character may be discerned from his looks!

Every one is astonished at the consistency with which the *Morning Chronicle* supports Sir Robert Peel. We believe an explanation may be found in the fact that Sir Robert Peel supports the *Morning Chronicle*.

After all, the *Chronicle* can scarcely support Sir Robert with consistency; for, in order to back his views, it must be continually contradicting itself.

Nevertheless, the *Chronicle* ought to possess a good deal of consistency, for it is sometimes exceedingly dense.

A Dubious Character.—An American informs us that Sir Charles Wood of the Exchequer would never be thought capable of telling the truth in the United States, as whenever he began a sentence with "*I calculate*," no one would believe him.

Erratum.—It is written by some lexicographer that a treasury is the repository for anything valuable. As Lord John Russell, however, is the first lord of the British one, it is an error which we consider it our duty to correct.

POISONING AND PAUPERISM.

A MODERN SKETCH.

Dithyrambic.

I.

* * * * *

The child to the white straw-pallet slips,
The angel of sleep puts his seal on its lips;
In another minute a breathing low,
And over the cheek a warmer glow,
Shows that the tender care-worn thing
Sleep's quietly under the dark night's wing.

II.

See, through the shade a sombre figure glide,
And, lightly moving, come to the bed-side—
The mother there is kneeling,
She does not kneel to pray;
The parent's hand is stealing
The offspring's life away.
She touches the infant. "Wake up, wake up,
I have brought thee a draught in this pretty cup."
No draught can cause one, made however strong,
To sleep more soundly, or to sleep so long!

III.

In a pauper's coffin the body is thrust,
(Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust!)
A bunch of dirty shavings is laid
To keep up the globe whence the thought has fled,
And the dark raven screams from overhead
The only wail that is heard for the dead!

IV.

Say, does the steeple death-bell toll
A knell of respect for the parted soul?
"The steeple death-bell!" Who, I pray,
For a pauper's death-bell is going to pay?
He is not like those, who, when fate takes their breath,
Go off in a kind of respectable death!

V.

Two paupers carry a seedy pall,
The coffin is borne, by a white-washed wall,
To that bleak part of the churchyard ground,
Where the muddiest, dreariest earth is found.
"Bear it along, boys; steady, steady,
The perfumed parson is nearly ready!"

VI.

Thus, in a land among all men renowned
As "merry England," poisoners are found
To set up colonies in village scenes,
Death their subsistence, arsenic their means;
While fools who rule the land stand calmly by,
And no tear rises in the rich man's eye.

The patriotic Mrs. Cuffey—the Chartist washerwoman *par excellence*—might have rested satisfied that the Government would "peg" away at poor Cuffey and the "Convention" without mercy. All she has to do is to "prop" her husband up in difficulty. He had better have confined himself to *her* "line," instead of getting into the line he has. Had Cuffey, like his industrious "better" half, handled the warm *box-iron* instead of advocating *cold steel*, or mangled linen instead of politics, his domestic happiness might not have been prejudiced.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

Exquisite—"Now, my good Lumps, you must not bother me with those stupid accounts; the season's over, and you know it's not fashionable to stop in town."

Three Throws-a-penny Man—"Vell, Bill, me and my family's off to the sea-side, vere ve intends follerin our purfessional occipations and combining business with amusement!"

ADVERTISERS EXTRAORDINARY.

It is highly amusing to peruse the numerous advertisements in the *Times*, many of which contain an amount of ignorance and impudence scarcely to be credited. We will take a few as examples:—

First, we find "Apartments furnished with an *extra-sized* bed-room"—intended, we presume, for "children of a larger growth," such as Lablache. An *extra*-sized bed-room is certainly as rare as the eminent primo-basso.

Next, a "snip," in advertising for a "brother snip," thus expresses himself:—"Wanted a man [query, a *ninth* part of a man?] as captain in a work-shop. He must be capable of assisting in the cutting-room when required, *and of cutting occasionally.*" We should say that the captain's "cutting occasionally" would be unquestionable—perhaps every Monday, when operatives generally consider themselves privileged to go holiday making.

Next is to be found a coal merchant, who puffs off his "Best Screened Walls-end." This shows, at least, that the coals are not without fault, for, if perfectly good, they would not require *screening!*

In the publication department figures a publisher advertising the "Monumental Brasses of England." Whether in these is included the statue of George IV. in Trafalgar Square, we know not, but so *brazen* a specimen certainly merits notice. Indeed, it is scarcely likely to be forgotten by the British public. With respect to the "living *Brasses* of England," a reference to the present House of Commons will furnish dozens.

One advertiser, not very flatteringly, addresses himself to "Black Job-masters." He might as well have explained the trade of the Black Jobbers in question, for such is the variety of *black jobs* practised in these days, that people requiring a "perpetrator" of such ought to define their wants more clearly.

Word and Deed.—The Chartists, during their little effervescence, appropriately enough chose "Justice" as their pass-word, for by it they were passed into prison.

A Picture of Distress—One sold at "Stowe."

Bad News.—We see that the cholera has arrived at Hull. This is bad, for it is such a disgusting place that the disease, of course, will leave it at once and come up to town.

Singularly Appropriate.—The new Lord Mayor, being a spectacle-maker, began business last Saturday by making a spectacle—and a very ridiculous one too—of himself in his gilt waggon.

Feargus O'Connor pretends that he thinks nothing of the power of the Government. We are afraid that when he finds himself in prison he will think a good deal of it.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Handbook to Political "Turning," by Sir R. Peel, "Spinner."

The Bankruptcy and Insolvent "Court" Guide . . . . . ,, The Author of *Mysteries* of London.

The "Bitter Rhetorician;" being a Sequel to the "English Speaker" ,, Mr. Disraeli.

"A Week in Dublin;" being a complete History of "all Ireland" ,, The English Premier.

A Treatise on the Growth of the Hair . ,, Messrs. Muntz and Sibthorpe.

Hints on the Liberty of the Press . . ,, An Irish "Felon."

The French Revolution—Magnified and Distorted . . . . . ,, Percy St. John.

"The Idler;" a Monster Volume of Speeches . . . . . ,, Mr. Chisholm Anstey.

How to Twist Statistics for Special Purposes . . . . . ,, Mr. J. Wilson.

Quakerism and Quackery . . . . . ,, Mr. J. Bright.

Peel, Politics, and Pie-crust; or, "Broken Vows" . . . . . ,, A Protectionist.

"Figures not Facts" . . . . . ,, The Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Screw Steam-vessels *versus* Admiralty Screws . . . . . ,, Lord Auckland.

"Cuff-eyana;" or, a *Slap* at Chartism . ,, Benjamin Caunt.

JACK IN THE BOX!

AN ANTICIPATED EPISODE OF THE IRISH TRIALS.

A FEW PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MR. AUGUSTUS PHILIPS.

Chapter V.—How Mr. Augustus Philips pays a Visit to two old Friends.

Long and silently had Mr. Augustus Philips continued his promenade, totally regardless of all around him, his mind boiling over with gall, or struggling with despair, according as he happened to think of the sum the Pilot's adventure had cost him, or to recollect that he had not at that moment a sixpence left, and that it would be weeks before he touched his next quarter's income. It is true that he had written to a most particular friend for the loan of £10; but all assistance from that quarter was more than apocryphal.

"What is life, after all!" said Mr. Augustus Philips, being for the moment in his savage mood. "A bitter mockery—a—a—manufactory of delusive hopes, destined to burst like so many—" "Like so many moral grenades," added he, after a pause, "carrying destruction and havoc into the hearts of all around. The world is merely a collection of debtors and creditors," continued he, in the same strain, and thinking most probably of his bootmaker, who had confidentially informed him, the same morning, that he had a large amount to make up, and should feel obliged by the settlement of his small account—"of debtors and creditors, in which the latter enjoy, unfortunately, an awful preponderance. It is enough to—to—to—" and not being able apparently to find a conclusion for his sentence sufficiently clenching, he contented himself by ejaculating the monosyllable "ah," in a tone of concentrated disgust, and giving himself two or three sharp knocks on the breast.

His progress was now arrested by a number of persons, of all ages, looking with intense anxiety at a small specimen of humanity, in a large straw hat and a short frock, feeding the swans. He was on the point of passing them, with a bitter smile, when he suddenly stopt short at the sight of a good-natured looking old gentleman, in a blue coat with brass buttons, a white hat, a pair of nankeen trowsers, and, though last not least, with a beautiful girl of about nineteen leaning upon his arm.

In spite of all his efforts, Mr. Augustus Philips felt rivetted to the spot. "Pshaw," thought he, "there are plenty more as beautiful as she. Besides, would she, or any other of her fickle and interested sex, care for a man who has not even a sixpence in his pocket? Ha! ha! ha!" whereupon he laughed internally very sarcastically, and walked on.

Having given this convincing proof of his mastery over himself, he proceeded exactly forty paces, and then walked back again, taking up his position on the bank, and forthwith sedulously employed himself in admiring the graceful form and fair expressive face, shaded by a number of glossy *blonde* ringlets, of the nankeened old gentleman's companion.

While he was thus engaged, the young lady herself looked up, and observed his eyes intently fixed upon her; on which she instantly looked away again and blushed deeply—an example which Mr. Philips immediately followed.

"A regular flirt," muttered he, rather inclined to get up a quarrel with himself. "As hollow as a lamp-post, no doubt. Well, I shall go."

"And with his head over his shoulder turned,"

he proceeded a very short distance, in order to convince himself he meant what he said, when his peregrinations were put an end to by his foot slipping, and his immediately thereupon performing a somersault of which even Auriol might have been proud, and disappearing in the water.

The effect of the splash which followed his fall was terrific. An immense amount of screaming was instantaneously got up, and every one told every one else "to save him," which, however, no one offered to do. The excitement was at its height, when a matter-of-fact looking individual observed that it was not deep, on which every one became very courageous, and talked about "rescuing him from a watery grave"—a trouble they were saved, however, by the reappearance of Mr. Augustus Philips' feet above the surface of the stream, and presently afterwards of himself in full.

With a stern look, dripping like a river-deity, Mr. Philips scrambled on shore, endeavouring to appear totally indifferent to the laughter which now greeted him—an attempt, by-the-way, in which he signally failed.

On his asking in an imperious tone for his hat, the merriment became more boisterous than before, as the object in question, which had been launched with considerable force from its owner's head, in his involuntary descent, was now floating away far beyond his reach on the surface of the water.

"Excuse me, sir, but may I inquire what course you intend pursuing?" said the old gentleman, coming up with the young lady on his arm.

Mr. Augustus Philips was at first about to answer fiercely—very fiercely—and to show, that though he might fall into the water with any man, he was not to be insulted with impunity; but the frank open manner of his interlocutor, and perhaps the presence of his fair companion, completely disarmed him: he contented himself, therefore, by blushing first from the tip of his toes to the roots of his hair, and then from the roots of his hair to the tips of his toes, ultimately replying, "that he did n't exactly know, but that he rather inclined to the belief that he should take a stroll through the gardens."

"In that state!" said the old gentleman.

Mr. Augustus Philips replied that he should soon be dry, and finished by making some feeble and despicable joke about taking a bath for nothing.

"I think you would do better to take a cab," observed the old gentleman.

Mr. Augustus Philips, in his own mind, thought so too; but, alas! he had nothing in his pocket to pay the fare, and therefore, with some remark about borrowing a hat from one of the keepers, he was about to depart.

"I can't allow you to go in this way," said the old gentleman, retaining him. "Excuse the liberty I take, but this is not our first meeting—I was accidentally present in the police-court when your brother—"

"Do not allude to it, sir," replied Mr. Augustus, calling up his whole available stock of gall to his aid at the mention of what was more or less the primary cause of his own misfortune.

"Let me remark, then," continued the old gentleman, "that the keeper's hat alluded to is decorated with a gold band, which, however becoming on the head of its lawful proprietor, would be strangely displaced on that of a—a—"

"Member of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple," said Mr. Augustus, anxious to get away, no matter how or where, provided he could only hide himself from the gaze of the young lady, who had been a witness to his humiliation. "There, sir, is my card; believe me I shall always feel grateful for the—"

"What!" interrupted his companion, "Philips—Augustus Philips—why, yesterday your brother's name was Jones—but, of course it was, that's true—Philips—what, of Teddington?"

It now came out that the old gentleman, whose name was Bagster, had also resided at Teddington, and been a friend of Mr. Philips, sen., and that previously to his leaving the village, some twelve years ago, to settle in Kent, Augustus and the young lady on his arm, who was his daughter Harriet, had been playfellows together.

"Well, this is the best joke I ever heard of," said Mr. Bagster, laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks.

Willingly would Mr. Augustus Philips have done the same; but, after an unsuccessful attempt, he gave the thing up as a perfect failure, and contented himself with turning scarlet for about the fiftieth time, and remarking that they were "the observed of all observers."

"Bless my soul," said Mr. Bagster, now for the first time conscious of the crowd around, who stood with gaping mouths and staring eyes looking on, "you can't stop here—you shall come to my lodgings in St. James's Street—close at hand, you know—there you can first dry yourself, and afterwards have a chop and a chat about old times."

But Mr. Philips declared that he would never disgrace any one by walking in that plight with him through the streets—to which Mr. Bagster replied by an abortive attempt to pull him along by force—the matter being at last amicably settled by the old gentleman's agreeing to return to his house—of which he had given Mr. Philips the number, and the promise to keep the street door open—five minutes before that individual, who would then follow.

These conditions having been carried into execution by the departure of Mr. Bagster and Harriet, and the period fixed on having elapsed, Mr. Augustus Philips made a

sudden start, and set off at the top of his speed to Mr. Bagster's residence, and the great surprise of the mob, who, thinking he was suddenly afflicted with hydrophobia, fell aside to let him pass. To keep up, however, the popular treatment in cases of this kind, they instantly afterwards followed at his heels, hooting and yelling all the way, until Mr. Bagster's street-door had shut their victim from their sight; after which they amused themselves with looking at the exterior of the house about three hours longer, and then gradually departed, much edified by the result of their observations.

TO ENGLISH REPORTERS WRITING FROM FRANCE.

BY A MORNING PAPER'S "OWN CORRESPONDENT."

1. Of course you are supposed not to understand French. You must, therefore, make use of French words on every possible occasion.

2. Some authorities would recommend a constant reference to the dictionary, but unless you have some previous acquaintance with the French language this would be dangerous. For instance, you might speak of "a chest of drawers" as "*une poitrine de caleçons*," and allude to "a walking match" as "*une allumette marchante*."

3. The safest plan is to copy down the names of streets, and any French words which may appear in a play-bill, or on the *carte* at the *café* (which you must never call a coffee-house, as an *estaminet* must never be called a tavern). You will find that many of the names may be used with great advantage on occasions when you might least expect it.

4. Demi-slang words, such as "*rococo*" and "*chique*," may be introduced with considerable effect; and a sparing use of the expressions met with in the *tapis franc* conversations in the "Mysteries of Paris" (or *Mystères de Paris*, as you will, of course, call it) will be found to tell amazingly.

5. If you are writing from a provincial town, no matter what the inhabitants may be, complain of "the accent of this part of France," and speak of the *patois* as if you knew the difference between it and pure French.

6. Lose no opportunity of showing your knowledge of the various classes which compose French society. Remember that every fat man in a white waistcoat is a *bourgeois*; every boy, a *gamin*; and every young woman in a cap, a *grisette*.

7. Abuse England and the English, as if you forgot that you belonged to either the one or the other, and you will then have acted upon the plan generally adopted by English reporters writing from France.

ICE FOR THE MILLION.

THE following are a few particulars respecting a new speculative body in London, entitled "THE GREAT FROZEN OCEAN ICE COMPANY." The premises, one or two directors, and two or three magnificently pellucid blocks of the "congealed ocean," are already afloat; and any metropolitan lounger in search of a cooler, may "see through" the affair, without spectacles, in the course of his wanderings along the Strand.

The plan of the company is as follows:—Capital, £50,000,000, to be raised in shares of £50 each. £5 to be deposited on account of each share. The remainder to be "called for" the moment the Frozen Ocean "breaks up."

A fleet of fifty sail (of the *line*, of course) to be dispatched on the First of April next from the Thames direct for the Frozen Ocean (unless foul winds compel an indirect passage), armed with spades, pickaxes, and all the necessary implements for so (*h*)arduous an undertaking. Each ship to be freighted with a number of Irish labourers, whose exclusive duty it would be to "axe the way" to the frozen regions.

It is calculated that in proportion as the mercury of the thermometer sinks below zero, the shares of the company will rise; that is to say, the colder the weather becomes, the warmer of necessity will be the pockets of the shareholders, because, the greater the quantity of ice obtained, the greater will be the profits derivable therefrom. This is as clear as mud; or at all events as clear as a railway speech from Colonel Sibthorpe.

The moment a ship comes foul of an iceberg (or, which is more probable, an iceberg falls foul of a ship) the labourers will begin to demolish it, and load the vessel. This will have a twofold effect, as in proportion as the icebergs are by such means annihilated, so will the ship be released from being hemmed in and ice-bound; and they will have nothing to do but to navigate homewards. The "drift" of this plan can be easily imagined by the reader.

The affairs of the company will be conducted on a "sliding scale;" but it is advised that holders should be "firm" in order to avoid the chance of a "fall." The company calculate that if they can "stand upon their legs" only for one twelvemonth, they will be able to "break the ice" and conquer all difficulties.

The following are only a few of the advantages expected to be realized by the shareholders and the public at large:—

I. Champagne drinkers will be enabled to luxuriate in that beverage to perfection. Specimen "champagne ice corks" have been cut out of a "monster block," which being introduced into the bottles keep the wine in a deliciously cool state. These corks are warranted not to melt too rapidly. As, however, the sooner champagne is "up" the sooner it will be "down"—("still" champagne excepted)—there is little doubt of the corks outlasting the wine. They also give it a "sparkling" effect.

II. A "refrigerator" has been prepared, which precludes all possibility of an immense block of ice perspiring away, during the hottest season, more than one drop per minute. This is to prevent the ice taking a "drop too much."

III. To wholesale confectioners the advantages would be incalculable, because they will naturally require wholesale ice. They will, therefore, only have to give their orders for a whole iceberg at a time, when a ship will take one in tow and bring it home. A fair allowance will be made for "waste" on the voyage, as, whether the weather be hot or cold, "melting moments" will be inevitable.

IV. Skaters will also be able to pursue their diversions in the midst of summer—say even the dog days. The parks will, on application to the company, be laid with sheets of ice at the shortest notice, by which the summer months will be invested with all the characteristics of a Russian winter—and winter amusements will be afforded in summer weather. This will be peculiarly acceptable to the aristocracy and fashion, as they are most partial to everything "forced" and "out of season."

We had almost forgotten to mention, that at the foot of the prospectus appears an *N.B.*, to the effect that the Great Frozen Ocean Company is in nowise connected with the "dissolving views" at the Polytechnic Institution.

OH, MAMMON! MAMMON!—The Premier flippantly remarks that he considers himself as good as a priest, for by offering the endowment to the Roman Catholic clergy in the shape of gold, he is "laying the extreme unction to their souls."

GRAPE SHOT—Prostrate with port beneath the table.

Q. When is a university student like a young goose?
A. When he 's *green* and *plucked*.

The £100 given to the Welsh Educational Institution by the Prince of Wales, is esteemed by the Cambrians a Welsh rare-bit. (Oh!)

A FEE SIMPLE—Five shillings for a hair-dye.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

TO THE "SHOWMAN."

SIR,—I am a medical assistant, which is a sufficient guarantee for my poverty. My days are spent in search of labour at a salary of £30 per annum, but the young gentlemen who come to London to walk the hospitals deprive me of success by giving their services gratis, or for an hour or two per day to attend the lectures. I have had an interview of late with a professional gentleman who deigned to grant me an audience of half an hour, and with whom I had nearly succeeded in making an engagement. He wished to know if I had seen much practice in midwifery? I answered—very much! Had I any objection (as a philanthropist) to stay in on the Sunday as well as any other day? I replied—no! Had I any aversion to rising, on an average, twice in the night? I agreed to this! Could I keep the books? I hoped I could! Did I understand Latin thoroughly? I trusted so! Was I conversant with the operations in cases of emergency? I was not afraid to venture on them! Was I a quick dispenser? I had, I thought, some dexterity in that department! Were my references good? I submitted to him the names of three surgeons and two clergymen! "Very well, sir," concluded the Æsculapian prodigy, "I see that we shall come to terms; but there is one request I have to make, which I think the generosity of your disposition will not suffer you to refuse." "Name it," I exclaimed eagerly. "In any unavoidable absence of my 'attendant,' have you any aversion occasionally to wait at table." Five smart lashes with my cane on the miscreant's shoulders was my answer, and I rushed like a madman from the room.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

PROBE.

PICTORIAL MUS ICAL NOTATION.

WE have invented a new system of Musical Notation by means of pictures, which, although subject, in a few cases, to some inconveniences, such as unintelligibility, is, we flatter ourselves, an improvement upon the inconsequential and other methods. If our system should be generally adopted, of which one or two of the best authorities have the presumption to entertain doubts, a piece of music will not only serve to demonstrate the talents of the musician, but also to exhibit the capabilities of the artist. We would indicate the names of the notes in the following manner:—

Do, by means of a doe rabbit. The sharpness of the note to be indicated by the elevation of the rabbit's ears, its flatness by their depression, its naturalness by their being in their ordinary state.

Re, by means of a ray of light. The sharpness to be indicated by the acuteness of the angle formed by the ray with the earth, the flatness by the obtuseness of the angle, and the naturalness by its being at right angles.

Mi, by means of an individual who is supposed to represent the person playing the piece of music. The individual could be represented as a writer for the PUPPET-SHOW if it were desired to indicate sharpness, flatness would be suggested by the portrait of a legitimate manager, and naturalness by the figure of an ordinary sort of being.

Fa, by means of a design which should give the idea of distance. Sharpness would be indicated by the land being represented as on an acclivity, flatness by an extended waste, and naturalness by an English meadow.

Sol, by means of the sun. Sharpness to be indicated by the sun in the tropics, flatness by the sun in Iceland, and naturalness by the sun in some country in the temperate zone.

La, by means of a young lady in astonishment, and who would, as a matter of course, exclaim la! Sharpness to be indicated by an excited state of astonishment, flatness by one of a more torpid character, and naturalness by a young lady in conversation with some other young lady who is conveying to her some ordinary piece of intelligence.

Si, by means of the sea. Sharpness to be indicated by the sea during a storm, flatness by a perfect calm, and naturalness by the sea in its usual condition.

N.B.—A gentleman belonging to the PUPPET-SHOW will be willing to give lessons according to the above system at the rate of five guineas *per* lesson.

A SNOBBISH MARRIAGE.

IT is curious that snobs cannot even marry without betraying their snobbish propensities. From last Friday's *Times*, we learn that a Mr. B—— married a Miss W——. This is all right and proper; but why should B—— inform the world that Don Miguel was to have been there but for the death of his aunt? Could the presence of the Don have made the occasion more solemn, or the match happier, or B—— more handsome, or W—— more beautiful? We will be bound that B—— is a far more able and honest man than the Don; and why truckle to him in such a manner? The Don is known to be a tyrant, and suspected to be a fool; and we can't see how such a character could ornament a religious ceremony in any way whatever.

In fact, dear B——, to brag of the Braganza is snobbish. Shut up the Peerage, open the *Book of Snobs*, read the PUPPET-SHOW, and you won't fall into such an error again. Do you really suppose that the great British public cares who was at your marriage; or whether the Don has lost his aunt, his cousin, or his grandmother?

SO MAY YOU.

WHEN you find yourself bereft of
Children, father, mother, wife—
When each tie is harshly severed
Which once bound you unto life,

Do not think that sorrows such as
These are either rare or new—
Millions of your fellow-mortals
Have endured them: so must you.

When you find, while fortune smileth,
Servile crowds flock to your side,
Who will blazon forth your virtues,
Who your faults will seek to hide,

Do not think that, Fortune frowning,
One a generous act would do—
Millions of your fellow-mortals
Know they would not: so shall you.

When you find your efforts seem to
Bring naught else but deadly blight—
When you see that all your struggles
Only draw your chains more tight,

Do not think that you can never
Snap the links—the bonds undo—
Millions of your fellow-mortals
Have o'ercome them: so *may you*.

THE FRENCH EDITOR TO HIS READERS.

IT is well known that newspaper editors change their politics as readily as they do their coats, and, in some cases, we are afraid, a great deal more often. The greatest ingenuity has lately been shown by the French editors in making this change, and in proving, as is usual in these cases, that the change is in fact no change at all—that "circumstances and not themselves have altered," &c., &c. At first thought it appears a difficult matter for a writer of royalist principles to prove in the short space of three days, and half a column of letter-press, that he is and always has been a thorough republican; but something in the following style has generally been successful in effecting this object:—

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS—It is now forty years since we had the pleasure of first addressing you. Of those who read our journal at its commencement, the old are now dead, the young are very far advanced in years, and even the children are middle-aged persons. We think we may state boldly that none, either of our original subscribers or of those who have subsequently honoured us with their patronage, will deny that we have, in spite of our name—which, after all, signifies nothing—always proved ourselves of stern unflinching republican principles. But the best way of establishing beyond doubt our love of freedom is by referring to our conduct under circumstances which gave us an opportunity of manifesting it. Have we not, then, we ask, always shown the greatest dislike to paying taxes, and have we ever paid the money for a bill-stamp without a sigh? And then the glorious words which at once convey the whole idea of our glorious republic! Who, when sent to Clichy by the diabolical machinations of inhuman creditors—who, under these trying circumstances, pined for LIBERTY with more eagerness than ourselves? Again, we have always maintained the principles of EQUALITY with the greatest strictness—plebeian by birth, we have always looked upon ourselves as perfectly on an EQUALITY with the proudest aristocrats. We are quite convinced that our love of FRATERNITY will not be questioned, for at the commencement of every new half-year we have never failed to call upon you, our subscribers, to unite one and all in paying up your subscriptions. LIBERTY, EQUALITY, and FRATERNITY are the principles which the Republic professes—LIBERTY, EQUALITY, and FRATERNITY are the principles which we have ever maintained. *Vive la République!*

CUFFEY THE CANTANKEROUS!

At the recent Chartist trials the renowned Cuffey played a part almost as conspicuous as that of the forensic firebrand, Mr. Kenealey.

The legal objections raised by Cuffey were scarcely less astute, or rather less asinine, than those of the pugnacious barrister. In fact Cuffey would have proved himself a most able junior to Kenealey, had he been a black sheep instead of a black victim of the law.

Kenealey was learned upon the corrupt practices of attorney-generals past and present; and Cuffey showed himself "well up" in Magna Charta and the rights of Englishmen. "I demand," said the black knight of the mangle, "to be tried by a jury of my peers!"

Now, who are Cuffey's peers?—Are they the grim barons who compelled John to sign his famous promissory-note? or did Cuffey (*nigroque similimus*) expect a jury of Ethiopian serenaders to be empanelled, with Boz's Juba, or Molyneux the black, as foreman? Perhaps Cuffey, who is intimate with Magna Charta, likewise possesses a smattering of black-letter law! If so, and the Webber Street conspiracy had succeeded, who knows but Cuffey might have sat, a Chartist Blackstone, upon the sable woolsack of the National Convention!

Fortunately, however, for Cuffey, and for society, these are enlightened times, else the Star Chamber might ere this have introduced Cuffey's head to its congenial block; or, at least, instead of Mr. Hemp being troubled to form a jury, Mr. Calcraft might have been required to provide a rope.

In short, we need look no further back than the days "when George the Fourth was king," to feel convinced that the black arts of the Chartists would have been counteracted by the black cap of the judge, and Cuffey and his co-conspirators be dangling like one of those numerous ropes of onions with which the neighbourhood of their meeting, Clare Market, abounds.

IN THE WRONG BOX.

The following letter was dropped by one of the jurymen on the Chartist trials, on the occasion of their being taken out for a walk by the officers in charge. The writer no doubt hoped that some charitable person would pick it up, and forward it to its destination; but as he had forgotten to put any address on the cover, the Showman, who found it, thought that the best course would be to print it in full in the Puppet-Show, by which means it could not fail to meet those eyes for which it was intended.

London Coffee-house,
Sept. 28, 1848.

Dear Little Diddy,

It is no use repining against one's fate, and therefore I shall not say how wretched and miserable I feel at being separated so long from my own dear darling. I will merely observe, that if there is one class of men I hate more than all others, it certainly is the Chartists, a set of—but I won't be violent; it only irritates me, and makes things worse.

How are matters going on? Is the beautiful Stilton that was begun the evening before my departure all gone? If not, lock it up till I return; and should your cousin Charles drop in, give him some of the kitchen Gloucester—it's quite good enough. By the way, as you must be dull without me, I will pay for a box for you at the theatre, provided you can get your father to go with you—and also take the children; but mind, I distinctly object to your going alone with Charles.

The coals, I suppose, are pretty well out by this time; if so, you can lay in two or three tons: I should think that would last you till my release.

There is one conclusion I have come to since I have been a victim to this legal tyranny: I will make my boys either butchers, surgeons, or clergymen, for then they cannot be seized upon and caged, no better than a set of convicts, whenever the Cuffeys of their day shall choose to get up a conspiracy, or the existing authorities take it in their head to make jurymen of them——

Your affectionate
Popsy.

P S.—I suppose I *shall* get released by Christmas; however, there is no knowing. If I am not, I think you had better spend your Christmas with your father; in case, however, you do give a party yourself, you will, of course, not invite Charles.

MR. O'CONNOR'S SPEECH ON HIS RE-ELECTION

The past Session has been iniquitous beyond expression, as the "six points" have been repudiated. In fact, its sole object has been to "catch" me, which, although Parliament has sat so much longer than usual, has not been accomplished. Many persons have been offered thousands of pounds to obtain my conviction, and any sum would now be given willingly for my valuable head.

In spite of a mercenary House of Commons and a venal press, I shall soon see the poor labourers occupying landed estates, and purchasing more from the manufacturer and tradesman than all the other classes put together. I possess no money myself: I don't care about it; in fact, I don't like money. But if I had twenty millions I would not spend a shilling of it on myself—I would give it all to the people.

My opinion of the House of Commons is that it does not contain one honest or talented man except myself.

My opinion of the Press is that it does not include one honest or talented journal except the *Northern Star*, which is published weekly, price sixpence. The London newspapers generally are edited by men who have been convicted of the most revolting crimes, and who can only be characterized as mean, sneaking thieves, and brutal, bloody-minded liars.

I advise my followers to avoid secret associations having violent objects in view; not because there is any crime in belonging to them, but because it is attended with danger.

If you will re-elect me, I pledge you my sacred word of honour that you shall have the Charter in eighteen months. In case Lord John Russell should presume to refuse it, I have made arrangements for obtaining it from Sir Robert Peel as soon as he takes office.

[Mr. O'Connor was then re-elected by a large majority of dirty hands.]

THE RING.

GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN JERVIS (THE "QUEEN'S BENCH BRICK"), AND KENEALEY (THE "OLD BAILEY SLASHER").

This interesting event came off last week, amidst a large attendance of the Fancy, at the Old Bailey. Both men were in good condition for the combat, having been in training at Billingsgate. Bodkin was the bottle-holder for the Brick, and Parry assisted the Slasher. The umpire was old Erle, who has had great experience in these matters.

Round 1.—The men came up to the scratch pluckily, and dodged knowingly for some time. The Brick made play with his right, which was well stopped by the Slasher's left. A struggle, and the Brick down. (Cries of "Go it, Slasher!")

Round 2.—The Slasher made play with his right, and tapped the Brick on the snout, from which the claret flowed copiously. ("First blood for the Slasher!")

The next round both parties gave unfair blows, and the umpire Erle was appealed to, on which the Slasher wanted to punch his head.

The fighting after this became more confused, the men hitting wildly. The Brick was heavily grassed, and came up piping and groggy with a mouse under his left eye. The Slasher's peepers were blackened when he tipped the Brick the Horsham cut, and was pronounced the winner, but the claim was denied by the backers of the Brick.

REMARKS.

We are not inclined to regard this affair as very creditable to the Ring. There was an ill-feeling evident on both sides, which is not often seen among the game cocks of good breed; and there was also a desire shown to snarl at the decision of the umpire. The Queen's Bench Brick could not keep his temper, and the Slasher hit foul blows once or twice. On the whole, the Slasher has improved in his hitting; but it must be said of him, as a fighter, that he does not known where to stop. A few more such combats, and the Old Bailey Ring will lose all its respectable supporters.

FIGHT TO COME.

Jervis and Ballantine.—2 Fees a-side.

POLICE REPORT.—WELLINGTON STREET.

MR. CHARLES FLASHLEY, a young gentleman of two-and twenty and a gentlemanly exterior, was brought up—from the cellar under our office, in which he had been confined—and placed in the dock before his Honour the SHOWMAN, charged with stealing a gold bracelet, the property of a young lady, under the following extraordinary circumstances:—

Miss Rose Wood, a young lady possessed of many personal charms, and £50,000, stated that the prisoner had for some time greatly annoyed her by following and staring immoderately at her wherever she went. He had lately taken lodgings opposite her papa's house, and was in the habit of closely watching all her movements. While walking with a friend the previous afternoon she had dropped her bracelet, which the defendant, who as usual was a few paces behind, had picked up, and resolutely refused to return.

Mr. Bully, of the firm of Bully, Swagger, and Bounce, who appeared for the defendant, said that his client had merely done what he, Mr. Bully—nay, he would venture to say what his Honour the SHOWMAN—would have done under similar circumstances. What were the facts of the case? A young man who, though not possessed of wealth, had what was far superior—a name that the breath of calumny had never tainted, and a character white and spotless as the snow-clad Alps—had fallen desperately in love with a young lady unfortunately possessed of £50,000; a fact, however, of which he was not at first aware, as she was an utter stranger to him. This young lady appeared to favour his suit, and had, while walking before him on the previous afternoon, dropped a bracelet, on which was the device of Cupid, with a bow and arrow in his hand. The defendant had picked it up; and was it not, he would ask, natural that the latter should suppose it intended for him? The idea of any felonious intention was as monstrous as it was ridiculous. His client had, it is true—and in his, Mr. Bully's, opinion, very justly—refused to restore it, believing that such was not the young lady's wish, but merely that of her parents, who were averse to the match.

In answer to his Honour the SHOWMAN, Miss Wood replied that she had never given Mr. Flashley any encouragement. She did not know the intrinsic value of the bracelet. It was a present from Captain Orlboots, of the Blues.

His Honour said it appeared to him that Mr. Flashley had been deceived as regarded the young lady's sentiments. He did not suppose that he had been actuated by felonious motives in keeping the gauntlet—he meant the bracelet—and that, therefore, he should merely order him to restore it, at the same time advising him to be more careful in future. The parties then withdrew.

The SHOWMAN has been induced to make this case public, in the hope that it may be a warning to young gentlemen against supposing that a young lady cannot blow her nose, gape, wear a flower in her bosom, sneeze, cough, or drop a bracelet, without intending each and every of these actions to be a sign of her admiration and love.

THE QUEEN'S RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.

HER Gracious Majesty is showing a wisdom befitting her rank in coming back so soon from Scotland. She must be very glad to escape the reporters, who have been taking the necessary steps—very long ones too—to pick up every detail about her for the gratification of the SNOBS. We observe that the *Times'* reporter, with his usual good taste, says, in speaking of her projected departure, "it was intended that the *Virago* should proceed to sea!" This is certainly very loyal indeed on the part of the liner, and had it been said of Queen Elizabeth, would have ensured him a good box on the ear from that delicate, lady-like sovereign.

One of the devices—a very stupid device as we think—in honour of the Queen, at Aberdeen, was the "Aberdeen bow," in exhibiting which we think the authorities very much overshot the mark, for what meaning it could have we cannot understand. Indeed, the bow-string would have been a very proper reward for the stupid inventor of the compliment.

It is rumoured that the reporters who have been dogging Her Majesty are to be next employed as spies upon the Chartists.

A SATURNINE ASTRONOMER.

WE learn from the *Times* of the 30th ult. that Mr. W. Lassell, the astronomer, has been starring it in the provinces. He informs the world that he has discovered an eighth satellite of Saturn, which clearly shows what a servile system the Solar System is, where one potentate has no less than eight satellites in attendance on him.

Lassell seems a man of a supercilious disposition, for he says, "I did not recognise Iapetus." What had Iapetus done that he should be cut dead in this manner? Had he been going out of his proper sphere, and presuming on Mr. Lassell's intimacy with him? Mr. Lassell says that the reason this satellite has escaped observation, has been its "extreme faintness." We are sorry that it has been unwell; but now that it has partaken of a "glass" of Mr. Lassell's, we hope that it will appear permanently in sidereal society, and take a place in the galaxy of fashion. We must encourage Mr. Lassell to pursue his inquiries, and bend his orbs upon the heavenly orbs; and may say to him, in the words of the Roman,

"Sic itur ad astra!"

THE PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

SITTING at breakfast in the parlour when a wasp flies in at the window and stings your pretty daughter Sophia's nose, on the very day that young Cockles, your rich neighbour, is to call and pop the question.

Returning home at night (their being no gas, of course, to disturb your simple hamlet), you stumble across something, which a grunt, as you fall, shows to be a pig.

PUBLIC SECURITIES—The Chartists in prison.

Affidavit Extraordinary.

JULIUS SAUFTSKULL, of Muddlefog, gentleman, maketh oath, and saith, that having seen divers times an advertisement in the morning papers, setting forth on the face thereof that, if he sent unto one C. WATSON eight postage stamps, he should in return therefor, and free of all postage charge, receive a splendid solid Albata Plate Spoon.

And this deponent also says, that he did send the said eight postage stamps.

And this deponent further says, that this is a true and correct copy of the spoon he so expected to receive, with the several designs made thereon before the delivery thereof to this deponent.

And this deponent further saith, that this is a true and correct copy of the spoon he did receive, with the several squashings of the post-office letter stamps made thereon before the receipt thereof by this deponent.

And this deponent prays that your Honour the SHOWMAN will be pleased to direct that Government extend a little of the same care which they have ever shown for aristocratic spoons to spoons of albata plate.

JULIUS SAUFTSKULL.

Sworn before me this 25th day of September, 1848, having been first duly signed by the said deponent,

The Showman

London: Printed by WILLIAM DOVER, of No. 105 Blackfriars Road, in the County of Surrey, at the Office of Vizetelly Brothers and Co. Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and published by the said WILLIAM DOVER at the Office of the Puppet Show, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, in the parish of St. Paul, in the City of Westminster.

FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.

Chapter XIII.—On Rowing Men—Their Manners and Customs.

AFTER crossing to the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge, if you turn up to your right through the narrow unpaved lane which leads through Stangate, you will come to Mr. Searle's great boat and boating station—the Tattersall's of the river, and the prime lounge and rendezvous of the rowing men. Pass through the capacious shed, amid stacks and piles of wherries, gigs, and funnies, and you will find yourself on the shingly beach inspecting the labours of Jacks-in-the-water, who are fastening little mats on the thwarts of boats, and bringing oars and sculls from the repository above, for the behoof of groups of rowing men who are chatting and smoking around.

They are generally a stalwart set, these amateur watermen of the Thames—with very broad shoulders, very muscular arms, and very horny red hands. They make it a point of honour to wear the very shaggiest of pea-coats, the very clumsiest and loosest of duck trowsers, and the very broadest brimmed of straw-hats. Of course when afloat the pea-jacket is thrown off; and a species of garment resembling a second cotton skin is displayed; this integument fitting so tight, and showing the muscular development so well, that when an eight or six-oar shoots by a steamer on her way to Richmond, the young ladies on the deck feel themselves bound by the highest moral obligations to simper faintly, and look up at each other through the corners of their eyes.

The conversation of the rowing man is generally technical and characteristic. We subjoin a sample, laying the scene on the shore at Searle's?

1st Rowing Man. Did n't Charley Stokes pull stroke in the Guy's?

2nd Rowing Man. Aye, but he sculls better. Doubleday thought so, and he trained him for that match in the outrigger wager boat.

3rd Rowing Man. He did n't pull that so ill—but he got out of stroke under the Chancellor's. Charley will be good this season.

2nd Rowing Man. Now, then, Jack. When are we to have that ran-dan?

Jack-in-the-water. All right, sir!

1st Rowing Man. We 're losing a Richmond tide.

3rd Rowing Man. And I want to say something to Mrs. Avis at the Bells.

2nd Rowing Man. Who 's seen Philps?

1st Rowing Man. I have—he 's got his new boat and is training beautifully. His arms are like steel.

3rd Rowing Man. Philps is only good for a spurt at going off.

1st Rowing Man. They say the outrigger's given him a lift, though. Is the match settled?

2nd Rowing Man. Yes, the last deposit was made at the Swan on Tuesday. Tom showed and looked quite plucky, for all the *Bell's Life*.

Jack-in-the-water. Now, then, Gen-l-m'n.

And the ran-dan—that is to say, a wherry manned by three rowers, the first and third pulling oars and the centre man pulling sculls—glides rapidly along the bank, on her way to the green shores of Richmond.

The rowing man may be seen to perfection at that pleasant river inn, the Eight Bells of Putney. Only snobs put in at the Red House. Sunday counter-jumpers out at sixpence an hour in a funny hired at Hungerford—or gentlemen who patronize long clay pipes, and row "their young women as they are keeping company with" up to Chelsea. But Putney is the grand resting station on the way to the upper reaches of the river—to the region where towing-paths stretch along the banks, and the tall green rushes rise rustlingly from the clear stream, and bushy aits gem the quiet surface. Very pleasant it is, from the old clumsy straddling wooden bridge to watch the quick coming quick going eights and sixes as they shoot by—their coxswains bobbing in the sterns, and every arm, every muscle of the rowers working like the mechanism of a watch. Here and there the sculler floats along in that elongated cockle-shell known as a wager boat, the occupant sometimes resting on his dripping oars, then with one long powerful stroke sending the canoe-like craft shooting a dozen yards along, or rather on, the very top of the surface, leaving hardly a bubble in its wake. And the majority of the boats glide insensibly towards the shingle beneath the Eight Bells, and the crews stand about on the beach in that picturesque state of semi-nakedness so much favoured by rowing men, or loiter in balconies, or smoke at open windows, and watch the gaudy Richmond steamers, or the lagging Brentford barges, as they tail to re-erect their stumpy mast and brown-raked sails and float steadily on with the rising tide past the Bishop of London's shrubberies.

The thorough rowing man seldom troubles his head about other sports. He knows nothing about a yacht, and probably has seldom passed the North Forland without dolefully murmuring curses on salt water, and all that appertains to it. Still less does he affectionate the sports of the field. He 's all for fresh water, wager wherries, oars, and sculls. He turns in his weekly sporting paper to "Aquatics" first; and devours all the gossip of all the matches *in petto* before he thinks of the Metropolitan Steeple-chase or the Liverpool grand meeting. The rowing man is well up in river chaff and slang, and can encounter a bargee with his own weapons. He is aware of the hidden barb—where it is, or what it is, we have never been able to discover—struck home by the inquiry,

"Who eat the puppy pie under Marlow Bridge?" He is not discomposed by being saluted as "white-headed Bob," and requested to come out of the wherry and look at himself sculling; nor does he mind being asked to send a lock of his hair to the applicant, by means of the Parcel Delivery Company. Generally despising all these taunts, as well as any depreciatory criticism of his style of rowing which he may encounter, he pulls steadily along, undergoing, for the pure love of the thing, about as much labour, in urging his boat from Westminster Bridge to Richmond Bridge and back again, as many a gentleman, sent into retirement for a month or two for putting his hands into his neighbour's pockets, performs in the course of a day's salubrious exercise at Brixton.

The rowing man is generally a member of a boat club, and passes half his time during the season in the sub-

scription rooms appertaining to it. Here matches are made up, the merits of watermen discussed, the build of wherries criticized, and the chances of the next regatta debated. The rowing man is generally jolly and convivial in his tastes, affectionating cigar-cases, and never shrinking from a pull at the pewter—except when he is training for a match, when he makes it a point of honour to dine upon half raw beef-steak, and a scanty allowance of pump. He is fond of exhibiting the muscles of his fore-arm, and always knows his weight to an ounce. The rowing man loves the Thames. He thinks all other rivers humbugs compared to it. He wonders whether the Danube could turn out an eight-oar like the Leander, or whether there be a couple on the Rhine, from the Lake of Constance to Rotterdam, who could touch the Double-dees. And having propounded these two subjects for wonderment, with a confident, scornful air, he laughs complacently, and calling for a bottle of ginger-beer and a pint of ale in a quart pot, mixes the liquids and drinks to Old Father Thames in a flowing beaker of shandy-gaff.

THE FAST WRITER IN THE "TIMES."

LAST week a writer in the *Times* compared the dulness of our law courts to that of a "patent theatre devoted to the performance of the legitimate drama." We understand that this comparison has excited the greatest indignation among the slow and legitimate classes. Webster has declared that he will not advertise in the *Times* after opening the Haymarket with his "legitimate" company; Sadlers' Wells has taken the paper off the free list; and Mrs. Warner, while hesitating as to what ulterior steps she shall take, has, nevertheless, remained in hysterics since the appearance of the article. At the same time, Cowell and the mob who howled and hooted at the Monte Christo company have not been idle. A meeting of the gang was called, and a resolution adopted which binds the members, on entering their penny coffee-shops, not to ask for the *Times;* they have even threatened, in case of the *Times* maintaining its anti-legitimate views, to demand the *Herald*, and one, more daring than the rest, goes so far as to swear that he will read it.

THE QUEEN'S TRAIN.

THERE is woe in the halls of the Puritans, and wail in the conventicles of the bigots. Her Majesty returning from Scotland travelled on Sunday by an *express train!* Her loyal subjects in Scotland are therefore divided between the snobbism which prompts to servile imitation, and the bigotry which impels to Methodist snivel. We are anxious to see how they will act between the two influences.

In the first place, will they do in a religious matter, as they do in matters of dress and fashion—ape the liberalism, as well as imitate the customs of the Sovereign? In that case, their darling bigotry must be sacrificed. On the other hand, if they still repudiate Sunday travelling after Royal example, what becomes of that fervent loyalty which generally harmonises so well with bigotry in the pious mind? The truth is, they are in a difficult position—"Bow down, Snob," says Society, on the one hand; "stick up, Bigot," says Cant, on the other.

We are inclined to believe that Sunday travelling will gain the day, for this reason—that Puritanism is not sincere, and Snobbism is. We think that Her Majesty's Sunday journey will be found to have acted as a charm, and the Royal breath to have melted the chill fanaticism of the Agnewites. In fact, their pretended respect for the Lord's Day will be transferred to the Queen's day, and they will keep the Sabbath holy by running special trains in honour of the Sovereign who, having spent six days in doing all that she had to do in Scotland, hallowed the seventh by hurrying home as fast as she could.

We therefore expect, that the Agnew sect, whose list of "necessary works" on Sunday has hitherto included only preparing a hot dinner and sending the servants to church, will now comprehend travelling by railway also. Let us thank Providence that the snobbish sentiment is likely to do good for once—a consideration which should induce us to overlook the fact, that in her anxiety to set a good example, Her Majesty did not hesitate to run the risk of offending the feelings of a few thousands of her subjects.

THE ILL-READ REPUBLICANS.—Some astonishment has been expressed by Our Discharged Contributor that the "Red" Republicans should be so called, when most of them never perused a book in their lives.

THE IRISH TRIALS.

(A FRAGMENT.)

JOHN O'BALLAGHAN examined. Remembers the —th :s Saw Mr. Smith O'Brien there.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL—Do you see him now?

WITNESS—No, sir.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL—Look in the dock, sir.

Mr. WHITESIDE—I object—

LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE—Your objection is overruled, sir.

Mr. WHITESIDE—But, my—

LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE—Go on, witness.

WITNESS—I never saw Mr. O'Brien, sir.

Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN—The witness is lying, my lord.

Mr. WHITESIDE—A very fit man for a Crown witness!

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL—I protest against such observations.

CHIEF-JUSTICE—Call the next witness.

Constable TIMKINS, A 91—Was at the widow M'Cormack's. Shot two men. (*Laughter.*)

Cross-examined—Is a very good shot. (*Renewed laughter.*)

CHIEF-JUSTICE—Have you still a shot in the locker? (*Roars of laughter.*)

Mr. WHITESIDE protested.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL could not un—

Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN wanted—

WITNESS—Please, my—

USHER of COURT—Silence. (*Roars of laughter.*)

CHIEF-JUSTICE—Go on, witness.

&c. &c. &c.

OUR LEADER.

THE CHOLERA.

THERE is no use in speculating any further whether the Cholera will come or not. It is here. It is a fact as indisputable as Whig incompetence. It has throned itself on the dirt of Edinburgh, and its breath is poisoning the air of the north. The time for prophets is gone by, and England must act—or perish.

Meanwhile, what are they about in the City—that part of the country which is the first to join in agitation, and the last to abolish dirt? They are talking about the disorder—babbling about the danger—agreeing in nothing, except that their Medical Officer should be paid worse than a flunkey. They are stingy in the face of death. The fact is, they care nothing for the public safety. Each man looks after himself, and each man thinks *he* will escape, whatever becomes of the rest of the world. The very shadows of death cannot cloud the bright hopes of a fool; the noise of the chariot wheels of the Destroyer does not drown the babble of an idiot.

It seems ridiculous to allude to such a person as Mr. Wire, as likely to do any harm by his exertions against the cause of common sense; but so long as he is listened to at meetings, and reported in the *Times*, he may be dangerous. We therefore point him out as one of the worst examples of the stupid sort of opponents of useful measures, and, contenting ourselves with doing so, leave him to his impotent recalcitration and his un-echoed bray.

The time is now come when extraordinary activity must be resorted to; and the middle classes must not be deterred from their exertions when they see, as they certainly will, the aristocracy hurry from the scene of danger and difficulty with shameless indifference and dishonest haste.

It should be remembered, that the Cholera must be met by individual, even more than public, precautions; and we think that, on the whole, no one will go very far wrong who looks carefully after his health, and disregards Mr. Wire, who looks on all precautions as "extravagant humbug!"

PINS & NEEDLES.

A correspondent thinks that one single interesting passage in the speeches of Mr. Anstey is, like the north-west one, yet to be discovered.

It appears that the Yankees are bringing forward one of their most distinguished Whigs as a candidate for the Presidency against his will! This shows how fond they are of smoking their *Clay*.

Several commissions, conferring the titles of captain, colonel, general, &c., have been found in the pockets of some of the Irish rebels. The authorities should end the work they have begun by sending the owners to a madhouse, "commissions of lunacy" having already been taken out.

Douglas Jerrold is often unable to finish his works. How touching when so great a sympathy exists between an author and his readers!

A certain Mr. Garnet, and other members of the Marylebone Vestry, are very indignant at the Commissioners of Police attempting to impose an increased rate. Strange, that though they can perceive the hideousness of such conduct in others, these worthies should still so overrate themselves.

Christina and her paramour Munoz have lately obtained a royal decree creating them infants of Spain. This only confirms us in the opinion which their obnoxious and silly conduct has long since inspired us with, that they are in their second childhood.

The New York papers speak of the quantity of base coins in circulation in that city. We defy them, however, to show half as many bad (s)cents there as we can in London.

In the announcement of the Adelphi Theatre, the *Sun* of 7th instant talks of the "original designs of Digby Watts, Esq." We should say that this cannot be particularly gratifying to Digby Wyatt, Esq., the gentleman intended; however, he must console himself with the reflection "What's in a name!"

At Rouen the workmen, having refused to work eleven hours a day, have struck, and arrested the progress of the different orders in hand. In order to give a finish to the affair, we suppose the authorities have arrested the workmen.

An immense crowd assembled on the 5th instant at Berlin, and burned with great ceremony a board on which was inscribed "The laws of the Burger Guard of the 4th October, 1848," which are very unpopular. The guard was quickly called out, and several of the ringleaders captured and conveyed to prison. We should say that however discontented these individuals were with their board, they are at present much more dissatisfied with their lodging.

Wherever politicians meet
In circles low or high,
"How selfish are the Whigs" is now
The universal cry.

But this, 't is plain, is grossly false;
For Lord John and his crew
Seem really to *forget themselves*
In everything they do.

A Man of Colour.—Mr. Cuffey, who is half a "nigger" and indignant at the severity of the law, sarcastically asks if he blushes for his bad actions, will not the authorities arrest him for indulging in a game at *rouge et noir?*

A Bad Foundation.—The Chartists, speaking of Powell, say that the only leg the Government had to stand upon at the recent trials was a "black-leg."

A TOUCHING BALLAD.

I saw him in his lonely room,
A-pacing to and fro;
His step was hurried, and he paused
From time to time in woe.

His face was buried in his hands,
The tears fell thick and fast;
"Oh! from these tortured eyes," cried he,
"Has peace for ever past?"

I shared his pain, the poignant words
Seem'd bleeding from his heart;
And so I tried with sympathy
Some solace to impart.

But he exclaimed, "Oh! ne'er like me,
May you feel want or know ill:
I've washed my face with yellow soap,
And cannot find the towel!"

Metamorphosis.—A giraffe, some ostriches, and camels have arrived at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, as presents from Ibraham Pasha. They will be forthwith transformed into "metropolitan *lions*" for public entertainment.

SMITH O'BRIEN'S POETRY.

Mr. Smith O'Brien, to amuse himself, writes poetry. The following is a specimen published in the *Times*:—

"Whether on the gallows high,
Or in the battle's van,
The only place for man to die
Is where he dies for man."

We give the last fragment of the composition of this gentleman, who is a poet among rebels and a rebel among poets:—

"Whether on the road called high,
Or in the prison van,
The only time for man to fly
Is when he flies from man."

A notorious sponger who, cannibal-like, lives by dining on his acquaintances, suggests the following:—

"Whether in the attic high,
Or from the kitchen pan,
The only place for me to dine
Is anywhere I can."

A STUPID ANECDOTE.

One of the London papers (of which, from motives of respect, we will not give the name) lately published an anecdote about "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." An anecdote should always be true or interesting (to expect both, would perhaps be unreasonable), but this was neither one nor the other. It was intended to show that the officers of the French National Guard were so proud and so idiotic, that they would not remain in the same railway carriage with one of the privates; but, as the officers and privates belong to the same class of society, the anecdote only shows that the writer of it is guilty of an absurdity and an untruth. Really, after such absurdities as the above, English journalists ought not to be too hard on the French for imagining that our aristocracy sell their wives, and rush out of their castles to plunder the passers-by.

OUR DISTORTING GLASS. No. VIII.

HARRIET MARTINEAU, THE MODERN SPHINX.

We this week present our readers with a portrait of Miss Martineau in her latest impersonation—that of the Egyptian Sphinx. The Sphinx was a strong-minded female—so is Miss Martineau; the Sphinx had a wide reputation—so has Miss Martineau; the Sphinx has been much criticised—so has Miss Martineau.

The Sphinx was principally remarkable for asking gentlemen riddles, and on their being unable to answer them, devouring them for lunch. We are not aware that Miss Martineau is addicted to conundrums or cannibalism; but we may safely say that were she to devour all those who cannot understand her hieroglyphical writings, she would have more work on her hands than she would easily get through.

In one respect Miss Martineau strongly resembles the Sphinx—she objects to over-population. Her prototype remedied the evil by eating the superfluity, as we have seen; in the present degenerate age of the world, females use no weapon but the pen.

Conscience Money.—Last week a contributor to the *Man in the Moon* forwarded a bad sixpence to Mr. Mark Lemon as "conscience money," for a joke which he had inadvertently taken from the columns of *Punch*. The amount has been paid over as income tax for the past year due from the proprietors of the journal to the Government.

Exhibition of a "Gentlemen from London."—About ten days since, a "gentleman from London," who had seen Louis Napoleon in that city, arrived in Paris. We suppose, from what resulted, that this gentleman was publicly exhibited to the journalists of Paris and the correspondents of our own papers: for, on the following day, half the Paris editors and a third of the London reporters had seen the mysterious gentleman, and proclaimed the same in their respective columns. We can understand that, in the present state of the French metropolis, a "gentleman from London" is a rarity, but we should have imagined that he would have been seized upon by the hotel-keepers rather than by the *littérateurs* of that city.

SOCIAL AXIOMS.

M. Thiers is publishing an essay, in the *Constitutionnel*, to prove that a man has a right to his own property. He admits that, previously to the existence of the Communists, there would have been no more need for the proof than for one of the axiom that a straight line lies evenly between its extreme points; although, in the present day, it is much needed. We understand that the bankers, hotel-keepers, and tradesmen generally, of the French metropolis, are about to select some of the principal truths contained in M. Thiers's work, and to hang up the same in a conspicuous part of their premises. The following have been already decided upon, and, what is more, will be acted upon in spite of the protests of M. Prudhon:—

"Any dealer selling an article of the value of five francs, has a right to the sum of five francs in return.

"Any person tendering two francs in payment of an article value one franc, has a right to one franc in return.

"Every person, even if a Communist, may be called upon, in strict accordance with the laws of society, to pay for his dinner. *N.B.*—The above rule is also to apply to the wine which may be consumed during the said dinner.

"Every person, Communist, Socialist, or otherwise, may be legally called upon to pay his tailor.

"If any French subject walk along the streets with a thousand francs in his pocket, the said sum is not legally the property of every person, Communist, Socialist, or otherwise, who may choose to take it from him."

THE BEAU MONDE.

Policeman, G. 70, took his tea last Sunday evening with the ladies of the establishment in the kitchen of Mr. Badger, the eminent barrister; at ten, he took his departure, after taking a few innocent liberties with his fair entertainers: he also took the remnants of a giblet-pie.

Miss Sarah Brown, whose mother occupies a garret in a retired part of St. Giles's, has lately been led to the hymeneal altar by R. Swipes, Esq., of the same well-known house. The lovely bride was to have been given away by her respected uncle, Mr. Nimbleclaws, but, as his presence was indispensably necessary at Brixton, where his services were required by Government—in connexion, we believe, with the *rotatory* system—he was unavoidably prevented from attending.

SNOBBISM IN MOURNING.

We perceive that the Queen Dowager of the Two Sicilies has died lately—a practice which we are sure the aristocracy must consider disgustingly vulgar and common. The court are to go into mourning on the occasion, and for the next few weeks will therefore look more hideous than their attire usually makes them. We do not see why mourning, however, should be confined to the court. The *plebs* care just as much, we are sure, for the demise of the royal lady as the "higher orders." The Showman therefore directs that the following mourning shall be worn by the people:—

The washerwomen to wear seedy crape, and when taking their gin to say, "La, poor old lady, who 'd a thought it!" occasionally.

The dustmen to wear black corduroys, and countenance to match, black stockings, and bluchers. Their drink, like their mourning, to be deep.

John Stiggles, whose eye has been black for some period, is requested to keep it in the same condition.

The courts and alleys will go out of mourning on the 29th.

Our friend the *Observer* keeps up his reputation this week for absurdity. He tells us that a jury in Liverpool, in a case where two persons were discovered dead in their beds, brought in a verdict of "*found drowned*." Was the editor on the jury in this case, or is it a libel merely on them? If the jury did bring in *such* a verdict, one thing we are assured of, they must be subscribers to the *Observer*.

AN EASTERLY WIND BLIGHTING THE IRISH PIKE CROP.

A FEW PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MR. AUGUSTUS PHILIPS.

Chapter VI.—The Pilot is invited to take part in a Water Party.

Half an hour after the events recorded in our last chapter, Mr. Augustus Philips, clad in a complete suit of Mr. Bagster's clothes, which the latter had insisted he should put on, while his own were drying down stairs, was seated discussing the promised chop and sundry topics of by-gone days.

"It 's an ill wind that blows nobody good," said Mr. Bagster, after the cloth was removed; "if it had not been for your involuntary immersion, we should not have engaged the pleasure of your company as we are now doing."

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Philips; "that is to say—I mean—really I—the pleasure is all on my side."

It would be impossible to enumerate half the blunders and mistakes which Mr. Augustus Philips committed on that evenful afternoon. They were certainly sufficient to have rendered him ridiculous a hundred times over in the eyes of his former playmate Harriet; but, strange to say, they appeared to produce on her quite a contrary effect.

"Why, papa," said the young lady, looking at her watch, "I declare it 's six o'clock. How quickly the time has flown."

"I am sure—I ought to feel highly flattered at—at—that being the case," said Mr. Augustus.

"Why?" asked Harriet.

"Because," stammered out Mr. Augustus in return—"because—I—I ought to——". He meant to have said, "Because he ought to esteem it as a compliment to himself;" but, somehow or other, the words stopt short in his throat, while he tried to hide his confusion by helping himself to another glass of wine, looking all the time he was drinking at the bottom of the glass, as if he expected to find a stock of confidence there.

At six o'clock, Harriet left them to spend the evening and next day with an old school-fellow at Fulham. On her departure, her father observed, that, instead of stopping there, it would be much preferable if they took a cab, and went down to Mr. Augustus's chambers, as he should very much like to see them, and renew his acquaintance with the Pilot, whom he had known as a little child.

It was vain that Mr. Augustus raised objections. The old gentleman good-humouredly insisted, and half an hour later they were in the Temple. After an amicable discussion who should pay the driver, which ended in Mr. Bagster's doing so, and Mr. Augustus Philips's returning to his pocket an old washing bill which he had taken thence, and remarking something about "having nothing less about him than a cheque for twenty pounds," both parties mounted the three flights of stairs which conducted to Mr. Philips's chambers.

On knocking, the door was opened by an individual with a short and very black-looking pipe in the corner of his mouth. This person was no other than the Pilot himself, whom Augustus immediately introduced to Mr. Bagster.

"Who could believe it possible," said that gentleman, after a little; "it makes one look old. Why, I can recollect the time when you were just able to clamber up to my knee."

"Which was, of course, my ne *plus ultra*," said the Pilot.

"Quite professional, you see," said Mr. Augustus, with a reproving glance at his brother and pointing to the books which were lying about the apartment, while he pulled down the window to let out the tobacco smoke; "and so quiet."

At this part of his discourse, he was interrupted by the following curious production, which proceeded from the adjoining chambea:—

"And cried, 'Sir, you 've taken too much by a cup,
And so 'fore the magistrate you must come up.'
Said Joe, as he fetched him a crack on the crown,
'You mean, my dear Peeler, that you must go down.'
Singing down, down, down derry down."

"Some acquaintances of my brother's," said Mr. Augustus, rather annoyed.

"To whom," continued the Pilot, in spite of all the winks and hints Augustus was giving him, "I shall be delighted to introduce you. They are particular friends of mine: by name Probe and Splint—by nature the most conscientious fellows I know. Indeed, so impressed are they with the dignity and respectability of the profession they have embraced, that they have determined on sowing all their wild-oats before obtaining their diploma; and an uncommon amount of labour they have consequently got to perform." With this remark he led the way into the next room.

"Gentlemen," said the Pilot, "allow me to introduce to you the friend of my infancy; Mr. Bagster—Messrs. Probe and Splint. Messrs. Probe and Splint—Mr. Bagster." Messrs. Probe and Lint said they were most honoured, and Mr. Bagster, having bowed in the direction where he supposed the two gentleman were seated, but which the tobacco smoke would not allow him to swear to, and coughed out, "Great—pleasure—I—am—sure—highly delighted—" took advantage of tumbling over a chair, to stop there.

In a little time the whole party got to be on very friendly terms. The old gentleman found Messrs. Splint and Probe to be very agreeable fellows; they did not speak much, it is true, but then they drank all the more, and the Pilot made up for any deficiency that might otherwise have existed in the conversational department. To use his own expressions—"Having submitted Mr. Bagster to a severe examination, he found him to be a brick of the very hardest possible material," and then proceeded, in spite of all his brother could do to the contrary, to state that, in consequence of his frolic at Ramsgate, his brother was drained; but that a friend to whom he had applied, had, greatly to their surprise, not as referring to the will, but to the ability, lent them ten pounds; that there was no harm in being in difficulties—on the contrary, they served to sharpen and excite the intellectual powers; as a proof of which he begged to relate how he had put off his brother's bootmaker that very day.

"I knew," said he, "that the tradesman in question had called on my brother in the morning, and intended doing so again in the afternoon. I also knew that it was more than probable that my brother—for such is his nervousness—would hardly be able to meet the biped himself, much less his demands. Now, there is a certain Lord Scratchcraigie, a Scottish nobleman, who subscribes twenty pounds a-year to that excellent charity, the hospital to which I have the honour of belonging, and benevolently sends all his servants when they are ill; by which process he gains a considerable annual profit, and shows to what extent he venerates the soft and gentle virtue of charity—when it begins at home. This morning I saw one of his footmen, whom I had been attending for some time past. I gave the fellow a couple of shillings, and my instructions; the result of which was that the obnoxious creditor had only just made his appearance within these time-honoured precincts, when a knock was heard at the door, and my friend of the yellow plush came in with an invitation from the Earl of Scratchcraigie, requesting 'the honour of Mr. Augustus Phillips's company to dinner on Wednesday next'—an honour," continued the Pilot, looking very knowingly at Mr. Bagster, "which I was reluctantly obliged to decline, as I knew my brother was engaged for that day with the Dowager Marchioness of Fitz-Filbert. It 's very strange," said the Pilot, in conclusion, "how this altered the state of things; scarcely had the majestic calves of the more or less pampered menial disappeared, than the bootmaker suddenly recollected that, if it were not quite convenient for Augustus to settle the account then, he could wait till next Christmas, as he had unexpectedly received money from other quarters, and that he should only be too happy to execute any orders we might choose to honour him with; and, as I like to diffuse content as far as it lies in my humble power, I immediately allowed him to take my measure for two pairs of boots."

The tone now became most familiar, and Mr. Bagster was so delighted with his new acquaintances, that he gave them all an invite to a water party and picnic, for that day three weeks, provided they would promise to pull.

This was agreed to, *nem. con.*; and the Pilot observing, as he drank Mr. Bagster's health, that they would immediately prove they were good hands at a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, each gentleman emptied his particular tumbler, turning it upside down, and letting one drop drain out upon his thumb-nail in proof that he had done so.

Whether it was owing to the heat of the room, or to the excitement of speaking, we know not, but certain it is that Messrs. Probe and Splint and likewise Mr. Bagster were rather unsteady in their gait, and unsettled in their ideas when they left, and that, on two cabs being called, Mr. Splint got into that in which was Mr. Bagster instead of the one tenanted by Mr. Probe, the consequence of which was that Mr. Bagster found himself on awaking next morning in a small truckle bedstead in a three-pair back in Titchfield Street, while Mr. Probe first saw the rays of light in a cell of the station-house, having been conveyed thither on his obstinate refusal to move from the door-step of Mr. Bagster's lodgings in St. James's Street, where the cab had set him down.

"BRITONS' BEST BIRTHRIGHT—TRIAL BY JURY."

About a fortnight since an action was brought against the asserted proprietor of a low gaming house.

The principal witness swore hard and fast that the defendant *was* the proprietor, and no evidence was called to prove the reverse. It, however, appeared that the witness had been many years a notorious gambler, and his testimony was therefore not credited.

About the same time some stupid, and certainly criminal, Chartists were tried for an offence, in which the Government prosecuted. The principal witness, as in the other case which we have cited, was a blackleg; but a blacker blackleg than the other—one who had been paid so much per day for helping to cheat the Epsom greenhorns at thimble-rigging. He was also a spy, and had many other worse points about him than the other blackleg. He was a more thorough scoundrel, and one probably of longer standing; for when blackleg No. 1 was insulted by Mr. Clarkson, he became excited, and called the learned counsel ugly names; whereas blackleg No. 2 openly acknowledged the possession of more meanness and villany than usually falls to the lot of half-a-dozen men.

In spite of the above circumstances, the evidence of No. 1 was not received—which was quite right; whereas the testimony of No. 2 was sufficient to get men transported for life—which, in our opinion, was something worse than wrong.

The National Assembly and its Two Chambers.—The French representatives have lately had a tremendous discussion as to whether the National Assembly should consist of two chambers or only one. We propose that it should consist of two—a sitting-room and a bed-room; the former for the representatives who speak, the latter for those who are compelled to listen.

WHO EDITS THE UNITED SERVICE GAZETTE?

A paragraph lately appeared in the *United Service Gazette* (and was copied into several other journals, the editors of which are generally believed to be sensible men), to the effect that when the National Guards lately paid a visit to the Tower, some "true-born Englishman" was polite enough to call their attention to certain guns which had been taken from the French at the battle of Vittoria. The National Guards assured the man, who had so civilly undertaken to point out the curiosities of the place, that they, on their side, had taken some guns from the English, which were to be seen in Paris. The urbane guide, whose knowledge of English history was derived from those "abridgments" in which the disagreeable part alone is abridged (and which continually state that "a bloody battle ensued, in which the English were victorious"), informed his visitors that the guns which the French had taken from the English had been previously spiked; when, instead of contradicting the assertion, the National Guards are said to have walked off, muttering oaths, which were evidently invented expressly for the occasion by the editor.

Does the editor of the *United Service Gazette* know anything about military matters? and if so, does he not know that the English would not have been fighting for seven years in the peninsula if they had never met with any reverses, and had never lost a single gun? Does he know anything about military history? and if so, does he not know that the English *did* lose a great many guns in the peninsula? We suppose the editor belongs to that nearly absolete class of persons who believe that an Englishman of nine stone and no muscular powers can beat ten Frenchmen each of great strength and size. Some clue to the mental capacity of the gentleman may be formed from the fact of his stating, with the greatest gravity, that the unexpected arrival of these National Guards in London proves how easily England might be invaded! Of course, then, he believes that in the event of a contemplated invasion one of the Folkestone steamers would be placed at the disposition of the enemy, that they would be received with courtesy and invited to breakfast by English authorities, and that they would be conveyed without expense to London by the South-Eastern Railway Company, as was the case with the peaceable invaders of ten days' since. Who is the proprietor of the *United Service Gazette*, and why does he not get a sensible man to edit it?

OUR COURT OF REVIEW.

"*Mysteries of the Court of London*," by G. W. M. Reynolds.

Our readers are, of course, aware, through the medium of the papers, what punishment Mr. Reynolds has brought on himself by the latest of his bankruptcies. They have now to learn that he is amending his position as an uncertificated bankrupt, by turning a literary pander.

In his *Mysteries* the heroes are profligates, and the heroines procuresses; the scene is laid in the haunts of iniquity; the dialogue is indecent; the descriptions are disgusting; the plot vile, and the effect pernicious.

Reynolds thinks himself safe, from the mere fact that a journal can scarcely mention him, for fear of sharing in his ignominy. But we shall brave that—though with caution—for the sake of society.

Therefore we say:—

To the *Society for the Suppression of Vice*. What are your officials about?

To the common informer. Here is a chance for you to make something.

To respectable people. If you find the pestilent production in your houses, put it in the fire, taking care *to use the tongs for the purpose*, for fear of pollution.

A triennial bankrupt injures commerce; a venal agitator imperils the constitution; a literary pander endangers the morals of the land. What then should be done to a combination of the three—to a Cerberus with three such heads, howling at the portals of the constitution; to an object that can be denominated nothing but "three precious scoundrels rolled into one," to imitate the saying of a very different person—George Colman?

We look anxiously in the police reports for an answer to our question.

IS HE MAD?

There is a paragraph now going the round of the papers, in which the following astounding piece of information appears:—

"In all cases a Frenchman can mortgage the whole of his fortune, and spend all he has during his life."

Now this assertion is, "in all cases," either absurd or untrue. If the writer (luckily for him we forget his name) means to say that a Frenchman's property is always so small that he is sure to spend it before his death, and leave nothing to his heirs, he is stating an untruth. If he only wishes to assert that a Frenchman is allowed by law to spend as much money as he possesses, and even to get over head and ears in debt afterwards, if his credit be good enough, he is stating what every one but himself knew long ago. Nor is this privilege peculiar to Frenchmen. If the writer of the present article choose to receive his weekly salary in bank notes, and to amuse himself by making enormous bonfires of them, not even his tailor dare step in to prevent him.

Rotatory Parliament.—We don't think there's any chance of our having a rotatory or turn-about Parliament; for Parliaments, it is well known, "toil not, neither do they *spin*."

CLOSE OF THE PUBLIC GARDENS.

Now that the public gardens are closed, every one is desirous of finding out what has become of the waiters, the Ethiopians and other serenaders, the musicians, and every body and everything connected with the above popular places of amusem nt.

Vauxhall is closed. The shade of Simpson haunts the dark walks; but Herr Redl, at the head of his band, has boldly invaded Leicester Square, where many of his musicians have much distinguished themselves as perfect masters of attack. The Ethiopians have washed their faces, and are resting their bones in some obscure corner of the metropolis. The waiters, so dexterous in pouring out lemonade, are safe at home, "practising with water." The *chef de cuisine*, of unrivalled reputation for "cutting it thin," has been engaged at a ham and beef shop, where he is expected to make a pound and a half go as far as two pounds and a quarter. Even the M. C., with his accustomed urbanity, has cut his stick.

What has become of Juba we are unable to say, but it is rumoured that he is endeavouring to pass himself off as a lineal descendant of the *Juba* of Addison's *Cato*. If so, all we can say to him is, that a lash awaits him.

JUBA AND PELL.

Laurent has moved from Cremorne to the Casino, his journey from one place to the other being facetiously spoken of as "a continental tour, in which he has made numerous selections of new music."

Jullien has left the "Surrey" to take up his winter quarters at Drury Lane; in other words, he has only left a suburban menagerie to patronize one (for such it has been) in the heart of the metropolis.

EDITOR'S BOX.

MOST of the principal theatres are once more open to the public—and the criticism of the SHOWMAN. The Lyceum, Princess's, Adelphi, and Sadler's Wells, besides a host of others, are already, to use an appropriate phrase, in full play, and ere this article shall have rejoiced the hearts of admiring thousands, the Haymarket and Covent Garden will be added to the list.

The offspring of parents in middle life now begin to remind their beloved progenitors of rash promises made to take them to see Harley or Miss Fitzwilliam: and on the day finally fixed for their visit, can eat no dinner, and go through the form of scalding their throats with hot tea as early as 4 P.M., in order that they "may be in time." Cabmen begin to look lively at the improved state of affairs: the vendors of apples, oranges, and biscuits maintain what, from the indigestible nature of their wares, the SHOWMAN feels obliged to entitle an *insanatory cordon*, for a quarter of a mile all round the theatre—bills of the play are unceremoniously thrust into the windows of every carriage which can possibly be supposed to be wending its way to the same place—thither hurry love-sick swains, flying to see their mistresses; husbands endeavouring to escape from *theirs*—by which, of course, their wives are meant; while many a tired and weary speculator does the same, forsaking, for a moment, the rail, to turn for amusement and relaxation to the stage.

Before Madame Vestris commenced her first campaign, many individuals, very learned in such matters, gave it as their opinion that the market was over-stocked—that there was no room for the Lyceum. Should last season have failed to convince them of their error, this one will certainly open their eyes. Never was there a better opening for a theatre than that of the Lyceum. Long before the rising of the curtain, the house was as crammed as an alderman after a dinner at the Mansion House, and the money-takers were as pestered with applications for places as a First Lord of the Treasury, or a Director of the India House; not one of which said applications, five minutes after the doors were thrown open, but was as unsuccessful as would be that of Holloway's Ointment to the cure of short-sightedness—a disease with which the patrons of this precious unguent appear to be the more afflicted the more they use it.

The pieces selected were Mr. Shirley Brooke's clever trifle of *Anything for a Change*, and Mr. Planché's *Court Beauties*, the beauties of which are manifold, and not confined to those fair representations of the Merry Monarch's frail favourites, who, to judge from them as they appeared as pictures at the end of the piece, were certainly framed to enchant all beholders. The *Critic* followed, and afforded a convincing proof that of all the puffs the Lyceum can enjoy, that of Mr. C. Mathews is likely to be of the greatest service to it. Before Sheridan's *chef-d'œuvre*, however, the National Anthem was given; Madame Vestris singing the last verse in such a manner that she was called on to repeat it, and at its conclusion also called on—to the foot-lights, and the SHOWMAN'S great satisfaction—in order to receive the hearty and continued plaudits of the audience. This must have convinced her that she is still the same favourite she ever was, and is the best earnest of her success in the theatrical game of hazard she is engaged in; for while she plays in such a winning way, it is impossible she should lose.

At the Princess's the note—or rather, since Mr. Maddox commenced with opera, the notes—of preparation have been heard for some time past. This magnificent little theatre opens with a fresh lustre—in the shape of a new chandelier; besides which, the whole of the interior, like the *Gardes Mobiles* who distinguished themselves in the affair of June, has been newly decorated.

The company—which is not only the apple but the very *corps* of Mr. Maddox's eye—is strong, including as it does Miss Poole and Mr. Weiss, not forgetting a fair *débutante* from the *Théâtre de la Nation* at Paris, Mademoiselle Rossi, *nor* Mademoiselle Nau of the same establishment.

A young lady of the name of Julia Harland has made her first appearance here in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. If she only always perform—or rather sing—half as well as she promises, she will prove a valuable acquisition. At the fall of the curtain she was obliged to advance to the front of the stage amid a shower of applause; and although the SHOWMAN generally agrees with the maxim *nulla fides fronti*, especially as referring to old ladies of sixty with particularly juvenile hair, in this case he departs from his general custom—and the Princess's at the same time—in order to proceed as quickly as possible to the Adelphi.

Touching this popular place of amusement, so much has already been said by the gentlemen of the press who "do" the descriptive, about "the decorations by Mr. Sang," and "the design of Digby Wyat, Esq. (architect)," and "the new act-drop by Messrs. Pitt and Johnstone," that the SHOWMAN contents himself with observing, that although, since the substitution of the new dome for the old ceiling, the house is necessarily a doomed one, he would not mind taking on himself the conduct of the establishment, and engaging to find bread and chese out of the profits. Experience has shown that as long as servant maids take an interest in injured innocence and Miss Woolgar, and fast gentlemen in Mr. Wright and broad humour, the Adelphi will be full, although every other theatre in London be the reverse. By the way, talking of Mr. Wright, the SHOWMAN was lately grieved to hear that this gentleman had been caught tripping; the SHOWMAN was, however, much relieved on discovering—from all the papers—that this merely referred to a pleasure trip Mr. Wright was at present making, and that his moral character was not in the least affected.

The greatest novelty of the season, however, has been the fact of a full house at the Strand Theatre; but, extraordinary as this is, people will cease to wonder at it, when they learn that it was on the occasion of Henry Russell's giving his popular entertainment, of which the more prominent points were two songs that first appeared in the columns of the PUPPET-SHOW, *The World is on the Move*, and *There's Room enough for All*—which last was certainly not true on the evenings of Mr. Russell's performances.

The SHOWMAN had at first resolved on making a tour to Sadler's Wells and the Marylebone, and had in consequence already packed up his portmanteaus and carpet bags, and taken leave of his numerous friends for some time, when a matter of importance arose which required his presence in town on the next day but one. This of course rendered it impossible for him to carry out his plan; he therefore ordered—that is, he gave tickets to—one of his contributors to visit the two establishments in question. If the gentleman return soon enough, the result of his observations shall be made known to the world in the next number of the PUPPET-SHOW.

CHARTIST CONVICTIONS—That they are in the wrong box.

A CHANGE OF CLOTHES.

A TALE OF SEEDINESS.

SIGNOR SQUALLINALTO and Mr. REUBENS SMITH were two great artists, but unfortunately their genius was unappreciated. Consequently they were poor, and, not having "tick" with a tailor, ill-clad.

The two artists resembled each other in many points. Squallinalto could boast of a voice superior to that of Mario—at all events he did so on every possible occasion—and yet was prevented (by a base plot) from singing at either of the Italian Theatres. Reubens Smith, on the other hand, was the victim of a nefarious conspiracy, which aimed at obstructing the sale of his pictures (of which the merit was undoubted—by himself) for their full value. He had been offered two hundred pounds (at least, he said so) for his grand historical painting of "Lot's Wife turned into a Pillar of Salt;" but that was only half its value, and he accordingly declared that he would see it hung in the Octagon Room first.

These gentlemen also resembled each other in personal appearance, which, by-the-bye, is not complimentary to either of them; they were about the same height, and were just as broad in proportion as they were long. They were not known to each other, or Squallinalto would often have envied the appearance of Reubens Smith when he had purchased a new smoking cap, which, although it might have fitted the latter, he would nevertheless have been unable to wear; and, on the other hand, when the fortune of each had changed, Smith would often have desired to step into Squallinalto's shoes.

I have before said that the two artists were poor, and could not get "tick" with a respectable tailor. This fact being fully impressed on the reader's mind, he will probably pardon the vulgarity, and commiserate the misfortune of these unfortunate men, who, possessing originality of thought and the most novel ideas, were nevertheless forced to take their clothes at second hand. They patronised the same gentleman (he was of the Hebrew persuasion); and not only did they purchase their garments of him, but also sometimes induced him to become himself a buyer, for when in great want they would sacrifice appearance to hunger, and would despoil their backs to support their stomachs.

But the wise dispensations of Providence would not allow the two artists to be poor at the same time; it would have been too much misery for our globe. Accordingly, when one was sinking in the scale of humanity and selling his raiment to procure a mess of pottage, the other was ascending and was probably purchasing wherewith to decorate his outer man. By this process it so happened that Squallinalto would frequently obtain a coat, a hat, or a pair of pantaloons which had been just relinquished by Smith, in a moment of extreme poverty; while Smith would, when in comparative affluence, possess himself of garments "late the property of Signor Squallinalto."

In the month of January last I saw Smith in a shooting-coat, a pair of leather breeches, and a wide-awake hat (so called, as a distinguished writer in the PUPPET-SHOW has observed, because it never has any "nap"). I was fortunate enough to meet Squallinalto about the same period; he wore a *paletot*, plaid trousers, and a Gibus hat. Last week I again met the two artists, and on the same day; this time Squallinalto wore the shooting-coat, leather breeches, and wide-awake, while Smith sported the *paletot*, the plaid, and the Gibus, which by this time had got considerably out of the perpendicular, the side presenting a gradient of about one in four.

By degrees these gentlemen had changed costumes, and without knowing it. In the true spirit of a benefactor I determined to enlighten them. I accordingly arranged an appointment, and upon their arrival introduced Smith, dressed *à la Squallinalto*, to Squallinalto, dressed *à la Smith*. Of course they were mutually astonished, but their feelings having subsided, I addressed them as follows:—

"My dear friends and respected artists,

"I have arranged this meeting not with a view to cause you any discomfiture, but in order to show you how, by a simple process, you may manage your joint wardrobe at far less cost than it has put you to during the past nine months (*Applause*). Have you, Mr. Smith, ever obtained what you considered the fair value for your clothes (*cries of 'No, no'*); and have you not, Signor Squallinalto, always paid more—far more—for the garments previously sold by Mr. Smith than he had obtained for them, and even than their actual value (*Hear, hear*). The fact is, the Jew has been living on the vitals of you two great artists (*sensation*). When either of you bought, when either of you sold, the Hebrew pocketed an enormous profit; that profit let him no more obtain (*cheers, and cries of 'We won't, we won't'*). You, Mr. Smith, when necessity compels you to sell, go straightway to Signor Squallinalto, and make your bargain; and you, Signor Squallinalto, when affluence invites you to buy, purchase of Mr. Reubens Smith (*loud cheers.*)"

Since making the above speech I have discovered that the Israelite has heard of my interference between him and his customers. He threatens revenge, and I therefore remain at home, and have hung a leg of pork outside the portal, in hopes that it will act as a charm to keep him away.

MINISTERIAL RUMOUR.—A rumour was prevalent yesterday in the Clubs that Lord John Russell had resigned. On inquiry, we ascertained that the report had unfortunately only had its origin in the fact that he had again signed the receipt for his salary.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.

THE SHOWMAN has just received the following letter, which he begs to submit to the attention of the proper authorities. To use a common phrase of penny-a-liners, when at a loss what to say, the SHOWMAN will merely observe, that comment is unnecessary:—

"*Cork, Oct. 7*, 1848.

"SIR,—I write to you in a state of great excitement—by which I do not allude to the unfortunate country I am at present residing in, but to my own personal condition.

"I have been insulted, ill-treated, outraged, robbed: but listen to my tale, and tell me whether I have not cause to complain.

"I came over here some little time ago, with the intention of proposing to a most amiable and beautiful young lady, possessed of one of the finest estates in the county. Things had gone on swimmingly, and I meant to pop the question this very evening when I became the victim of the following savage and——but words are too weak to express my feelings: let me be calm.

"I had driven out in the company of my intended and a mutual friend of the name of O'Donovan, when we were suddenly stopped by a party of police, who were prowling about after certain insurgents that are said to be concealed in these parts. Well, sir, after asking me my name, address, profession, and every other particular they could think of, they told me first to stand up, then to sit down, then to stand up again, and then to turn round (in the presence of a lady too!), finishing by an order for me to alight from the carriage.

"They now proceeded to ransack my pockets, inquiring, with dogged pertinacity, who the O'Donovan was to whom I referred in such a disparaging manner in a half-finished letter which they had found. The fact was, in writing to another friend, I had used one or two rather strong terms—but quite in a friendly way—of O'Donovan. However that may be, I shall most likely have to fight him.

But this, sir, was not all: this I might have submitted to, but how can I depict to you my feelings when, after all this, they added the crowning indignity of actually pulling my whiskers to see if they were false—which they are not—and tugging at my hair, which is; the consequence being that the inspector soon had in his hands property of mine—in the shape of one of Brown's best wigs—to the amount of £5, while I stood, in the full sight of my intended, a bare-headed object of ridicule and contempt, exposed to all the gibes and jeers of a ruffianly population, and not less ruffianly police.

"Now, sir, as it is perfectly impossible I can ever look the lady in the face again, I have lost thirty thousand pounds at least, the value of her estates, besides having to stand the chance of being shot by O'Donovan. Is this to be borne? Are property and life to be made thus light of? are they thus to be sacrificed to Whig measures and Whig officials? And if I were to commence an action against Lord Clarendon for the loss I have sustained, should I have any chance of gaining damages? I pause for a reply.

I remain, sir,
Your obedient servant,
A MUCH INJURED MAN.

THE TWO CASINOS.

EVERY one remembers the awful musical row which took place on the commencement of a second Italian Opera, and how the general public afterwards took part in it; and how one party said that Lumley would prosper on account of the superiority of the situation of his theatre, and the other that Beale would succeed owing to the greater merit of his singers. London is now, we grieve to say, threatened with an evil of a similar nature, and which is likely to be attended with worse effects, inasmuch as the persons taking part in it are more unprincipled. We allude to the establishment of a Casino in Leicester Square—which may appear nothing in itself, but which threatens to be productive of disturbance, and even of uncivil war.

The opponents of the Walhalla say that it is "on the brink of a precipice," by which they mean that a person coming out of it has a chance of tumbling down a flight of stone steps into Leicester Square. The enemies of Laurent's maintain, on the other hand, that dancing is unnatural at a place formerly devoted to the pursuit of science, and finish with a false quotation to the effect that "Melancholy has marked it for her own."

It has been suggested that there is something vulgar in the name "Adelaide *Gallery*," as the latter word is evidently intended to give a hint as to the number of "gals" that frequent it: while Walhalla is erroneously objected to as the name of a place exclusively devoted to the exhibition of paintings, and as suggesting that the *habituées* are "painted up to the eyes."

Then again, a question has been raised as to the efficacy of the police at such places of entertainment. The Laurentians maintain that the presence of the civil force, although not absolutely required by any improper conduct on the part of the frequenters, is nevertheless salutary, as tending to show the desire of the proprietors to keep order; at the same time, they assert that the management of the Walhalla proves itself heedless of the public morals, by not insuring the presence of a certain number of constables, instead of relying entirely on the *bâton* of the conductor. The other party insist that the absence of policemen proves the presence of well-behaved persons: in fact, as is the case with statistics and Parliamentary returns, the facts are made to tell in two opposite ways.

In the meantime, each party is maintaining a formidable opposition against the other. Laurent, who has the best cornet—and the best cornet-player, too—in London, is about to issue a placard bearing the words

"ARBAN AND THE ECLIPSE POLKA:"

to which the rival conductor will feebly respond with

"HERR REDL AND THE VAUXHALL WALTZ."

The Walhalla will tempt the public with

"VOTE FOR THE WALHALLA AND THREE WALTZES:"

and the counter demonstration to this will probably be

"RUSH TO THE CASINO FOR LAURENT AND FIVE POLKAS."

The Laurentians, moreover, rely upon the fact of being provided with a larger number of Masters of the Ceremonies than their opponents; while the latter pretend that their M. C.'s are of more utility, on account of the long wands which they carry.

THE SMALL DEBTS ACT—Chalking them up behind a door.

AS PLAIN AS A PIKESTAFF.—An unfortunate friend writes to inform us of his having embarked in an undertaking to which Lord Brougham has promised to lend his countenance. We are sorry to hear it, as matters must necessarily put on a very bad face.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—We read in the *Globe*—and we shudder as we do so—that "The pork for naval use this year will be made up entirely in Ireland. No American will be taken into consumption." By the latter fact's being so explicitly announced, it appears, then, that there was some doubt on the subject. How horrid! what a terrible fate had nearly befallen the poor Yankees who may happen to be over here! Fancy leaving some friend from New York or Boston in good health and the Haymarket, and meeting him the next time in a pork-pie!

THE BLOODTHIRSTY REPUBLIC.

TORY writers are very fond of talking about the bloodthirstiness of republics, and of saying, for the sake of an illustration, that they devour their own children, &c. We have lately had some fine instances of the savage ferocity of the French Republic, as contrasted with the dignified mildness (for it is generally believed that there is dignity in mercy) of our own Government.

1. The first act of the French Republic was to abolish the punishment of death.

Mr. Ewart's annual motion in the House of Commons for a similar purpose is always "negatived by a large majority."

2. The French Republic convicted the actual rebels of June by the evidence of honest men.

The English Government led Cuffey and his miserable associates into a plot, and then convicted them only by means of a spy and a blackleg.

3. The French Republic punished those who had been in arms against it with six or eight years in the galleys, and some of the worst offenders, who had committed social crimes of magnitude, to imprisonment for life.

The English Government sentenced the miserable fools who had been deluded, urged on, and betrayed *by* that Government, to transportation for life.

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

Q. What is Catholic Emancipation?

A. A Popish parasite prosecuting a Protestant patriot!

NO DOUBT OF IT.—Mr. Widdicombe wishes to know, if the Duke of Norfolk were thrown from his saddle, would he resign his place as Master of the Horse?

INFAMOUS HOAX.—The Commissioners of Police lately sent down two or three of their most experienced detectives to Canterbury, in consequence of having received intelligence that a great number of pockets had been picked by an organized band in the neighbourhood. The information was perfectly correct as far as it went, but the writer forgot to state that the pockets in question were pockets of hops.

Ibrahim Pacha has succeeded his father as Viceroy of Egypt. The Sultan, seeing that Mehemet Ali was incapacitated by age and debility for reigning any longer, sent a *firman* to depose the *infirm* 'un.

ALL IN THE IDEA.—Our D.C. has written to tell us, that the policeman who handed Mr. William Smith O'Brien to the governor of the gaol, assured the latter that he considered himself on a footing with a member of Parliament, as he begged leave to "bring in a Bill."

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THE SHOWMAN'S TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

No. III.—"BE JUST BEFORE YOU ARE GENEROUS."

MR. FREDERICK PIPPINGTON was a gentleman of rather juvenile appearance and carriage, considering that his weight was eighteen stone and his age forty-two. He was one of those good sort of fellows who borrow money of their friends after telling them a capital story, and, from an over-forgetfulness, always fail to return the loan. He had been once in the habit of getting his friends to discount him bills for twenty pounds, change him checks for ten, and lend him five-pound notes; but as he grew older, and his friends wiser, he borrowed half-crowns and occasionally fourpenny bits. He hated nothing so much as paying. He had none of those absurd notions about debts of honour, and was far less likely to refund when his friend had failed to take his I. O. U.

One day, when he was in want of a cigar, or a pint of stout, or a pottle of strawberries, or a threepenny omnibus, or a penny bun, or a number of the PUPPET-SHOW—all of which, except the last, any "strong-minded" man might do without—he met a friend in the street who was good for half-a-crown, which he obtained possession of in five minutes, and spent in as many more. He never thought another instant of the debt, though his friend did, which was unfortunate, as next day he met Mr. F. P. coming out of a Joint-Stock banking house, where he had been detained ten minutes to get a commission account cheque cashed for two pounds two. His friend tackled him for the half-crown, and he could n't plead he had no money, because he held the two sovereigns between his fore-finger and thumb, and he noticed his friend's eye was fixed firmly on them; so the only excuse he could make was that he had no change; but as his friend pressed him somewhat hard, he invited him to take a glass of stout with him, ostensibly for the purpose of getting change, but actually with the intention of shaking him off.

Mr. Frederick Pippington grew generous on the stout; first a few dozen oysters were called for, and then several glasses of brandy-and-water, and then some cigars. A sovereign was produced, and the bill was paid. As Mr. F. P. was gathering up the change, his friend reminded him about the half-crown; but as ill-luck ordered it, the change consisted of half-a-sovereign and eighteenpence. They turned out into the street, and Mr. Pippington proposed getting change on board a steam-boat, as his friend was going to Islington, which he might manage by means of half-a-dozen steam-boats and omnibuses by way of Chelsea. The boat they got on board was a Richmond one; and the weather and iced ginger-beer was so hot, and the breeze and the cigars so pleasant, that they went all the way, and spent the eleven and sixpence on board. As Mr. Pippington was settling with the steward, his friend reminded him of the half-crown, which he positively wanted—either to pay his washing bill with, or else to get possession of the single shirt which he had left last Monday with his uncle—and he was promised it when Pippington could get some change.

At Richmond they turned into a tavern; and as both had rather an appetite, some lamb chops and peas were ordered and eaten, and a bottle of sherry drunk. Cigars came after the sherry, and more brandy-and-water with the cigars. At this point, Pippington's friend, seeing that the bill was running up, hiccuped out to him, "For the sake of humanity and my washerwoman, don't forget the half-crown;" but Pippington, with a savage satisfaction, calculated the cost of the dinner in his own mind, and finding there was something like half-a-crown to spare, called for two bottles of soda-water, each with a glass of sherry in it. These were gulped down by himself and friend; and then came the bill, amounting to eighteen shillings, which, with a couple of cigars for themselves and a couple of shillings for the waiter, balanced the account of the second sovereign. The friend would have chimed in for his half-crown, but he saw there was no chance of it.

The evening was serene and beautiful, the friends drunk and disorderly, as arm-in-arm they took their way to the railway station, when Pippington's last two shillings served to carry them back to town.

Pippington, when he awoke next morning, deep in his landlady's debt, and doubting whether she would let him have another breakfast on credit, thought over his yesterday's proceedings, and the miserable shift these had brought him to. He had spent two guineas on principle—and sundry eatables and drinkables—to avoid paying a paltry half-crown which he had borrowed two days before. On calculating, he found this was equivalent to interest at the rate of nearly 800 per cent. per diem, or 292,000 per cent. per annum; and he became convinced of the policy, if not of the morality, of the maxim "*Be just before you are generous.*"

A vast number of old ladies have been thrown into a state of great alarm for the safety of London, by the appearance of two or three hundred National Guards in full uniform, who they feared might entertain designs on the metropolis. Let these susceptible females, however, be reassured; it is only the PUPPET-SHOW which experience has shown is able to *take the town!*

PUNCH VINCTUS.

ONE of our contributors has sent in a very clever parody of the "Prometheus Vinctus," which, owing to a deficiency of Greek accents in the printing-office, we are unable to present to our readers. It would lose a great deal of its beauty by translation; and we therefore content ourselves with giving a summary of it.

Punch, as *Prometheus*, steals the jokes from the PUPPET-SHOW, in order to present them to its readers. The SHOWMAN (*Jupiter*), in revenge, sends a comic writer to torture the thief, who is bound down by two sub-editors (*Kratos* and *Bia*) of the injured journal.

QUARTER-DAY!

THE amiable Whigs, who combine the morals of Caliban with the intellect of Dogberry, have sentenced Mr. Smith O'Brien to the death of a traitor. Not an item of the disgusting formula of the barbarous sentence was spared to the public: the decision of the tyrant was couched in the language of the butcher.

A curious speculation suggests itself on this subject. It appears that the "quarters" of the prisoner are to be disposed of according to Her Majesty's pleasure. Will that gracious and amiable Lady regulate the disposal of them? Will the "hams" be hung in the kitchens of Buckingham Palace, and the loins suspended in the larders of Windsor? Or, will they be sold, and the amount added to the revenue of the country? It is amusing to contrast this barbarous relic of antiquity with modern tastes and feelings; as amusing as it is to compare Lord John Russell, as a literary man, with Macaulay, or, as a statesman, with Chatham.

But there is something more amusing yet to contemplate in the affair. We have had rebels prosecuting rebels—a thief set to catch a thief—sweeps pelting each other with soot, both being equally foul. The Whigs, as appears from the letter of the gallant and brilliant Napier, were rebels in 1832. They were plotting against the Sovereign whom they deceived by pretending to be his friends—this gang of banditti in Downing Street—and striving to spread blood and fire through the length and breadth of England. Lord John Russell (who appears to have the ugliness of Cuffey without his courage) was to have done the Tom Thumb on a barricade, and employed against the institutions of the country lead of a more serious character than that which he employed in his tragedy.

Of course, with these damning facts against them—facts which might even raise a blush on the withered cheeks of Lansdowne—the Whigs will not dare to hang O'Brien. Their shield is a leaden shield, but they dare not stain it with blood.

CHIMELESS CHIMES.

VARIOUS disagreeable "sounds," in the shape of "reports" inserted in the newspapers, have lately attracted the public ear, respecting the Royal Exchange chimes, which, instead of discoursing "most eloquent music," are said to possess the elements of discord instead of harmony. Not having heard the bells in question, the SHOWMAN cannot decide whether the complaints against their tongues—which are represented to be as confused as those of the builders of the Tower of Babel—are just or otherwise; but the charge against them is, that they are most unmusically "hung."

The "founders" of the chimes—that is, the gentlemen who cast the metal—declare, that the complaints against the bells are "unfounded," and that the *injudicious arrangement* of the tunes played on them is the cause of the "sound and fury signifying nothing." It appears that, originally, four tunes were adapted to their metallic capacities, but some busybodies have been "ringing the changes" on them, and, consequently, their "high-*mettled*" qualifications are not thoroughly displayed. Indeed, with respect to the tunes, there has been an "exchange" trick altogether!

The SHOWMAN suggests, as the best remedy for this state of things, that the chimes be forthwith set to the tune "*There's a good time coming, boys,*" as a change for the better is very desirable.

Charles Dickens' "Chimes" ended merrily enough. Why should not those of the Royal Exchange meet with a similar fate? To be sure, the former illustrated a *dream*, while matters connected with the Royal Exchange are too frequently founded upon the worst of realities.

A VOICE FROM THE THAMES.

Off Hungerford.

MR. SHOWMAN,—I am a fish of an advanced age, and therefore my habitation in the Thames must appear miraculous. Most of my circle of acquaintance are defunct, and I feel that I am rapidly following, for we have something very like the cholera here, which lays us on our backs. We are all completely muddled, and cannot see our way clear; and, though I have swam up to the Isis, in hopes of fishing out the cause at Oxford, I am not enlightened by my proximity with the colleges. I believe you had a poet, called Denham, who sang of the Thames,

> "Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
> Strong without rage, without o'erflowing—full;"

and however elegant it sounds, I suppose the poet's license must excuse his ignorance. So far from being clear, the number of accidents is awful, by unavoidable collisions amongst us, and it is far from lively, on account of the dreadful mortality prevailing. With regard to being strong, you will find that out the best by trusting to your ale and porter, and have no doubt as to the rage, when you some day discover that you have been absolutely poisoned. Moreover, as our waters only overflow occasionally, we are as full of filth as we can hold. The couplet is a downright injustice to the finny tribe, and turns the scales against us. If we do find a salubrious spot for half an hour, we see a dirty-looking mass more fearful than a whale in chase of us, and the next moment lose sight of one another most abruptly. I have a favourite acquaintance whom I have not seen for three long weeks. What is it, MR. SHOWMAN, that you are doing to us, for I have observed the vessels over me, and they pass harmlessly enough? Some of my companions lay the fault on the tunnel, but, for my part, I 'm above it. If it really can be true that you are emptying your sewers into our dominions with a view of killing us, you'll get the worst of it, for we shall wag our tails in Gloucestershire, and leave you the inheritors of pestilence and death. There's mysterious work fermenting in the river, and depend upon it there's something at the bottom of it. Be wise in time! for though we long have tolerated kettles, boots and shoes, &c., and other insults to our piscatorial dignity, we shall send you a revenging fever, which will glad the heart of

Yours, subaqueously,

A FISH.

A COMPARISON.—With reference to the conduct of the Irish trials, we may say of the Queen, as represented by her Ministers, that she resembles Miss Hardcastle—"She stoops to conquer."

PROGRESS FOR OUR ADVERTISERS.

To be a good advertiser is to be an ingenious man, but the ingenuity of even a professed puffer will sometimes flag: the resources of a Holloway's fancy may at last be exhausted, and the plenty of a Morisson's imagination be ultimately used up. Either the advertisement duty or something still more terrible, the dearth of talent on the part of the principal contributors to the columns of the *Times'* Supplement, has kept the art at a stand-still for some time past—that art so fast approaching the point at which it would actually have become a science. Rowland must really move on with the times, and unless the inventor of the "gentleman's real head of hair" keep pace with the age, he will find his announcement of no value and his testimonials of no effect.

CONTRACTS FOR SCOUNDRELS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the COMMISSIONERS FOR DOING THE DIRTY WORK OF HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT, being well satisfied with the services of Powell, are ready to receive TENDERS FOR RASCALS of a similar kind. All communications to be addressed to Downing Street, and marked in the corner TENDER FOR RASCALS. *N.B.* The Commissioners do not pledge themselves to accept the lowest villain offered.

OUR LEADER.

RIVALS TO CUFFEY!

ENGLAND has been thrown into a state of astonishment by the discovery that the Whigs were actually a few years ago complete rebels and deliberate plotters of treason. Lord John Russell will go down to posterity (and it would have been only fair if he had gone down to Newgate) with the gallant Cuffey, with the colour of whose phiz that of his lordship's heart harmonises very well.

We confess that we think there is no difference of guilt between treason at the Orange Tree and treason at the Reform Club. Is rebellion more honourable when babbled over Burgundy, than when belched over beer? We think that to take up arms against a sovereign in patent-leather boots is just as criminal as to do it in the homely, and more martial, bluchers. To conspire to kill majesty with a silver-hilted rapier is just as criminal, in our eyes, as to attempt it with a plebeian pike. But such is the wretched condition of society here, that respectability rules dominant even in crime.

We wonder how the Whigs used to manage their plots. One can fancy Lord John sneaking down St. James's Street to the place of meeting, tapping at the door, giving the password, "Walker!" and marching in to the assembled gang of "noble" conspirators—Morpeth, girt with a huge sword; the dandified and inane Melbourne, with a delicate poignard; the sullen and slow Lansdowne, bearing a butcher's axe! Then, how inspiring it must have been to them to gloat in imagination over the scenes of blood they were projecting; the confusion of the good-natured king, whose confidence they were dishonouring, and the probable destruction of the aristocracy, their relations! If plotters of this class escape with impunity, shall poor old Cuffey work in chains, or the melancholy Looney revolve on the eternal mill?

Could not the Whigs be punished (since there must be "social distinctions" always) in a manner becoming their lofty rank; chained, for example, with silver chains, and carried to Newgate in a splendid van with their crests emblazoned on its panels? We should like to see the ministers, all in elegant attire, working on a mahogany tread-mill—it would be quite an aristocratic punishment, and very amusing! Would not the "great snob society" allow that?

The subject has its facetious features; but, though we laugh at scoundrels occasionally, one may despise them all the same. Eh, reader?

PINS & NEEDLES.

We recently met with a paragraph commencing:—"The Labouring Poor in Ireland." This is the first intimation we ever had of the existence of any *labouring* portion of the Irish population.

Many persons express their surprise at Smith O'Brien's sudden exhibition of his poetical capacity, forgetting that the "presumptive" King of Munster has all along dealt in "visions."

Some good-natured "friend" recently published what he terms "Personal Recollections of Lord George Bentinck." The author is surmised to be Sir Charles Wood, as the *personal* recollections of the "well-abused" Chancellor of the Exchequer must be particularly vivid.

It is a matter of frequent discussion, what are the springs of Mr. Disraeli's conduct? Judging from the warm water he is so often getting into, we should say that they are hot springs

There is a report—to which, however, we do not attach much credit—that Lord J. Russell intends visiting Ireland once more before next session, in order to complete his plans for the alleviation of the prevailing distress. Of course, he would soon be obliged to depart a second time. In this sense, and in no other, we believe, will he ever re-leave that suffering country.

In allusion to the flight of the Emperor from Vienna, the *Globe* says, "the whole of the equipages and effects followed in the course of the afternoon." With all due deference to our contemporary, however correct he may be as regards the equipages, we very much doubt whether the whole of the effects will have followed for some time.

Some thick-headed Buckinghamshire farmer, foolish enough to believe in the patriotism of Mr. Disraeli, observed, a short time since, that that gentleman's principles were "true blue." It strikes us that he would have been more correct had he designated them as "*party*-coloured."

We often hear it remarked, how tradesmen will cringe to obtain the custom of any influential individual. We doubt, however, whether they could be more servile than certain noble dukes, earls, and marquises, who have lately been fawning on Lord J. Russell, in the hopes of obtaining merely a single order from him: it is true, however, that this is the Order of the Garter.

Some Croatian spies have found means to disseminate among the Hungarians immense numbers of a manifesto, in which Jellachich calls upon the Hungarians to desert what he terms the rebel standard, and espouse the true cause. We advise these individuals to be careful, seeing that the Provisional Government has forbidden, under pain of death, this publication of the Ban's.

At the opening of the Haymarket Theatre, on which occasion the performances commenced with *Romeo and Juliet*, Mr Creswick being the hero, Miss Laura Addison, who enacted Juliet, was observed to pronounce the words,

"Oh! Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo!"

with an expression of deep grief. Considering who played the part in question, this does not surprise us.

By his letter to Lord Lansdowne, Lord Brougham has been endeavouring to draw largely upon national sympathy. We fear, however, he will find there are "no effects," as the said effusion is anything but a Letter of Credit.

A SYLLOGISM FOR THE SCEPTICAL.

Is Mr. John O'Connell a Patriot?

Major—To die for your country is to be patriotic!
Minor—But Mr. John O'Connell (although the country did not wish him) said that he would die—and did not!
Conclusion—Ergo: Mr. John O'Connell is a braggart, and deserves the pillory!

CUPID AND THE COQUETTE.

"*Fashion* doth make cowards of us all."
SHAKSPERE (*Early Edition*).

I.

Young Cupid one day took a freak,
To spend a short season on earth;
And decked out in modern costume,
He sought for fun, frolic, and mirth.
He met with a coquette, whose eyes
Were bright as the blue skies above—
He told her she 'd better by far
Be constant, and marry for love.

II.

"For love I 'll not marry," said she;
"This Love is a comical child,
And, like other children, I ween,
Is very inconstant and wild.
I swear by his arrows and bow
I 've loved half a hundred or more,
And if I must marry for love,
At least I must marry a score."

III.

Young Cupid was silenced at this,
And greatly surprised to discover
That any gay damsel of earth
Should own she had more than one lover.
He vowed that this fair one should wed,
And as woman can't live upon honey,
Appealing to prudence, he said,
"My dear, will you marry for money?"

IV.

"Oh, no, sir," said she, with a smile,
So sweet that the god felt its power;
"I've gold, sir, bright gold of mine own,
And thousands of pounds for my dower.
So wealth cannot tempt me to change
My own fairy summer of life;
I 'm happy, nor will I, forsooth,
Become a disconsolate wife."

V.

As Cupid was not very willing
To yield up his crown to young miss,
Again he addressed the coy maiden,
And prefaced his speech with a kiss:
"Since gold has no charms for you, lady,
And free is your heart from all passion,
Allow me to add, with due honour,
That marriage is now quite the fashion."

VI.

"Good sir, if your statement be true,
And Hymen 's the lord of the day,
How foolish to you I must seem
To idle my nonage away;
And though pretty vows could not tempt me
To taste of the conjugal bless,
I would not be out of the fashion
On a matter so trifling as this!"

MISERY OF THE NAME OF "SMITH."

RUNG UP ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, AND ASKED BY A'I—"IF THIS 'YOUNG GENT' LIVES HERE?" THE SAID 'YOUNG GENT' BEING ABLE TO GIVE NO BETTER ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF THAN THAT HIS NAME IS 'SMITH,' AND THAT HE 'WON'T GO HOME TILL MORNING!'"

THE ANTI-PUPPET-SHOW MOVEMENT.

AN enlightened public will learn with indignation that a dangerous and treasonable conspiracy has been formed among the lower (literary) orders against the majesty of the SHOWMAN. It originated among those we have chastised, and is therefore naturally headed by G. W. M. Reynolds. Reynolds supplies the falsehood and Billingsgate in the attacks, and the *Reasoner* the plausible sophistry and gag. Such ferocity has been displayed by the conspirators, that a man possessing less nerve than the SHOWMAN might have trembled on taking up his glass of champagne lest it should be poisoned. Only the other day he actually discovered an infernal machine of a deadly nature concealed in one of his patent-leather boots! Ill-looking dogs, too, whose appearance marked their characters, have been seen lurking about his villa. It will be satisfactory to know that arrangements have been made for their removal to and confinement in a spacious pound in the neighbourhood.

Our readers will remember that we had occasion very lately to give a hint of the flagrant immorality displayed in Reynolds's book, the *Mysteries of the Court*. Reynolds accordingly did himself the honour to attack us, as "a thing beneath contempt," in his next week's *Miscellany*. This is amusing, considering the attention which our journal receives from the respectable portion of the press; and particularly considering that this same person, Reynolds, not long ago lauded us to the skies in the same periodical—probably under the fallacious hope that he would thus avert the avenging cudgel, and induce us to permit him to creep on quietly in profitable vice and obscurity. We hope that the man's *Miscellany* is paying, for the sake of the unhappy beings his creditors, who are to receive something out of it by the compulsion of the law, and therefore we do not mind its vulgar abuse of us if such is likely to make it sell. But, as to the *Mysteries of the Court*, we reiterate with loathing and disgust our charges against it, as a vile and satanic creation; deliberately assuring the public that it has the licentiousness of Catullus without a spark of his graceful gaiety—the offensiveness of Martial without gleam of his redeeming point. It is only among the worst specimens of ancient literature, in fact, that we can find anything resembling it. The pillory formerly kept us tolerably free from such stuff in this country, and public writers must perform the same office now. It is ridiculous to talk about "improving the condition of the masses," while such books as Reynolds's form the staple of their reading. Before you can plant flowers, you must remove the rubbish from the site.

As to the *Reasoner*—a twopenny atheistical disputant, who keeps rattling Tom Paine's bones about every week to attract the mob, and regularly weaves a cobweb of catchpenny metaphysics to capture unhappy flies—he very plausibly accuses us of gross injustice. We thank him for his courteous assault, and assure him that our objections are simply these—we do not think the public likely to be edified by being taught to believe in Mr. Holyoake rather than in the Deity, or by paying twopence weekly to be assured that they have no souls!

The Anti-PUPPET-SHOW movement receives support, we understand, from a number of foolish persons, who prefer the vapid pleasantry of our rivals, the "illiterate buffoons," to the SHOWMAN'S vigorous style and strong determination. We hail these various attacks as proofs of our increasing influence. "We like," as rare old Maginn once observed in *Fraser*, "to hear the beast roar, for then we know he's wounded!"

FACT AND FICTION.—While, in England, it is a fiction of the law that the king can do no wrong, it seems a reality in Prussia that he never can do right.

LINCOLN GREEN.—Sibthorpe wishes to know whether, if Dr. Locock's wafers are a cure for consumption, Parliament ought not to give them to the poor, to stop the consumption of food in seasons of scarcity?

A BLACK LOOK OUT.—Lord John, at dessert, when drinking the health of Powell the "spy," may perhaps divine what future historians will say of him, having a spiritual "spy-glass" before him.

POLITICAL OMELETTE SOUFFLEE.—The Toulouse banquet, which recently caused the Cavaignac Government some little displeasure, was, after all, a "trifle light as air," notwithstanding the non-attendance of General "Ballon!"

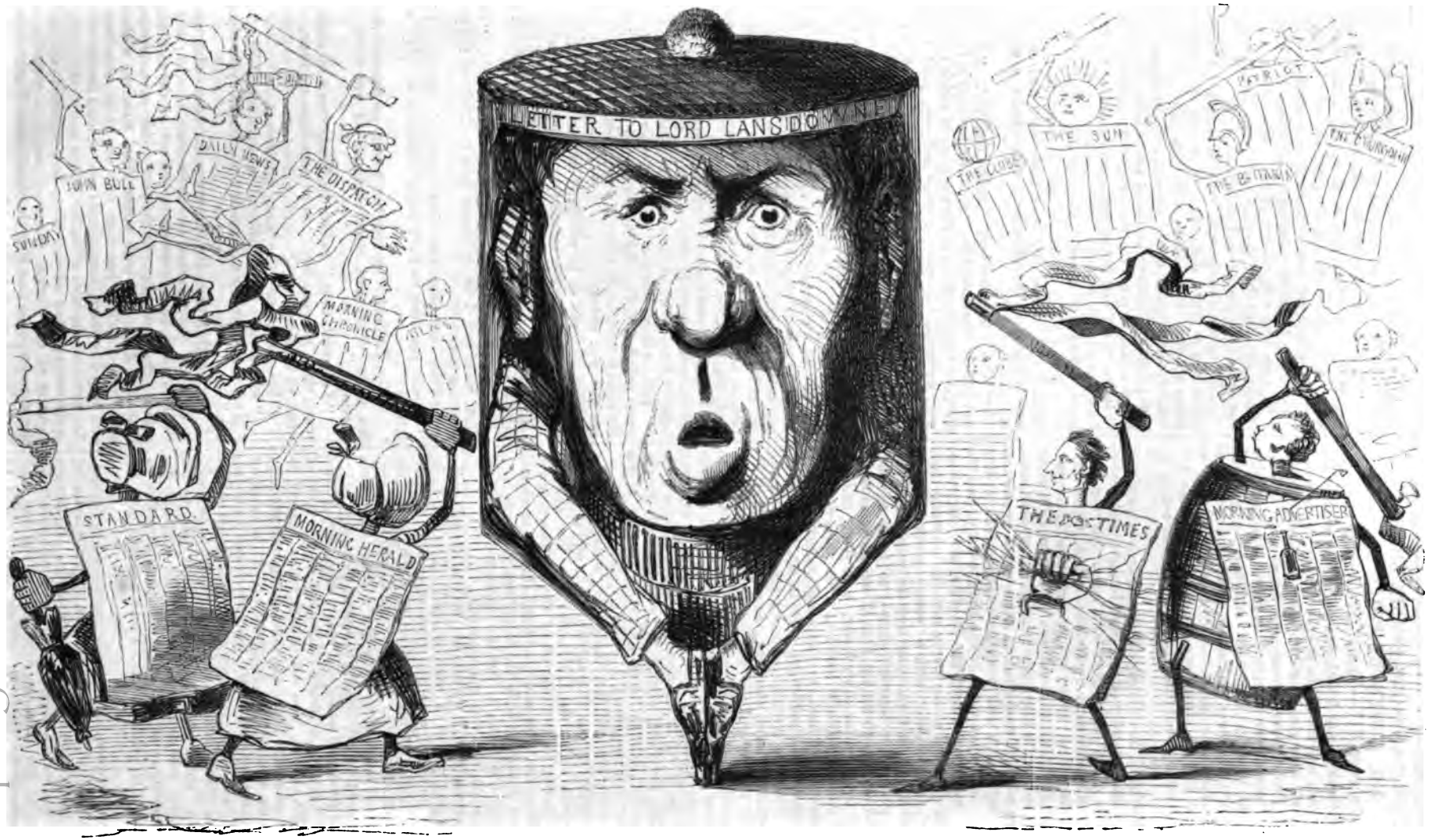
IRISH MATHEMATICS.—Given: A population devoted to murder, fire, and rapine. Question: Where is the O'Connell *moral* force principle?

THE BROUGHAM WHIPPING-TOP.

LORD BROUGHAM figures this week before the public—for about the ten thousandth time—in a ridiculous position. He is now to be observed—a complete *volubile buxum*—spinning with his customary swiftness, while the press are lashing him with their usual ferocity; for Henry is one of the bad boys that require constant castigation from the "best possible instructor." Indeed, it must be stated of him, that if he loses reputation occasionally, he certainly "catches it" in most cases.

Henry's offence on this occasion was writing a naughty letter to a stupid playfellow without leave from his masters, and one, too, which abounded with errors quite unworthy of the trouble that has been bestowed upon his education. He is lashed particularly for having behaved very ill in his treatment of young Alphonse de Lamartine, a clever little French boy, whom he hates because he would not encourage him in playing truant and running away from the school in which he is at present placed.

To drop our illustration of the boy (which we trust no evil-minded person will call a puerile one), we look on Brougham as a very active top, combining the noise of the humming-top with the activity of the whipping-top, under which we at present represent him. The whipping will make him move all the faster, and we trust that the whippers will not relax in their exertions.



A TOY FOR THE PRESS.

A FEW PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MR. AUGUSTUS PHILIPS.

Chapter VII.—The Water Party.

The eventful morning at length dawned. The weather was most propitious, and seemed to promise a pleasant excursion. At a very early hour the Pilot with his two friends, Messrs. Splint and Probe, were already at Searle's, in all the splendour of round glazed hats, blue-striped Jerseys, white trowsers, and black leather belts, and looking as lively and fresh as three young gentleman could be expected to look, who had not slept at all the previous night; for, as the Pilot said, if they wished to get up early, the only way for them to be sure of effecting their purpose was not to go to bed.

At nine o'clock Mr. Bagster's servant arrived in a cab, with an immense quantity of hampers, baskets, and brown-paper parcels of all descriptions and sizes. By the time these had been stowed away in the boat—which, by the way, was a most magnificent affair, with a very splendid awning, just low enough for you to knock your hat off under it every time you moved, and a long table fixed aft between the seats, which it was admirably adapted to render most uncomfortable, and a high stern with a majestic Union Jack trailing down from it into the water—by the time, we say, that the packages were stowed away, Mr. Bagster, Mr. Augustus, Harriet, and the rest of the party arrived. Among these was a very fat old lady with a young gentleman, her grandson, of the age of eight years and the name of Alfred, and whose principal occupation seemed to be a constant endeavour on his part to render himself as disagreeable as possible; then there were other ladies, both young and old, of the usual description to be found at water parties, and in fact everywhere else; and, to render the matter complete, there was a fashionable parson, of about thirty, who was the idol of all the straw bonnets for miles around the church where he preached, and who had already arrived at his second silver teapot, and, as was currently reported, ran considerable chance of getting a third. There were also to have been two or three pulling men, but these had been prevented from attending, and consequently it was very evident that the labour of the whole day would devolve upon Mr. Augustus, the Pilot, and their two friends, since the popular preacher declared his health would not allow of his taking violent exercise, even if his calling permitted it.

At last, every one and everything being settled, off went the boat, propelled by our four acquaintances and steered by an old waterman with a red jacket and ditto face, the said functionary having been procured at the express desire of several of the ladies, who had stipulated that there should be a professed waterman on board to prevent accidents.

"How very delightful, is not it?" observed the fat old lady to Augustus, who was pulling stroke.

"Oh, extremely so," replied he, with a forced smile, meaning the very reverse of what he said. The fact is, he had reckoned on sitting near, and conversing with, Harriet, some part of the day at least; instead of which, he saw the fashionable preacher in the place he had hoped to occupy, while he himself was toiling away like a galley slave, and, what was worse than all, obliged to appear pleased.

They had proceeded as far as Putney, when Mr. Augustus began to perceive a marked difference in the style of pulling of Mr. Probe, who sat behind him. Instead of keeping time as he had previously done, this gentleman kept digging into the small of Mr. Augustus's back, in anything but an agreeable manner, every time the latter leant forward. At first a respite had generally taken place on Mr. Augustus's requesting him, in as mild a manner as possible, "to look out;" but no attention having been paid to his last two or three remonstrances, but, on the contrary, the knocking becoming worse and worse, Mr. Augustus Philips looked round, and perceived Mr. Probe nodding over his oar.

All attempts to rouse Mr. Probe having proved ineffectual, he was laid at full length under the seats, the Pilot declaring that his fatigue was the result of over-study. A bargain was then struck with a barge carter, who was returning with his team, to tow them the remainder of the way, and in another minute the boat was gliding merrily along, to the great horror of the scarlet-coated and ditto-visaged waterman in the stern aforesaid, who looked upon the whole proceeding as very undignified and highly unprofessional.

"Here we are," cried Mr. Bagster, as the boat was at length moored under the shade of the noble trees which sweep down to the edge of the river, opposite Twickenham; and, so saying, he jumped on shore—an example which was followed by the other gentlemen, including Mr. Probe himself, who was once more awake. The ladies were next handed out, and then the provisions, the boat being left to the care of the scarlet-clad waterman.

The scene became now very animated. First of all, there was a grand discussion as to the spot they should select as their dining-table, and then there was opening of bottles, and unpacking of hampers, and unrolling of parcels, and passing of plates—in doing which latter Mr. Augustus found means to press Harriet's fingers a considerable number of times, seeing that he had possessed himself of the crockery basket, and each plate had consequently to pass through his hands before it could reach those of any one else; and then there was mixing of salads and walking into pies (in a literal sense), and sitting upon tablecloths and salt-spoons, together with all the other usual characteristics of a picnic *al fresco*.

"Who 's for roast beef?" asked the Pilot. "Gentlemen and ladies," continued he, "allow me to remark, that what's done *can* be underdone, of the accuracy of which remark this truly national, but unfortunately half-raw, joint before me is a proof. It strikes me I had better cut it," and so saying, he proceeded to carve a chicken in so scientific a manner, that the fat old lady declared he quite made her "shudder again." On which he inquired, with an air of great concern, on what occasion she had honoured him by shuddering first, and whether she was not very fond of Alfred—who certainly was a very fine child, with a monstrous largely-developed forehead, which he only hoped might not betoken water on the brain. After having made the old lady very uncomfortable, he then proceeded to propose the health of their worthy friend and much-respected host, Mr. Bagster.

When this and half-a-dozen other toasts had been drunk, the party separated in different groups, wandering about the lofty avenues by which they were on all sides surrounded.

The fat lady, however, remained where she was, being in great tribulation, first lest the development of Master Alfred's forehead should be the effect of disease, and secondly because her pet was indulging in a most unearthly howl, which, perhaps, was not to be wondered at, seeing that the young gentleman was for the moment a martyr to an unpleasant tightness of the abdomen, a result, considering the immense quantity of food he had devoured, rather to be expected than otherwise.

"Don't cry, Alfred, darling!" said the old lady. "Dear, dear, what can I do to amuse him?—Look at the pretty chestnut trees!"

"They are very fine ones, indeed," said the Pilot. "Would you like to have some chestnuts to play with, Alfred?"

"Yes, I would," replied the young gentleman, drying his tears. "I want some chestnuts—I will have some chestnuts."

"Very well, then," replied the Pilot, "wait till there are some, there 's a good boy. At present there are none. But when we come again—"

"Yes, then," said the young gentleman.

"There won't be any either," returned the Pilot; "but I 'll see that there are a dozen or two grown for your especial use."

During this time Mr. Augustus had been endeavouring to obtain a few minutes' *tête-à-tête* with Harriet; but do what he could, he was unable to get rid of the fashionable parson, whose attentions to the young lady were so pointed, that Mr. Augustus, with unparalleled ferocity, wished it had been possible to jam him into one of his own teapots, and keep him there, hermetically sealed, until further notice. As, however, the laws of matter offered insuperable obstacles to the carrying out of this idea, he resolved to curtail the pleasure of his clerical friend as much as possible, and therefore proposed that they should all follow Master Alfred's example, and return to the boat, where that young gentleman was then engaged in a dispute with his grandmother

as to whether or no he was to wear her gold spectacles, at the imminent risk of letting them fall into the water. Mr. Augustus's proposition having been adopted by acclamation, the party had soon re-embarked, but, spite of all our hero's efforts to the contrary, the fashionable parson was again next to Harriet.

"Ah," thought Augustus, as with blistered hands he once more resumed his oars, looking all the time at his white-neckerchiefed rival, while visions of Morgiana with the burning oil, and the forty thieves concealed in the jars, floated before his mind, "if he *were* in the teapot, and a little hot water would settle him"—and with this he commenced pulling in moody silence, fully convinced he was the most miserable being in existence. Little did he imagine that, before that day ended, he should esteem it the happiest of his life.

THE WHITTINGTON CLUB AGAIN.

Doubtless much advantage will accrue to the French nation from the visit which some of the National Guards lately paid to the Whittington Club. We had hoped, for the honour of England, that they would not have been allowed to enter that building; but the Fates have been adverse, and we shall now soon be tortured by some French dramatic author introducing the Duke of Wellington and "Sir Peel" as going to their club in the Strand, to take an eightpenny plate of sodden meat and a glass of table-beer for dinner.

The unfortunate National Guards, in their thirst for information as to England and the English, have, we are sorry to say, swallowed a great deal that will do them no good. Some of their mistakes have been such as one might naturally fall into. For instance, they believe that all our workhouses are prisons, and all our palaces workhouses. Such errors may be grieved for, but there is certainly no one to blame for them.

When, however, we find the directors of the Whittington Club inviting the French explorers to inspect an institution which, while uniting all the disadvantages of a mechanics' institute and a slap-bang, is absurdly styled a "Club," we feel it incumbent upon us to expose the puppets who constitute the committee, and endeavour to bring them to a sense of duty—the only sense which they can be expected to possess. When Douglas Jerrold, like Balaam, felt forced to speak the truth in spite of himself, he compared the club to a bundle of "sticks," and this is one of the most sensible remarks he ever made.

After the impertinence and absurdity of inviting foreigners to inspect the seedy eating-house in the Strand as a specimen of the London clubs, we shall not be astonished to hear of some distinguished visitor being entertained at any obscure coffee-shop that may be called the "Clarendon," under pretence of being shown the resources of the celebrated hotel in Bond Street.

The Whittington Club has also been immortalizing itself, in a smaller way, by two amateur dramatic performances. One of these took place at the Strand Theatre, where the different members were eminently successful in causing the public to laugh—at them, but they were even still more fortunate in their appearance at the Theatre Royal County Court, Westminster. The entertainments commenced with the play of *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, followed by the laughable farce of the *Managers in Distress*, and concluding with the highly interesting, astounding, and soul-stirring drama, entitled the *Engraven Spoons*, or the *Victimised Engraver*, in which a new song, *I 'm a Spoon*, was introduced by the principal character, an engraver, the fun of whose part consisted in his having engraved a number of spoons for the Club, and being unable to obtain any remuneration for so doing.

The Treason Market.—The treason market is at a low ebb at present. A few Chartists were sold the other day, and since that the commodity has been rare. Cuffey was done to a considerable extent, but the stock generally went off heavily (in the van, we mean).

ALARMING CONDITION OF TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

Our attention has been strongly called to the condition of this vulgar but useful thoroughfare, by a contributor in the neighbourhood. It appears that one-half of it is in St. Pancras, and the other in St. Marylebone parish, and as the parish authorities are unwilling to take half and half peaceably, the result is that constant disputes arise, and that when the Pancrasians lay down pavement on their side, the Marylebonians repudiate it on the other, and *vice versâ*, so that the road has become the very harlequin of thoroughfares, and as double-faced as Sir Robert Peel. When Pancras takes up the gas, Marylebone leaves it alone; and when Marylebone sends round a watering cart, Pancras leaves the dust on its side; so that, unless an Act of Uniformity is passed soon, Tottenham Court Road will be split into two alleys instead of remaining one street.

But this is not the worst of it. No! Hostile feelings have been excited between the population on opposite sides, and an internecine war may shortly be expected. At present the cab-stand in the centre forms the neutral territory; but already, we believe, the borderers on each side of it have made predatory excursions, attended by severe fighting and great loss of baked potatoes. This state of things must be put an end to; and our contributor above alluded to has some thoughts of constituting himself a military dictator, unless the two parishes accept his mediation, in which case he will decide with impartiality, as England and France are doing in the affairs of Austria and Italy. He will open a (Tottenham) Court of Appeal, at an early period, for the purpose.

An Absurd Excuse.—A thief who lately broke open a grocers' warehouse, excuses himself on the plea that he merely went there to take tea.

The "Pearl of Days"—Dividend day.

PAY DAY.

We have to complain of a serious nuisance by which all the theatres, casinos, and other places of public amusement are infested. We mean the presence of an excessive number of Government clerks. Since the beginning of the month, when they received their pay, these gentlemen have been "about town" in the most industrious manner; and it is feared that until the cash which they have received is spent (a period probably of several weeks), they will still continue to "infest our streets and disgrace our public places."

In many cases their costumes have been very terrific and have put us to the greatest pain. Young men who at the end of September were going about in the most seedy condition, appeared in the beginning of October in the most brilliant state. But not only has the grub of last month become the butterfly of the present: another metamorphosis has taken place, and the raven, having put on the peacock's feathers, has also acquired more than that vanity which is the ordinary characteristic of Juno's bird.

The great physiognomist, Lavater, could decide as to the calling of any person met at random in the street: we do not pretend to so much power; but owing to the simplicity of the young men who indulge in the public amusements of the metropolis, we maintain that in almost every case we can tell who they are and what they are.

For instance, a man who suddenly emerges from seediness at the end of September, and who becomes an *habitué* (for ten days) of a theatre or some other place of public amusement, is a Government clerk. If a man be observed with clean gloves and with two or three friends following him about on Saturday morning or evening, he is on the Press and has just received his money; if, however, the gloves be dirty and the friends not so assiduous in their attentions, and, moreover, the person himself be "elevated," he is probably a City clerk.

The comic writer can always be told by his profoundly melancholy appearance, the satirical one by his amiability, and the sentimental poet by his fatness and coarse expression; but as money is no object to these persons, their appearance and conduct is in no manner affected by "Pay day."

THE RED HOUSE, BATTERSEA.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS has written a novel called *Le Chevalier de la Maison Rouge.*" Had the French story-teller transferred the scene of his tale—without, however, altering the title—from the banks of the Seine to the banks of the Thames, he would probably have produced a chapter like this:—

"The pier at Hungerford was crowded with people as Augustus Poddy made his way on board the Daffy-down-Dilly, which in another moment paddled towards the mysterious Red House. The deck was crowded with gazing passengers, but to Poddy the banks of the rushing Thames were familiar things. His eye rested vacantly on the grand new Custom-house—being built from the design of M. Barry, the painter—on the one side, and on the Tower of London, inhabited by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the other. Leaning on a splendid fowling-piece, just purchased from Swan and Edgar's, the young Londoner remained plunged in reverie, until he stood upon a sedgy bank, and beheld the Red House before him.

"All round stretched swampy meadows, wherein lovely females rode on donkeys, and groups of aristocratic children quaffed halfpenny bottles of ginger pop, and flew gallantly through the air in the whirling cars of merry-go-rounds. The famed 'Red House' itself was a humble structure, above the door of which were painted the names of its proprietors, Messrs. Barclay and Perkins. Within the threshold, to the left, was a metal-covered counter, from which sprang a range of brass cocks, and at one corner appeared, projecting from a wooden case, four or five handles, connected with hydrostatic engines beneath. Before the *Maison Rouge* were ranged sundry tables and benches beneath the shade of mystic trees, of which no one knew the name.

"On one of these tables Poddy seated himself carelessly.

"The following dialogue then took place between himself and another person:—

"'Waiter.'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Pint of stout.'

"'Yes, sir.'

"In another moment the Londoner had drained the goblet, then, with a sardonic smile, flinging down a fourpenny bit, he caught up his gun, and strode away. At the back of the house was a sable enclosure. The fence was high and black. No eye could penetrate to the secrets within. But Poddy struck boldly at the door; it opened, and he was admitted.

* * * * * *

"In a princely mansion in a small street at the back of Red Lion Square, sat a grey-eyed woman—young, gay, and gorgeous, in a robe of the most expensive cotton print. She sat pensively by the window, and gazed forth upon the slanting sunlight gilding myriads of chimney-pots. Suddenly she heaved a deep sigh, her eyes dilated, and her hands clasped.

"'I should like it of all things,' she murmured.

"The door opened, and a woman entered. She was old. Her face was dirty—so were her hands.

"'What would you so like,' she said, almost harshly.

"'Hush, mother,' whispered the daughter, for such the young lady was; 'hush, in your ear: a flock whirred by me in the summer air—'

"'A flock?'

"'Yes—of doves!'

"'Ah, you mean pigeons; and you should like them above all things.'

"'Yes—in a pie!'

* * * * * *

"The rays which gleamed upon Red Lion Square lit up the Red House and the Black Enclosure. What was within that Black Enclosure? From time to time the reports of fire-arms were heard arising from its mystic precincts. Then shabby men, in velveteen sporting-jackets, and that species of *chaussure* called 'high-lows' in England, cocked the guns with which they were armed, and looked eagerly about.

"Occasionally a bird rose fluttering above the Black Enclosure. Shot after shot were aimed at it. Generally it fell struggling on the green sward—occasionally it soared unhurt into the air, and flew triumphantly away. But all this time none but the favoured knew what was going on within the Black Enclosure. But Poddy was still there. The waiter had not seen him emerge. That waiter was a busy man, but he had eyes for all; and when a young gent, dressed in a fashionable *paletot* and a Joinville tie—an article of attire called after a man who was a great friend of ours once, but who, since he was kicked out of France, we thoroughly despise and slightly detest—when this young gent asked whether M. Poddy 'had been,' the waiter replied, 'Oh, he's a-been, and he's a-blazing away at them blessed hanimals behind.'

"The afternoon was well advanced when M. Poddy emerged by that noiseless door. There were no stains of murder on his hand, and no horror in his eye. On the contrary, the following dialogue passed between him and the gent in the Joinville tie:—

"'What are you going to stand?'

"'Go of gin, eh?'

"'Cold without?'

"'Warm with—'

"'Good sport?'

"'Look;' and Poddy exhibited a bundle of dead pigeons.

* * * * * *

"That afternoon the lady of Red Lion Square sat joyfully by the window. In a dark recess of the apartment was a man. He looked like Poddy.

"Again the door opened. Again the matron entered.

"'Mother,' said the young woman, with her clear ringing voice, 'Mother, they are caught—they are ours!'

"'What are ours?' inquired the mother.

"Her daughter looked joyfully to the dark recess, and then said with an impressive gesture,

"'The pigeons.'

"'And who is the generous donor?'

"The lady beckoned, and Poddy came forward.

"'*Ma mère, permettez que je vous présente le Chevalier de la Maison Rouge!*'"

SCOTS AND SWINE.

There are some absurd prejudices about Scotland floating in the minds of Londoners; and the country is attacked often by people ignorant even of its geographical position, to say nothing about its literature and history. We would recommend these persons to look at the way in which the cholera has been received in Glasgow, and which contrasts very strongly with its reception in London, where they have welcomed it with open—and very dirty—arms.

It appears that 400 persons have been brought before the Glasgow magistrates charged with "permitting nuisances," and have been "ordered to remove them." We should be making ourselves liable to punishment from these worthy officials, were we to permit such nuisances as Laurie and Wire to hold their position any longer. Laurie seems to be as fond of civic dirt, as the children of the *plebs* are of building mud pies in the streets; so that while Scotland seems likely to get off Scot free, London is obviously in a dangerous condition.

We apprehend that as the first step towards cleaning out a hog-sty is to remove the hogs, so the best way to purify the City is to remove the officials who chiefly preserve it in its original impurity. The sewers, cess-pools, Lauries, Wires, and Aldermen, must be swept away together, and the Aldermen, in particular, be suffered to run through the sewers of neglect to the river Lethe.

There is no doubt that London is in a dangerous position under the present *régime*; and it is melancholy to reflect that death should present himself to John Bull under the same circumstances as he did to the old man in the fable—viz., finding nothing with him but a bundle of sticks.

SHAMEFUL ATTACK ON MR. BUNN.

[The *Punch* writers are evidently afraid of attacking Mr. Bunn, and as he has enjoyed a long period of tranquillity since the publication of a certain paper, we hasten to present our readers with an article which Mr. Mark Lemon was desirous, although unable, to print in *Punch*—that is to say, in the words of the Comic Historian, that "he would if he could, but he could n't."]

APOLLO REDIVIVUS.

Alfred the Little having heard multitudes of playgoers asking, like the Athenians, for "something new," has come to the benevolent determination of opening Covent Garden as a means of gratifying them. This, we were informed, was his intention, when, to our great surprise, we discovered that the little manager and great poet ("great heroes may be little men") was about to open with *Maritana*. Certainly this was no novelty, and then, what was worse, the *libretto* was by Fitzball and not by the Apollo (of Vinegar Yard). Observe the modesty of the lyrist in commencing the season with the poetry of a rival. We are forced to confess, with the copy-book, that, in the present case, "modesty is pleasing."

Perhaps, however, as the novelty is not in the opera itself, we shall find some in the manner in which it is performed. Possibly Mr. Harrison will be prevailed upon not to sing through his nose, and Mr. Borrani may be induced to vary the usual monotony of his vocalization.

In any case, however, we are glad to find that Bunn is "himself again." We really did not know what had become of our favourite bard. At times we fancied we could trace his hand in the Mosaic advertisements; at others we were convinced that he had sworn allegiance to Taylor the poetical fishmonger. In the present dearth of lyrical talent, particularly when the *Princess* of Tennyson does not appear "likely to add to the reputation of the author," it is consoling to know that Mr. Bunn is up and stirring.

In the meantime, let us observe that Mr. Bunn's style—his peculiar and unique style—of prose remains unaltered. For instance, in one portion of his programme, Mr. Bunn states, that "numerous *treaties* are pending, and, amongst *others*, an answer is daily expected from Herr Pischek." Here the fertile imagination of the poet has led him to believe that "treaty" and "answer" mean the same thing. It is also announced that "the chorus will be augmented to an unusual extent," which makes us suppose that it will contain about four times the usual number of persons; for we remember that, when Drury Lane last opened under a poetical management, the chorus had just been doubled, while, during several previous seasons, "considerable additions had been made." The orchestra, during the performance of Italian opera, consisted of from eighty to a hundred musicians. We find now that it is "on a greatly increased scale." Imagination is evidently at work again. We are, moreover, informed that "it (the orchestra) has been entirely re-arranged." We are sorry to hear this, as we don't think it will be rendered a great deal better than it was under Costa's management.

In conclusion, we must inform Mr. Bunn that the public will not be contented until he, the poet (removed from Vinegar Yard), shall have produced another lyrical work. When a man is fully capable of contributing to the public entertainment, he should lose no opportunity of doing so.

L'EMBARRAS DU CHOIX.

The programme of the arrangement at Covent Garden Theatre states that the orchestra has been selected from the best bands in London. The orchestra is certainly of a good description; but when selecting from the best bands in London, we think the conductor might have chosen the best players instead of the worst, which in some cases he has certainly done.

Organic Affection of the Brain—A partiality for street grinders.

All Hot!—A "flaming" advertiser announces "four fires for one penny." He is no *Chartist;* for, had Cuffey succeeded, the whole metropolis would have been burnt down for *nothing!*

A Bitter Death—An "Essex" poisoning.

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

Mr. Showman,—You are, I am sorry to say, one of those who advocate what, in the lingo of the day, are styled liberal opinions, but, in spite of this, I believe you are a gentleman; and, therefore, I trust that you will in justice to those you so often attack, give a place in your journal to my letter.

It is my proud boast that I am an Englishman of the old school, a true John Bull, none of your modern, be-travelled apes, with a word or two of French and a smattering of German, but one of those who can take their three or four bottles after dinner and be none the worse for it next day. Your fine gentleman of the present epoch contents himself with a paltry glass or two, which he gulps down as if he were at a railway station, in order that he may "join the ladies," and go and talk about Italian music, or some such humbug. What do I know of these things?—nothing; or our glorious ancestors?—and yet they won the immortal battle-fields of Cressy and Poietiers.

Now, Mr. Showman, I have long viewed with horror the progress of your so-called democratical institutions—the recent insurrection at Vienna, and flight of His Majesty the Emperor, show what they lead to—and it was, therefore, with great pleasure that I lately perceived we had still retained one custom of by-gone years.

In the sentence lately pronounced by the Chief Justice of Ireland, it is ordered, "that the prisoner be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and be there hanged by the neck until he be dead, and that afterwards his head be severed from his body, and his body be severed into four quarters."

Now, if ministers really mean well to their country and wish to stop the further spread of revolutionary principles, let them make a stand on this sentence.

Let us immediately restore for the use of the rebels the Star-chamber—let us again build for them the rack—let us again pile up the fires of Smithfield—let us once more slit up noses and cut off ears, as in the time of good Queen Bess, of blessed memory. I warrant a few vigorous measures like these, would soon take away the taste for revolt.

And now that we are on the subject, I think we might advantageously revive the custom of the Queen's touching people for the cure of scrofula and other complaints: it would increase the people's veneration for Her Majesty, and, at so much a-head, would prove a pretty addition to the revenue—and, I am sure, would be quite as efficacious as Holloway's ointment.

In order to be consistent, Mr. Showman, we must do one of two things:

Restore the time-honoured practices I have just mentioned, or erase from the statute book the present law as it stands against traitors; and what true Englishman would ever think of that?

I remain, your obedient servant,

A Lover of Old Custos.

LETTER FROM NAPOLEON BONAPARTE TO LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Elysian Fields.

PRETENDER!—Thou art grown giddy with success; but, however thou mayst deceive the world into the belief that the title by which I address thee is undeserved, me thou canst not blind.

Beware how thou attemptest to encircle thy brow with the diadem I wore. It would crush thee beneath its weight.

The imperial mantle which once was thrown over me would smother thee beneath its folds, and, hanging down from thy dwarfish stature, trail ignominiously in the dust, after having first been dyed anew in the heart's-blood of France's bravest sons.

Pause, foolish man, in thy rash course, and reflect.

They call *me* the shade of Napoleon: what art thou?

A name!

To what dost thou owe the fulsome flattery which unthinking or designing men pay thee, as some nations fall down and worship apes or geese?

To a stray ray of the glory with which I am encircled falling upon thee.

As for thy deeds, what are they?

Look at yonder bird, living on the garbage of the shambles of Boulogne, and blush to answer.

If indeed thou lovest France—if thou truly wishest her prosperity—go, leave her. A voluntary exile, thou wilt carry with thee the proud conviction of having really served her, and force men to acknowledge that thou wast of a truth sincere.

What would France lose by thy absence? A counsellor whose place she could instantly supply.

What would she gain? Security, tranquillity, happiness. The weight of ruin which threatens every moment to fall and overwhelm her would be removed, the firebrand which, now an object of fear, might set her in a flame to be extinguished only by the bitter tears of millions, would be no more.

But if thou wilt not abandon thy designs from love to France, do so out of regard for thine own safety.

Even I fell, because I attempted to enthrall my country. The world knows my punishment—the rocks of St. Helena can attest how I felt it.

Had I, however, succeeded, remember that the raven, on trying to imitate the eagle, which it had seen carry off a lamb in its talons, remained snared in the wool of its intended victim, and became an easy prey to the beholders, after having first been the object of their derision.

NAPOLEON.

ABSURD QUESTION.—A correspondent, who gives himself the unnecessary trouble of telling us he is a tyro in naval matters, says, that he lately read that "H.M.S. Terrible was towed into Portsmouth by the Admiralty steam-tug Echo," and wishes to be informed whether the latter is that alluded to by the poet? in the line—

"When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war."

THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT.—In his letter to the Admiralty concerning the above monster, Captain M'Quhæ says, "it had no fins, but something like the mane of a horse." The latter, of course, must be a briny mane.

A LAME PLEA.—A contributor, who must henceforth be called the Philoctetes of the PUPPET-SHOW, has so injured his foot that he is unable to walk. We can inform him that we don't care, and that he must get out of his *hobble* the best way he can.

THE PUPPET-SHOW ORACLE.

WE are about to start an oracle. Prophets and invisible poets are getting used up; besides which, the former confine themselves merely to sporting matters, and the latter to predictions as to whether the object of one's affections will have black or blue eyes, and as to the probability of the loved one's head being adorned with carrots or turnips.

Our oracle will be of a more general nature, and we shall answer all questions, from the important one of "Who will be Prime Minister in the year 1872?" to the insignificant query of "Who stole the donkey?"—the mutton, or whatever animal or article the genius and vulgarity of the consulting party may suggest.

The answers will be given in the regular Delphic style, of which it may be said, that we consider none other strictly genuine. A few soothsayers will be also kept on the premises, and may be hired by the job or by the day. Private communications on the subject were sent round last week to the members of the House of Commons, and to all the chief ornaments of the Church, the Bar, the Press, and the Stage. The result was, that many interrogations were received, and are now answered as appears underneath:—

Question 1. (From the Editor of the *Athenæum*)—Can you tell me who is the author of the *Vestiges of Creation?*

Answer—Yes, we can [*but we won't do anything of the kind*].*

2. (From Mr. Bunn)—Shall I succeed in the management of Covent Garden Theatre?

A. Yes; you have already succeeded [*for you have succeeded Mr. Delafield, the late manager*].

3. (From William Howitt)—If I were to publish a new progress work, would it have an enormous sale?

A. Yes, it would sell very largely [*among the cheesemongers*].

4. (From Mr. Maddox)—Will Mr. Charles Braham be popular as an operatic singer?

A. Yes; we think the public will admire the finish of his singing amazingly [*they will be delighted when they hear the end of it*].

5. (From Mr. D'Israeli)—Have I any chance of becoming Prime Minister?

A. Yes, most decidedly you have a chance [i. e., *a very bad one*].

6. (From John Smith)—I have just been severely kicked. How do you advise me to resent the insult?

A. You must insist on having satisfaction [*but it can be no satisfaction to you if you get shot through the head*].

* The passages between brackets, be it observed, are for private use, and for future explanation, should the oracle appear to have been at fault. We have published this in order to undeceive the public as to what our contributor has been stating, all of which is untrue.—THE SHOWMAN.

THE M'NALLY TESTIMONIAL.

WE perceive from an advertisement that a Mr. M'Nally, the superintendent of Rosherville Gardens, has been presented with a gold watch, "as a testimony of their sense* of his ability as a horticulturist, and for his great attention to the comforts of all who visit, &c., &c." We are informed that the lively spot was once an unsightly chalk-pit, which we suppose has now been turned to some advantage by an enterprising milkman. The surrounding land was also exceedingly barren before the advent of Baron Nathan, and the whole scene is now seen to far greater advantage in consequence of the exertions of Mr. M'Nally. The testimonial was presented by Mr. Perkins, who, strange to say, delivered an address "composed expressly for the occasion." This, after all, is not a mark of extraordinary attention, for unless the superintendent of the gardens is receiving testimonials every year, it would be scarcely possible to compliment him in an oration of many years' standing.

* *Query*, Want of Sense.

THE *POINT* TO BE CONSIDERED.

THE papers state that the Bradford police are about to be served out with cutlasses. If this is true, we consider it extremely hard, after their having escaped being *served out* with pikes.

London. Printed by WILLIAM DOWNE, of No. 105 Blackfriars Road, in the County of Surrey, at the Office of Vizetelly Brothers and Co. Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and published by the said WILLIAM DOWNE at the Office of the Puppet-Show, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, in the parish of St. Paul, in the City of Westminster.

A SUNDAY ON THE THAMES.

Look out—shake yourself in your oozy bed, Old Father Thames—the day is come when you must work double tides—bear double burdens. Every steamer which plies from Teddington to the Nore is preparing for hard work; every boat-builder on the banks is decking out and scrubbing his fleet of wherries and funnies; every water-side tavern-keeper, from the whitebait providers of Blackwall to the eel-pie furnishers of Twickenham, is polishing up his dishes and setting his dining-room in order. The morning sun is shining on sleeping London yet, but high noon will see your breast, Old Papa Thames, the highway for floating thousands!

How many small, harmless gents of limited fortune are at this moment sitting upon their bedsides, purse in hand, counting the expense, and wondering for how much they can take Sarah, or Mary Anne, or Charlotte Elizabeth, decently down to Gravesend or up to Richmond. Unpleasant deliberations are those of a private committee of ways and means between you and yourself!

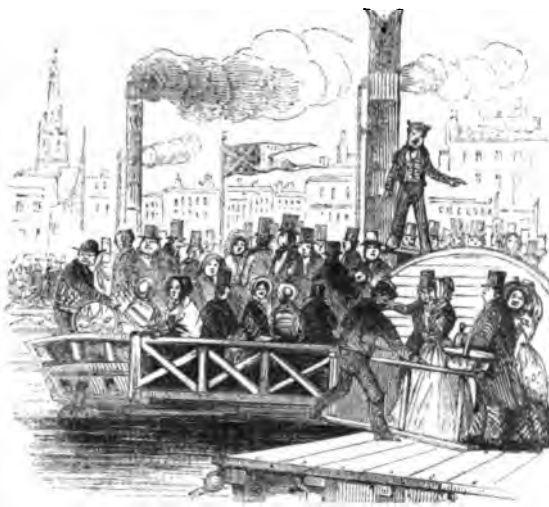
"Let me see—thirty shillings a-week—and the washerwoman not paid since last Monday fortnight, nor the landlady since yesterday week. How could I have promised to take Mary Anne on the river! I dare say she'll be wanting to go to Richmond—perhaps to the Star and Garter: oh, Lord—they charge you half-a-crown there for every time the waiter looks at you, and three and sixpence for every time he don't. No, no—that's out of the question. It must be Greenwich: if she'd stick to shrimps and stout, the thing might be done; but she'll be for whitebait and iced punch. It's quite clear I'm a ruined man. I can't appear stingy—I told Mary Anne I was a landed proprietor, with estates in Yorkshire worth five thousand a-year, and then to boggle at a shilling glass of brandy-and-water—Lord, it would never do."

And in the meantime Mary Anne is preparing to assume her part in the expedition.

"I'll wear out this satin body before I have any good of it—and these ribbons are so disgracefully dirty, I declare. I do think Mr. Montmorency, with all his Yorkshire estates, might give me a new dress or a couple of muslins for the summer. But he is such a near creature. I'm sure I don't see why I should keep company with him—I don't. However, I'll make him come out to-day—see if I don't. The Star and Garter, and champagne, and salmon, and game, and all that sort of thing. I'll teach my gentleman. I only wish it was a week-day, and I'd make him buy me half-a-dozen French kid gloves. I'm sure if I was a minute I was an hour at this old pair last night, with India-rubber and the loaf that came in at tea-time. But never mind—I think Charley likes me; and when we get his Yorkshire property—why then we'll see what we shall see!"

And thousands more like Charley and Mary Anne are preparing for the water. There are the Boffums, from Little Street, Bitherstone Street West, Borough, who are going up to Twickenham in their neighbour the coal-merchant's boat. Mrs. Boffum has set up half the night cutting sandwiches for lunch; and Mr. Boffum himself has been to the wine-vaults at the corner for the bottled stout; and the small Boffums can't be induced to sleep, but keep starting out of their cribs before midnight, in consequence of ghastly dreams that they have been left behind, and that an ogre in the appearance of a teacher of the Sunday School has come to fetch them. The Tomlinsons, of Somers Town, again, are bound for Herne Bay, by the early boat, and, in consequence, consider themselves as rather a nautical family, thinking nothing of going down to the sea in ships; while vast tribes, inhabiting dismal back suburban streets or grimy City lanes, or emancipated from counters in the great thoroughfares, console themselves with visions of Putney or Greenwich, or the still more humble haven of the Red House, Battersea.

Take, gentle reader, if you wish to see the Thames, on Sunday, in its perfection—take your station upon Hungerford Bridge, and watch the crowds embarking and landing beneath. First observe the crush on board the over-loaded swaying boats. They may talk as they like of slavers in the mid-passage, of herrings in a barrel, of a carpet-bag with the luggage of a whole party of tourists stuffed into it, or of the last omnibus on a wet Sunday's night from Highbury Barn: but slavers, herring-curers, tourists, and conductors, could alike take lessons in packing from the genius of the commanders of the river boats. How many Charleys, Mary Annes, Boffums, and Tomlinsons, are jammed together there—one black sweltering mass round the funnel—as boat after boat staggers off under its load to disperse the living cargo over the green banks above London, or in search of whitebait, shrimps, porter, and tea, through the taverns of Greenwich, Blackwall, or Gravesend.



And the small craft are as busy as the steamers. None of the club gigs are out. It would be *infra dig.* on Sundays. But there goes a clumsy below-bridge wherry, weighed down astern by six fat women, and pulled by two men in their shirt sleeves, and with clay pipes in their mouths. Then come two or three funnies freighted by bawling parties of little boys who have clubbed their pennies, and who are continually getting in the way of steamers, or being jammed up against the piers of bridges. The river yachts are generally active, particularly between Erith and Blackwall, the owners steering in all the glory of caps with gold bands round them, and generally accompanied by ladies adorned with parasols of tremendously variegated colours. And so the afternoon and evening wear away. Steamboat stokers are done up and perspiring; the landlords of river-side public-houses find their larders empty and their pockets full; whole acres of cabbage have been puffed away in the

shape of Manilla cheroots; the stewards of steamers see but one pint bottle of stout lurking in the remotest corners of their pantries; the proprietors of small boats stand anxiously peering through the gloom, expecting the return of their craft; while from every pier and landing-place flock slowly homewards tired and jaded groups, the women with limp bonnets and draggled dresses—the men, those at least who have been rowing, with blistered hands and empty pockets.

MEDICAL GEMS.

In the *Times* of the 12th instant, the following gems shone forth in Æsculapian lustre.

One who has the fatal doom of being an assistant, in order more effectually to gain a situation, announces that "he is of five years' standing." So far from this being a recommendation, we should look upon it as an obstacle, for his legs must have become as shaky as those of a cab-horse.

Another publishes his desire of engaging a dispensing assistant. The dispensing he says "is confined to his own practice, which comprises an Union." This is bad bait to fish with. A sailor might as well say, the voyages of my vessel are confined to the Thames, which includes also the Pacifics.

A third is in want of an apprentice, "who would be treated as one of the family;" but as it frequently happens that one in the family is treated very ill, the deluded youth might probably meet with more kicks than halfpence, and be glad to decamp even with the forfeit of his premium.

We hope the medical abilities of the advertisers are a little better than their literary ones.

THE WHITTINGTON SLAP-BANG.

The members of this flourishing institution (which but for its not paying its tradesmen and its smelling disagreeably, would be a very attractive place) are about, we see, to have some Readings from Shakspere by a popular lecturer. This is a step in the right direction; and we are glad to see such an interest in letters manifested by the members, as to induce them to have somebody to read to them, which is, of course, the first step towards learning to read themselves. We hope that people will be in attendance to explain the big words as the reading goes on; and that Readings from Pinnock, and Nights with the London Primer, will follow at an early period. By-the-bye, while speaking of the Whittington, let us mention a very reprehensible practice that some of the members have got into, of speaking about "the Club" in a swaggering manner, in the various places of public resort in town. This is done to delude hearers into the belief that "the Club" so swaggered about, may be "the Carlton," the "Windham," or some other gentlemanly association.

A PERSIAN TALE.

We have observed an advertisement set forth by an individual named William Jermingham, M.D., with the horrifying heading of

"CHOLERA! CHOLERA! CHOLERA!"

Having thus used the strongest means to propagate the disease, by creating an unnecessary fear, he swells immediately into the philanthropist, and vociferates

"SAFETY! SAFETY! SAFETY!"

which indemnity is to be procured by some filthy Persian preparation designated "Napthaline," and dignified by the name of a "Specific." The universal benefactor then announces that it is vended in packets of 2*s.* 6*d.* each. It is surprising how any sentient being can trifle with human life for the small emolument of half-a-crown. Every one is cognizant of the rapidity with which the cholera hurries through its stages, and experience has proved that the ordinary means, if timely given, are not only the most sensible but efficacious. If, however, the doctor's "Napthaline" is not superior to his cunning, the antidote is pitiful enough; for he afterwards tells us that all who have taken it have escaped the disease. How then has he ascertained that it is a "Specific?" for, if the people have not yet been attacked, its value (if it has any) has yet to be discovered. Surely the dogmatic graduate would not continually surfeit us with giant doses of his "Napthaline" for months, in anticipation of the worst!

The fact is, Dr. William Jermingham, you are coining money from that prolific mint, the fears of the masses, and while the Showman's lash flourishes over you, beware how you provoke him, or he will administer a medicine even more severe than your "Napthaline," intended for the martyrdom of a misguided people.

OUR LEADER.

ARISTOCRATIC SCAPE-GOATS.

Many persons affect, after committing a fault, to find consolation—one by the way which we could never understand—in the reflection, that "after all there was no one to blame but themselves." This is a common mode of relief amongst those who have trusted people who have not the means of paying; or have accepted bills for men who have bolted to Boulogne. However, we must confess that in most respectable classes there exists a species of independence which will not allow a man to confess himself the sole criminal in an action to which half-a-dozen other scoundrels have united in contributing their villany. If Jones be detected in a conspiracy to defraud society by means of a railway or any other scheme, in common with a number of other men, there would probably be a great difficulty in inducing Jones to confess that he was the only guilty person; that he had received no encouragement from his confederates; and that their co-operation had in no way served to incite him towards the object contemplated.

But the case is very different in aristocratic circles, and a very fair and exceedingly disgraceful instance of this is to be found in Mr. Young's *exculpatory* letter lately published in the London journals.

Mr. Young, in conjunction with the leading Whigs, is proved to have had in contemplation that course of conduct which, at a subsequent period, it was Cuffey's object to pursue. There certainly was this difference, that Young and the Whigs proceeded secretly and of their own free-wills, whereas Cuffey and the Chartists acted, for the most part, openly, and partly at the urgings of the Government spies who ultimately betrayed them.

There may be a "statute of limitations" to political crimes, as there is to civil debts; but however this may be in the abstract, Cuffey is sentenced to transportation for life, while Young is merely called upon to publish a letter in which he confesses to have united in himself all the dishonest, treacherous, and rebellious intentions which a generous public had assumed to have been equally distributed amongst the Whigs generally.

To Mr. Young such a confession may appear no disgrace; a political hack has no very delicate feelings—and Mr. Young is a Whig political hack. The publication of his letter, however, serves to re-impress the public with that beautiful truth which has been so long evident, that whenever an aristocratic miscreant, or a body of aristocratic miscreants, commit crimes, there is always some secretary or attorney to be found who comes forward, in the most obliging and disgusting manner, to assure the public that he is the only rascal, that no other villain is the genuine one, and that the opposition Duke, Marquis, or Earl, whom the papers wish to set up as a criminal, is merely a vile impostor. Whenever a Scotch Duke ejects his tenantry by wholesale, some agent is always ready to take the whole blame upon his shoulders, and swear hard and fast that his master is innocent. In fact there is no crime, not involving immediate punishment, which an aristocrat may not commit without much blame, as long as their stewards are so excessively obliging.

PINS & NEEDLES.

☞ Some very unprincipled wit (whose conduct we need not say excites our disgust) remarked some time ago that it was highly consistent that Albert Smith, the "literary" man, should be a dentist, as "he had always lived by what he got out of other people's mouths!"

Peter Borthwick ("blue Peter," as he might well have been called from his melancholy look some time ago) has been sent to Jamaica. Peter's pecuniary difficulties were notorious, but who will now hesitate to say, that he is "very well off?"

Jerrold's paper tells us that Ernest Jones occupies himself in prison by studying Greek. We are glad to learn that he is becoming a linguist. Hitherto we have heard nothing from him but very bad language.

The Cape papers announce fresh outbreaks by the "Boers" at Natal. Sir Harry Smith is about to suppress them. What if Albert Smith emigrated to head the Boers? His tactics as "Bore-in-Chief" would bother even the hero of Aliwal.!

Accounts from Paris represent the vintage as abundant. We should think it ought to be, for the quantity of *grape poured* into the city from the artillery during the July disturbances must have been considerable.

We have just seen an advertisement, calling attention to "Portwine's Harbour of Refuge." We suppose this is nothing more than an essay on lamp-posts and gutters.

The proprietors of the Holborn Casino have been advertising a *bal negligé*. Let us hope that, at all events, the ball will not be *negligé* by the public.

A briefless barrister assures us, that the design of the Irish rebels, once entertained, of carrying the judges to their fastnesses, was for the agricultural purpose of introducing a few *black sheep* into the mountains.

The *Times* has been making a great fuss about the *Economist* obtaining returns from the Board of Trade before the other journals. We hope that in this case the "large returns" are not accompanied by "small profits."

The French managers have recently resorted to the dodge of putting wooden "dummies" in the boxes, to give an appearance of fulness to the house. We understand that the enterprising Bunn intends to engage Mr. Mark Lemon for a similar purpose.

The Members of the Whittington Slap-bang have just brought out a stupid journal. "What is writ, is writ;" but in the present instance it certainly won't be read.

No Thoroughfare.—A gentleman much attached to Lord Brougham thinks that he is not so ill-favoured but he might pass in a crowd. We, however, think differently, as he has lately proved his inability to do so in the "press."

Give Merit its Due.—It appears since the Premier's accession to office he has had three Garters to dispose of. Should His Lordship have another to spare, we suggest that, for the services he has received from Powell, he should bestow the blue ribbon on the blackleg.

JONES AND JOHNSON.

Air,—"*The Pope he leads a happy life.*"

Old Jones he leads a happy life,
He never quarrels with his wife;
A nice snug property he owns—
I would n't mind if I were Jones.

And yet he is not happy quite;
The gout it makes him swear outright,
The rheumatism racks his bones—
I 'd really rather not be Jones.

Young Johnson better pleases me;
He 's in the best society,
Shakes lords and ladies by the hand—
In Johnson's boots I 'd like to stand.

And, yet, I almost am afraid,
For those same boots he 's never paid;
He 's always out lest Jones should call—
I 'd not be Johnson, after all.

Then here 's to me my native self,
My little stock of honest pelf,
And, last, not least, that pride of mine—
My slender store of British wine.

And, when I sip that British wine,
I 'll fancy I with Johnson dine;
And, when I get my dividends,
I 'll think I 'm one of Jones's friends.

A Precocious Juvenile.—A gentleman signing himse H. P. of Bermondsey (after announcing that he has di covered more spots on the sun) informs the editor of th *Times* that "he hopes to forward in a day or two some sho account of the weather, which has been very changeable th month." It is a most remarkable coincidence that our erran boy only a week or two ago absolutely made the very san discovery.

THE IDIOT EMPEROR.

We are certainly of opinion that the Austrian Diet mu be about the most good-natured and credulous body i Europe. After the idiotic despotism of the Emperor Austria, the bloodshed in which it has resulted, and the i famous flight by which it has been followed, they are st found addressing him in terms of respect, and imploring hi to return and babble once more in Vienna.

Our readers are probably not aware, that the Emperor *literally* an idiot—not merely in the sense in which the ter is applied to the Chartists or the Whigs, but in a medic point of view. This makes it the more extraordinary th the Diet should be so courteous to him, and offer him an asylum but an idiot asylum in the country which he ha disgraced.

Let our readers fancy the following scene taking place a Cabinet Council, on his return:—

Scene.—*Council Chamber.*

Emperor, *with Keeper, Nurses, &c.; Ministers in attendance.*

1st Minister (*coaxing*). Will its little Majesty please look its pretty little Constitution?

Idiot. Tuck, tuck, tuck!

Nurse (*wiping away the froth from the Idiot's lips*). Hush, husl eat pretty cake! Does he like its Constitution, then, pretty?

Idiot (*kicking*). No, no!

Keeper (*sternly*). Quiet, then! [*Idiot howl*

[*A noise is heard in the distance, firing of cannons, &c.*]

Minister (*alarmed*). May it please you—

[*Enter Mob.*]

The Idiot runs off, howling, the Keeper after him. The Minist is hanged. The Diet writes to implore the Idiot to return.

FINIS.

THE YANKEE CRITICS.

INDIGNANT that the Old
Should beat the New World hollow
In art, a Yankee bold
Once purchased an Apollo.

Of the renowned "antique"
A copy 't was in plaster—
(The work of which we speak
Is by an unknown master).

The cast was safely packed,
Then sent on board a packet,
And reached New York uncracked,
As nothing chanced to crack it.

'T was landed on the quay
In perfect preservation,
And quickly as might be
Adorned its destined station—

Within a public hall,
Where free-born speculators
In slaves were apt to call
(Real screaming alligators!)

Three critics of this race,
Receiving timely warning,
Called at the very place,
To smoke and spit, one morning.

"I calc'late *wood*," quoth one,
And rapped it with his knuckle;
Cried number two, "Say *done*,
And wager," with a chuckle.

"I guess it 's clay," he spoke,
And coolly with his *bowie*
Gave the poor god a poke,
To prove his substance doughy.

The third removed a quid,
Brought down his stick the neck on,
And calm, the crash amid,
Observed, "No—*chalk I reckon!*"

FALSE RUMOURS FROM THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

SOME intelligence has reached us from the manufacturing districts, which would be rather alarming were it not utterly destitute of truth.

Several "mills" were stopped last week by the police, against whom considerable discontent prevails. In one case four hands, and two pairs of (boxing) gloves, were thrown out of employment. Several of the persons interfered with struck—at the authorities, who were in some cases obliged to come to an engagement with them; and the latter accordingly found themselves in situations—and rather unpleasant ones—sooner than they had anticipated.

We have not heard that the rates of wages have been increased. It is understood that the allowances are the same as before, except that very little allowance is made for the miserable condition of some of the artisans. The "monkey's allowance" we believe to be the popular kind of payment in many districts where masters have made a considerable increase in the proportion of kicks over coppers.

A turn-out (from a public-house) took place last week at Ashton-under-Lyne, in consequence of awkwardness on the part of a factory-man, and incapacity to pay his reckoning. The landlord prosecuted, and took the requisite oaths before a magistrate, which was quite unnecessary, as he had taken many more oaths than were requisite before the prisoner was captured.

We were also informed that there was an extensive turn-out in another part of the country; but, upon inquiry, found it to be only that of Count D'Orsay, which had been sent down by rail for the use of its master.

THE BRUMMAGEM NAPOLEON.

I.

"WHAT shall we say poor LOUIS is?"—
A blot upon his uncle's race—
A pimple on a noble face,
Disfiguring the phiz?—
A feather from an eagle's wing,
That never by itself can fly,
That every breeze about will fling,
'Midst laughter of the passers-by?

II.

"What shall we say poor LOUIS is?"—
A proud tree's branch that won't bear fruit—
A toadstool trying to take root
Upon a hero's grave?—
A fragment from a heavenly sphere,
Cast from its noble mass of light
To fall by coarse attraction here,
And lie, a nameless aërolite?

III.

"What shall we say poor LOUIS is?"
In vain the question you may ask—
To answer is a hopeless task,
And human wit surpasses.—
Indeed!—Well, as his uncle, then,
Was the Napoleon of men,
So he's the Bonaparte of asses!

NAPOLEON PAST AND PRESENT.

THE MAN OF BRONZE. THE MAN OF PLASTER.

THE CHOLERA.

SOME apology may be thought necessary for introducing so serious a subject as the cholera into so humorous a publication as the PUPPET-SHOW; but as its awful character has not prevented its commentators from committing folly, there is no reason why it should deter us from chastising them.

The manner in which the authorities have endeavoured to ward off the evils of cholera has been—

1. By assuring the public that fear of the cholera is in itself likely to bring on the disease.
2. By publishing documents calculated to excite fear.

We must, however, do the newspaper proprietors the justice to say that they attempted to frighten the public, not into an attack of the cholera, but, which is almost as bad, into buying their journals. Like the "progress writers," who press towards their "object" without reference to the fatal means (such as bad taste and style) which they may make use of, so the journalists urge the sale of their papers, perfectly heedless of the consequences which may be brought about by such announcements as "The Cholera's come!" "The Pestilence is in London!" (see the *Polyhumbug* of this day).

The greatest nonsense connected with the cholera is the "diet tables" which have been published, and which may be divided into the following classes:—

1. Those which recommend the poor to take fish, meat, and light puddings, with plenty of carriage exercise: forming the "impossible" class.
2. Those which recommend the consumption of certain articles of food (mentioned in the most precise manner) which are in daily use: forming the "useless" class.
3. Those which recommend the abstinence from anything which may be a preventive against indigestion: forming the "preposterous" class.

We have seen two diet tables, of which one commenced with "above all avoid oysters," and the other terminated with "you may eat as many oysters as you like:" therefore, in order that the public may not be confused by such directions, we, the SHOWMAN, beg to present them with

THE SHOWMAN'S OWN DIET TABLE.

On rising at nine—A cup of coffee.

At eleven—Chops, kidneys, sausages, broiled ham, herrings, and pale ale. (Eggs and bacon to be studiously avoided.)

Immediately before dinner—One dozen of oysters, and a glass of pale ale. (Avoid eating steaks at this period, as you will probably lose your appetite.)

At six, dinner—Vermicelli soup, *filets de sole*, eels *à la tartare*, fricandeau, grouse, *omelette aux abricots;* almonds and raisins, grapes, walnuts, olives; chablis, champagne, hermitage, port.

Another sort of dinner—Turtle-soup, salmon, cutlets, haunch of venison, cabinet puddings; port and sherry.

After dinner—Liqueurs, coffee, cigars.

Supper—Oysters and Guinness's stout.

Time of going to bed—As soon as you feel sleepy.

HINTS ON ADVERTISING.

WE proved most satisfactorily in our last number that the great lights of advertising science appeared to be quite put out; that placards had stuck in the same place where they were fifty years since; and that advertising vans were at a complete stand-still. Let it now be our province—or, as the French would say, our department—to seek a remedy for the stagnation in which all advertising affairs appear to be languishing.

In the last century, pickpockets were almost always attired in the costumes of the lower classes: at present, they affect a superior appearance. We have no friends in the profession, and therefore cannot speak so decidedly as we could wish; but it is reported that the members flourish much more in paletots and patent leather boots than in fustian jackets and velveteen trowsers.

Why not also raise the character of the bill-sticker (that is, the man who walks about covered with announcements), of the drivers of advertising vans, and of the advertising vans themselves?

Mrs. Gore and almost all our pantomime writers have done their best for certain of the West-end tradesmen, by introducing them on the stage, that Harlequin may jump through their shop-windows, the clown steal their goods, and the pantaloon fall down their areas. Why not write farces, melodramas, and operas, in which the whole interest should turn upon registered articles of various tradesmen? A farce called "Nicholl's Paletot" would be sure to have a run; while a melodrama entitled "Holloway's Ointment," and a tragedy under the name of "Betts' British Brandy," would have equal chances of success.

This system of dramatic advertising would, moreover, be of far greater advantage to authors than might at first appear. While some managers consider ten or twelve pounds to be sufficient remuneration for a farce-writer, other tradesmen would, doubtless, lavish on him those sums of money which are, under the present baneful system, expended in procuring admission to the columns of the *Times*. A person who pays ten pounds per day for advertising in a newspaper, would, doubtless, give five pounds per night to have himself puffed in a farce at the Lyceum.

But not only dramatists, novelists also be put under contribution. "Villa Messina; or, The Earl of Aldborough Preserved," would be a capital title for a romance in *Ainsworth's Magazine;* and an autobiography of the "Bad Leg of Fifteen Years' Standing," with various narratives of the different modes of treatment adopted towards the leg, might be made valuable as a tale of thrilling interest, and invaluable as a work of medical experience.

In conclusion, we beg leave to offer our services to tradesmen desirous of having tales, novels, or romances; farces, melodramas, or tragedies made up, in which the interest shall turn on the merits of their respective goods. Next week, by way of specimen, we hope to present our readers with

"THE PALETOT SHROUD; OR, THE WRAPPER WRAPPED IN MYSTERY."

A SWELL OF THE FIRST WATER.—Last week the Thames rose so very high that it occasioned serious mischief. We suppose it could contain itself no longer at the insults of the City sewers.

NOTHING WONDERFUL.—It is stated that the Emperor of Austria looked very ill as he passed through Stein. This no doubt was his "*indisposition*" to be kicked from the throne.

THE COMIC AGRICULTURIST.

We perceive that Mr. Albert Smith has lately come out as an agriculturist, at Chertsey. He addressed the mob upon the soil and its products, and actually threatened to become a useful member of society. However, it is quite certain that, for the time, he laid down the cap and bells, and took up the spade and the plough. Let us hope that he will renounce authorship, and turn his pen into a pruning-hook.

Unfortunately there were no reporters present when Smith's virgin oration was delivered; but we imagine it must have been something of the following description:—

"I know very little—(*Hear, hear*)—I know very little about the 'turf,' excepting as far as I have been able to learn something of it at Epsom. I shall not attempt to 'harrow' your feelings by relating what are its usual products. It would 'rake up' too many painful associations. Suffice it then to say, that, in spite of what slight connexion I may have had with it, I at present '*hoe*' nothing. (*Oh, oh.*) I shall not say anything about the diseases of sheep, which I believe in general to be all 'rot.' As far as soil is concerned, I may say that I hope there is none on the characters of any here present—(*Sensation*); and I freely confess that I am quite ignorant—(*Hear, hear*)—of any 'mould' except the 'mould of form,' which, in conjunction with the 'glass of fashion,' is alluded to in the pages of a slow writer named Shakspere. I have no idea —(*Hear, hear*)—I have no idea of what the 'rotation of crops' can possibly mean. I understand that a person—either a Roman or a Greek—once lived who was named *Ce-crops;* but this does not lead me to any satisfactory result, and I am, therefore, inclined to believe that the phrase 'rotation of crops' refers merely to periodical hair-cutting. He could not say what sort of a mangle mangel-wurzel was. (*Great interruption, during which the speaker sat down among the sneers of the populace.*)"

EXTRAORDINARY GENEROSITY.—It has been wisely remarked that Mr. C. Cochrane is the most generous man of the day, for instead of being free with his money alone, he will *lend himself* to any absurdity which may be started. This, however, shall not prevent him being paid-off on every such occasion by the PUPPET-SHOW.

TOUCHING.—An agricultural friend of ours is such an admirer of uniqueness and propriety that when he has a hog "rung" he always has the ring made of "pig iron."

"PROGRESS OF A BILL."

WE perceive that Mr. W. B. Jerrold has been let loose in the columns of the *Illustrated London News*, and is making a disagreeable hubbub with something which he calls the *Progress of a Bill*. It bears the "stamp" of absurdity throughout, and has been dishonoured and protested against in all classes. We are sorry to see that Mr. Jerrold is falling off from the mediocrity which has characterized his former productions, and we are much afraid that the only "progress" of the affair in question will be from the printing-office to the waste-paper shop.

EDITOR'S BOX.

"THE LITTLE THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET" has once more thrown open its doors; Mr. Webster has commenced his winter campaign; and, true to his motto of "legitimacy," selected *Romeo and Juliet* as his opening piece.

That Mr. Webster did this without a struggle, the SHOWMAN will never believe. Mr. Webster is aware that the character of *Romeo* requires to be supported by a tragic actor of at least a moderate degree of ability, and he has by far too keen a perception of the ridiculous ever to place Mr. Creswick in that class. Unluckily, however, Mr. Webster has raised a loud outcry about legitimacy, and consequently he is now obliged to sacrifice to the idol he has set up. We trust, however, that this state of things will not last long. It is a sad necessity to own one's-self in the wrong, but the SHOWMAN is afraid that in this case there is no help for it. The struggle between interest and *amour propre* in Mr. Webster's breast may perhaps continue some little time longer, but, unless Mr. Webster has resolved to give Shakspere's plays—with Mr. Creswick, of course, as the hero—merely from philanthropical motives, and to diffuse a taste for works of high art among the different classes of society, he will soon be glad enough to put his pride in his pocket; at any rate, he won't put anything else there if he does not.

Miss Laura Addison, who appeared for the first time at this theatre in the character of Juliet, has already become almost as great a favourite at the West-end of the town as she formerly was at Sadlers' Wells. Miss Laura Addison is possessed of much real talent, and if she will only persevere in her endeavours to improve, and recollect that, whatever variety may be, monotony, especially in the voice, is anything but charming, she will in time become an accomplished and captivating actress.

It has lately been the fashion in Parliament and other places, when any gentleman may have happened to have been accused of incapacity for the post he was filling, or of receiving public money to which he had no possible claim, to prove that this could not be the case, as some Hon. Member present had often had the pleasure of dining with the gentleman in question, and had always found him an excellent companion; while another Hon. Member had frequently ridden across the country with him, and never known him to flinch a hedge. It is on this principle that Mr. Webster, doubtless, selected Mr. Creswick to play *Romeo*. Mr. Creswick, it is true, is ungraceful in his action, he is outrageous in his rant, and wrong in his conception; but he is, probably, a most amiable father, or a loving brother—can dress salad in a peculiarly excellent manner, or brew superb milk punch—and, *therefore*, has every requisite for playing *Romeo*.

In the after-pieces Mr. Keeley and Mrs. Keeley have, of course, been setting the house in a roar as usual; and the SHOWMAN can assure Mr. Webster that the farce of *Spring Gardens* is not a tittle less amusing because it does not happen to be strictly legitimate, but only an adaptation of the French piece *Le Cabinet de Lustucru*.

At COVENT GARDEN and the PRINCESS'S respectively, we have had, among others, the *débuts* of Miss Wallace and Mr. Braham, junior. Both the lady and gentleman were received with marked favour, and made a most favourable impression on the public. The SHOWMAN, however, intends to reserve his own verdict until some later period, when he may have a little more room for his arms and legs, and be able to pronounce the said verdict without incurring the charge of having been packed—very closely—the night he did so.

LOUIS BLANC AT THE CASINO.*

"LOUIS BLANC was seen last week at the Casino."

Such is the information which was brought to our office by a man who was evidently an emissary of Guizot's, and anxious to prejudice the public mind against the great Socialist. We, however, who know more of Louis than would be imagined, are in a position to state that he attended the dancing establishment in question not for purposes of mere amusement, but in order to gain additional materials for his great plan of "labour-organization," as the affected writers of pseudo-German nonsense would say.

How the Louis Blanc principles are to be applied to the Casinoites we are unable to say, but we suppose the result of his observations will be embodied in something of the following nature:—

1. No gentleman to drink two sherry-cobblers as long as there is any one present who has not had one.

2. All sherry consumed in the course of the evening to be divided equally amongst those present. In case intoxication should be deemed essential by the majority, it will be necessary that every person shall get drunk at the same period; but, as a slight difficulty occurs from the fact that the same amount of sherry will not produce the same effect on all individuals, this point must be reserved for future consideration.

3. No "lady" shall be allowed to dance a greater number of times than any other "lady." The lame and ugly will thus enjoy the same advantages as the graceful and handsome, and universal happiness will be the result.

4. Comic and other writers shall not be allowed to pass in without paying more than once in the season. The free admissions, instead of being confined to "gentlemen of the press," shall be distributed equally amongst the *habitués*, and the above result will be the consequence of the admirable arrangement.

5. Enormous sherry-cobblers shall be provided in gigantic cisterns by means of universal subscriptions. These shall be at the service of any who may enter the Casino, and large trusses of straw shall be procured, in order that there may be unbounded facility in imbibing the said sherry-cobblers; and this, in spite of a certain person,† who once gave it as his deliberate opinion that a sherry-cobbler was not worth two straws.

* N. B. *A fact.* † The SHOWMAN.

AWFUL CONDITION OF THE HIGHER ORDERS.—An unknown correspondent, whose fashionably ungrammatical style and illegible handwriting proclaim him to be the scion of some noble house, writes to inquire whether it is quite fair that while the SHOWMAN is continually crying out that the poor have nothing to do, he should studiously conceal the fact that some of the leading members of the aristocracy are in a precisely similar predicament, and almost dying of *ennui* in consequence.

YOUNG'S OLD DODGE.

MR. THOMAS YOUNG has been trying to prove that he was not a traitor, by asserting that he was a fool. This may be all very well, and will be readily believed by Young's friends, but it is but a lame excuse after all. When a domestic animal commits a fault we whip him, though aware that he is without reason. Little boys are not allowed to play with edged tools; and Young, having played with treason firebrands, must be punished accordingly.

The Whig dodge now is, to assert that Melbourne was not aware of his Secretary's communication. This much is certain, however, that Young was in his confidence; and how could he know that the rebel commission was to have been given to Napier, unless he had heard it on authority? And is it likely he would have even speculated on such a subject to so distinguished an officer, had he not been aware that there were grounds for such speculations? At all events, Melbourne must be answerable for the acts of his Secretary, as a man who chooses to keep a monkey, must pay for the damage he does.

General Napier has been blamed for publishing the letter; but if an impertinent inferior chooses to write a dangerous letter, he has no right to demand the secrecy which only an honourable communication can claim. If Cuffey sends a gentleman a treasonable letter with the trowsers he has been repairing, the gentleman, of course, is justified in handing it over to the Bow Street authorities. To conceal a criminal letter, is to become accessory to the crime.

A FEW PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MR. AUGUSTUS PHILIPS.

Chapter VIII.—The Return.

On reaching Richmond, which they did about 5 P.M., Mr. Augustus Philips and his party found that celebrated place in a state of great excitement. The reason of this was that the Grand Amateur Regatta, in which the celebrated Royal Richmond Muff Club played the principal part, had been appointed to come off that afternoon. Several races of minor importance had already been contested; but the grand heat for four-oared cutters was still undecided, and this Mr. Bagster determined he would stop and see. The boat was accordingly brought up close along shore, and the party once more disembarked.

The scene was a most animated one. The shore and bridge were thronged with spectators, while the river was literally covered with boats of all descriptions. Among these, not the less prominent, were the wager-boats of sundry young gentlemen, whose principal characteristic seemed to be that they were not exactly decided as to what they meant to do. For instance, you might first remark one of them pulling towards the bridge, as if his life itself depended on his speed: when he had arrived under one of the arches, he would suddenly back water, stop his frail craft, and remain for some minutes resting on his sculls and looking at the knees of his trowsers, immersed in profound thought, and, of course, never for an instant harbouring the idea that any one had been looking at him or admiring his pulling: then all of a sudden he would turn his boat's nose round, and start off at a most tremendous pace in the opposite direction, as if he had forgotten something or other somewhere, and must go and fetch it as quickly as possible. In order, no doubt, to fill up the vacuum created by his absence, the Committee, which for aught we know to the contrary consisted of a gentleman with a pencil and pocket-book taking notes of something very diligently, was pulled about in a sort of small barge containing a band of music. It is true that there was at times some want of harmony in their performance, but that was more than compensated for by the great dignity of the Committee aforesaid, and the vast importance with which he took the notes, also aforesaid.

While Mr. Bagster was thinking how long it might possibly be before the grand heat was decided, he was accosted by an individual disagreeably conspicuous by an eye-glass and a drawl. This person, whose name was Algernon Tape, having at the death of his father, an old attorney, come into a large property, immediately threw the office overboard, and, determining to devote himself to fashionable pursuits, had, in consequence, become very aristocratic and select. "Ah! my dear Mr. Bagster," said he, "this is indeed an unexpected pleasure—I am glad I have met you; I can show you some of our crack men. Look there," he continued, pointing to a young gentleman with eyes like a wax doll and a head of hair to match, "that 's Rullock."

"Oh!" replied Mr. Bagster.

"Yes," continued Mr. Algernon Tape. "Of course you 've heard of Rullock—Smythe Rullock."

"I can't say I have," replied Mr. Bagster, with a deep sense of his ignorance.

"Good gracious! not heard of Rullock—why, he 's our head man—pulls stroke in the Muff boat. I 'll introduce you after the race. But you must not stop here—you must come up in the Castle Gardens—there are nothing but Snobs here—really, since we 've had the railroad, we 've been swarmed by them—they 're like locusts. All the decent people in Richmond, those of any family I mean, are disgusted; we should emigrate to-morrow, if we only knew some spot whither these *canaille* would not be sure to follow."

"Why don't you choose Salisbury Plain?" asked the Pilot. "No one would disturb you there, I should say, unless it were a stray zoologist in search of specimens of the baboon tribe."

Mr. Algernon Tape looked round and had a great mind to knock the Pilot down; but as the latter looked quite as sternly at Mr. Algernon as Mr. Algernon at him, he had a still greater to leave him alone, which he accordingly did, and contented himself with leading the way to the Castle Gardens.

After the grand heat had come off—in which, by the way, the Muff crew lost, although Mr. Rullock proved most satisfactorily that they ought to have won, and that they undoubtedly would have done so, had their opponents not happened to take the lead and keep it—Mr. Bagster would have immediately set off, but the Pilot and Mr. Probe were not to be found; and it was not until the lapse of another hour that they were seen to emerge from a tobacconist's shop at the corner of the Royal Terrace.

It was now so late that several of the party proposed returning by land; this was, however, overruled, and they once more set out towards London.

They had pulled along very slowly as far as Kew, in order to have the full benefit of the tide, which they expected would turn about that place, so that when they arrived there, it was about half-past eleven.

On passing beneath the centre arch of the bridge, the boat went so near that the oars of Messrs. Philips and Probe came with great violence against the pier at one end, and at the other against their breasts, throwing both of them backwards.

"Halloa! coxswain," cried Mr. Augustus, getting up again.

"Halloa!" responded the scarlet-clad professional.

"Keep a sharper look-out another another time, will you?—that was rather a near shave."

"You 're a pretty chap, you are, ain't you?" said the coxswain, combining the benefit of question and answer in the same phrase, and speaking in a very thick and indistinct manner. "You 're a-goin' to larn me my business, I suppose. You go and mind your six-and-eightpences, and leave this 'ere to me."

It was now most evident that the coxswain was intoxicated. The fact is, he had managed to secrete, and afterwards gradually to empty, three bottles of port, which he had found in one of the hampers.

The ladies now became seriously alarmed, and the fashionable parson, to judge from appearances, not less so. Mr. Bagster summoned the delinquent coxswain to resign the helm to him; but as that individual refused and contented himself with abusing Mr. Bagster, instead of acceding to his wishes, a scuffle ensued, at the imminent risk of capsizing the boat; and while they were in the midst of it a grating sound followed by a violent shock, which sent all the combatants rolling in one confused mass one over the other, proclaimed in an unmistakeable manner that they were aground.

"Shove her off, sir," said Mr. Bagster, panting from his unaccustomed gladiatorial exertion. "Shove her off, you vagabond!"

"Wagabond yourself," retorted the coxswain. "I ain't a-going to shove her off;" and as a proof of the sincerity of what he said, he turned quietly over on the spot where he had just been pitched and composed himself to sleep.

"Come, gentlemen," said Mr. Bagster, who, like all great men, grew energetic with the occasion, "we must shove her off ourselves, then, for we can't let the ladies stop here at the risk of their being laid up with the rheumatism." And with these words he jumped out, up to his knees in water, on the shoal which was the cause of their misfortune. The other gentlemen, even including the fashionable parson, who could find no means of escaping, instantly followed.

It is not our intention to describe all the efforts made to dislodge the boat and set her once more afloat. Suffice it to say, that after half-an-hour's unintermitted exertions, the affair was abandoned as hopeless. The gentlemen, consequently, re-embarked, and commenced hallooing in a manner which might have awoke the dead, until their cries attracted the notice of some lighterman or other, who put off to their rescue.

Mr. Augustus alone had not joined in the general cry. During the confusion he had glided unremarked round to the stern of the boat, where Harriet now sat quite alone, unmolested by the fashionable preacher, who was far too much occupied with his own uncomfortable plight to think any more of her. Seizing hold of her hand, which was placed listlessly on the side of the boat, Mr. Augustus commenced pouring forth a fervent tale of love, shivering up to the armpits in water all the time he did so.

Ere he half came to an end, he was aware he had caught a most awful cold—but what cared he for that? To his question, "Do you love me in return?" had he not also caught the sweet answer, "Yes!"

THE LORD OF DUNDRUM;

OR,

THE COURTIER IN TOWN AND THE LANDLORD AT HOME.

(AN IRISH PASTORAL.)

"And ye shall walk in silk attire."

THE following unpoetical pastoral is much more than "founded on fact," and, if the reader should imagine that it is all true, there are numbers of the inhabitants of the town of Dundrum who have many reasons, and some of them sufficiently bitter, for entertaining the same impression.

Lord O'Leggins, a lord of the bedchamber, or in waiting, or something of that high perfume, straying like a fine essence about Her Majesty's Court, is also the landlord of some eight hundred or a thousand broad acres in the county of Tipperary. For years there was no part of Ireland more disturbed than this noble peer's estate, and the county on its borders. Houses were broken open—fire-arms plundered—tenants murdered. It was, in fact, a good fair specimen of an Irish absentee's mismanaged estate. All this continued for some years, without any knowledge on the part of the public at large of the causes in which it originated. At length the secrets of Dundrum—the name of the noble O'Leggins' estate and mansion—burst into the light, and then it was discovered that, during all the period that outrage and violence had been practised by the people, the system of extermination was unceasingly at work.

After due investigation, it was impossible to avoid the conclusion that Lord O'Leggins had evicted from his estates not less than *two hundred and fifty-eight families*, which, at the Irish average of six to each family, would present the wretched picture of some fifteen hundred human beings driven forth to absolute and unsheltered destitution!

We do not intend to intimate that Lord O'Leggins or his agents committed any breach of the law in acting in this manner. Every step, no doubt, brutal as it might be, was only taken "as the law directs." The outrages and murders which followed were (in Ireland) the natural consequences.

A word or two in attestation of the condition of the peasantry, before we proceed with the cruel, yet richly absurd, story which has just come to our knowledge, and which is now made public for the first time.

The destitution which pressed so heavily in 1846 and 1847 upon Tipperary (the food-blight having fallen with peculiar severity upon the richest lands) had visited the estate and neighbourhood of Dundrum with almost unequalled devastation. The people were really starving there and in the vicinity.

Will not the reader ask if the noble lord had done nothing to alleviate the misery of his tenantry and neighbourhood? You shall hear that something his lordship did do, and what it was he did *first*.

On the 16th of April, having been relieved from his "silk attire" and bowing attendance upon Her Majesty, Lord O'Leggins visited his estates in Tipperary. His tenantry were nearly as delighted to see him as if he had been a cargo of Indian meal, for they made sure that the arrival of the landlord at such a juncture was but the precursor of the arrival of food. His lordship remained just three days in Tipperary, leaving Dundrum on April the 19th for London. Immediately on his departure notices were served by his bailiffs upon the tenants to *come in forthwith and pay the rents* falling due the previous November. The tenants said, Surely his lordship would not be so exacting as to demand rent at the present moment; they would pay it if time were allowed, but they had nothing left now except a few black potatoes, and not many even of those. The bailiff's reply was (and this is stated on the authority of the *Freeman's Journal*), *"What the d—l do we care about you, or your black potatoes; it was not us that made them black. You will get two days to pay the rent, and if you don't, you know the consequences!"*

It is but justice to Lord O'Leggins to say that he might have been under the impression, from the declarations of Ministers in Parliament, that the state would have undertaken to protect the people from impending famine; and, like many other Irish landlords, he might have reasoned—that while tenants had anything remaining which a landlord *could* take, that was the best time for him to press his claims.

"And was not this a dainty lord
To bow before the Queen?"

But now comes the second act of this unique little pastoral—which alternates the squalor of an Irish village, with the splendour of a London palace.

Lord O'Leggins went back to court just in time to hear Sir James Graham's and Sir Robert Peel's declarations that the Irish landlords would be expected to contribute in the first instance to relieve the distress and famine amongst the people—that it was a duty they owed society, and that they *must* discharge it!

Lord O'Leggins was thunderstruck! If a scent-bottle had exploded at his nose he could not have felt more unmanned. You might have knocked him down with half a feather. The distress and starvation of Irish peasants had actually come to court, and their Skeletons were rattling outside Buckingham Palace, and trying to peep, grimly on bony tip-toes, in at the lower edge of the windows where the Queen was sitting! What was to be done? Not one sixpence had Lord O'Leggins contributed up to this time to any of the relief funds which were being raised in the country, for his tenantry amongst others—and every circumstance tended to establish the belief, which was universal in the country, that he would not contribute, and had no future intention of doing so. But they did his lordship wrong. Luckily his lordship was a courtier. The anomaly of a courteous landlord in Ireland hence becomes not unintelligible. He saw there was no time to be lost.

Suddenly and unexpectedly his lordship appeared again in Dundrum! No longer wore he a "baleful star" upon his breast, but one radiating smile, like his countenance on a drawing-room day. Within a very brief period he actually subscribed to no less than three relief funds! It was a good thing—to come to the Queen's ears!

The poor starving people were all dancing with delight. They no longer expected to die of hunger. "Oh, what a blessed thing it is," cried they, "to have a lord in waiting for our landlord! We shall now get a morsel to eat. Sure enough the Queen—and God bless Her Gracious Majesty—has told the lord in waiting to tell Lord O'Leggins (that's the landlord) to whisper to the Lord of Dundrum (that's the Lord O'Leggins) that some duties besides the collection of rents are attached even to Irish property! And so, long life to the Queen, and to the Lord O'Leggins, who waits around Her Gracious Majesty's pleasure!"

It would be well for themselves if a number of other noble lords took this very broad and illustrious hint in good time.

A SPECIFIC REQUEST.

MR. HOLLOWAY presents his compliments to H. P. of Bermondsey, and having noticed in the *Times* that he has discovered some spots on the body of the sun, would he be kind enough to recommend his Invaluable Ointment, which has cured a bad leg of thirty years' standing?

BLACK CONDUCT IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

WE have been somewhat surprised to perceive, in the daily journals, that the French Assembly boasts some mulatto members. We have not forgot the maxim, *nimium ne crede colori*, and would recommend the French Government not to trust too much to these men of colour. It seems to us impossible that members can listen, without laughing, to one of them grinning in the tribune, while his compatriots accompany him (as they doubtless do) with cries of Ya! ya! and the noise of the castanets. We can easily fancy a sombre orator desirous of knowing if Cavaignac means to explain his sentiments that evening on the question, calling out, "Cavaignac, will you come out to-night?" or a swarthy member of a commission of inquiry beginning, "We went down to Lyons, &c."

M. Bory Paty, one of these dark gentlemen, recently repudiated, with great indignation, charges of corruption that had been brought against the people of Martinique. The following is a free translation of the eloquent peroration of the honourable and woolly member:—

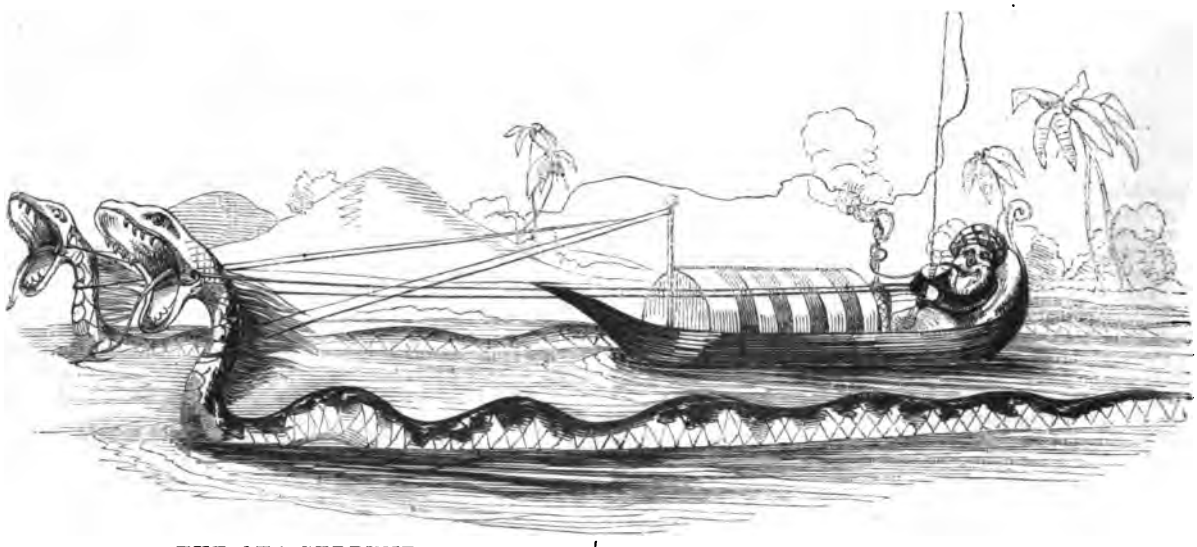
"By gorra, massa, dem charges no right! Martinique no corrup. Martinique hab accepted de rebolution like one broder, and press him to him bussom (*laughter*). You all know, I tink, de words ob de poet—

'If I had you by my side.'

Well, s'pose I had de member dat made these charges by my side, I would mash him head! (*sensation.*) No, massa, nigger no corrup—for though de skin be darker dan de cygnet's plume, de heart is white as de rice crops dat wave in de islands ob de West!"

Here the honourable member was carried out exhausted, but presently recovered, and, when last seen, was tranquilly occupied with his political studies and his banjo.

ABSURD THEORY.—That war is compatible with religion, because the church possesses so many *canons!*



THE SEA-SERPENT.

The Sea-serpent has been seen! The Sea-serpent must be caught! The Sea-serpent must be made useful!

The Sea-serpent will really turn out a useful animal; and its discovery is certainly the greatest that has taken place since that of gunpowder.

Having caught your Sea-serpent, we should recommend that he be perfectly trained for drawing line-of-battle ships, while those of a tender age might be usefully employed in tugging barges down canals.

In canals the Sea-serpent would above all be invaluable. By using the animal as suggested, we should obtain the security and safety of barge navigation, with more than the swiftness of steam. The Sea-serpent would not destroy the banks—an evil which has hitherto made steam navigation impossible on canals; and the only inconvenience that could possibly arise would be that of a stray passenger being occasionally snapped up by the infuriated brute.

Highly Probable.—We see that Mr. James Hannay has written a book called a *Claret Cup*. We hope he has not made a "mull" of it.

Audacious Joke.—All the illustrated papers are about publishing portraits of the sea-serpent "from an eye-witness." One audacious editor says that although the others may have the picture from *an eye*-witness, he himself has it from *a nigher*.

THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.

A GENERAL WARNING.

Mr. Showman,—I am a man of moderate views, and a draper's assistant, therefore I have been induced to measure carefully over the "Early Closing Movement." I find it a "sweetly pretty" article for the philanthropists, and in the papers makes up well. It is a pattern which, considering all things, I am inclined to follow; but I think caution is required, for give some people an inch and they take an ell. As a counter-movement to vice, I would cut Casinos, mark night-houses as job lots, and look for profit from the small cost of useful publications, and especially the Puppet-Show. But to cut it short: An acquaintance of mine, who belonged to an early closing establishment, has changed the yard-wand for the churchyard, in the narrow space of three months. Being of business-like habits, he skipped to the conclusion (as he often did to the counter) that he could find the lining for his mind and body simultaneously. Consequently, he parcelled his time into half-an-hour at a literary institution, two at a malt establishment, and the rest to the Casino. He soon shaped himself into a wrong bias, and the governor cut him on the cross. He pinned the remnant of his life to his acquaintances; but at last they unfolded their minds, and let him slip. He may be shown, therefore, as a sample for others to avoid—for his account was early closed by the "Early Closing Movement;" and as he went off at a ruinous sacrifice, of course he will for ever remain below prime cost. I enclose my ticket according to your rule, and hoping that a stitch in time, &c. &c. &c. &c.

I am yours obediently,
Ebenezer Ellwide.

POLITICO-ECONOMICAL HINTS.

By Harriet Martineau.

In these days of Ministerial half measures, the whole community might be put on half rations. Half a loaf is better than none. Thus, the poorer classes might be compelled to eat under the provisions of a special Act of Parliament, setting forth that one side of the mouth only be devoted to the mastication of food, by which process half a mouthful of the said food, per individual, might be saved.

Constant employment, which absorbs under the present liberal system so much capital in wages, ought to be reduced to *occasional* occupation. For instance, one body of the poor might be employed one week, and another body the following week; and so on alternately. The grumbles of the hungry stomach could be partially silenced by the anticipation of the "good time coming."

A coast-guard, to be paid by the stray wrecks washed ashore, might be established, whose duty it should be to prevent the landing of any Irish on the English coast; consequently, the chances of employment of British people would be increased. Besides, as the Celtic population has been so long accustomed to be at the "starvation point," they would scarcely feel a pang at perishing outright. Thus, the expense of providing for the wants of about eight millions of souls, would be saved at one stroke.

With respect to Scotland, the brawny inhabitants, being proverbially known as "hard Scotchmen," might be reduced to one meal per day of their native "meal." A hardy life constitues a fine race of people, and the Highlanders being regarded as splendid specimens of humanity, it follows that the "harder" they are treated the hardier they would become. In war time—which is a happy moment for finding an exit for surplus population—the Scotch might be constituted, from their powers of endurance, the advanced guard, by which the "honour" of being cut to pieces would ensure them the economical credit of being "immortalised" by the nation.

Finally, in times of extreme depression, the Parliament might "stop the supplies" altogether of both government and people; and if that would not work out the necessary amount of economy, sanitory cordons could be dispensed with, when a "free-trade" admission of the cholera into British ports might kill "Protection" and everybody else into the bargain.

A Dis-creditable Trick.—A juvenile contributor to this periodical declines to take in his creditors' letters any longer, because, he says, "evil communications corrupt good manners!"

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. T. is requested to forward his name and address.

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THE POET, POLITICIAN, AND POLICEMAN.

A ROMANCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

INTRODUCTION.

SOME years since—dates, like figs and raisins, are very dry things—I was unfortunate enough to lose my watch.

In consequence of this calamity, I repaired to the nearest police-office in order to give information which might lead to the recovery of the missing article, and was introduced to the Inspector. Were it not that I am unwilling to imitate the comic writers who infest the present age, I should say that he was a man evidently above his 'station;" but as it is, I shall content myself with observing, that he was a person who enjoyed more than the ordinary amount of whiskers belonging to a policeman, without any of his bad grammar, and who possessed the characteristic civility without the vulgar expression and enormous boots, which are usually looked upon as the attributes of that official.

After listening attentively to my statement, the Inspector observed, that "a watch could not go without hands," and that he "should like to find some key to it."

These expressions startled me. My confidant observed my consternation, and exclaimed, "I perceive, sir, that you are astonished at my making puns. I gained my living by it!"

This remark was uttered in a tone of regret which prevented me from making any inquiry as to what his previous occupation had been: but, being anxious to obtain some information about the jocular, but at the same time serious, Inspector, I left the office, with a determination to call on him the next day.

The following morning, I was awakened by my servant, who announced that Mr. Pitt Byron Tomkins was waiting in the sitting-room. At first I felt frightened, for the name suggested that a "progress" writer had called upon me. Nevertheless, I mustered up sufficient courage to dress myself and descend to the drawing-room, where I found my acquaintance of the previous evening, the Inspector.

He had recovered the watch, and presented it to me; when, with my accustomed liberality, I pulled out my purse and offered him five pounds.

To my surprise, he declined the gift with a disdainful, but, at the same time, gentlemanly, air.

I was amazed. And do I say amazed?—I was even grieved; for I thought the sum was not sufficiently large for his acceptance. In the midst of my embarassment, I was interrupted by my new acquaintance, who observed—

"Sir, you mistake me: I am not as other policemen. I have had the misfortune of being well educated."

This speech increased my astonishment, and I at once expressed it to him in language which I fear was slightly satirical.

"Spare your sarcasms," replied Mr. Pitt Byron Tomkins: "remember that Burns was an exciseman, and Charles Lamb a City clerk. Do not, then, be too hard upon one who, though at present a policeman, has formerly been both a poet and a politician—to say nothing of minor occupations, such as railway director and comic writer."

At these words, I bowed my head, and assumed a look of pity; when the Inspector again addressed me.

"Sir," said he, "I do not regret my present position, nor do I seek your compassion. Wine, like water, will find its level; and for my part, I do not grieve that, from the high position which I once deemed myself fitted for, I have sank to the more humble one which I at present fill."

I changed my tactics, and spake of the equal distribution of happiness; but was again checked in my attempt to escape, from the self-conviction of having "missed my man."

"I have no wish to be misunderstood," commenced Tomkins. "I cannot be checked by your remarks, which appear to be those of a well-meaning sophist; and candidly inform you that I have adopted my present calling through various disappointments in others, for which both philosophy and experience prevent me mourning."

Tomkins was like a great many candid persons. It was impossible to get anything out of him beyond mere generalities. Curiosity urged me to invite so interesting a person to a banquet of two. Pride suggested that, after all, that person was but an Inspector who had risen from the ranks.

Reason and sense prevailed. The Inspector was invited, the invitation was accepted, the day arrived, and the mysterious man was seated opposite to me.

CHAPTER I.

"The cloth having been removed, and the usual toasts proposed," as the newspaper gentlemen would say, I set about my task of inquiry in as cautious a manner as possible. Knowing the habits of the Force, and believing also that there was just as much truth in brandy-and-water as (according to the proverb) in wine, I at once ordered grog. After giving a few reminiscences of my happy childhood, I perceived that my friend gradually became more communicative; and the result was a complete confession of the earlier part of his life:—

"It was at school," he commenced, "that I first exhibited those literary and diplomatic talents which in after life I have vainly endeavoured to turn to advantage. Even at that early period they were constantly getting me into difficulties. What did it avail me to possess satirical talents, and to be the editor of *Vita Scholastica*, if my libels on the head-master were continually getting me a caning. Often has that journal been seized by the academic government, and its principal writer placed in solitary confinement, without any right of appeal whatsoever; and unfortunately, something would always occur during the terrible investigation, which, in spite of the horrors of birch or blackhole, and even the non-payment of subscriptions, would induce me to pursue my literary avocations with more than the boldness of a Mitchell. It signified nothing to me that I had slandered a respectable clergyman, and was to be flogged for it (my journal being at the same time burned at the hands of the exceedingly common porter), so long as I had slandered him in good Sapphics; and when I was told that 'the wit could not excuse the malignity,' I felt that the compliment would at all events compensate for the chastisement.

"Then, again, by a strange perversity, I could not separate myself from the idea that I was born to be a diplomatist. My name may have had something to do with it—the wishes of my respected parent still more. But there was the fact that I, one of the few honest boys in the school, with no real intention of injuring any person, was engaged in perpetual machinations against a tradesman who had refused to give tick, a master who had thrashed a playfellow too severely, or a bully who had blacked some companion's eyes. If the plot was discovered, I confessed freely; the other conspirators denied their share in the guilt, and the whole punishment fell upon my shoulders, not to mention a less romantic part of my body. Suffice it to say, that I was at that time a diplomatist with honesty, and a writer without scruples. Nice characters these were to make one's way with in the world!

"I *was* to have gone to college; I *was* to have gone to the bar; I *was* to have gone into Parliament; and, independently of being prime minister, I *was* to have been fifty other great things. I will not stop to consider what might have been my career if the first step had been taken, but every one knows that in this case *le premier pas coûte;* and as my father died without leaving anything, except a few debts, just as I was quitting school, it became very evident that I must turn my attention to something else. My relations recommended a business, and the road to greatness, which commences with the freedom of the City, and ends

with the dignity of Lord Mayor. I resolved, however, upon the profession of literature—that refuge which is so often sought and not found by the destitute—and subsequently a short cut from the bar to the Woolsack."

The grog being now finished, Tomkins, with great sagacity, left me, under a promise to return on the following day.

ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

When the National Guards visited the Lord Mayor the other day, that functionary offered some refreshment to the officers only, advising the rest to look at our buildings—which, heaven knows, is no treat. The absurdity of his conduct (which was quite as great as the meanness of it) lay chiefly in this, that the social rank of the officers and men is the same, and quite equal to his "Lordship's," as all but idiots and Lord Mayors know. Really nothing seems to be welcome or kindly received in the City except the cholera. It was always famous for encouraging dirt. The present Mayor advances a step, and has dirt in his heart and soul.

THE MARE IN WAITING.

Etchings by Her Majesty and the Prince Consort.—It is said that a Collection of Etchings executed by the Queen and Prince Albert will shortly be exhibited to the public. There can be no doubt as to the happy result of this combination of royal talent. Her Majesty has already enriched the Palace with several splendid specimens of *Tableaux Vivans*, for which the people are highly *indebted*, as they are intended to form a very *valuable National Collection*.

LORD ELLESMERE AND OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

Mr. Showman,—Happening to go through Leicester Square a short time since, I picked up a paper written in French. It was much torn and defaced from having been trampled under foot, but the following is a true translation of all that was still legible:—

". . . : *Garde Nationale* . . . to-morrow, Thursday . . . nine o'clock, a body of forty . . . proceed to Windsor Castle, fifty to the Colosseum, three hundred to the Mansion House, . . . Bank, hundred to Horse Guards. . . ."

Now, sir, if this does not prove that these foreigners meditated some well-arranged scheme of attack upon the metropolis, I know not what does. Luckily they found us well prepared, and no doubt abandoned their design; but I trust that this will open the eyes of the authorities as to the propriety of taking means to prevent the recurrence of the awful danger to which we have been exposed.

I have the honour to remain
Your obedient servant,
Ellesmere.

The Clearance System in Ireland.—The landlords in the County Clare, finding they cannot raise their rents, have very unceremoniously razed their houses, leaving their tenants nothing but a right in common. These affairs are managed differently in England, where, if a man cannot meet his rent, he leaves the premises, while in Ireland the premises leave him.

"HERE'S TO THE T ROOPS OF THE GARDE NATIONALE."

Air—"*Here's to the maiden of blushing fifteen.*"

(by the mayor of dover.)

Here's to the troops of the Garde National!
Already arrivèd in Dover;
Here's to the rest, who at any time shall
Think proper and fit to come over!
Let them all pass
To London *en masse*,
We'll take them for nothing, and give them first-class.

Here's to the *Sapeur* of Paul Bedford's size,
Who, e'en if he would, couldn't run, sir;
Here's to the *Bourgeois* with specs on his eyes,
And here's to him who has none, sir!
Let them all pass, &c.

Here's to all such, sir, as serve *à cheval*,
And to those who as Foot you may see, sir;
They all shall be welcome, I promise they shall,
Whatever their uniform be, sir.
Let them all pass, &c.

Then let us forget our mutual hate:
I ask every true Briton whether
He'll spurn the hand offered, or still hesitate
To fraternise warmly together?
Let them all pass, &c.

OUR LEADER.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Lord Brougham's reputation is the most singular ever enjoyed by a public man. It is alternately a worship and a jeer that he meets with. One set of men worships him as a god, another ridicules him as an idol, a third hates him as a danger. Yet everybody admires him at bottom. The Liberal remembers his services as Henry; the Tory his recent Conservatism; the reading public his essays and speeches. With such faculties and such fortune, why should Lord Brougham ever choose to be ridiculous? With Lyndhurst's prudence, he could have gained Chatham's reputation. As it is, he must remain an anomaly. Every one will admit that he was a Colossus; but remember at the same time, that the Colossus was made of brass. Why should this be?

We are inclined to look on Brougham's strength as resembling that of Polyphemus after he had lost his solitary eye. The giant roars fearfully, hurls mighty weapons around him, but, alas! *sight* is absent, and the enemy escapes. Nevertheless, the country echoes with the sound of his fury, and compassion for the blindness is half lost in admiration of the strength.

Brougham has tried everything, and has done nothing ill. But he has no sooner done something well, than he hastens to neutralise the effect by an absurdity. Like Byron's description of the storm in *Don Juan*, his career alternates between the sublime and the ridiculous—terror and beauty one instant, buffoonery and grossness the other.

Brougham has abused the present state of the laws—and administered them badly. He has deprecated the study of the classics—and translated Demosthenes. He has praised the French—and offended them: raised the People to a Deity—and degraded it to "dregs."

We believe that all his absurdities may be attributed to this, that he has all along underrated his contemporaries.

Brougham has now gone to Paris. With what object in view?

Will he stand for President? Or hunt wild boar? Or sell his Cannes property? Or write a French pamphlet praising the Revolution? Or fraternise with Lamartine?

It is impossible to predict anything of him with certainty, except that he will be eccentric.

PINS & NEEDLES.

John O'Connell is worse than the unjust steward in the parable, for though "he cannot dig," yet "to beg he is *not* ashamed."

Lord Brougham seems very deficient in taste. Why keep calling Lansdowne his "old" friend, and thus reminding the public that the noble marquis is in his dotage?

A certain Barret, one of the Chartist Conspirators, lately convicted, told a friend who found him making cartridges, that "they were for a gentleman going abroad." We are afraid that Barret will find this is another proof of the well-known proverb, "There's many a true word spoken in jest."

Keat's chose for his epitaph, "HERE LIES ONE WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER." By altering it to *brandy*-and-water, it would do capitally for Dr. Maginn.

It is the opinion of Sibthorpe, that as Mr. Disraeli is so subtle and venomous in penetrating the motives of his antagonists, he is the veritable *see*-serpent after all.

A recent stupid "progress" magazine must certainly claim the praise of an exalted patriotism. It soon determined to "*mourir pour la patrie*," and did so, to the delight of all.

Dr. Bermingham lately said, "that in the casual ward of the St. Pancras Workhouse there was an opening into the drain, from which the smell of ammonia was so strong that it made his eyes water." This is beyond all doubt a "crying evil."

The only difference between the old literary man in this country and the new, is that the first read what nobody could write, while the second writes what nobody can read.

Poor Cuffey said he was bound to carry the Charter. Experience has proved that he is bound (pretty securely too) in consequence of not having carried it.

The Emperor of Austria has long been considered of unsound mind. Of late he has certainly shown himself a flighty character.

We hear that Alderman Gibbs is about to make the cholera free of the City, in hopes that in return the City will be free of the cholera.

COMING EVENTS, &c.—Bishop Wilberforce has lately been delivering a charge to his clergy that he cannot allow them to follow field sports, hunting, &c. This is acting consistently, as of course his lordship cannot wish to see the Church of England "going to the dogs."

The following is an imitation of the celebrated lines in which Pope has made "The sound to seem an echo to the sense:"—

When Anstey does his big brass trumpet blow,
The whole House curses, and declares him "slow;"
Not so, when Dizzy pipes the graceful strain,
Skims o'er the question swift, and puts poor Peel to pain!

THE PETITION OF THE SHOWMAN AND HIS CONTRIBUTORS TO MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD

Sheweth,

THAT YOUR PETITIONERS have interests totally i opposition to those of *Punch*.

That the stupidity of *Punch* is the PUPPET-SHOW's goo fortune; and that anything which may contribute to the in crease of the said stupidity of *Punch*, will be hailed with joy by Your Petitioners, and its authors duly honoured.

That Your Cockney Majesty has it in his power to con tribute, and does in the most obliging manner contribute, t the said stupidity of *Punch*, though not to the extent whic Your Petitioners would desire.

Your Petitioners, therefore, pray, That Your Cockne Majesty will, in his gracious kindness, write, and cause t be printed in the columns of *Punch*, as large an amount o Your Cockney Majesty's original articles as Your Cockne Majesty may in his merciful goodness think fit.

And Your Petitioners will ever pray, &c.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENT.—An illustration—"le neve de mon oncle, et l'oncle de mon neveu"—which appeare some months ago in the *Journal pour rire*, from the column of that journal to the pages of *Punch*. [N.B.—We hav several movements of a similar nature to chronicle.]

THE TOWER-HAMLETS DOGBERRY.

A PARAGRAPH in the *Sun* recently informed an astonishe public that it was the intention of Mr. George Thompso M.P., to attend a meeting, and explain his "Parliamentar conduct during the session" to his constituents. This i suggestive of speculation:—1st, as to what Mr. Thompso has done; 2ndly, as to why he did it; 3rdly, as to wh will go to hear him explain it; 4thly, as to who cares a fa thing on the subject; and 5thly, why the fact should b announced so gravely to the public. On these points w mean to give a hint to George's constituents.

Mr. George Thompson, M.P. (what a dignified appella tion!), then, has been principally occupied during the se sion on the business of the late Rajah of Sattara, whos affairs must necessarily be vitally important to the Towe Hamlets. For many years he lived very comfortably on th unhappy man's calamities, and at his death continued sti the profitable occupation of agitating about them—resem bling, in this respect, the cannibals of the South Se Islands, who get all they can out of the slaves they captu during their life, and after their death eat them. I fact, Mr. George Thompson, M.P., has been picking th bones of the dead Rajah very cleanly and comfortably, an much, of course, to the benefit of his constituents.

As to his Parliamentary career in other respects, it ha been chiefly confined to the obstruction of public business by the delivery of Mechanics' Institute lectures to the Hous that boasts a Disraeli. His fluent, wishy-washy verbiage— at once as shallow and as muddy as a sewer—has been pou ing along, an annoying obstruction, and the only reputation h has gained, has been that of being one of the very worst o the clique of "progress" bores—that half-read set whic floated into the senate on the waves of Corn-law agitation— having been previously known as hireling lecturers of ol scure origin and neglected education.

It will save Mr. Thompson some trouble if he will ava himself of this brief *résumé* of his proceedings in his forth coming oration. He is very welcome to make use of ou observations, and ought to be much obliged to us for savin him the trouble of making a long speech—as also ought hi constituents.

A NICE DISTINCTION.—We read in the papers, tha "since his reported premeditated escape, Mr. Duffy ha been confined by himself." A friend of the prisoner' who evidently possesses more zeal than sense, has written t say that this is a vile calumny, as every one knows that, i stead of his being by himself, it is by the dastardly Saxo Government Mr. Duffy has been confined.

HOGG-HUNTING.

THIS exciting sport has been much indulged in lately by the gallant Napier; and the unfortunate Hogg (an Indian bore of great ferocity) has been scampering about in a melancholy plight. Some regular bloodhounds of good breed have followed the Hogg up very closely; while some wretched curs, instead of joining in the pursuit, turned and attacked the gallant huntsman.

The SHOWMAN, who has the highest respect for the *perfervidum ingenium* of the brilliant Napier, joined in the chase with his customary ardour. The Hogg had been grunting angrily, and therefore gave a good promise of sport, which was amply realized; for, though he ran fast for a place of safety (and may be said to have had a sty in his eye), he was sharply progged and wounded once or twice. In fact, the bore could not save his bacon, was touched up in the hams, and the SHOWMAN now declines to throw any more pearls before him.

CONUNDRUM.

Q. Why did Hercules desire to die poor?

A. Because, when he was expiring, he wished that he had n't got a shirt to his back.

OUR COURT OF REVIEW.

"*Twilight Thoughts.*"—A singularly appropriate title, since twilight naturally precedes the hour of sleep.

"*Jones.*"—This is a new print of old jokes, which were stupid when first made, and are infamous when clumsily repeated. There is one good thing in it—the notice that it will only appear once a fortnight. Its namesake, "Davy Jones," will soon have it in his locker.

"*The Whittington Journal.*"—Very well worthy of "the Slap-bang;" since it is dull, vulgar, and won't ever "pay," or ever get trusted.

"*Mysteries of the Court.*"—A dull and obscene serial. There are some "Mysteries" of "the Court," however, that we should like to know. How did the author ever get his certificate in the bankruptcies previous to his last?

"*Rose, Blanche, and Violet.*"—Three graceful daughters of genius, who ought to be in every literary seraglio.

"*Amymone*"—Is a "stunning" female for the Grecian Saloon.

"*The Emigrant.*"—A settler.

"*The Pottleton Legacy.*"—This work is lively and amusing; so was Grimaldi, and so are the singers at the Cyder Cellars. It will probably lie on every dressing-table, particularly when the proprietor is shaving.

"*Lord Brougham's Letter to the Marquis of Lansdowne*"—Reminds us of the *verbosa et grandis epistola* which Tiberius sent to destroy Sejanus; for reading it is killing work.

"*Model Men*"—Are models prettily "cut," and will induce every one to "come again" to the "carver," Mr. Horace Mayhew.

THE GREAT LAND SERPENT.

I.

WHO has not heard of the serpents,
In the Western Seas that sail,
Bowling through the waste of waters
With some fifty miles of tail?
Bearing hideous heads, by which—in
Ugliness—Caunt's phiz is whacked;
Bearing teeth, in mighty rows, which
Albert Smith could not extract!

II.

Great indeed are the sea-serpents,
In the western waves that sail,
And when measured out against them,
Cannon balls can't turn the scale;
Yet there is a serpent worser,
Bowling over British land,
Greedy as Tom Young the purser,
Brazen as the "progress" band;

III.

Swift as men when bailiffs chase them
Fierce as Cuffey you might see,
With a pike and twenty rascals,
Boozing at the Orange Tree;
Every kind of man he bolteth:
All with golden sauce go down,
From the dullest lord of thousands,
To the poorest scamp on town.

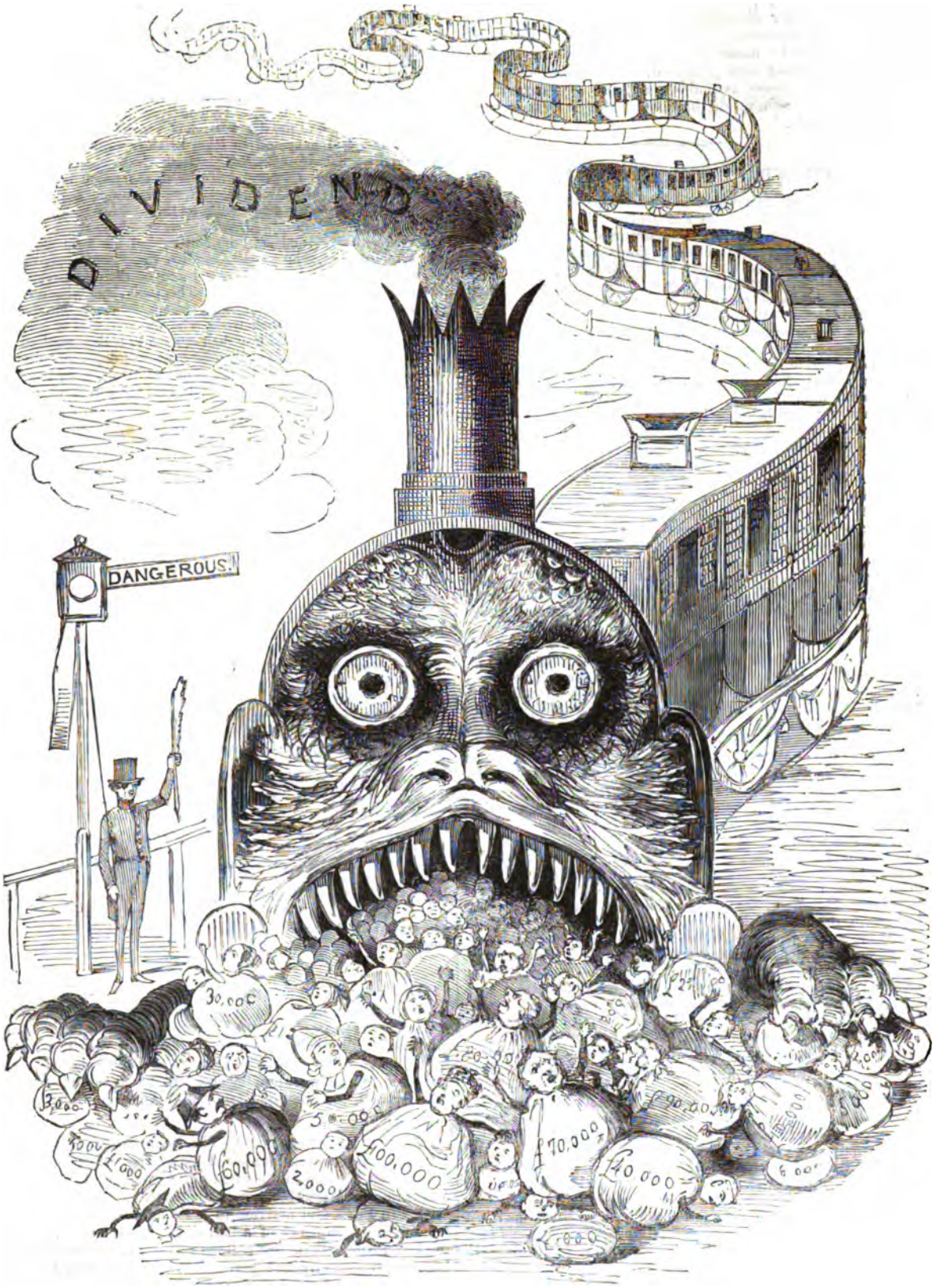
IV.

Chiefly, though, with pleasure hellish,
Loves the beast the poor to bite,
And with most infernal relish
Bolts the widow and her mite;
How he smacks his teeth when orphans
Carelessly present a prey;
They are chiefly bones of poor men
That bestrew this serpent's way

V.

'Tis the Railway Serpent, reader,
Of whose terrors you should fear,
And George Hudson is the Wombwell
Who first brought the serpent here;
And the rattle of its motion
Is the sound of human groans,
And the snappings of its grinders
Bear the name of Railway Loans!

THE SPREAD OF CATHOLICISM—JOHN AT CONFESSION.



THE GREAT *LAND* SERPENT!

THE JESUITS AGAIN.—We beg to call the attention of Sir Robert Inglis to the following awful fact, which proves with what untiring pertinacity the disciples of Loyola are still pursuing their diabolical schemes, and, unfortunately, with too much success:—A young leviathan of the Bottle-nose species lately made its appearance in the Frith of Forth. This being soon perceived, the inhabitants pressed into their service every available craft, and after a very short lapse of time, without distinction of age or sex, actually "took the whale."

CROWBARS AND CORONETS.

THE new novel of "Crowbars and Coronets; or, The Restored One" (3 vols 8vo, published by Mr. Gentley), has already created an immense sensation among the higher orders. We have every reason, however, to believe that this fascinating work is not by Mrs. Bore, as was at first reported, but is due to the pen of Lady C. Fl—ms—y, already favourably known to the *beau monde* as the authoress of the sweet poems of "The Old Straw-hat," "The Seedy Chip-bonnet," "The Tainted Sandwich," &c. &c.

In her former efforts, the noble authoress, for such we have no doubt she is, confined herself—as the titles of the pieces just quoted sufficiently show—to the poetry of domestic life, delighting to show us virtue walking through the world in pattens, or to draw some sweet moral from the sight of a broken tea-cup. In the present effort, however, her ladyship has taken a bolder flight. Viewing the anarchy occasioned by the unbridled writings of venal demagogues, she has dedicated her powerful pen to the cause of freedom and hereditary nobility, and beautifully has she borne out the maxim on her title-page—"*Bon sang ne peut mentir.*"

The hero, Alfred Reginald Fitz-Filbert, has been exposed in his infancy to perish on a door-step by a grasping uncle, who sees in him a barrier between himself and his own ambition. We cannot refrain quoting the noble authoress's graphic description of this circumstance: it is in her best style:—

'The night was cold and gloomy; the wind whistled down the 'deserted streets, while the rain, which descended in torrents, 'pattered against the windows, and made them rattle in their 'frames. Suddenly a form was seen advancing in the distance; it 'was that of a man, bearing under his arm a cradle. . . . . Stop-'ping before a baker's house, Sir Lionel Fitz-Filbert, for it was he, 'deposited the cradle, with its little occupant, the infant Alfred 'Reginald, on the *trottoir*. The wretch was not quite bereft of 'every noble feeling: he still had some compunction left, and con-'sequently had chosen this spot on which to abandon his innocent 'victim, as he was well aware that the baker's oven was under the 'pavement, and would afford *ce cher enfant* whom he was about to 'deprive of rank, title, and fortune, that warmth of which his 'juvenile age and tender constitution *avaient tant besoin.*'

In the cradle are deposited three brilliants of immense value, a bottle of soothing syrup, and *Locke on the Human Understanding*, together with a letter, requesting the finder to dispose of the articles and take charge of the infant. The finder, however, a market-woman, prefers taking charge of the brilliants and disposing of the infant, which she does at the door of the workhouse, where he is found next morning by the master, who takes him in and enters him among the "casuals."

At the age of fourteen, Alfred Reginald is apprenticed by the parish authorities to a shoemaker: but his noble spirit is indignant at the trammels imposed upon him by his plebeian taskmaster, so, after breaking his head with one of his own lasts, he decamps, and joins a gang of desperate characters about town, among whom he is soon known by the title of the "Crack Magsman." He remains in this society up to the age of twenty-one, taking part in the most desperate acts. Any one else must have been corrupted—not so our hero. As our authoress, with a profound knowledge of human nature, observes:—

'What would have stamped on others the seal of depravity, left 'Alfred Reginald unscathed; he was surrounded by vice and immo-'rality of the most heinous description, but his deeply aristocratic 'nature only shone out the purer, as the majestic swan becomes all 'the whiter and more dazzling from the dirty and offensive waters 'of the Serpentine in which it plunges its graceful neck, and which 'run off innocuous from its sleek and unctuous plumage.'

One day, at the Marlborough Police Court, where he had just been acquitted on a charge of house-breaking, Alfred Reginald sees, for the first time, the heroine, Lady Emily de Manchon, with whom he becomes desperately smitten.

The manner in which this meeting is brought about reflects great credit on the authoress, both as a novelist and a woman. It may be remembered that a few years ago a lady of title and her daughters were taken up for shop-lifting. Lady Fl—ms—y seizes upon this fact, and by her treatment of the matter triumphantly refutes that vile portion of the public press which actually dared to think the high-born victims guilty. We would willingly give this interesting episode at length, did not want of space preclude us: we must, therefore, content ourselves with presenting our readers with a hasty outline.

Lady Emily de Manchon, who, by the way, is a peeress in her own right, has entered, in company with her sister, the establishment of Messrs. Sarsanent, Mousseline, & Co., of Regent Street. After purchasing a few trifling articles, they are about to depart, when they are charged by the shopman who served them with stealing two valuable lace veils. They indignantly repel the charge, and are submitted to the degradation of a search, when the missing veils, which had happened to cling to their ruffles, are found in their muffs. The base-minded shopman then actually gives them into custody, when they are brought to the police court, where Alfred Reginald beholds them. Here, however, the tables are changed. The worthy magistrate, on their declaring their names, instantly invites them into his private room, where they are accommodated with seats and smelling-bottles, and the head partner of the establishment, who was absent when the scene occurred, soon after arriving, proclaims his conviction of their innocence, and instantly discharges the shopman. This individual, who turns out to be a Chartist leader in disguise, meets, however, his deserts; being shunned by the whole trade, who are convinced of his guilt, and know that they would lose their customers if they received him into their houses, he gradually falls from one depth of misery to another, and is at last sent by the same magistrate to the tread-mill for stealing a penny-loaf to save him from the hunger-death he so richly merited.

The plot now thickens. Alfred Reginald's passion increases in force every hour, and is returned by the Lady Emily de Manchon; but there is an insuperable difficulty—their difference of station. As he is one day passing moodily down Bond Street, immersed in deep and bitter thought, he mechanically extracts, with that grace and elegance for which he is so envied by his acquaintances, the handkerchief of a lady who is stepping out of her carriage. He is about to put it in his pocket, when he sees the crest—which is his own, for the lady is his mother, who has long grieved for him as dead. At the sight of this, the blood of the Fitz-Filberts and the voice of nature simultaneously triumph over every other feeling with an indescribable emotion for which he is unable to account; and although the handkerchief is a most valuable one, he hands it back to her ladyship. Struck with the fact, her ladyship proceeds to question him, when she is amazed by the extent and variety of his knowledge: for, during the hours not dedicated to his profession and his amour, he had found means to instruct himself in French, German, Spanish, Italian, Coptic, the use of the globes, Paley's Moral Philosophy, and the art of Berlin woolling, if we may coin a word. A recognition, of course, follows. This is described in the most beautiful and *récherché* manner, and must be read to be appreciated.

Shortly after, our hero is acknowledged the rightful heir to his estates, and marries the object of his love; the pocket-handkerchief being quartered on the arms of his marriage carriage, with the motto, the "Restored One," underneath.

In conclusion, we can recommend this as a most remarkable work—in turn, severe and playful; now rising to the height of the sublimest fervour, now descending to the most innocent *badinage*. It reflects the highest credit on the head and heart of its talented authoress, and will prove a powerful answer to the vile demagogues who endeavour to instil their hateful democratical theories in the bosoms of Englishmen.

DESIRABLE METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.—A Penny-a-liner, talking of the author of the *Gent*, says, "in most instances he has chosen the metropolis as the *field* of his labours." The critic must evidently mean "as the *Smith*-field." We trust, however, soon to see the time when this nuisance in the world of letters will be put down simultaneously with the abomination of the same name in the City of London.

AWFUL RECKLESSNESS.—The Neapolitans, living upon a volcano, have often been cited as a proof of the ease with which men become indifferent to the greatest dangers: but a still more remarkable instance is that of an Englishwoman settled in Paris and married to a Frenchman, who is lamed for life in consequence of a ball in his knee, received during the late insurrection. So callous has our fair countrywoman become to anarchy and peril, that she has been heard to boast of never being so happy as when she has a *halter* round her neck.

TO CLASSICISTS.—A gentleman of our acquaintance strongly objects to the game of single-stick, because he says he finds it to be—"*knocks* et præterea nihil."

THE MISERABLE SINNER.

(A WELL-KNOWN CHARACTER.)

"Et comme je ne vois neul genre de héros,
Qui soit plus à priser que les parfaits dévots,
Aucune chose au monde et plus noble, et plus belle,
Que la sainte ferveur d'un véritable zèle,
Aussi ne vois-je rien de plus odieux,
Que le dehors plâtré d'un zèle spécieux.—MOLIÈRE.

NATURAL HISTORY.

CHARLOTTE JANE, wife of John Lowlison, a rich merchant, is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Homebred, both ardent admirers of the Church and State system, and—which is almost a matter of course—staunch opposers of everything liberal and enlightened.

Charlotte Jane was brought up in the idea that she is to respect—or cringe to—every one who is placed above her, or, in other words, has more money, while she is bound to treat her inferiors—that is, those who are not so rich, no matter what their talents or attainments—with about as much respect as she would a dog. We, of course, allude to dogs of a plebeian nature: greyhounds, spaniels, and awful-looking poodles being considered worthy of all homage.

HABITS.

WHEN at Divine Worship, she says her prayers most fervently and most audibly. She is an advocate for the continuance of pews, and is of opinion that the proper place for servants is in the gallery: "for," she says, "they are in the same church, and what possible difference can it make what part of it they sit in?" No Missionary Meeting can take place for miles around without her being present. She always volunteers her services at any Fancy Fair got up for the purpose of remedying the New Zealanders' and Indians' want of moral knowledge, but seldom thinks of the Spitalfields' weavers want of clothes and food.

While at church, confessing she is a miserable sinner, she has been generally observed to rest her head upon her left hand, for the purpose, as some affirm, of showing the brilliants and massive gold clasp which adorn her fingers and wrist respectively. We cannot fancy it can be with this motive she does so, because she, at such times, appears to be utterly regardless of the world and all that it contains.

[N.B.—She does wear brilliants and a massive gold clasp on her left hand and wrist, and somehow or other she does lean her head on her left hand.]

In her household she is mean and tyrannical, offering her servants the lowest possible wages and the greatest possible indignities. She deals with a cheap butcher, living out of the parish. She has been known to discharge one housemaid for looking out of the front windows, and another for refusing to subscribe a half-crown—given her by a visitor—to the Mission for converting the Chinese people. On Sunday she dines on cold meat, and compels her servants to do the same. She signed the petition for the Suppression of Sunday Baking. She withdrew her custom from three tradesmen for not following her example. In spite of this, however, she goes to church in her carriage when it is wet, and expects the gardener to attend to the hot-houses on Sunday.

A MOURNFUL BALLAD.

(FROM THE ORIGINAL SPANISH.)

SAY what Cavaliers are those, who
At the Albion appear—
Washing down their scolloped oysters
With such awful lots of beer?

Comic writers are they: men who
Many a wretched pun have penned:
Don Enrico Sutherlando,
And Don Slashaway, his friend.

Now, the oysters being finished,
Don Enrico, proud as Mars,
Calls out, "Waiter, quickly bring two
Goes of whisky and cigars."

In a trice the *genius loci*
Brings the articles bespoke;
And the comic writers straightway
Sit concealed from view in smoke.

Then with accent most majestic,
Puffing out between each word
Fragrant clouds from mouth and nostril,
Thus Don Slashaway is heard:—

"Sutherlando, say what progress
Do you in your love-suit make?
When shall we be asked to breakfast?
When receive the wedding-cake?

"Oh! with what pure satisfaction
Shall I greet the happy day,
When your blushing bride you bear off
In a coach-and-four away:

"On which first you hear her whisper,
'Now, I 'm thine'—oh, happy sounds!
And on which, for so you promised,
You 're to lend me fifty pounds."

"Ah!" replied Don Sutherlando,
As most woe-begone he looked;
"Fellow-writer, in that quarter
Much I fear my goose is cooked."

"Do I," Slashaway inquires,
Starting wildly, "hear aright?"
To his question, Sutherlando,
Nodding calmly, answers, "Quite."

"Tell me," Slashaway continues,
"All about it then, for still,
Spite of what I 've heard, I doubt you."
Sutherlando says, "I will.

"Oft, Don Slashaway, it must have
Struck thee strongly, I should think,
That fair woman's love resembles
Vastly sympathetic ink.

"In her lover's presence does it
Come out plainly like the day;
But if he be absent, quickly
Will it pale and fade away.

"Therefore, I am very fearful,
Arabella I shall lose;
Since for six long weeks I have not
On her Pa's mat wiped my shoes."

"Why not," Slashaway inquires;
"What for this can be your grounds?"
While he asked, he thought, I fear me,
Slightly of the fifty pounds.

"Why, because," replied Enrico,
Moved almost unto tears,
"There 's an obstacle which 'twixt me
And my hopes its form uprears."

"Oh! what is it?" cried his comrade.
"Has her father, mayhap, heard
Aught against you, and thought proper
To withdraw his plighted word?"

"No," said Sutherlando, draining
In his grief the other's glass—
"That is not the reason—listen
How it really came to pass.

"Six weeks since my Loved One's father,
Wishing for a change of air,
Left his dwelling and removed to—
Ah!—you never would guess where?"

"In that case you 'd better tell me,"
Said Don Slashaway: his friend
Seized him by the hand, and gasped out,
"That, my boy, 's what I intend.

"—To the street where lives my tailor,
And to where I ne'er dare go,
Till I 've paid that 'bill delivered,'
Which so long a time I owe."

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

BY A GARDE NATIONALE.

No. I.

GIRAUDIER'S HOTEL, HAYMARKET.

DEAR ———,—I AM arrived here, Tuesday, at the evening, and found myself enough fatigued. I have been very astounded to see the sun, which shines here quite as at Paris; but it appears that the English are enjoying a time superb, for there is no fog in the streets, and those who in ordinary carry torches to enlighten the passers are without employment.

Having envy to eat an English dinner, I commanded one to-day. It was composed of a sheep's leg boiled, and a great piece of ox: both these plates were cooked, as were the vegetables of which they were accompanied. There was also a pudding of apples, which, I am assured, grew in England even; one has informed me, that not only the apples, but also the pears, and the plums, besides other fruit, are cultivated with success. The beer (the wine of England) is very good and very strong.* It is a liquor agreeable and very generous, frequently giving the headache.

I have been yesterday to see the Lord Mayor. He is very amiable, but it appears that he has not so much of power as the Queen Victoria. When I quitted him, I am gone to see the wives sold at Smithfield; but the sale has not had place, the market being full only of beefs, veals, muttons, and horses. The drovers are some brutal men and make their beefs enraged, which is dangerous for the passers, as the horns of the beasts are very pointed.

There is much of amusement at London. They play the opera, the ballet, and the drama, and the theatres are of all beauty. I have been to the theatres of the Haymarket, the Lyceum, and the Princess's, at all of which I saw French pieces: this, without doubt, was to compliment the National Guards who were present, and who are shown themselves sensible of the attention.

The Parks are very beautiful. Every one is allowed to walk in them, except the working classes, who are, without doubt, brutal and sanguinary, and would commit dangerous excesses if one admitted them into the gardens of the Government. The domestics, who are known to entertain the most violent sentiments against the institutions of Royalty, are also forbidden to enter to the Parks. Some of them, by means the most subtle, succeed to make the entry, but it is only in disguise that one can do this: the domestic, when carrying the livery of his master, would have no chance.

There are public edifices in London which are very fine: one tells me that the interior of Westminster Abbey is of all beauty, but it appears that those who endeavour to enter there are punished by a fine of sixpence. I have not, then, wished to transgress the laws of the country, which has received me in a manner so hospitable.

The English have an odd custom, which consists in selecting as galleries of pictures those buildings which shall not, by their superior attractions, remove the attention of the visitor from the objects of art themselves.

* "Fort bien et bien fort."

The club-houses are, on the other hand, ordinarily of a great magnificence: thus the ideas of the *habitué* are raised from the mere gratification of appetite to the contemplation of art.

The other evening, having envy to see an English jig, I went to a place near the Strand, where I knew that the exhibition could be viewed. Outside the hall is suspended a lamp, which bears the words, "Gallery of *Science*:" this put me to think that dancing must have made gigantic strides in England, for in France it is not considered as a science, but all simply an art. I was disappointed in my intention; the jig has not had place, and it would appear that since many years it has been abandoned. I must, however, confess, that it still exists amongst awkward and uneducated persons in the shape of the polka.

Many of the English aristocracy inhabit mansions in London, which resemble much all other mansions, except that they be more elegant. The practice of residing in fortified castles, and making *sorties* to plunder the passers, seems to exist no more.

One of the finest parts of London is the Quadrant of Regent Street: this must have excited the jealousy of some of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, as I understand that there exists an intention to destroy it.

The Sunday is very sad in London. The only places of amusement which are open to the public are the taverns, the cigar-shops, the billiard-rooms, saloons, and gambling-houses. This, however, proceeds, I understand, from the most moral and virtuous motives. The public, after hearing the advantages and beauty of virtue from the priest in the morning, finish their lesson by witnessing the evils and hideousness of vice in the evening. There is no commerce on Sundays, except in cigars, pipes, tobacco, spirits, pastry, and fruit—if not sold in the streets: in this latter case, the attempt even would be visited by the severest punishment.

EVADING THE DUTY.

RATHER COOL.—Messrs. Solomons & Son, the celebrated opticians, have written to inform us that the pair of new Specks lately discovered on the sun, have not been furnished by them.

THE RIGHT VERSION.—An admirer of Albert Smith sends us an awful attempt at a conundrum, which, with the answer thereto, runs thus:—

Q. Why is Albert Smith like a locomotive?
A. Because he's so fast.

Would not it have been more appropriate, bearing in mind the immense mass of vapid rubbish Mr. Albert Smith sometimes publishes, to have said, "Because he emits such volumes of smoke?"

SHABBY EXCEPTION.—The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's are the only managers of any public exhibition in the metropolis, who have not had the good feeling to put the PUPPET-SHOW on the Free-list.

EDITOR'S BOX.

FTER many years' experience, Mr. Bunn, at COVENT GARDEN, has found out that it is more profitable to pay a good salary to an artist, such as Mr. Sims Reeves, than a small one to a person who sings through his nose, such as Mr. Harrison of the legs. Mr. Reeves, besides being the best living tenor after Mario, as far as singing goes, is also a good actor. When asking a young lady to "fly to some distant land," &c., he never looks as if he were merely offering to "stand" a cab to the Haymarket; nor does he, while requesting the *prima donna* to remember him, assume the appearance, and worse than the attitude of a waiter, who is putting a similar question to a gentleman in a coffee-house. As the music of *Haydee* is delightful, and the singers by whom it was to be executed excellent, we suppose its representation on Monday night was successful; but our (in this case) disagreeably large circulation compels us to go to press before its production, so that, although an old friend of ours, we may be excused, in the present case, for passing it without notice.

At the HAYMARKET, although Legitimacy has reigned triumphant in the first part of the evening, the SHOWMAN is afraid that some of the after-pieces bore suspicious marks of a foreign origin. Indeed, during his last visit to this Theatre it struck him that Dr. Francis's version of the

" . . . . aut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa supernè,

of Horace, might be thus paraphrased:—

"Or if he* the Legitimate first played
'Fore nine o'clock with tearful Creswick's aid,
Should a French Farce the two last hours unfold,
Would you not ask, 'Does he† his promise hold?'"

The SHOWMAN is sorry so say that the theatre has not been very full; but as he observed several titled visitors in the private boxes, he supposes that Mr. Webster consoles himself with the idea that he has at least got quality if not quantity.

The LYCEUM, on Wednesday, the 25th ultimo, was crammed excess like a turkey before its appearance at table, or an Alderman after his, to witness the *début* of Mr. John Reeve.

The piece selected was one written for the occasion, and entitled, *My Father did so before me*. Although the SHOWMAN certainly does not admire the title—which he thinks neither very delicate nor excessively applicable—he cannot join in the harsh verdict pronounced on the piece itself by the majority of his contemporaries. True, the author, when writing it, does not seem to have had quite as many good situations at his disposal as a First Lord of the Treasury, but there are still as many in it as in the generality of farces; and as to the charge of improbability, as Puff tells his friend Dangle, we don't go to thetheatre to see things which happen every day. But let us see what grounds there are for the accusation.

The *Countess de Clairville* (Mrs. Yates) is inconsolable for the loss of a favourite parrot, and absolutely refuses to bestow her hand on her suitor, *Lord Flippington* (Mr. Selby), the innocent cause of the parrot's escape, until the bird be restored. So far, the SHOWMAN can perceive nothing particularly outrageous: if the critics who have condemned the piece were a little better acquainted with the higher orders, which they assuredly are not—with the exception of those to the upper boxes, which they generally patronise—they would know that it is nothing new for a Countess, or any oth person of quality, to behave in a stupid and absurd manne and if they wanted an example, they might take that of t celebrated Countess de Mansfeld, or the still stronger one her sexagenarian admirer, the ex-King of Bavaria.

John Trot, a cabman (Mr. John Reeve), in love wi *Laura* (Miss Fitzwilliam), the *Countess's* maid, finds t bird, but refuses to restore it, unless he is allowed to snat a kiss from the aristocratic cheek of its lovely mistress. No here the charge of improbability certainly appears mo reasonable; but in the present age we see so many instances people aping the absurdities of their superiors, that we ma even look over this, especially as we all know that *gustibus non est disputandum*, as the individual said wh his hat was blown off during his passage over Waterl Bridge.

Now, it appears that *John Trot*, in anticipation of t pleasure he should have, has indulged in the phrase "wh kissed the Countess?" and the parrot, who has heard hi and is as perfect a repeater as any manufactured by M Dent, has caught it. On this slight incident the plot of t piece is founded.

A certain young *Lord Popinjay* has been going abo pursuing the aristocratic but immoral pastime of seducti in several families, under various disguises, such as those a gardener, groom, jäger, &c. Now, here again the SHO MAN owns the improbability is very evident, as no you Lord would behave himself sufficiently well to escape dete tion for four-and-twenty hours; and it is not to be suppos that he triumphed over his fair victims in so short a time that. Leaving this point for others to settle, the SHOWMAN w merely observe that *Lord Flippington* takes *John Trot* f the noble and systematic seducer. In this opinion he is st more confirmed by the parrot's constantly giving vent to i natural flow of spirits in the question "Who kissed the ca man?" The mystery is, however, at last satisfactori cleared up—the Countess bestows her hand on his Lordshi and *John* obtains that of *Laura*, who gives the inquisiti and feathered native of other climes the very plain, b somewhat coarse answer, "His wife, you fool!" the la time he asks his oft-reiterated question.

Mrs. Yates had a part quite unworthy of her; but, li a fashionable lady with some hideous monster of a lap-do she made much of it. Mr. Selby was excellent as *Lo Flippington*, and Miss Fitzwilliam was as pleasing as s always is.

With regard to Mr. John Reeve, the SHOWMAN has mu pleasure in being able to affirm that he quite comes up to t expectations he had formed of him. Mr. Reeve is not yet finished actor: time alone will be able to mellow down ce tain little faults in his style; but he evidently possess talent of no common description. His whole personificati of the cabman was excellent, particularly where he imitat the movements of a tight-rope dancer, in which he in th part forcibly reminded people of the agility for which his la father was celebrated. Let him only persevere, and t SHOWMAN will soon be able to exclaim of him—seeing th there is now no Augustus to forbid an alteration in Virgi immortal text—

"Sequiturque patrem *cum* passibus æquis."

At the PRINCESS'S, a few nights since, a farce, call *His First Peccadillo* (we hope it will be the author's last was brought out, and, strange to say, not damned. is one of the worst farces—and we have seen a good ma bad ones—that was ever produced "at this or any oth theatre." There was an officer who behaved in an unge tlemanly and stupid manner; who stopped milliners' girls the street most rudely, and asked his sister to supper at *café*, which appeared to be frequented by improper chara ters. Oxberry played a Mr. *Jenkins*, the husband of t said officer's sister (could he have been a sheriff's officer and met her in the said *café* for improper characters—wher as they were both bad ones enough, in one point of view least, they must have been quite at home. *Jenkins* did n have his ears boxed by his wife, which he richly deserved, only for his vulgar and absurdly exaggerated style of actin Some gentleman, whose name we forget, played a waiter, a style which would have procured his instantaneous di missal from any respectable establishment. He must remem

* Mr. Webster, of course. † Again Mr. Webster.

ber, that a waiter is never allowed to take liberties with the guests, nor even to kick the under-waiters about. Another actor played a part, the fun of which consisted in the constant assertion that the character in question—the sense of which was, by-the-bye, quite out of the question—ought to be treated as a "churchwarden and a moral man;" a phrase which he repeated twenty times, in the vain hope of making the audience laugh. These "catch-words," as they are called, are serious nuisances: if a joke be not productive of merriment when first pronounced, how is it possible that it can be relished after its fifteenth repetition? The dialogue of the farce is never witty, and occasionally indecent. Some persons applauded at its conclusion—they were doubtless glad it was all over.

Having now done our best to convince the lessee of the absurdity of bringing out such farces as the one just alluded to, let us congratulate him on the success which has attended the exceedingly pretty opera of *Léoline*. Some of the critics who think it very fine to abuse Auber and Flotow, and who argue that because Handel was a good musician, therefore every one who does not write in the same style must be a bad one—these hateful scribblers, who at one time abused Bellini, and endeavoured to crush *Norma* (!)—who subsequently attacked Meyerbeer and *Robert le Diable*, and even more recently affected to despise Donizetti: these miserable twaddlers have been pretending that the music of *Léoline* is worthless. However, it was successful in Paris before these persons ever heard of it, and will be just as successful in London, in spite of their condemnation. The ballet of *Esmeralda* is exceedingly well put on the stage. We object, however, to Flexmore's performance: his grimaces are too hideous, and his acting altogether is a caricature. One would think from his representation, that *Pierre Gringoire* was an idiot and not a poet. We may well say, in this case, "*poeta non fit*"—*i.e.*, he is a poet not fit to be seen. Mademoiselle Thierry makes a delightful *Esmeralda*, and fully deserves the title of Carlotta the Second. If Mr. Flexmore wishes to play his part properly, he had better call at our office when the opera opens, and we will give him eight shillings to go and see Perrot; and if Mademoiselle Thierry desires to be applauded as she deserves, she ought to send us some gloves, as the wear and tear of those articles consequent upon giving her the palm—that is, giving her both palms—renders the expression of our approbation an expensive matter.

LOST HIS PARTICULAR CUE.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.—The papers tell us that, among other measures adopted by the civic authorities against cholera, "a *standing* committee of physicians will *sit*," &c. How will they manage?

SHARP WORK.—A gentleman, well-known on 'Change, was observed the other morning to cut all his acquaintances. On being asked his reason, he was unable to give one; nor was the mystery solved until he happened to put his hand in his pocket, and pull out a cake of Mechi's patent razor paste which he happened to have there.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

JULLIEN now his *bâton* waving,
All his strength for one crash saving,
Looks at four conspiring leaders—
Summons then a few seceders—
The trombones now great lengths are going,
Cioffi like a steamer blowing,
Kœnig, too, our ears is splitting—
Ah, see! Jullien's brows are knitting!
What dost wish? By Jove, he smiles!
Looking at Baumann all the whiles.
The crisis comes—arrives the crash—
And nature seems to end in one great smash!

CAMPBELL ON SCOTCH BIGOTRY.

SOME man named Campbell has just come before the public, to whom he was, luckily enough, previously unknown, with a letter about the hateful Scottish Central Railway. After observing in an affected manner that he "*assumes* the paragraph" (relating to the shameful treatment of the Duchess of Sutherland) "to be correct," Campbell says that he "attaches no importance to the circumstance," as the Earl of Carlisle had expired on the previous day. Campbell, however, *does* attach some importance to it, for, as a director of the company, and the proposer of the barbarous and pre-eminently unchristian like resolution—(a fact which he states as if it were no disgrace to him!)—he suggests, with intellect equal to his humanity, that a discretionary power should be left with those in whom confidence can be placed, to forward any one who can satisfy them that his is indeed a case of necessity and mercy.

Now, how are these railway officials, "in whom confidence can be placed," to decide whether a case be one of "necessity and mercy."

Would persons be allowed to visit friends who were suffering merely from incipient cholera; or would it be necessary for the disease to have arrived at its last stage? Would it be deemed religious and godly to allow a sister to proceed to a brother who had both his legs and a rib or two broken; or would it be requisite that his arms should also be fractured? Some patients linger for weeks at the point of death, and we can fancy that a relative about to visit one so affected, would be accosted by a brutal but godly engine-driver—one, in fact, "in whom confidence could be placed"—with the words, "Oh yes, that's all very well, but your friend has been dying this last fortnight: you must wait till to-morrow."

When some other lady has had her feelings sufficiently harassed through the brutal bigotry of the Scottish Central Directors, there will probably be a further relaxation in the rule relative to Sunday trains; and when—which we fervently hope will soon be the case—some godly director shall discover that the delay of one day has cost him a few thousands, the rule will of course be abolished.

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THE POET, POLITICIAN, AND POLICEMAN.

Chapter II.—The Choice of a Profession.

On my interview with Tomkins, he continued as follows:—

"I should inform you that it was not so much a positive love for literature and its excitement, whether of failures or successes, as an absolute distaste for what I considered the vulgarity of trade, that induced me to adopt the profession on which I decided after leaving school. Commerce being put out of the question, what was I, a young man with moderate talents and little money, plenty of relations but few friends, to attempt. Want of interest and poverty effectually shut me out from the church, the army, and the bar—at least for the present: like every young man who has had (and, alas! sometimes has not had) a liberal education, and who can satisfactorily prove that a magistrate is unjust if he transports a child for stealing a penny bun, I fancied myself eminently fitted for a high situation on the London press.

"Unfortunately, the editors were not of the same opinion, and I therefore determined to try the magazines.

"I wrote during a long period for several of these—not that my articles were inserted, for I could never obtain even the slightest information as to what would or had become of them. Some of the smaller periodicals, however, deigned to take some notice of me in the 'Answers to Correspondents,' where I was informed that 'P. B. T. is an ass!' 'If P. B. T. will send us his address, we will forward him a straight-jacket;' or, 'We shall find a place for P. B. T.'s contributions in our waste-paper basket.'

"Unfortunately there were no 'progress' publications of that period (happy period!), otherwise, I think, with all due modesty, that I should have experienced no difficulty in demonstrating that the labourer who dines off a penn'orth of potatoes and no salt, is not half so lucky a fellow as his master, whose appetite is tempted by all the reasonable and unreasonable luxuries which may occur between soup and curaçao (both included). Besides, I was just in the humour to turn philanthropist. My tailor had refused to give me credit, which prevented me seeing my acquaintances, and I had scarcely any money left; accordingly, I hated the rich and sympathised with the poor.

"It was evident that I had no immediate chance in periodical literature; and as it was necessary to do something, I determined to go to a publisher who had brought out the most stupid work of the day, and had paid largely for it. I argued, that if this alchemist of publishers had, in a celebrated instance, changed lead into gold, he would willingly give a fair value for my literary silver: we should both be gainers by the transaction. I was again disappointed. The dull writer had nearly ruined the credulous bookseller, who positively declined treating with any author whatsoever. Thus do fools destroy the profits of the literary profession!

"But I was not to be checked in this manner. Starvation in the rear and celebrity within reach (for I still believed myself a Byron in embryo), I borrowed that entertaining volume, the Post Office Directory, and set deliberately to work copying out the names of all the London publishers, from whom I had made up my mind to select, at least, one victim. I at first thought of throwing lots, and marking for my own him whom fate should select; but ultimately I determined that the best course to pursue would be that of calling deliberately on every one of them, from Burlington Street to Paternoster Row, and stating my object in a prearranged speech, of which the first words were to be:—'I have a manuscript to submit to you, which, I think, will meet with your approbation.'

"But here again difficulties presented themselves. It would be useless to take a fairy tale to a law publisher's, and 'Sketches after Dark' would be anything but acceptable to Messrs. Rivington, of St. Paul's Churchyard. My original plan was full of errors, and I accordingly revised it, dividing the unconscious booksellers into classes, such as Religious, Legal, Statistical, Fast, Slightly Immoral, &c.

"Among other works which I prepared for the 'benefit' (as authors too often say) of my various classes, were 'Lives of Eminent Junior Counsel;' 'A Biography of all the Male Inhabitants of London, with Brief Accounts of their Wives and Children, if any;' 'Devotions for every Hour of every Day in the Year;' 'Life at the Casino;' 'Adelaide and Wilhelmina, or the Flowers;' a syncretic tragedy; and a pamphlet on Chartism. Of each of these books I wrote several pages for inspection, but in no case was the answer which I received propitious. One man would like to see some more of my manuscript before he gave a decided opinion; another had seen quite enough of it already. My 'Devotions' were objected to, at one time, for being too orthodox, and at another for being full of high church prejudices. The 'Lives of Eminent Juniors,' and several of the others were universally condemned; and only one publisher appeared willing to entertain either of my projects for a moment. This was a person who had been much struck by my idea of a metropolitan biography, and who made me the magnificent offer of bringing it out and advertizing it, provided I would pay for the printing. I afterwards discovered that my friend was in partnership with a printer, and almost wished that I had acceded to his terms, for I had scarcely a shilling in the world, and the expenses would have been enormous.

"I was now almost in despair; and had not a small legacy came to me about this time, I should, I fear, have committed suicide. At a later period in life, when in similar circumstances, I went into the Police force: such is the change produced in our feelings by experience and misfortune!

"Like all persons of a sanguine temperament, I was seldom unhappy when able to supply my immediate wants. Since the reception of the welcome sum, which after all was little enough, I had attired myself in a manner more suitable to my position in life, had changed my apartments for more

fashionable ones, and was leisurely eating my breakfast and reading the newspaper, when my attention was caught by the notice of a farce recently produced at ——— theatre, and in which the following passage occurred:—'The author has evidently mistaken vulgarity for wit, and slang for satire. The main idea of the piece is stolen from the French, but clumsily stolen: the dialogue, from its dulness, is, we should think, the writer's own. Mr. Saveall should secure the services of some really witty writer, or give up the production of such pieces.'

"'What!' exclaimed I, 'give up the production of such pieces! If Saveall gives up the production of such pieces, he may as well shut up his theatre; in short, he will be ruined. No. I will rescue Saveall! What does he want? Merely a "witty writer." Why cannot I write his pieces? I know the difference between vulgarity and wit, and never, even when listening to a burlesque, did I mistake slang for satire! No; Saveall shall pay me for a farce—a moderate sum, for I will not be too hard with him; and I will retrieve Saveall's failing fortunes, otherwise I will die with the pen in my hand.'

"Inspired with these sentiments, I rushed to a stationer's and asked for a quire of paper.

"'What sort of paper?' said the man.

"'You know the sort,' replied I; 'it is to write a farce on."

"'Oh,' returned the stationer, 'is that the case? I think, then, that this will suit you.'

"And thus saying, he folded me up a quire of most elegant paper, for which I paid double what I should have done had I not told him about the farce.

"Having purchased the most expensive steel pen that could be procured, I set to work. I was, however, at once distracted by consideration as to whether I should inform Saveall, before commencing the farce, of my generous intentions towards him, or send it to him in a complete state. I ultimately determined on the latter course. Had I chosen the former, I should probably have saved myself much trouble and mortification.

"Long and earnestly did I think before I could fix on any title whatever worthy of the piece which I was about to write. I had no idea of what the farce was to be, either as regarded the characters or the scene. But I could not get on without first having a title; and as very striking ones, such as 'Halloa there!' or, 'You'd better not!' were the fashion at that period, I determined to have something of a taking character, and the first page was ultimately arranged as follows:—

NO YOU DON'T!

A FARCE IN ONE ACT,

BY

PITT BYRON TOMKINS.

"I had a long dispute with myself as to whether the word Esquire should follow my name, but remembering that one never heard of "William Shakspere, Esq.," I determined to drop the title.

"As I began writing, the plot came almost naturally: characters unexpectedly sprang up around me, and the farce (in which, by-the-bye, some capital parodies were introduced) was finished before I went to bed, which was not until a late hour in the morning.

"When in bed I was unable to sleep. I began bothering myself about the price, and ultimately decided the question in the following manner:—'Webster,' thought I, 'gave five hundred pounds for an execrable comedy in five acts, that was no more a comedy than my farce is. Now, if a bad piece in five acts is worth five hundred pounds, surely a good one in a single act will fetch one hundred. But Saveall may be, and doubtless is, a poor man: let us, therefore, divide the sum by two, and the result will be fifty pounds, which I shall doubtless receive.'

"And with this comfortable conclusion I fell asleep."

MODERN "EMPERORS."

THE following are the qualifications for the Emperor of a great nation, as Emperors go in these days:—

He should be related to some great man in some way or another. To be sure, Nature seldom gives two great men to one family; but never mind, she may have done so in the particular instance; and if the man act in the belief that she has, and should happen to find that it was a mistake—what of it? The country only loses an army or two in the experiment, and plunges into civil disorder when it has failed. *Vive l'Empereur!*

He should be a bad public speaker—stammering rather a qualification than otherwise. Eloquence is a dangerous faculty, and might enable him to mislead the people. On the whole, he should be as nearly as possible the greatest booby in the National Assembly of his country. *Vive l'Empereur!*

He need not have much military experience, but a knowledge of billiards is indispensable. Handling the cue is the first step towards handling the sceptre. *Vive l'Empereur!*

The above qualifications will do for a man who aspires to overthrow a republic, and neutralise the effects of a revolution. To preserve an ancient empire, however—such as Austria—an idiot will do capitally. *Vive l'Empereur!*

DEEP-ROOTED INJURY.—Some malefactors lately effected an entrance into the cellar of an extensive florist in Covent Garden, and stole a great number of valuable tulip and other bulbs. Of some of the varieties, they did not leave even a single specimen. As a natural consequence, their unfortunate victim is very much "out of sorts."

THE WHITTINGTON SLAP-BANG.

THE *Sun*, in speaking of Miss Kelly, who has been engaged to read to the members of the Whittington Club, praises the audience, who, it appears, "listened with great attention." We are happy also to hear that the reading was accompanied by "all the necessary intelligence," though we are afraid that the intelligence necessary to a great many of the members who were being read to, must have been what the playbills would call "of the most varied character."

The play read to the young gentlemen was the *Merchant of Venice*—certainly a very appropriate one, considering the commercial pursuits of the pupils. Some of the "necessary intelligence," or which, at all events, was considered so by the members of the class, was contained in the replies to the following questions:—

1. Where's Venice, and what sort of a place is it? Or is it only the princess spoken of in the song, as "Beautiful Venice, Queen of the Sea?"
2. Was *Antonio* a wine-merchant, or a coal-merchant, or what sort of merchant was he; and was he in a large way of business?
3. How many clerks did the merchant have, what salaries did he give them, and were they treated as one, two, or three, as the case may be, of the family?
4. At what theatre did *Launcelot* the clown perform; and was he ever encored?
5. Did *Shylock* discount many bills; and if so, what percentage did he charge?
6. Was the pound of flesh which the Jew desired to cut from *Antonio's* bosom, a pound according to Avoirdupois, or according to Troy weight?
7. Did Douglas Jerrold write the *Merchant of Venice*; and if not, who did?

OUR LEADER.

"PROGRESS" PRINCIPLES.

THE following may be said to be the principles of those who ostentatiously call themselves "progress" writers—as distinct from the great philosophical liberals—such as Carlyle, Lamartine, and others, whom the SHOWMAN admires and approves:—

1. Every criminal, murderer, burglar, or other, is an injured innocent, for whose guilt society is responsible.

2. A respectable man is a contemptible being. To wear good clothes; take one's family to church; subscribe to the charitable societies; and encourage religious Missions, are "respectable," and, therefore, contemptible actions.

3. Every classical scholar is a pedant. It is more enlightened to know nothing of the two great languages of antiquity.

4. Each Bishop daily dines on a tithe-pig. The clergy are a gluttonous body, and most disgracefully respectable.

5. All military officers are murderers and assassins.

6. The people ought to govern, and the people must be educated; but as to govern is a primary right, they ought to have power before they are educated.

7. The Constitution, monarchy, aristocracy, law, custom, and Christianity, are "barbarous relics of ancient superstition."

An habitual advocacy of the above, garnished with sneers, jibes, irony, and an assumption of virtuous indignation, constitute the stock-in-trade of the regular "progress" writer, who feathers his nest with the feathers plucked from the radical geese of the lower orders. The "progress" writer commonly abuses the custom of putting servants in livery, and keeps a small boy covered with buttons. The "gag" is beginning gradually to be seen through, and we trust soon the "poor man" will be delivered from his "friends," who are, in fact, his real oppressors. The honourable and dignified liberalism above alluded to is disgraced by these rascally characters, as the medical profession is by the proceedings of quacks.

PINS & NEEDLES.

Prince Louis Napoleon usually reads his speeches from paper—"foolscap," of course.

A very democratic schoolmaster we know will not even allow a ruler in the writing-desk.

The Bishop of London vows that, although the Charter may become the law of the land, it never shall be the *law of the see*, if he can help it.

The sentence on record against the Irish rebels is, "that they be hanged and quartered." It has been a matter of surprise to many people that what formerly always constituted a third part of this barbarous sentence, viz., "that they be drawn," should be omitted. The reason is, that the culprits have been already drawn—in the *Illustrated London News*.

It is rumoured that Louis Blanc has applied for a situation as vaulter at one of the amphitheatres; this is more than probable, when we recollect how unequalled he is in *jumping*—at least to a conclusion.

We have heard it said that the puns of Albert Smith are far-fetched; that they certainly are, if fetched from his brains, which are far enough, every one knows.

The stone of which the New Palace at Westminster, the Hall in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the New French Church are built, is in a state of rapid decay. Surely those who selected it must have been stone-blind.

In speaking of the farce of *The Dance of the Shirt* at the Adelphi, the *Sun* observes that there "is some stuff in it." It might have said that it is all stuff from beginning to end.

It is agreed on by all, that the Irish "sentences" are too severe to be carried into execution. Why, then, are they suffered to be inflicted so unmercifully on the nation, by the Irish members at St. Stephen's?

Two of the German Princes of the retrograde movement were driving about the other day, and flung out of the carriage. This is good news, since when rogues "fall out" honest men come by their own.

Mr. Angus B. Reach, we perceive, announces "A Book with Iron Clasps." This is rather an unnecessary precaution, as we are quite sure no one will feel disposed to open it.

A French National Guard seemed much surprised at our speaking disrespectfully of the Lord Mayor's exhibitions; he was not aware, as we are, that they are but *peu de chose* (shows).

We see by the papers that orders have been given to fell most of the timber on the Buckinghamshire estates. What are all the ordinances of Louis Philippe and the idiotic Emperor of Austria to so fell a decree as this!

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD ON EMIGRATION

I.

Let us away! away! away!
Here we pine in constant sorrow;
Here we starve each weary day,
And form no hopes of a better morrow.
Here we are jostled, crushed, undone,
Squeezed and trampled by friend and neighbour;
Willing to work, but finding none
To give us a fee for our honest labour.

II.

Let us away! away! away!
Here; before our youth has faded,
The hopes of youth, in a swift decay,
Leave us dispirited, old, and jaded.
Here, if we wed in our noon of life,
We ask distress to our scanty table.
What right has squalor to wed a wife?
Let us away, while we are able.

III.

Let us away! away! away!
Married or single, it scarcely matters;
For let us toil from day to day,
What do we earn?—dry bread and tatters.
If we pass the gulf from youth to age,
The best of hopes with which we fill it
Are the Union-house, that pauper cage,
With its oakum strigs and its daily skillet.

IV.

Let us away! away! away!
The bounteous earth is wide and pleasant;
But for us and ours, if *here* we stay,
Dull and cheerless is the present.
Darker the future: but if we go,
And think a kindly fate has sent us,
We shall find a home where the rivers flow,
And live our lives as nature meant us.

V.

Let us away! away! away!
There is wealth for work o'er the western waters;
Roofs for our heads, when they are grey,
And warm firesides for our sons and daughters.
We dream no dreams of a golden land,
We build no baseless hopes romantic;
But we feel and know that a man's right hand
Is the best of friends o'er the broad Atlantic.

VI.

Let us away! away! away!
We leave no ties our hearts to fetter;
We love our country—well we may—
But we love our independence better.
Landlords *there*? or paupers *here*?
Here hopeless toil—*there* brisk endeavour?
Take our blessing, our country dear—
But farewell, England! Farewell, ever!

VANITY FARE.—Taking a cab to cross the road to an evening party.

ORIGIN OF A WELL-KNOWN PROVERB.—"Will Shakspere was standing at ye firste performance of a newe piece in ye pitte of ye Globe, alle along wythe ye groundlings, as ye house was so crowded that he hadde not been able to gette a playce on ye stage or in anie of ye roomes, when of a sudden, Ben Johnson, who was wythe hym, cried out, as he pointed to ye ginger-bere woman who was in one of ye scaffoldes or gallerys (which are also called ye slippes) furthest from them, 'I wolde I hadde a cuppe of that woman her fayre nectar;' to which Will Shakspere replied, 'Aye, but by my faythe that can not be, for there is manie a slippe betweene ye cuppe and ye lippe;' which so delighted sundrie court gallants who heard it, that thei did retaile it to Hir Matie, who was greatlie pleased at ye conceite."—*Burbage's Diary*.

SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Servant Girl—"MRS. CHUMP SAYS, IF YOU BOYS DON'T TAKE AWAY OUR GUY, SHE'LL SEND FOR THE P'LICE."

Boy—"THIS AINT NO GUY FAWKES; IT'S ONLY MR. CHUMP AS WE'RE A-BRINGING HOME FROM THE BENEVOLENT BUTCHERS' ANNIVERSARY DINNER."

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE "SEA-SERPENT."

FOR the present we have no wish to "shuffle off this mortal coil," or, in other words, to shake off the acquaintance of the sea-serpent, for he is a popular beast, and we will for a short time pander to the monstrous taste of the mob, although we give notice that it is our intention, in the course of a week or two, to adopt vigorous means for his suppression, for, with a prophetic eye, we see a long course of persecution in store for the unhappy public; every thing will be serpentine; every ape, cap, muff, collar, band-box, and book, will be christened after this popular animal, and we shall have the creature staring us in the face from every print-shop window in every thoroughfare, blind-alley, and arcade, through which we may chance to walk.

It is currently reported among the musical world that no less than nine serpent polkas, with solos on the cogominal instrument, are in course of preparation for Jullien's concerts, whilst a complete set of sea-serpent quadrilles is actually finished. In spite of our wish to avoid the sea-serpent, should it make its appearance in a manner much to be dreaded, namely, as a London exhibition, with a charge of one shilling per head for admission—in spite, we say, of our desire to avoid this calamity, we seriously think that if the marine snake could be caught (which we have the authority of an experienced angler for saying might be easily effected by means of an artificial whale as a bait) and laid along some line of railway, say the London and Birmingham, with the head at the latter town, and the tail as near the metropolis as it would reach, slow excursion trains could then run, for the convenience of those who might wish to go the whole length of viewing the entire animal, and seeing the end of it. This, by causing immense traffic, would tend to, in some measure, remove the depression from which the line is now suffering, besides having the advantage of completely appeasing the desire of the abortion-loving multitude.

WHAT MAY AND MAY NOT BE DONE ON SUNDAYS.

1. You may pass the day in a cigar-divan;
   But you cannot go to a picture-gallery.
2. You may buy pastry, fruit, or lollipops;
   But you cannot buy bread.
3. You may enter a fashionable church;
   But without paying you cannot get a seat.
4. You may get in a beastly state of intoxication at a tavern;
   But you cannot be admitted into a reading-room.
5. You may go to Westminster Abbey;
   But you cannot stop after the service to admire the statues.
6. In some parts of Scotland you may over-work your servants and drive post-horses to death;
   But you cannot proceed in a railway to see a dying relation.

THE CHARTIST "ORANGE TREE."

AIR,—"*Mrs. Bubb was fat and free.*"

I.

In yonder leafy branches,
Each ape upon his haunches,
With tail securely twining
Round the fragrant boughs,
Declares, "I'm here to dine, sir,
This tempting fruit is mine, sir;
This is the tree of liberty—let 's plot
And let 's carouse!"

II.

So, tail so graceful twisting,
Each ape an orange fisting,
The rind in haste removing,
To eat the beasts began.
But soon each dirty sitter
Cries, "By Jove, how deuced bitter,"
And down the tree of liberty
The long-tailed rascals ran!

III.

But soon the orange-stealers
Were all captured by the peelers,
Who, each a monkey seizing
By his long wavy tail,
Roared, "Come along with me, boys,
This feasting must not be, boys,"
And from the tree of liberty
Took off the dogs to jail!

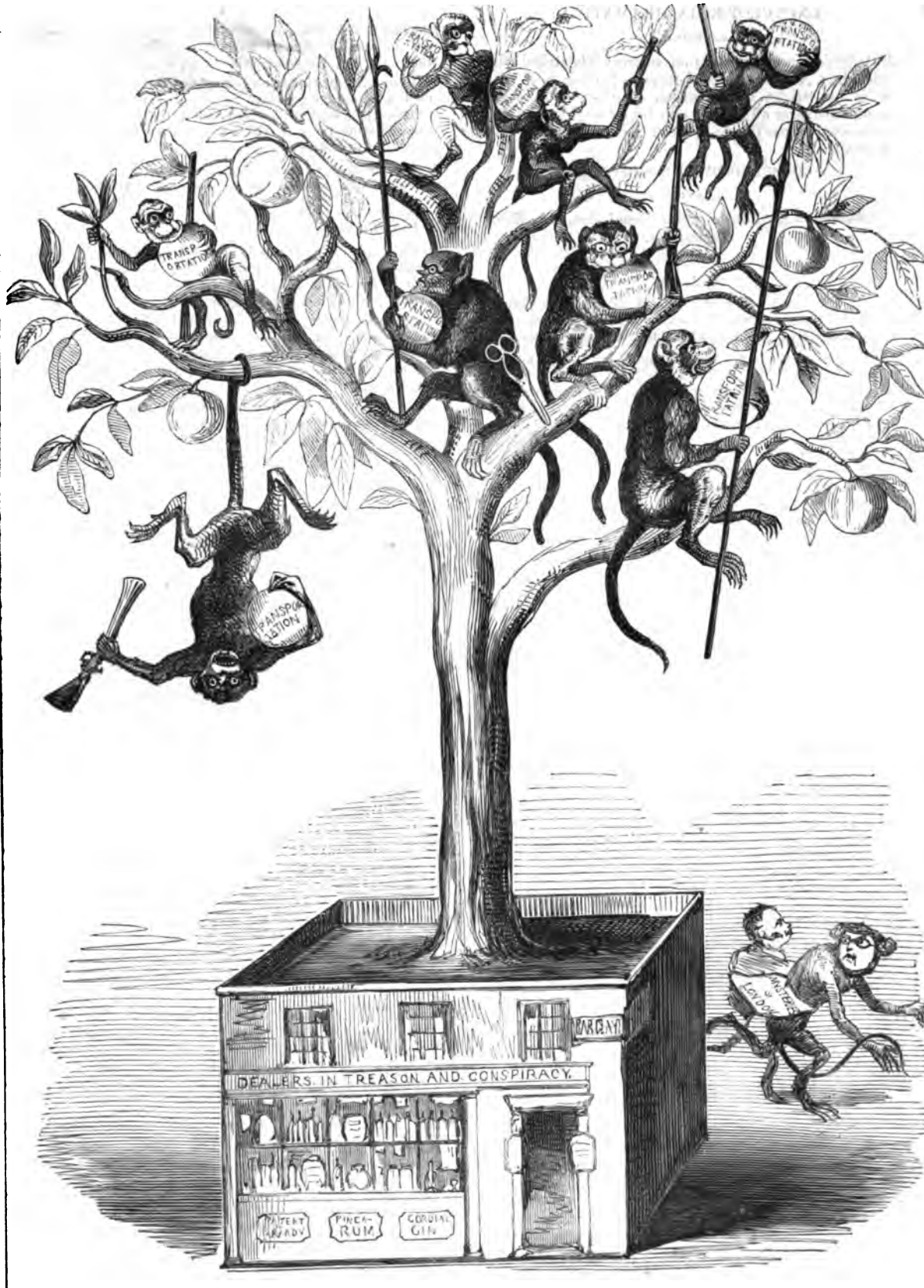
IV.

MORAL.

So, you who, danger scorning,
Refuse to take all warning,
And, rushing forward madly,
Expect still to escape,
Will find, though bold you be, sir
That in the "Orange Tree," sir,
The fruit is very bitter, and each
Eater but an ape.

PARSONS, DIRT, FEVER, AND SUICIDE.

THE *Times* has once more dragged to light a negligent landlord in Dorsetshire. The negligent landlord has been supported by a hypocritical parson; the hypocritical parson has been checked by an honest vicar; the honest vicar has been attacked by the negligent landlord; and the negligent landlord, finally, has been snubbed by a sincere rector. Any amount of knocking together of the heads of landlord and parson would be obviously useless. Let us content ourselves with one observation. It seems that a poor fellow in the unhappy county "hanged himself, after a consultation with the minister." As far as we can judge, this poor fellow seems to have been the most rational man in the neighbourhood—for anything tending more to tempt to, or justify, suicide than communication with such a clique we cannot conceive.



THE CHARTIST "ORANGE TREE."

THE STAGE DICTIONARY;

OR,

ENCYCLOPÆDIA DRAMATICA:

CONTAINING

Full Definitions and Explanations of every Theatrical Object, including Actors and Audiences—showing how natural it is for Sticks to appear on Boards; and, in short, comprehending all that is, can be, or ought to be known connected with Theatres, both Before and Behind the Curtain.

COMPILED BY THE SHOWMAN,

AND

Dedicated to the Flower of our Population, i.e., His Subscribers.

A.

ACT.—To act, *a verb.* The meaning of this word is differently rendered. Upon referring it to several living dramatic authorities, we received, amongst others, the following replies :—

Madame Celeste. "To act, means to speak bad English mixed with French words."

Mr. Paul Bedford. "To act, means to say, 'How are you my r-r-r-rummy-ummy-ummy kidikins?'—'I believe you, my bo-o o-a-y!'"

The Man Cowell. "To act, means to howl nigger songs to the Surrey gallery."

Mr. Harley. "To act, means to poke somebody else in the ribs, then put your hands in your trowsers' pockets, turn round three times, open your mouth very wide to say something to yourself, and then wait for the pit to laugh."

Mr. T. P. Cooke. "To act, means to say, 'Avast heaving there,' to keep hitching up your pantaloons, and to call people connected with terrestrial pursuits 'grampuses,' and gentlemen whose names are in the law list 'sharks.'"

Mrs. Nisbet. "To act, means to indulge in cachinnatory explosions at every second word, because the papers have said you have a 'ringing laugh.'"

ACT.—*Noun substantive.* A slice of a play, as much as an audience can stomach without pausing for breath. Five acts constitute a high art drama, written by a genius; three acts a mere melodrama, written by a vulgar playwright.

AMPHITHEATRE.—A species of theatre where horses play the principal parts, in opposition to other theatres, where donkeys perform that duty.

AUTHOR (Dramatic).—A humble personage attached to theatres, who, by the condescension of the manager and actors, is allowed to write the plays by which the latter get their living. The species of author most approved of by managers is a superannuated stage carpenter, or supernumerary dismissed for stupidity, whose daughter can, with the help of the dictionary, translate French vaudevilles, which her father "adapts" for the requirements of the company.

"ANY ORANGES, APPLES, SODA-WATER, OR GINGER-BEER."—A theatrical phrase, famous for recurring in the deepest parts of the tragedy. As thus :—

Daggerino. "The poison—ah! Unhappy youth."
Bullcaxo. "And did she take—"
Basket-Woman. "Any oranges, apples, soda-water, or ginger-beer?"
[*Drop falls.*

B

BALLET.—An exhibition of legs, where sheep's eyes are cast from behind the footlights on the array of calves before them. On this subject it was that Moore wrote the following admirable lines :—

"Oh there's not in wide Europe a ballet so sweet
As that wherein Perrot and Carlo meet,
In the *Cour des Miracles*—to fix by their art
The fair 'Esmeralda' deep, deep in each heart."

BOXKEEPERS.—A set of ruthless tyrants (supposed to be income-tax collectors during the day) who levy black mail from the white males and females they induct to seats in boxes. It is a remarkable fact, and not easily accounted for, that the gift of one shilling sterling to one of these functionaries invariably prevents the arrival of the "party" who had engaged the whole of the front places.

BURLESQUE.—See TRAGEDY.

BOARDS.—The planks forming the stage, generally used by high art critics to finish off a bit of fine writing about the degeneracy of the modern drama, by a touching allusion to the "boards which Garrick trod." As to most of our present actors, however, we wish that instead of treading the boards they would walk the plank.

C

CORYPHEE.—A first-class ballet-girl. A word the gents like to use, but find it difficult to spell, writing it in divers fashions, thus—Corifay, Koryphæ, Khorrifiay, Choriphee.

CHORUS.—A remarkably ubiquitous number of ladies and gentlemen, who always go about in crowds, and who, by a curious unanimity of sentiment, always utter the self-same opinions, at the self-same time, in the self-same, or nearly the self-same words. For instance :—

Operatic Hero. "I see her dancing in the hall!"
Forty Ladies and Gentlemen (*all at once*). "He sees her dancing in the hall?"
Operatic Hero. "O dear me!"
Forty Ladies and Gentlemen. "O dear us!"

CLEAR!—An exclamation shouted by the prompter, or stage-manager, before the rise of the curtain; but sometimes, particularly in the case of a high art play, by no means responded to by the audience—when it falls again.

CARPENTER'S SCENE.—A scene introduced, which has little or nothing to do with the play, in order to give time for something to be done behind. Most high art plays are entirely composed of Carpenter's Scenes; but there is nothing but yawning going on both behind and before.

CURTAIN.—A word which comes in very pat, because it gives us an opportunity of saying, "Well, having arrived, in our Dictionary, at the 'curtain,' let us, until next week, drop it!"

WHO WRITES ALL THE BOOKS?

WE observe that some ingenious individual has lately been lecturing to prove that Shakspere was not a man—an individual—but a myth, and that Shakspere's plays were written, not by Shakspere, but by the Monks. Not having heard the lecture, we are unable to say whether the deliverer thereof has succeeded in plucking all the feathers out of the Swan of Avon; but we have been dreadfully alarmed lest this new style of theorising should go on and prosper, the inevitable effects of which would be the announcement—in a hundred years, or so—of such a lecture as the following :—

THE PUBLIC is respectfully informed that A LECTURE will be delivered on Wednesday Evening, the 1st of April, 1948, in the STRAND CASINO (formerly Exeter Hall), upon a variety of Popular Delusions abroad as to the Literature of the Last Century.

The lecturer will prove—

1st, That DICKENS never existed, and that his works were written by the Society of Licensed Victuallers.

2nd, That DOUGLAS JERROLD was only a myth, and that the *Man made of Money* was written by the Committee of the Whittington Club—thus accounting for the book being such a decided failure.

3rd, That BULWER LYTTON was only a symbol, and that *Eugene Aram, The Last Days of Pompeii, Pelham, Harold, &c. &c.*, were composed by the Lambeth Troop.

4th, That JAMES was a nonentity, and that his romances were produced by means of an ingenious combinations of spinning-jennies.

5th, That COOPER was a mere Yankee notion, devoid of substance, and that the *Last of the Mohicans*, &c., were written during their visit to London by the Ojibbeways.

6th, That "THACKERAY" is a word signifying not an individual, but a combination of individuals; his *Vanity Fair* being far too good to have been written by any one man then alive.

Admission, One Shilling. Common People and Members of the Whittington Club, Sixpence.

SEEMING ANOMALY.—Although the tradesmen of a certain Manager have one and all determined not to serve him any longer, still they have informed him that they shall be always most happy to receive his orders.

SHOCKING IGNORANCE.—We have been favoured with a view of a letter in which an antiquarian desires to be informed whether Grimstone's celebrated snuff, which is efficacious in diseases of the eye, would be of any use in restoring the site of Troy, which has long been very uncertain.

SANITARY MEASURES.

THE Committee of Contributors to the PUPPET-SHOW, appointed to take into consideration the moral and literary health of the Metropolis, have made the following Report to His HONOUR the SHOWMAN:—

1. Sleep appears to have been frequently communicated by personal intercourse with Albert Smith. The Committee, therefore, without expressing any positive opinion as to whether asininity is or is not contagious, content themselves with warning the public of the probability of night-mare and other dangerous and disagreeable phenomena arising from this source.

2. People have been found frequently to be turned very sick by the existence of periodicals in a decaying state. The Committee, therefore, strongly recommend the removal of jokes of *Punch* in a state of decomposition. All refuse matter—such as the virtuous indignation and the serious doggrel of the said publication—ought also to be speedily and carefully thrown away.

3. A state of debility or exhaustion, however produced, increases the liability to disease. Such exhausting tasks, therefore, as the perusal of Bulwer's *Harold*, or the *Metropolitan*, or G. P. R. James' *Fairies*, or any modern epic whatsoever, must be scrupulously shunned.

4. The Committee recommend that the authorities should immediately cause to be shut up such pestilent literary drains and cesspools as the *Mysteries of the Court*, &c.

5. One great cause of the bad state of the poor has been found to be the excessive use of ardent periodicals. Let every precaution therefore be taken to prevent them from swallowing "progress" mixtures, or any such cordials as "philanthropist" or "poor man's friend" compounds.

6. Whenever a Chartist eruption breaks out, immediate warning is to be given to the authorities, who, by the most stringent prescriptions, will, it is hoped, successfully combat the disorder.

Finally, the Committee beg to remark that the moral and literary health of a great city depends very much on the use of a sound and generous diet; and that all such wishy-washy mixtures as fashionable novels, family twaddle, pretty essays, and feeble sonnets, will be found debilitating and injurious. A healthy use of Savage Landor's compounds, or Hallam's mixture, with draughts from Tennyson's Castalian spring, will be found most beneficial; and let no one forget to take a dose of PUPPET-SHOW weekly. It is the duty of the rich to supply this for the use of their poorer neighbours.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "MODEL MEN AND WOMEN."

THEN farewell Horace, whom I hated so,
Not for my faults, but thine; it is a curse
To read, not understand, thy comic flow,
And to have paid for it, which makes it worse.
We want some deeper fellow to rehearse
Our little life, so please give up your art.
Some livelier satirist must our conscience pierce
With wit, not here and there, but in each part.
So fare thee well—I'll sell thee at this butter-mart.

A CHESTERFIELD THIEF.—On the trial of Mullins, the Chartist, just before the court adjourned, one of the jury was taken aback by his coat being stolen. We suppose the thief considered that, being a visitor to the Old Bailey, it was only *courteous* to adopt the "habits" he might find there.

VALUE OF AN HEIRESS.—In England we say a girl is worth twenty thousand pounds; in Sidney they say she is worth twenty thousand *sheep*. Both here and at the antipodes we agree, however, in saying that such a one is *worth having*.

SO MUCH FOR BUCKINGHAM.—Mr. James Silk Buckingham, in advertising his lectures, letters, voyages, travels, &c. announces also a portrait of himself. If it falls in our way, we shall exclaim with Glo'ster, "Off with his head."

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

THE managers of this popular place of amusement are loud in their complaints of the badness of the season. This they impute in a great degree to the unprecedented amount of foreign competition they have lately had to contend with. It is currently reported that they intend to get up a petition to Parliament for the suppression of Madame Tussaud's rival exhibition in Baker Street. Besides this, however, they have determined to introduce several improvements in the manner of conducting the exhibition, among which we may mention the admission of children under twelve years of age, schools, and livery-servants, at half-price; and the carrying out of a new and extensive system of advertising, which cannot fail to be attended with the most beneficial results.

The following is a copy of a bill with which we have been politely favoured:—

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

UNRIVALLED EXHIBITION!—NATIVE TALENT.

THIS magnificent Exhibition is open for inspection every day. Among the other

CURIOSITIES OF ART

which render it worthy of a visit may be mentioned the Statue of the

CELEBRATED SAMUEL JOHNSON,

as also the Tomb of the well-known Son of

ÆSCULAPIUS,

the Renowned

SIR ASTLEY PASTON COOPER, BART.;

as likewise the Monuments of those Heroes,

SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE, SIR JOHN MOORE,

AND

HORATIO NELSON,

who died gloriously in asserting

THE SUPREMACY OF ENGLAND

in the scale of Nations.

Among the other parts of this noble Building particularly deserving of notice may be mentioned the

FAR-FAMED WHISPERING GALLERY,

in which the slightest whisper is distinctly heard, and the slamming of a door resounds like the explosion of a

THOUSAND CANNON.

But it would be impossible to describe in a bill all the wonders of this truly National Edifice, which has been got up

REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE.

Being determined to do all in their power to render the establishment worthy of public support, the Directors have taken the requisite measures to insure visitors having an opportunity of seeing the Verger who was present at the visits of the

KINGS OF PRUSSIA AND BAVARIA,

and also of several other

CROWNED HEADS.

PRICES OF ADMISSION AS USUAL

EXTRAVAGANT DESIGN.—M. Emile Thomas, has every intention of running through a Napoleon (Buonaparte).

CUR-TESY OF THE STANDARD.—The *Standard* speaks of the members of the Reform Club as "mangy and hungry curs," and alludes to the "whole Whig kennel" as being filled with "mongrel curs." The members of the Reform Club may or may not be curs, but they are great fools if they are hungry ones, when they have so excellent a cook as M. Soyer. As for all the Whigs being "mongrel curs," all we can say is, that if so, they are even then far better off than the writer of Billingsgate in the Standard; a mongrel is only half-bred, while the scribbler in question is thoroughly (ill-)bred.

HAYDEE!!!

ITS POSTPONEMENT, AND THE CONSEQUENCES.

HAYDEE has been promised half-a-dozen times, and postponed half-a-dozen times: we are not quite sure whether, even at this moment, it has been played, or will be put off by intervals of three days each to the end of the season. At first the indisposition of Mr. Sims Reeves was the excuse; then it was discovered that another rehearsal was requisite; then Mr. Sims Reeves was taken ill again; and at last the production of the unfortunate *Haydée* was delayed without any alleged reason whatever.

One day last week, when this Mrs. Harris of operas had been postponed for the fourth or fifth time, we determined, in the dearth of new operas, to write one for ourselves. Of course we had to reflect for some time as to what the subject should be, and ultimately decided to write a *libretto* on "progress" principles, on an Eliza Cook subject, and in a humorous style. It will be observed, that this has been accomplished in the most felicitous manner. The "progress" man will rejoice to see that vice has been punished in the most exemplary manner. Cook's "followers" will be gratified with the subject, which is one completely after their own hearts, and the lover of humour will be in ecstacies; but of this point modesty forbids us speaking. The result of our labours is subjoined.

THE "DO" "DONE"

AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

MR. AUGUSTUS SILLIMORE, *a Young Gentleman.*
MR. FERGUSON WALKER, *a Swindler.*
MR. SNIP, *a Respectable Tradesman.*
MISS PECUNIA RICHES, *a Young Lady.*
Servants, Duns, Bailiffs, &c. &c.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

Mr. Augustus Sillimore and Mr. Ferguson Walker.

WALKER. Good morrow, sir. How do you do?
SILLIMORE. Quite well, I thank you, sir. And you?

Adagio.

WAL. Alas! my tailor is so sad a fool,
He cannot cut a coat by any rule;
He makes it first too big and then too small—
My tailor cannot cut a coat at all.
Ah, no! he cannot, cannot cut a coat at all.

Vivace.

When I view thy vest so charming,
With a pang I think on Dobbs,
My disgusting little tailor,
Only fit to make for snobs.
All my hopes for his improvement
Are as wild as Hervey's verse!
What a blessing must thy tailor be;
But mine—Ah, what a curse!

SILL. (*Recit.*) Alas, my friend has reason to be sad;
'T is true those clothes of his are very bad!

Aria.

Much I grieve, beloved Walker,
That such tailor should be thine;
Why not cut him, why not cut him,
And have some clothes from mine?

WAL. (*aside.*) I will cut him, I will cut him,
And have some clothes from thine!

Duo.

WAL. How is thy tailor named, my friend?
For to him I will quickly send.
SILL. His name is Snip. My card you 'll show,
And then at once 't will let him know
Your money's safe; and when he hears
My name, he 'll give you tick for years.

Ensemble.

Your / My } money's safe; and when he hears
My / Your } name, he 'll give { you / me } tick for years.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

WALKER *solus.*

(*Recit.*) Hail happy day! the introduction 's got,
And now of clothes I 'll have a precious lot!

Cavatina.

It is not honour, 't is but face
That credit now can win,
And loads of brass will compensate
For want of any tin.
That spooney youth his card did give,
Thinking, ha! ha! I 'll pay—
And perhaps I shall, but then 't will be
At some far distant day.

That spooney youth his card did give,
That snip then now must bleed;
Just to begin I 'll order that
Of which I 'm most in need—
Three frock and two dress coats, four superfine black pantaloons,
Two *paletots*, and unnumbered vests
He 'll furnish me eftsoons.

Ha! ha! I see Pecunia comes this way;
I 'm far too seedy, so I cannot stay.
My clothes I 'll get, and try some other day. [*Exit.*

Enter PECUNIA *with her* MAID.

PEC. Methought my darling Ferguson was here,
My lovely Walker. Ah! it is quite clear
He is n't; so come here my pretty dear,
And tell what said that man without a peer.

Ballad.

MAID. I gave your note, he did not speak,
He looked first sad, then gay;
He smiled, but spoke not; then in grief
He turned his head away.
He said his mother's aunt was ill,
And he was sad at home,
And that it would not be good taste
To public balls to roam.
But his clothes were seedy, and so was he,
And that 's why at home thy Walker will be.

PECUNIA and MAID. } His clothes are seedy, and so is he,
And that 's why at home { my / thy } Walker will be.

PEC. Is my Walker then so seedy?
Is the gloss worn off his coat?
MAID (*aside*). If not better rigged to-morrow,
Walker 'll be in the wrong boat.

Finale. Ensemble.

Alas! for him on whom { I / you } dote;
The gloss is now worn off his coat.

ACT III.

[An interval of two years has elapsed since Act II.]

Chorus of DUNS, BAILIFFS, *&c.*

We have a plan
To catch that man,
And now we can.

Enter SNIP.

Andante.

I gave him long credit,
He swore he would pay—
I gave him the clothes,
He kept out of the way;
But a sovereign I 'll lay,
That on this, his wedding day,
He his small account shall pay,
Or to prison come away!

Chorus of BAILIFFS.

He his small account shall pay,
Or to prison come away!

Grand Chorus of SNIP, DUNS, *and* BAILIFFS, *fortissimo.*

Vengeance! vengeance! to prison he goes;
Away with the man who won't pay for his clothes!

[*Enter* FERGUSON, WALKER, *and* PECUNIA.]

1st BAILIFF (*advancing to* FERGUSON.)

Jocoso.

Wretched being, now I hold thee,
Turn not vainly from my hand;
With thy bride thou would'st have bolted,
In the morn, to some far land:

But I hold thee—do not struggle,
Thou can'st never get away.
Banish thoughts of happy marriage,
Thou art now a bailiff's prey.

Recit.

FER. Release me! Oh, release me from thy hold!
And in thy purse shall countless sums be told.

Aria.

SNIP. No, you devil! you tried to do me,
But I think 't would be as well
If I sent you, as a warning,
In a spunging-house you 'll dwell.

Finale. PECUNIA, SNIP, DUNS, *and* BAILIFFS.
Base deceiver, as a warning,
In a spunging-house you 'll dwell.

EDITOR'S BOX.

AT the HAYMARKET, *Romeo and Juliet* and the *Patrician's Daughter* continue to afford Miss Laura Addison an opportunity of making a West-end audience acquainted with her remarkable talents. Now that the timidity incidental to her first few appearances has, in a measure, worn off, this young lady appears to much greater advantage than she did before. She has got more accustomed to her public, and also become inured to Mr. Creswick's *Romeo;* as a natural consequence, her acting is more free and unconstrained. There are many things, however, in Laura Addison's style which are far from pleasing: such, for instance, as the constant clenching of her hands, and raising her arms, on every occasion, towards the slips of canvas which represent the sky; she has also a custom of distorting her features in moments of passion, so as to transform herself from the eminently feminine and interesting creature she is, into as good a specimen of an old hag as any one could well desire to see daneing round the cauldron in *Macbeth*, or sitting over the less romantic but more practical gipsy-saucepan at Norwood or elsewhere. Let Miss Laura Addison but remember the words of the poet, whom, in most instances, she interprets so well—"o'erstep not the modesty of nature"—and she will eventually become one of the brightest ornaments of the British stage.

The revival, this season, of *She Stoops to Conquer*, reflects great credit on Mr. Webster. Mrs. Glover as *Mrs. Hardcastle*, and Kreley as *Tony Lumpkin*, are inimitable; while Miss Julia Bennett throws into the character of *Miss Hardcastle* a degree of humour and archness as natural as it is pleasing. In that part of the play, too, where *Miss Hardcastle* passes herself off as a barmaid, Miss Julia Bennett is eminently amusing, the more so that she never forgets for a moment that she is the squire's daughter: the good breeding of the lady pierces through the pertness and flippancy of the barmaid, in the same manner that the rich and gorgeous satin slip of some fair one's ball dress is distinctly visible in spite of the more simple muslin which is thrown over it.

Mr. H. Holl would have done more justice to the character of *Young Marlow* if he had been contented not to overdo his part: a gentleman may be modest, but on that very account, would never make himself so absurd as Mr. H. Holl did in his interview with *Miss Hardcastle*. By the way, where did Mr. H. Holl get his hat? The SHOWMAN is much inclined to question whether hats of the last fashion of 1848 were worn at the time in which the comedy is laid, and in conjunction with buckskin breeches and top-boots.

Mr. Tilbury was the *Mr. Hardcastle*, and shrugged his shoulders, and blew out his cheeks, and elevated his eyebrows, as much as usual. The SHOWMAN would feel obliged if Mr. Tilbury would inform him whether it is absolutely necessary for old gentlemen with daughters to give away, to speak from a point about half-way down their throats, as if they were making abortive attempts at ventriloquism?—As for Mr. H. Vandenhoff's *Hastings*, what can be said of it?—that the style of it belonged exclusively to Mr. H. Vandenhoff—long may it continue to do so!

Of the after-pieces, we may mention *Spring Gardens*, *Lavater*, and the *Roused Lion* as the most successful—all translations! How does this square with Mr. Webster's cry of "Legitimacy," and his avowed hatred to foreign productions? How can Mr. Webster abuse French dramatists, and fill his treasury by bringing out their pieces? But the SHOWMAN will say no more on this head: he believes that Mr. Webster has given up the idea of contending against foreign competition by Act of Parliament, and has at length determined to conquer it in fair and open combat by superior excellence; and if Mr. Webster only continue as he has begun, the SHOWMAN ventures to predict that this will be more efficacious than all the petitions to Parliament ever penned.

By the way, the SHOWMAN would not conclude this notice without observing, that although the *Roused Lion* is excellently translated, still there are certain little defects which it would be as well to remedy. For instance, although *c'est moi* is excellent French, "it's *me*" is execrable English. However partial Mr. Webster may personally be to bad grammar, he ought to recollect that when he assumes a character he ought also to assume all its distinctive marks: *Stanislas de Fonblanche*, the old lion, is pre-eminently a gentleman, and as such would speak his native language purely. The SHOWMAN therefore hopes that the next time Mr. Webster repeats his able personification, he will prefer "it's I" to "it's me," and "it's he, she," &c. to "it's him, her." Ample rules on this subject are to be found in all the various grammars for beginners, to be bought cheaply, at any old book-stall.

Last season, the names of the original French authors were given with the *Roused Lion*, which then purported to be merely translated by "Benjamin Webster." At present "Benjamin Webster" appears as the author himself. How is this? Is it that Mr. Webster supposes that because the farce has been played so long, that it belongs to him—as a physician's guinea generally does to *him*—by right of prescription?

At the ADELPHI a one-act farce, entitled the *Dance of the Shirt; or, The Sempstress's Ball*, has been produced. A number of sempstresses club together to give a ball, and entrust the funds thus amassed to their employer, *Mary Wheatley* (Miss Woolgar). During their absence, this young lady, however, prefers succouring with the money a sick man, and, consequently, is exposed to the reproaches of the fair subscribers, who, on their return, are highly indignant at the prospect of there being no supper, and indulge in allusions to *Mary's* having embezzled their capital. The matter is cleared up by *Mary's* admirer, who has hitherto passed himself off as a poor man, and been lurking about endowed with nefarious designs upon *Mary's* virtue, now coming forward and proclaiming himself an "illustrious artist." As virtue is always its own reward, at least in farces, the illustrious artist in question, of course, proposes for *Mary* in due form, and likewise orders the Ball to be given at his expense. The "Dance" then takes place, and the curtain falls.

The dialogue of this farce is neither witty nor striking—and the few jokes were, exactly of the sort that sempstresses would most likely make. Mr. Paul Bedford played a fireman, and was as dreary in his attempts at humour as he usually is; but in spite of all this, the farce was not condemned. This fact, which at first may appear surprising, will cease to be so, when it is recollected that Miss Woolgar played the heroine, and that she was seconded by Mrs. Frank Matthews.

MR. SIMS REEVES' LAST MEDICAL CERTIFICATE.

MR. SIMS REEVES has been issuing regular bulletins about his health, day after day, as if he was a sick monarch. If he goes on in this way much longer, the following certificate may be expected:—

"I am of opinion that Mr. Sims Reeves will never be fit to sing at all.

"THE SHOWMAN."

RAILWAY ARITHMETIC.—The country, which has hitherto suffered much subtraction from the division of the railway companies, is now to be put, by the junction of the North, South, and Great Western Companies, under the Rule of Three.

TO THE SHOWMAN.

POLYHUMBUG OFFICE.

DEAR SHOWMAN,—Will you have the kindness to use all your exertions to do away with the "privileges of the press," as far as theatrical admissions are concerned? Actors and their friends are occasionally rejoiced by the announcement that the "Free-list is suspended;" but that fatal line, the "public press is excepted" (by-the-bye, is there any private press?) always comes to destroy the hopes of the newspaper editor.

The privilege of writing orders is an expense, a bore, and an absurdity. As the editor of the *Polyhumbug*, I have the right of sending two orders every night for all the theatres, all the exhibitions, all the Casinos, and all the *Tableaux Vivants*. Now I can't go to all the theatres, all the exhibitions, all the Casinos, and all the *Tableaux Vivants* in one evening; and if I could, I couldn't go every night in the week. As a generous man, I determined to give them away to ladies who ask me to dinner, gentlemen to whom I owe bets, and tradesmen to whom I owe bills. This appears, at first sight, to be a very nice way of doing business; but observe the consequences.

Ellen Clifford wants to hear Alboni. Her mother asks me to dinner, and the mother and daughter unite in asking me for tickets. It will cost them two or three sovereigns for a fly and other incidental expenses, but the few shillings which the admissions would cost form the most important item in their estimate of the expenses; and it would be unbecoming in me, as an habitual gentleman and an occasional sponge, to endeavour to convince them to the contrary.

The tickets are, of course, promised; but on going to the office I find that the order is "out" for the night on which I had engaged to get it: given away, in fact, to Fanny Douglas, whose mother also gives dinners. The affair, however, is not over here: the Douglases go to the theatre and are advised not to try it on, as the order had already gone in (it having been presented two weeks previously to a boot-maker, who had so terrified me by sending in his bill, that I had forgotten the whole circumstance); or else the paper has been taken off the Free-list, in consequence of my saying that one of the singers alternately screeched like a turkey-cock, and bellowed like a bull.

I shall not dwell upon the terrible result of the above unhappy combination of misfortunes: suffice it to say, that in order to guard against any similar mishaps, I give a pound a-week and all the tickets for the Grecian Saloon to an unhappy clerk who comes every morning when I am doing my "Crimes, Accidents, and Offences," to bother me about the distribution of the orders, make entries thereof in a book, and send off at once (by-the-bye, the postage-stamps cost me twelve shillings a-week) to the wretched persons whom I am endeavouring to oblige, and who would never speak to me again, much less ask me to dinner, if I were to refuse. But the worst of it is, no one is contented with a second-rate theatre. I remember endeavouring to palm off Corn, the disagreeable boot-maker, with a private box for the Haymarket, and the fellow was so insolent that I had to kick him down stairs; and even now I owe him a grudge, to say nothing of the small account.

I shall sum up the advantages and disadvantages of writing theatrical admissions in the following manner:

You have the privilege of sending in tickets for all the theatres, &c. But—

You have to give them to your friends and your friends' friend, and to keep a clerk for their especial benefit. If you give a ticket away, you are scarcely thanked for it ("he has them every night in the week and can't miss it"); if you keep it for yourself, or have previously disposed of it, you create an enemy for life.

Yours in disgust,
PAISTUN SIZZARS.

"THE EARTH HATH BUBBLES," &c.—On Lord Clarendon, it is said, the "*vacant*" Order of the Garter will be conferred. We should have thought his lordship too intelligent to be fooled with such an "*empty*" honour.

OF COURSE NOT.—The gentleman who writes from Ramsgate, and sends us an account of a Jew falling into the inner basin there, with a parcel of slops he was taking to one of the ships, is informed, that the said basin cannot, on that account, be denominated a slop-basin.

Cuffey and the subordinate Chartists, notwithstanding a few unpleasant convictions caused by their late conduct, feel quite transported with the idea that they will be at liberty, during the outward voyage, to regale themselves with an occasional look at the ship's Charter and the points of the compass, to make up for the loss of the other points which they were unable to compass.

LINES WRITTEN IN SORROW.

[THE following stanzas were supposed by Dr. Porson to have been composed by Marius amid the ruins of Carthage; other authorities, however, consider them to have been indited by Jones amid the *débris* of the Quadrant. The SHOWMAN favours the latter theory.]

I.

A long farewell, my Quadrant—
The lounge I loved the best;
For heat, the parasol—for rain,
Th' umbrella of the West.
No longer 'neath thy pillared shade
I 'll saunter on the loose;
These haughty, good-for-nothing Whigs
Have been and cooked thy goose.

II.

To please a few Jew hucksters,
The nicest lounge in town,
At thy command, my Lord Carlisle,
Is ruthlessly pulled down:
The nicest lounge in London,
For all the world to meet—
That happy medium betwixt
A corridor and street.

III.

Perhaps I 'll never, when I walk
Abroad to take the air,
My gibus doff in Regent Street,
And rend my flowing hair,
But when, to our lost Quadrant's site,
In sombre gloom I point,
I 'll pray that soon Carlisle's Whig nose
May be put out of joint.

Chorus by all Men about Town.

You Whiggish, priggish, *gobemouche*, you,
Away! avaunt! aroint!
We 'll pray that soon your Jew-tweaked nose
May be put out of joint!

AU REDACTEUR DU PUPPET-SHOW.

MONSIEUR,—Je suis Garde Nationale; j'aime beaucoup l'Angleterre, les Anglais, et tout ce qui concerne leur état, mais surtout le Half-and-Half. On m'a reçu partout à bras ouverts, et je n'ai à me plaindre de personne si ce n'est d'un seul *Policeman*—mas je lui pardonne. Voilà, Monsieur le SHOWMAN, ce tout il s'agit.

Me sentant très-altéré—je suis toujours très altéré—j'entre avec un ami dans lui de vos *Vaults* pour y prendre un petit verre. Tout-à-coup j'apercevois que mon ami était sorti pendant que je buvais mon eau-de-vie.

Où est ce Monsieur? dis-je à un *Policeman* que je rencontrai. Ce fonctionaire a sans doute compris que je disais *Westminster*, car il me répondit:

"D'abord à gauche, puis à droite, et encore à gauche."

Je lui remercie infinement, et j'avance toujours pour me trouver en face de l'Abbaye de Westminster: j'avais le plaisir de voir un beau monument, il est vrai, mais j'avais perdu mon ami et guide pour toute la journée.

Agréez, Monsieur le SHOWMAN, etc.
UN GARDE NATIONALE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE DEAN AND CHAPTER are informed that the SHOWMAN has received their polite letter, informing him that for the future his Orders will be admitted. The SHOWMAN has given a long notice of their establishment in another part of the PUPPET-SHOW.

All Communications to the Editor or the Publisher should be addressed—PUPPET SHOW OFFICE, 334 *Strand.*

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THE VERNON GALLERY, or NEW COAL-HOLE.—The Advertiser begs to inform the Public that this new and interesting Exhition is now open, free of charge.

The Advertiser begs to acquaint his kind patrons that he has provided every accommodation for them, and on the most reasonable terms. Lanterns, of the most varied description, warm furred shoes and boots, lined with flannel, and furnished with cork or gutta percha soles; mackintoshes, comforters, and paletots always ready; also, a large stock of cough lozenges, to be used for such as have witnessed the Exhibition.

N.B.—As the rights of the subject are respected in the fullest sense of the word, all who patronise this Collection are perfectly at liberty to poke their walking-sticks through any of the works of art exhibited, or examine the surface of them minutely with their hands.

Persons desirous of so doing should come early, as, from the great influx of visitors, the pictures cannot possibly last very long.

THE POPE IN A NEW CHARACTER.

THE SHOWMAN regrets to be obliged to exhibit the Pope in an unfavourable light—and thus to prevent him, until he makes the *amends*, from leading that "happy life" which is so often vocally attributed to His Holiness. It appears that the present tenant of the Vatican has been writing a letter prohibiting the establishment of the new colleges in Ireland. We are really obliged to His Holiness, and hope he will take some further trouble about us. Perhaps he will write a curt little note repealing the Union, or dispatch a neat triangular *billet* restoring the Heptarchy. Government have of course dispatched messengers to Rome, in order to ask Pius when he wishes Parliament to meet, and to inquire whether he would not be so good as to send a draft of the speech from the throne—not indeed that there is much use in either throne or parliament, if the Bishop of Rome be kind enough to take the task of governing Great Britain into his own hands. Of course we expect that His Holiness will proceed in the course which he has began—in which case we may shortly expect a dispatch from the Vatican, somewhat to the following purport:—

"The Pope presents his compliments to Queen Victoria and the Government of Great Britain.

"The Pope orders Queen Victoria and her Government to see that the following injunctions be strictly complied with:—

"1st. Temple Bar to be shut every night at nine o'clock, and no one allowed to pass after that hour, except persons furnished with passports, signed by the Catholic Bishop of London.

"2nd. The publication of the *Times* to be stopped forthwith.

"3rd. The Reform Bill to be repealed.

"4th. The Walhalla to be closed.

"5th. The House of Brunswick to be turned out of the windows, and Mr. Stuart, the actor, as representing the ancient dynasty, to be placed on the throne.

"6th. Mr. Mitchell to be recalled from the Bermudas, and made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

"7th. The curfew to be re-established.

"8th. Railroads to be abolished.

"9th. The monster opheiclide at Jullien's Concerts to be suppressed; and,

"10th. An income-tax of ten per cent. to be imposed England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and the British Colonie for the good of the Papal treasury."

"P. S.—The Pope expects to receive a favourable answer return of post. In the event of such an answer not coming hand, the Ministry is to consider itself dissolved, and all commerc &c., is to be suspended in England until His Holiness has time form another."

THE VATICAN—*Tuesday.*

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

THE Father frowned, the Daughter wept:
Quoth he, "I 've found you out—
You want to marry that young Jones,
The vulgar, hulking lout!"

"He 's *not* a lout!"—"He *is* a lout:
Don't contradict me, Miss.
His name is Jones—and he 's no lord—
I ask you, is not this

Sufficient proof that he 's unfit
To marry with *my* daughter?
You sha'n't go out, I 'll keep you in,
And on dry bread and water."

* * * * * *

The sun has set, and still the storm
Keeps raging as before;
The lightning darts with vivid light,
The thunder-crashes roar.

Why turn all eyes so anxiously
Towards each opening door?
Why does Sir Pompous wildly gaze,
As he ne'er gazed before?

"She 's gone," he cries; "a sudden light
Breaks in upon me now."
He frowns—in anger grinds his teeth,
And madly knits his brow.

Louisa's maid then forward comes,
And says, "The fault 's not mine;
Miss charged me strictly not to give
This note till after nine."

He reads—he foams—then o'er his face
There plays a dev'lish laugh.
"They think they 're safe—I 'll stop them yet—
By *'lectric telegraph.*"

With steaming horses on he drives,
And reaches soon the station;
But, ah! he 's very quickly lost
In awful consternation,

To find that e'en the elements
The fugitives have backed,
For, 'midst the tumult of the air,
The telegraph won't act!

* * * * * *

The happy pair still onward push,
And with the coming sun,
The Blacksmith makes the two to be—
Just as the game was—*one!*

NO TITLE TO RESPECT.—To such a pitch has t eccentric title mania among writers come, that a book bacchanalian songs is about to be published under the ti of *Grog Blossoms, or Pimples on the Mug of Genius.*

A cigar manufacturer, anxious to puff himself, has se us what he describes as a joke, and which is neither mo nor less than the observation, that if Louis Napoleon becom Emperor, at all events he will be indebted to him for h *regalias.*

THE WHITTINGTON SLAP-BANG.

There is something about the unlucky affairs of the Slap-bang, that, like Lant Street, Borough, as described by Mr. Dickens, "sheds a gentle melancholy over the soul." As a public organ, the Puppet-Show has had several letters of complaint from unhappy Slap-bangers, who were seduced, under the false pretence that it was a club for gentlemen, and who ultimately found that their privileges consisted of being able to subscribe to a dull newspaper, to purchase an ugly portrait, and to dine at a second-rate eating-house. Of the unpleasant smell permeating the mansion we have already spoken. The place is quite disagreeable.

"Talis sese halitus atris,
Faucibus effundens nares contingit odore!"

Indeed, to quote Virgil once more, the *odora canum vis*, or power of smelling of the dogs, must have been considerably strengthened by the odour.

The Whittington Slap-bang was started on high art principles, and with lofty moral pretensions. The "progress" gang who started it affect to sneer at Casinos (probably because they never learned to dance), and yet—will our readers believe it?—a shilling ball, or hop, has now been set up by these vulgar, high-minded moralists! However, there need be no wailing at the Walhalla, nor consternation at the Casino, although this rivalry has been attempted, since these places are frequented by gentlemen, and since it will require a good deal of hammering at the wooden heads of the Slap-bang before any of them will be able to conduct like Laurent, or to perform on the *cornet-à-piston* like Arban.

The Slap-bang Committee keep calling on their dupes occasionally for fresh contributions. But, somehow or other, these, like the contributions to *Punch*, are slow. In fact, the gag of the place, generally, is beginning to be seen through, even by the dull bangers themselves; and there seems every possibility of the institution soon sleeping, and its memory with it, in the unconsecrated grave of "Mrs. Bib's baby."

EPIGRAM.

'T is strange, the Duke of Buckingham they treated
Like some dead Pope a little time ago;
For pilgrims numberless from all parts wandered,
To gaze devoutly at his Grace's Stowe (toe).

MEDICAL EDUCATION.

Mr. Showman,—Having heard a great deal of the vast superiority of the Germans over ourselves in many particulars, I took the opportunity of questioning a German whom I happened to meet, as to the course pursued in his country as regards the study of medicine. Would you believe it? Besides a lot of other humbug, they have actually separated examinations and diplomas for surgery, medicine, and midwifery, and their examinations last, *credat Judæus*, days, weeks, and even months. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Is not it damning? We manage things rather differently in England. Here we unite business with pleasure; and although we may not happen to turn our hair grey with study while we're "walking" the hospitals, we get our diploma all the same. There's no place like a hospital for a fellow to pick up an idea of life: it makes "bricks" of the greatest spoons that ever followed their mothers' apron-strings—it turns them from boobies into jolly fellows—*emollit mores*, you know, and all that. I generally divide a fellow's student-life into three phases—here they are:

Phase One—*First Year*. On the 1st of October, 1844, Mr. Sidney Pemberton (or any one else) enters the Middlesex Hospital School of Medicine. No one was ever known to attend to lectures with more assiduity. Every morning he may be seen a little before nine, A.M., wending his way down Berners' Street, with some ponderous work under his arm, and a cotton umbrella, with a large spherical handle, in his right hand. At lecture he takes notes assiduously. Under no consideration will he go to the Frothy Club held at a public-house near the hospital, and often refuses invitations to parties, as his acceptance of them would interfere with his studies.

Phase Two—*The Second Year*. Mr. Sidney Pemberton is not present at the introductory lecture, nor does he come to any of the lectures delivered during the first fortnight. He does *not* take notes. His principal amusement is to laugh at the "new men" instead. He joins the club, thereby showing that his bump of conviviality is beginning to develop itself. He only attends sufficient of his lectures to obtain his certificates.

Phase Three—*Third Year*. Mr. Sidney Pemberton is not heard of until the expiration of the first month. In the beginning of November he presents himself, dressed like a regular out-an-outer—he has adopted the sporting style, and wears light drab trowsers, very long straps, and an excessively flat-brimmed hat. He has been twice mistaken for an omnibus condnctor. He goes to the Adelphi and the Coal-hole. At Christmas he receives a letter signed by all the lecturers to say, that if his attendance for the next three months be not more regular, his cerificates will be refused. Of the letter he makes fun and pipe-lights, and enters the next session at one of the larger hospitals. He then goes to a grinder: reads just the questions most likely to be asked; goes up and passes his *hour's* examination.

That's the dodge, Mr. Showman; that's what I call uniting pleasure with business. I've known hundreds of fellows get their diploma in this way. The superiority of the "hour" system is, that if you happen to know the leading points in one branch of the science, the examiners have no time to discover that you are ignorant of all the rest; by the time, however, that you have been in practice for a year or two you soon remedy that. You may perhaps happen to be what they call unfortunate and kill half-a-dozen patients, but that is not your fault—it is your misfortune.

Knowing that you like to expose humbug,* I hope you will insert my letter. We take you in at the club.—Your obedient Servant,

Medicus.

* We do; and, therefore, have great pleasure in exposing it in this instance.—The Showman.

OUR LEADER.

"PROGRESS" PRINCIPLES.

When an argument is misrepresented by a rascal, it is often very naturally misapprehended by a fool. To punish the one and teach the other, we return to the subject of "Progress." Some have basely said, and others foolishly believed, that we are opposed to liberalism, and the cause of *true* progress, because we choose to despise and show up a paltry faction, who abuse the names for the purposes of profit, and conduct their cause with want of dignity, decency, and taste. We are opposed to all this set on principle; we believe them political quacks and private humbugs, and we are furthermore perfectly aware that personally they are very inferior persons, in education, ability, and character, to honourable liberals, and even to their political opponents. A few points of comparison will illustrate the difference between the true and the sham patriot. The "progress" man is a sham, a kind of doll that bears a decent human appearance, and, punctured, is found to contain only hard dry bran.

A true liberal wishes the advance of the people by sensible and honourable means. He disdains to plaster them with flattery, and persuade them that they are superior in character and intelligence to all the wealth and education of the country. He is for giving them enlightenment before giving them power. He studies ancient history for information, and cultivates his fancy for ornament. While advocating alterations in institutions, he treats with gentlemanly respect those who now form members of their system, and have been brought up to respect it; nor does he commit the blackguardism of arguing, that because the Church or the Aristocracy are imperfect, therefore all the individual members of them are personally reprehensible. Such liberals are Carlyle, Bulwer, Lamartine, and Landor; and it is with pride that we compare them with the nasty knot of scribblers who idolize the rabble, sympathize with the felon, encourage the poacher, and think that England must be revolutionized if a few sempstresses are poor. A shorter way would be, to hand over the profits of their "virtuous indignation" effusions to these unfortunates; but indignation is cheap. Luckily, the public are beginning to hold it cheap also.

Our object in this matter is therefore perfectly clear. We mean to identify ourselves with the liberals as opposed to the clique, who are all ignorance and bile. A slight examination of them will prove their want of attainments, and the purity of their motives is shown by this, that they use their principles as a means of selling newspapers, puffing portraits, and filling lecture-rooms.

We mean to settle these persons before long. As the liberal party has its poet-laureate in Landor, so it shall have its satirist in The Showman.

PINS & NEEDLES.

It appears from some statistics of lunacy that up to 1845, while in Spain there was only one lunatic in every 7,181, in Scotland there was one to every 400. This amply accounts for the rejection of Mr. Macaulay as member for Edinburgh.

We often hear Douglas Jerrold blamed for not finishing his stories. But, after all, he is not worse in this respect than his readers.

A fast man (contrary to our expectation) assures us, that he should abominate the sight of the sea-serpent as much as a "leader" of the *Observer*, being thoroughly disgusted with such lengthy articles.

A stupid writer of a memoir on Louis Napoleon says, "we next find him at Bath." How glad his creditors would have been to find him there!

We observe that the crops in Egypt have been bad this year. This is a complete realisation of the old philosophical maxim, *Ex nihilo (little) nihil fit.*

Mr. Doheny is at present engaged in committing to paper a work on the Irish Rebellion of 1848. As the Government have "put it down" some, it is a record of his folly to do so again.

With reference to the extraordinary measure of a trench adopted by the people of an Irish town, the other day, to resist the troops sent to collect the poor-rate, we may remark that the Irish have, in this instance at all events, succeeded in "pitting" themselves against the military.

The *Daily News*, in giving a description of the Lord Mayor's banquet, mentions several distinguished individuals as being there "in propriis personibus." This error, no doubt, arose from the fact of the writer's style being so heavy, that that individual was obliged to take a *bus* in order to get it along.

The Mesmerists assert that their *clairvoyance* is something very great, and that the world owes much to it. We must certainly say that we can see through it.

[illegible]

Shall Louis be our President *par force*?
Can France elect a President *en Cause*?

A "speaking" likeness of his uncle?—Pshaw,
He, on the silent system, holds his jaw!

Give him a statue in the *Invalides*,
His invalidity is plain indeed.

THE PROPHETIC DODGE.

Certain scribblers, who seem to be as dishonest as th "progress" *clique*, and as dull as Mark Lemon, are takin advantage of the agitated state of Europe to work up pr phecies for the million in twopenny pamphlets. We we startled, the other day, by seeing—

"THE THIRD WOE! ONLY TWOPENCE!"

announced in huge capitals; and expect shortly to beho some impious blockhead advertizing—

"THE END OF THE WORLD—COME EARLY!

or to find him announcing prophecies at so much p year. The practice is spreading: and very soon we sha be having some old sybil sweeping a crossing, a soot sayer conducting an omnibus, and two or three Ca chases established in Poppin's Court. If they wou confine themselves to rational predictions, such as a nouncing the early failure of a Howitt book, or a "progress journal, we would not so much mind; but they make m bones about announcing the most improbable absurditie This must be put a stop to, and we think of sending t prophet gang to the Whittington Slap-bang, if they do n give up their present course of conduct.

THE UNPRECEDENTED PRESIDENT.

I.

Long years of sorrow now have past
In clouds above a noble race,
And shall it be its fate at last
To perish in a fool's embrace?
The world has seen three monarchs fall,
A fourth one rises to our view—
A billiard-table gives his ball,
His sceptre is a marker's cue!

II.

And in the distance, to our eyes,
The courtiers in his ante-room
Before astonished Europe rise—
The gambler, dandy, and the groom.
And thousand men who gave their votes
Up to the throne to raise this Mars,
Learn from their King a taste in coats,
And how to choose the best cigars.

III.

And to the people he must give
A good war, as a bloody sop;
And issue—that his power may live—
The eagle of the sausage-shop!
The eagle of the sausage-shop,
That Louis carried o'er the flood,
Will fly—but this time, ere he drop,
Perchance may feed on human blood!

IMPORTANT TO SIGHT-SEERS.

The following curious figures have just been added Madame Tussaud's Exhibition:—

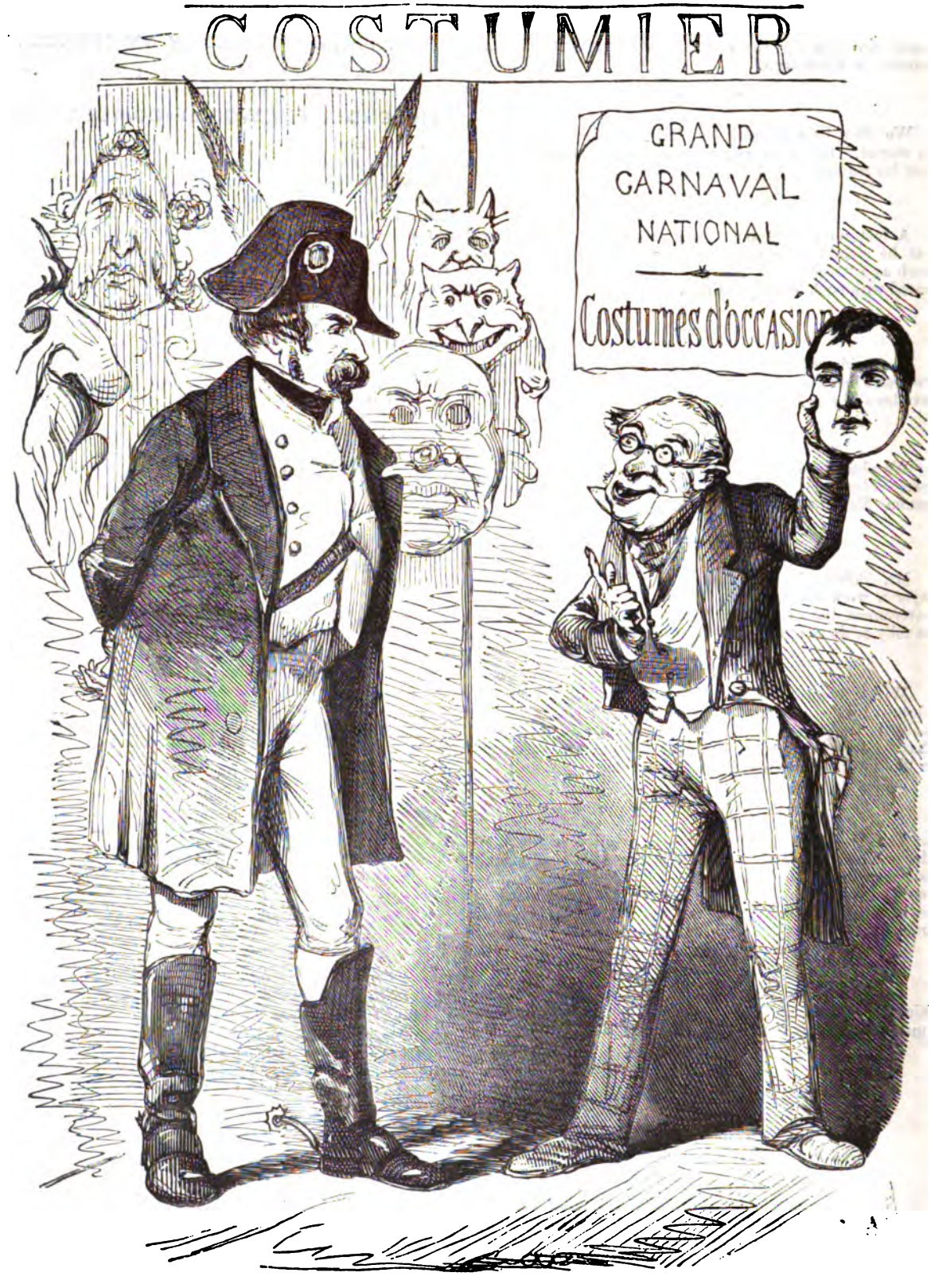
A "Progress" Writer who once gave a Penny to the Poor.
A Cabman who had a favourite Preacher.
An Actor who believed he could not play Hamlet.
A Lunatic who thought he could pronounce Jellachich's na correctly.
A Gent who never said that he was on good terms with "t little gaby you know in the Ballet."

EPIGRAM.

A millionaire
Is rich and rare.

Tardy Compensation.—It is well known that Milt through intense study, became very short-sighted, and ev tually blind. To make up for this, there are very few po of his age who, if living, could now boast of having been *long-cited* as he.

A HINT TO NAPOLEON THE LITTLE.



"YOUR COSTUME IS ADMIRABLE: TO RENDER IT COMPLETE, YOU 'VE ONLY TO PUT ON THIS MASK, AND——HOLD YOUR TONGUE."

DOUBTFUL FRATERNITY.

"I Swear to be True and Faithful to the Republic!"

THE STAGE DICTIONARY:

OR,

ENCYCLOPÆDIA DRAMATICA.

(Continued.)

D.

DAMN.—To damn, *a verb*. To condemn a play. For particulars apply to any high art dramatist, most of them having had considerable experience—as sufferers—of the practice in question.

DRAW.—To draw, *a verb*. To attract an audience to a theatre. Many of the actors who "draw" at present, would be fulfilling their proper destiny by "drawing"—between the shafts of a donkey-cart.

DROP.—The curtain which falls between the acts. If you look into the taverns in the neighbourhood of theatres, you will frequently find that one drop going down, inside the house, is a signal for a good many drops going down—at the various bars in the vicinity.

DOOR (Stage).—A shabby portal, generally opening on a shabby street, and haunted by seedy gentlemen on the look-out for vacancies for "citizens," "senators," "happy peasants," "mobs," and "armies." Gents are also given to hanging about the stage-door, trying to recognise the front line of the ballet; boys are much gratified by catching furtive glimpses of a dark passage beyond the porter's lodge; and gentlemen from the country usually take the door-keeper for the manager.

DOUBLE.—To double, *a verb*. If an actor plays two parts in one piece, he is said to "double." Thus, Mr. Macready would "double," were he to attempt with—say—Mrs. Warner for the landlady, to play both Box and Cox, in the piece of that name.

E.

EFFECT (Stage).—A much abused phrase, signifying a situation, or an incident dramatically or picturesquely striking. The high art gentlemen are great enemies to "effects," never having the cleverness to construct them; but the more effects there are in a piece, the more "effects" will there generally be in the treasury of the house at which it is produced.

"EMINENT."—*An adjective*, frequently applied to Mr. Macready by Mr. Macready himself, and no one else.

EXIT.—A thing which Mr. Henry Farren is earnestly requested to make from the dramatic profession. N.B.—Mr. Vandenhoff, jun., is at liberty to take the hint also.

F.

FLAT (A Flat).—*Substantive*. A word which will be comprehended by the uninitiated when we tell them that what is generally call a "scene" out of the theatre, is called a "flat" within it. The expression probably originated by a word characteristic of the actors having come to be applied to the scenery before which they played.

FAIRY.—A stage fairy. A young lady, with an affection for short petticoats, and a wand with a star on the top of it. In public she drinks dew out of an acorn, but in private she prefers porter out of a pot. The stage fairy is much given to trap-doors, and wears a pair of gauze wings, about six inches long, which, at the end of the piece, are either pulled off in her dressing-room, or beat their mistress to the "Immortal Bowers of Amaranthyne Bliss"—nobody is sure which.

FRIGHT (Stage).—*Substantive*. The technical name for a nervous timidity in facing the glare of the foot-lights. A good many actors have to fight out over the scenery, that the only people frightened at their appearance are to be found amongst the audience who have to listen to them.

FRANCE.—The country where the models of our "original" dramas come from. The success of our authors in taking plays from the French has only been equalled by that of our dramatists—in taking pieces. The difference between the two cases, is the difference between conquest and larceny.

FINALE.—In an opera, generally a concerted piece of music, whereof the words are frequently something like the following:—

> "Thus, with joy and bliss abounding,
> In beatitude astounding,
> All with rapture sweet surrounding,
> Thrills each noble heart!
>
> While, in words of joyful greeting,
> "Every kind of bliss is meeting,
> Strains, which Echo keeps repeating,
> Never more to part!"

EMIGRATION.

THE tide of emigration still continues to flow on. Last week six young gentlemen, who had been studying at the Middlesex Hospital, left the neighbourhood of Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, where their forefathers had not resided before them, and where their slender means did not allow them to remain, and sought that credit in some other quarter of the globe which they were unable any longer to meet with there.

They took their departure on the 9th instant, at about four, A.M.—their rent being due on the 10th. Having packed up their trunks they proceeded to the nearest cab-stand, and soon took a last farewell of the spot which an abode of two years had rendered so dear to them. Besides taking the farewell just mentioned, they also took everything belonging to them, besides great care not to wake the inmates of the house in opening the street-door.

They leave behind them the regrets of their various tradesmen, to most of whom they are slightly indebted, and the warmest wishes of their landlord—to find out whither they have directed their course. We learn, from a gentleman who has just returned from a voyage to Sadlers' Wells, that they have settled in the wilds of Pentonville, but this is not certain.

WHITTINGTON CLUB NOTICE.

THE MEMBERS are Respectfully informed that on and after the 1st December next, a POTATO-CAN will be established in the Dining-room.

By Order of the Committee,

YAPP, *Secretary*.

VERY UNANIMOUS.—We have observed a notice in the paper headed, "Opinion of Mr. Henn on the writ of error." We, therefore, picture to ourselves Mr. Henn delivering his opinion whilst roosting. As he has hatched an opinion that a second trial may ensue, he has only done what every one was agreed on previously, that these are very "trying" times.

OUR ROYAL PATRONESS.—Her Majesty has very feelingly forwarded to two brothers, at Cheadle, who are labourers, the sum of £10, to enable them to publish a work on "popular education," written by themselves. This, of course, will be nothing more than a treatise on the "PUPPET-SHOW."

ETCHINGS BY HER MAJESTY AND PRINCE ALBERT.

THE following Illustrations were omitted in the List of Etchings by Her Majesty and Prince Albert:—

Portrait of the Princess Royal.
Portrait of the Princess Royal with her hair in papers.
Portrait of the Princess Royal before having her face washed.
Portrait of the Princess Royal refusing to allow the nursery-maid to wash behind her ears.
Portrait of the Prince of Wales being sent into the corner.
Portrait of the Prince of Wales eating bread and butter.
Portrait of the Prince of Wales refusing to eat his crusts.
Portrait of the Prince of Wales as he appeared covered with dirt, only five minutes after he had been made to wash them.

The following were by Her Majesty:—

Portrait of Prince Albert as he appeared before shaving.
Portrait of Prince Albert after being shaved, and having his *moustache* smoothed with *cirage*.
Portrait of Prince Albert when sufferingt rom tooth-ache, his head being wrapped up in a flannel petticoat.
Portrait of Prince Albert with a sty in his eye.

The following were by H.R.H. Prince Albert:—

Portrait of Her Majesty with a cold in her head, and a basin of gruel in her hand.
Portrait of Her Majesty trying to sneeze.
Portrait of Her Majesty paying an artist (quite *unique*).
Portrait of Her Majesty as she appeared when entertaining the representatives of English intellect (much valued).

THE REMOVAL OF THE QUADRANT.

A MOST numerous and highly respectable meeting took place last week at the West-end, in order to express the great feeling of indignation excited among all classes of the metropolis, at the unwarrantable conduct of those persons who have been instrumental to the removal of the Quadrant Colonnade.

Mr. William Muzzle (popularly known as Filching Bill) having been called to the chair:

Mr. C. Cochrane commenced the business of the day by declaring that he did not come there to tell them that he was the Friend of the People—that he was intimately connected with the Poor Man's Guardian Society in Leicester Square—that he gave incredible sums yearly for the relief of suffering portions of the population of this huge city—no; he would as much scorn to remind them of all this, as he would to hint that the proper reward for services like his was a seat in Parliament: he would only assure them, by the way, that if ever he had the honour of being their representative, all men should unanimously declare they had never seen such a member before. But he came not to speak of this—his present object was to address them on an act of such unjustifiable tampering with the rights and comforts of the People—of the Sovereign People (*hear and cheers*), that he could not find words to express his horror at it. This act of arbitrary tyranny might, perhaps, have induced him to proceed to extremities, had he not perceived that the noble and useful monument—the loss of which they all deplored—had not been removed without an ulterior object. He believed that the Commissioners of Woods and Forests had acted according to orders from higher quarters—he would not name the ministers—oh, no—he knew the danger of open and advised speaking—but he would leave his audience to draw their own inferences (*loud cries of "We do, we do"*). He was glad they did; yes—he saw through it—the personages whom he did not mention, but to whom he alluded, saw with terror the steps that the liberty of the subject was making. They trembled for their aristocratic institutions, now tottering on the brink of ruin—they wished to lash the people into insurrection, in order that they might have an excuse for enslaving them—for depriving them of those rights and privileges granted to them by Magna Charta, and they thought the best way to attain their nefarious ends was to excite them by the demolition of their pet monument—of their celebrated Quadrant Colonnade (*cries of "Shame, shame."*)—but they were mistaken; the people would not be excited—they would do nothing against the law—no, they would use constitutional means to make the base plans of the oppressors recoil on their own heads, and, therefore, he begged to move that a petition be immediately drawn up, signed, and forwarded, at the opening of the Session, to Parliament, praying that they do enact, that those who have thus wantonly deprived the metropolis of its chief ornament, and the poor man of his beloved shelter and retreat on a rainy day, shall be obliged, out of their own private funds, to provide umbrellas, galoshes, mackintoshes, and oilskin hats, to every British subject who may choose to apply for the same.—[*The honourable gentleman, who seemed completely exhausted by his exertions, here sat down amidst tremendous cheering.*]

Mr. William Muggins begged to second the motion. He wasn't a-going to enter into any jawbation on the subject, after that 'ere honourable gentleman what had just sat down. As regarded the affair he would only say, he looked on him as the poor man's only friend, and, therefore, he should say nothin', but only observe as how it was very hard on a humble individual like himself (*cries of "No, no," in which the former speaker heartily joined*)—he was in the razor line himself—on on his friend the Chairman, Mr. Muzzle, whose business lay in the poodle and Scotch terrier, and that 'ere department, it was very hard on them to take away the Colonnade. What was to become of *their* profession on a rainy day when they would not exercise it in the open street—where should they retreat to now? He paused for a reply. (*After waiting a considerable time without obtaining one, the honourable gentleman continued*). Parliament had granted an indemnification to them planters—they had given them a good price for their niggers. Well, then, he looked on the columns of the Quadrant as his niggers, and he was blowed if he would have an idemnification for them too (*hear, hear, and much cheering*).

After several other very able speeches, a gentleman (strongly suspected to come from the Messrs. Nicolls, of Regent Street) proposed that the word "Chlamy's Paletots," be inserted after the word "Mackintoshes" in the original resolution. The amendment having been carried, and a vote of thanks being passed to the Chairman, the meeting separated.

A BRAVE CHARACTER.—It appears probable that by the writ of error, the judgment on Smith O'Brien will be reversed. This is a reverse he will, no doubt, meet with cheerful resignation.

AWFUL CALAMITY.—A correspondent informs us that a serious catastrophe has occurred to a highly sensitive friend of ours. On viewing the agonising illustration of the sea-serpent in *Punch* the other week, he immediately "shuffled off the mortal coil."

A CASE IN POINT.

WE observe that Mr. Dion Bourcicault, on his examination in the Bankruptcy Court the other day, described himself as being the "author" of *Used Up*. Some time ago that honour was claimed by Mr. Webster. Considering that the piece is a translation of the French vaudeville *L'homme blasé*, the whole question is as absurd as though a dispute were to arise whether Sternhold or Hopkins was the author of the Psalms of David.

A CRITIC EXPOSED.

SOME person wrote some remarks last week in the *Daily News* upon Jullien's Concerts, and amongst other absurdities called attention to "a *new* composition by Balfe, descriptive of the descent of Orpheus into the infernal regions." The reader, who has previously been annoyed by the ponderosity of the writer's style, here begins to pity him for his ignorance, as the alleged "new composition" has been favourably known to the public since the production of the *Maid of Honour*, of which it forms part. But here the writer gets very communicative upon a subject of which, if we may judge from his other specimens, he knows nothing whatever, and tells us that "the subject had been so handled by Gluck as to render it hazardous to provoke any comparison, which (he continues) in the present instance, *out of mercy* to Mr. Balfe, we refrain from entering into." Here, instead of pitying the writer for his ignorance, we despise him for his arrogance. After stating boldly what is not the fact, he becomes impertinent on the strength of it, and talks about his showing "mercy" to Mr. Balfe. Just the sort of mercy which an animal with plenty of venom but no sting would be expected to show. It is rather ludicrous for a person to talk about comparisons when he is utterly ignorant of the two things which he wishes to compare, and the absurdity becomes stronger when he speaks of showing "mercy" to a person whom he is only too incapable of injuring.

PARENTAL PHENOMENON.—As it was Auriol himself who taught his daughter, the well-known *danseuse*, her first steps, he may be said not only to be her father, but her step-father as well.

A SNAKE IN THE GRASS.—The critic of the *Morning Post* talks of "the *adhesion* of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean to the Haymarket Theatre." What does he mean by this? He surely would not push calumny so far as to chose this unkind manner of implying that there is anything *sticky* about this talented pair?

Titus said he had "lost a day." We warn Mr. Martin, of the celebrated blacking firm, not to claim the joke as his own, in case his partner should venture to travel by the Eastern Counties' Railway.

A WARNING FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Of all those who live in London,
There, we think, are very few,
Who don't know, at least by hearsay,
Donna Scrip de Parvenu.

Well—'t was at the *Bal Costumé*
Which was given last year for
Needlewomen in Distress that
What we 'll now relate we saw.

Seated in a private box, of
Which the door was just a-jar,
Was a Spanish cavalier, with
Tights—moustache—and light guitar.

O'er his brow a broad *sombrero*
Drooped; and also, by-the-bye,
There was, though not quite in keeping,
Stuck an eye-glass in his eye.

Near him, drinking in each word that
Fell from his enraptured lip,
Sat a maiden, fair and lovely,
Daughter, too, of Donna Scrip.

Dearest, dearest Fanny," says the
Cavalier, "I 'm happier far—"
"Hush!" exclaims the damsel, starting;
"Goodness gracious! here's Mamma!

Down th' corridor she 's coming—
Ah! I feared 't would end in this!"
"Then, adieu!" replies her lover:
"But, before I go, one kiss!"

Speaking thus, the maiden in his
Fond embrace he quickly locks;
And his hold has scarce relinquished,
Ere her Ma' steps in the box.

Then, with air that 's meant for easy,
Something he 's about to say,
When he starts—stops short—coughs—blushes—
Makes a bow, and slinks away.

"So," says Donna Scrip, "is this the
Way you list to my behest?
Flirting with a scurvy author—
Really, this is past a jest.

"After all I 've said against this
Don Scribleros, you but wait
Till my back 's turned to accord him—
Ugh! I choke—a *tête-à-têts*.

"Why, he has not got a farthing—
Not a—what is that you say?—
'*Talent!*' Are you not aware, then,
Gold can buy *that* any day."

"But, mamma," observed the maiden,
"Poverty is not a crime,
And he may perhaps be wealthy,
In who knows how short a time."

"La! indeed," replies her mother,
"Quite romantic I declare—
'His heart and a cottage,' doubtless—
This is more than I can bear.

"If your husband have not money,
I 'm resolved at least that he,
In its place, at least shall boast of
A most ancient pedigree

"Which the mouth of that huge monster,
Scandal, shall for ever stop,
And cause persons to forget the—
La! I 'd nearly said the shop.

"Therefore to this Don Scribleros,
As I 've said so oft before,
If you dread a mother's anger,
Never venture to speak more.

"Or, if he should e'er address you,
Let him ne'er again embrace—
No reply—'t is useless—for your
Guilt is written on your face.

"'*'T is not true;*' upon my honour,
I—I—but you need not seek,
To deny it, for he 's left his
Right mustachio on your cheek."

The Ablest Pen we have—Pen-dennis.

The Pink of Politeness.—Baron Nathan, who has lately been studying a life of the Duke of Wellington, was much surprised on reading that his Grace "fearlessly affronted the greatest dangers." The Baron says that he should not have expected this from so polite and well-bred a gentleman as the Duke is known to be.

EDITOR'S BOX.

We were quite right in stating, about a week since, that *Haydée* would be successful. In spite of the exertions of the Beethoven gang, who have endeavoured to prove that the opera, although very pleasing, is frightfully unscientific, it appears likely to enjoy a large share of popularity. We believe the principal objections to the music are, in the first place, that it does not include a sufficient number of concerted pieces; and, secondly, that it is too lively—a charge which cannot be preferred against the criticisms that have been written on the subject. Then something has been said about the "illegitimacy" (odious word!) of an air being sung by the chorus with closed lips: whereas it is, of course, quite as "legitimate" a means of producing an effect as that of muffling drums, or playing the violin *pizzicato*, or with the mute. Certainly there are very few airs in the opera which are perfectly original; but it is absurd to suppose that out of some eighteen or twenty *morceaux*, many can be found possessing any novelty excepting that which may belong to the mode of treatment. There is no more chance of finding an opera full of strikingly original melodies, than of discovering a dramatic work replete with perfectly new thoughts. However, whereas the Macfarrens and other geniuses, whom the *Times*' critic delighteth to honour, reproduce old ideas in a clumsy and disagreeable form, Auber, when he occasionally resorts to the same practice, always displays a certain amount of ingenuity and brilliancy which must be pleasing to every one but the members of the horrid crew who praise nothing but the mechanism of composition, and have no appreciation of the melody to which the mechanism is applied, and to which it must always be subservient. We must really open the eyes of the public to the stupid frauds which the musical critics endeavour to practice upon them. These persons must not be allowed to tell the public that melody is inferior to harmony, or they must be requested to apply the same theory to poetry: when we shall have them stating that a poetical idea is "unclassical," but that the man who displays the greatest pedantry in the mere act of versification, is a genius. In the meantime, the Beethoven Smiths and Mozart Jenkinses may rest assured that when Orpheus regained Eurydice, it was by means of melody not harmony: had he attempted any high art composition, the wrath of Pluto (who was evidently a man of taste) would have been something fearful.

Miss Lucombe made a most successful *début*, and, in fact, has proved herself to be quite invaluable on the operatic stage. Her merits, as a vocalist, are well known to the public, and these are considerably enhanced by her intelligent acting. Reeves was as good as usual; Whitworth not so good as usual; Miss Messent agreeable; and Messrs. Herberte and Corri disagreeable. The principal air, which is sung by Reeves in a state of sonnambulism (what a treasure, by-the-bye, has Mr. Scribe found in sonnambulism!) is taken from a well-known waltz; Miss Lucombe's air, with the choral accompaniment, from a chorus in the *Lucia;* and the polacca sung by Reeves in the second act, and previously introduced in the first act, from a duet in the *Sirène.*

Mademoiselle Nissen, who made her *début* as *Norma* last week, was successful, but has no claim to the extraordinary powers attributed to her by the playbills. She sang and acted with great pathos, and sometimes with tragic expression. Mr. Harrison, of the legs, was the *Pollio.* He sang with better taste than usual, but acted in his old style—that is to say, he alternately closed his hands as if in prayer, and extended them as if about to yawn. Borrani was a bad *Oroveso.*

At the PRINCESS'S *Norma* has also been produced, for the *début* of Mdlle. de Roissi—a lady who, according to Mr. Maddox's play-bills, came with an European reputation (which she had evidently concealed, as no one had ever heard of her), and who had taken the principal characters at the Grand Opera in Paris, a fact which had also been previously kept the profoundest secret. Mdlle. de Roissi, however, will enjoy an Oxford Street reputation, and one of some magnitude. She sings correctly, but without any inspiration; and acts justly, though without much feeling. She turns her voice to every possible advantage, but it is naturally of a harsh nature; and her performance generally, though exceedingly creditable, was ridiculous when compared to that of Grisi, or even of Jenny Lind. Altogether, we look upon the production of *Norma* as a step in the wrong direction. It is about as reasonable for Mr. Maddox to attempt grand opera with a company suited only for comic opera, as it would be for the Lyceum management to play tragedy with their present *corps* of light comedy actors. The fact is, acting is overlooked in English operatic companies, not only when on the stage, but even in the arrangements for producing operas. It must not be imagined that because a man can sing, therefore he can play in any opera, comic or serious, any more than that because he can speak and knows the ordinary stage business, therefore he can act in farce, tragedy, or anything else. The *First Peccadillo* was still living when we went to press, though in a very weak state, and sinking rapidly in popular estimation.

Jullien has been most successful at DRURY LANE. With his present attractions, the *maestro* manages to collect one Drury Lane audience, one Lyceum ditto, and half one Adelphi ditto; and we much regret that the superfluous audience and-a-half cannot be turned to some advantage, both for their own sake and that of the popular conductor. There is no knowing what evil may result from the congregation of large bodies in Brydges Street and Vinegar Yard: indeed, unless Herr Kœnig be persuaded to come out on the roof of the theatre, and appease the angry multitude with a solo on the cornet, we, at least, will not answer for the consequences. As we were unable to hear the music, we endeavoured to console ourselves with a *programme* of the entertainment, which, to a person of imagination, is, after all, nearly as good as the thing itself. Altogether, we thought the music exceedingly good. Kœnig's new solo was beautifully given; and Jullien's waltz, the *Pearl of England,* excited the greatest applause. There was a dash of Beethoven thrown in as a sort of bone to keep those hungry dogs, the heavy critics, quiet; but the enthusiasm consequent thereon was of the mildest nature, and evidently made to order. The great and best feature of the evening was the the selection from the *Huguenots:* this opera also furnished a quadrille and a polka, and neither of which were so successful as the aforesaid selection.

Free and Easy is the title of the last novelty produced at the LYCEUM.

Ex nihilo nihil—but THE SHOWMAN will not finish the oft-cited quotation, as, in the first place, its repetition might perhaps reduce his readers to extremities, by making *them* nigh ill, and secondly, because the maxim is in this instance false; since Mr. C. Mathews has created a most amusing character, and THE SHOWMAN himself has derived matter for this *critique* from *Free and Easy,* thus proving that much good may emanate, strange though it appear, from naught.

Formerly, when wives complained of their small amount of pin-money, or young gentlemen at the universities, or in the army, grumbled at the scantiness of their allowance, husbands, fathers, guardians, and such like useful but awfully matter-of-fact members of society, were accustomed to refer, in what they supposed to be a jocular manner, to a celebrated but rather apocryphal feat of the waiters at Vauxhall in its palmy days: the said feat consisting in their power of covering an acre of the royal (or—for aught THE SHOWMAN knows to the contrary—any other) property with the slices of a single ham; a striking example of what may be done by the aid of long practice and a carving knife, and calculated in the highest degree to impress on the mind of the murmurers the disagreeable but eminently useful moral, that a little can sometimes be made to go a great way. Posterity, however, will cut this cutting example for one of a more modern date, and for the future the different classes of matter-of-fact individuals before referred to will clench their refusal for more money by some such remark as—"Too little, my dear!" (or, "You extravagant young dog," as the case may be) "it's plenty, if you only knew how to make a good use of it: look what a deal the author of *Free and Easy* made out of the scanty materials of which he built his farce!"

Free and Easy is, in fact, a sort of literary whipt-cream—of dramatic soap-bubble—a kind of theatrical plaster-of-Paris statue, large and solid enough, it is true, to the sight, but of which the material, if pressed together, would hardly be sufficient to form the nose, or compose the great toe.

Sir John Freeman (Mr. C. Mathews) is in love with *Eugenia* (Miss Howard), the sister of *Mr. Courtly* (Mr. Granby). The latter, who possesses a young wife (Miss H. Gilbert), a great veneration for "Thomson's Seasons," and an inordinate love of solitude, has been living apart from the busy world for three years, when he is shocked from his propriety by the unexpected visit of *Sir John,* whom he has never seen more than once, but who, in spite of this, and on the force of one of those general invitations to come at any time, which mean nothing, calls *Mr. Courtly* his best friend, and tells him he means to stop a month. *Sir John's* reason for this is that *Eugenia,* endowed with an amount of sororal affection which is quite touching, very rare, and only to be accounted for by the fact that it was necessary for the construction of the piece, has declared that she will never wed him unless he first produce a favourable impression on her brother, and obtain his consent.

The method *Sir John* adopts to effect this is, by turning (in the most natural manner—for a farce) the house upside down, flirting with the lady's-maid, inducing his host to lock himself up in despair—and his library—and finally making him jealous, under the idea that he *(Sir John)* is paying his addresses to *Mrs. Courtly. Mr. Courtly* at length grows desperate, writes a challenge, and is about to fight, when the whole matter is of course cleared up, and every one made superlatively happy.

Such is the flimsy material of which *Free and Easy* is composed; but such is the force of good acting that the piece was successful. Mr. Granby, in particular, and Miss Marshall, who played the lady's-maid, were excellent; but the greatest amount of praise is due to Mr. C. Mathews, who is one of those "few, those happy few," that do not need to *play* the gentleman on the stage. As *Sir John Freeman,* Mr. C. Mathews was elegant without fatuity, easy without vulgarity, and amusing without effort. It is most probable that *Free and Easy* will have a run; but let not the author suppose this is owing to the intrinsic merit of the production itself, which possesses neither wit, plot, or novelty. Let him, on the contrary, be convinced that its success is owing to the finished acting of all engaged in it, and particularly of Mr. C. Mathews, in whose hands a most trifling part attained an importance which it would never otherwise have enjoyed, in the same manner that a piece of broken glass glisters and sparkles like a diamond, if it happen to lie in the rays of the sun.

THE TIMES AND DESPOTISM.

THE *Times* is gradually coming round to thorough-going despotic principles. Its foreign leaders, like the *Ami du Peuple* of Marat, "smell of blood in every line," as Lamartine says. They are now congratulating Europe that Vienna is in ashes, and once more under the domination of its hereditary idiot; and trying to stir up poor, romantic, drunken old Frederick of Prussia to fight against liberty. The advice is very profitable, since its natural result will be an unhappy effort of those monarchs followed by a bloody defeat, and terminating in a popular triumph. As the old supporters of the French Monarchy used to cry, "Go it, my Pepin," to the king of that name, so the *Times* cries, "Go it, my idiot," to the Emperor of Austria. Let us hope that his crooked policy will be put right by a strait-waistcoat.

SMITHER'S LAST (AS WE HOPE).

Q. Why is Bendigo like the Goddess of Flowers?
A. Because he is a regular Flora (floorer!)

THE COMIC TRACT SOCIETY.

WE have some notion of establishing a Tract Society of the above-mentioned character, for the purpose of counteracting the absurd effect of some Tract Societies at present existing, whose members deluge the lower orders with a great ditch of trash. One of their publications recently came to us through the kind attention of our buttermonger, who wrapped up the homely matutinal pat in it. It consisted of "Questions and Answers" for boys (certainly of the most puerile character), the "Questions" being in canting prose, the "Answers" in stupid doggrel verse. Our plan may be judged of from the following imitation, which forms one of those to be issued, when the Society is fairly established—with an office furnished on credit, and a secretary in a white choker, in the regular orthodox manner.

Q. What do good men do?

A. The good man takes a pint of wine,
Like other jolly bricks that we know;
You 'll see him at the Albion dine,
And spend the night in the Casino.

Q. What do bad men do?

A. The bad man walks out with his wife,
Returns and studies Smith all day;
Amongst the slow he spends his life,
And goes to see a five-act play.

A PROLIFIC SNOB.

THOMAS COOPER, the cobbler, who was put in gaol for sedition, and on the strength of that set up as a poet and goodness knows what, is now, on the strength of some Encyclopædia reading, lecturing to ignorant audiences on every topic under the sun. We mean to keep our eye on this gentleman; and, meanwhile, suggest a probable programme of his next week's lectures:—

Monday.—The Phœnician Language.
Tuesday.—The Origin of Evil.
Wednesday.—The Habits of Bees.
Thursday.—The Punic Wars.
Friday.—Hebrew MSS.
Saturday.—Monastic Illumination.

And for *Sunday*, considering the tendency of his principles, we should think it not improbable that he would lecture on the Evils of Christianity.

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

(PLAGIARISED FROM MACKAY.)

MEN in plush be up and stirring
All this day;
Make a line—keep back the rabble—
Clear the way!
Men in armour aid and cheer them
As ye may!
There 's a coach without a wheel,
There 's a man about to steal,
There 's a purse about to go,
There 's a most tremendous blow,
There 's a cab locked fast together
With a shay.
Men in plush and men in armour,
Clear the way!

When that wretch's legs are broken,
Who shall say
What he 'll think of all the glory
On this day?
What for broken limbs and bruises
Can repay?
Aid their progress hand and heart—
Aid it, spite of that large cart;
Aid it, spite of every row;
Aid it, spite of brawl and blow;
And your labours must not slacken
Into play.
Men in plush and men in armour,
Clear the way!

Lo! the *cortége* comes in honour
Of this day;
And the horsemen covered o'er with
Mud and clay.
Lo! the Lord Mayor's coach is coming,
Clear the way!
Soon shall these, and many more,
Enter at the Guildhall door;
And with awful twist shall fall
On the dishes, great and small—
They 'll rush to them, like a vulture
To his prey.
Men in plush and men in armour,
Clear the way!

IMPUDENT FRAUD.

A PERSON, recently in the habit of sending very stupid joke to our office, which of course were not inserted, has had the audacity to send us in a bill! He expresses his desire to have the money soon, but we have no intention of forwarding the impudent fellow anything. We enclose a copy of his account:—

	£	s.	d.
One Pun	0	1	2
A Sneer at Mark Lemon (an easy job)	0	0	0½
Reading the *Pottleton Legacy*	120	0	0
Cutting it up	0	0	1
Attending the Slap-bang, to observe the same	10	0	0
Speaking to a member	10	0	0
Two Jibes	0	0	4
	£140	1	7½

A MAN MADE OF (BASE) MONEY—*Louis Napoleon.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RANDOM will find a letter at 334 Strand.

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THE POET, POLITICIAN, AND POLICEMAN.

Chapter III.—The First Night of a New Farce.

WHEN I met Tomkins he continued as follows:—

"Before selecting '*No you don't*' as the title of my farce, I had bestowed much thought upon the subject. The farce was not to be of ephemeral interest; it was ultimately to become classical, and to take its rank by the side of the masterpieces of our dramatic literature. True, it was to be only in one act; but what an act! Into that act I threw the inspiration of the poet in the ideas, the tact of the politician in the construction of the plot, and the dignified severity of the policeman in the arrangement of the whole. The unities were strictly adhered to, and the prevailing idea was developed in the most artistic manner.

"The farce finished, I hurried with it to Saveall, the manager. After being carefully inspected by numerous emissaries, I was at length admitted to that gentleman's sanctum: for this unusual honour, I was indebted to the fact of coming armed with a letter of introduction from a man to whom he owed a large sum of money, and to my intimacy with a youth who had satirized the manager most severely, and was reputed one of the most promising libellers of the day. This hopeful young man, who was destined subsequently to play an important part in my career, had been originally a student at one of the metropolitan hospitals. He was sent to the profession by his parents on account of the genius which he displayed in cutting the carotid artery of a favourite and valuable spaniel, and afterwards in dissecting the animal; and left it from a disgust which was created in him by a magnificent offer of twenty pounds a-year as a medical assistant—a function in which, although he would have had to sweep out the shop and take down the shutters, he would at all events have been allowed to do whatever he pleased after eleven at night, or before eight in the morning. Of course after this decision there was nothing open to him but literature. He adopted it with some little success, and at the time of which I speak was what is called a 'rising man.' To use a description of his own, his name was Junius Libel, his stock in trade sarcasm, and his liquor gin.

"But let us return to the manager. Saveall then began by informing me that there was no probability of bringing out my farce; that he had a room-full of farces; that he had, at that moment, two plays by Bulwer, and a comedy by Sheridan Knowles, to say nothing of comic dramas by some of the greatest celebrities of the day, which he was unable to produce. In spite, however, of these disadvantages he consented, with what appeared to me a disgusting affectation of kindness, to read my farce, and to give me an opinion, on some future day, of that composition which I had written with the principal object of saving him from ruin.

"On the day fixed for my receiving the manager's verdict on my unhappy piece, I was at the stage-door about half-an-hour before the time; but having an aversion from appearing pressing on the subject, I waited outside (a long half-hour!) until the exact minute for the appointment. After waiting about three-quarters of an hour in the vestibule, a brougham drove up to the door, a line of supernumeraries, who had been previously loitering about, formed on each side of the entrance, and out jumped Saveall, but not until he had thrown a hasty glance up and down the street. I had at first imagined the guard to be one of honour, but I so decided that it must be one of safety.

"Saveall, having entered the theatre without annoyan either from the obsequious dun or the sturdy bailiff, w instantly attacked by myself.

"'I have read your farce, Mr. Tomkins,' said he, 'I it will scarcely suit my company.'

"'Yet,' returned I—

"'Oh! I don't deny that there is some talent in continued the manager, 'but you have not measured actors for their parts.'

"After a remark from me (which he treated with profoundest contempt) about my not being a literary tail he proceeded:—

"'The fact is, Miss Myrtle should have had sor thing *piquant*, a trifle of slang, in her part; and when y remember the admirable effect produced by Bolster in celebrated exclamation 'Noa Tummus,' which was repea twenty-nine times, and each time with increased effect, i recent popular drama, I cannot but wonder that you h neglected that actor's peculiar talents in so remarkabl manner.'

"'Art and propriety alike forbad me using such mean I suggested.

"'The only art, sir, which I recognise, is the art filling the theatre; and as for propriety, if the audie find no fault, has any one else a right to complain? N a sarcasm from the mouth of Blight might tell with critics, as the people who come in with newspaper ord call themselves; but it would be thrown away on the major of the audience, and would not produce half the effect wh I have seen caused by the appearance of the low comed in a broken gibus, or in a coat for which he had b measured half-a-dozen times, so that it might be sure not fit him in any one part of the body.'

"'But,' I ventured, 'should not the object of the ma ger be to abolish these abuses, rather than to conti them?'

"'Not without he wishes to abolish his profits, and conti his losses. Now, let me give you a word of advice: Y have chosen a good title—a striking, a taking title. W hav'n't you used it as a catch-word? You have a m who says "No, you don't" to every one who speaks to h Some one asks him for five shillings; "No, you don't," is reply. "How I love him!" exclaims a young lady to old gentleman: "No, you don't," is again the observati and when, at the end of the piece, some one comes forw to give the "tag," and says in a confiding manner to audience, "Now, I know you like this farce, don't you out comes the low comedian with the eternal "No, don't," and the curtain falls amidst the applause of audience. The catch-word may be dull or unmeaning,

it becomes lively after the tenth repetition, and positively funny after the twenty-seventh.'

"'I shall be too happy to embody any of your suggestions,' said I with despair, as my visions of high art in one act disappeared.

"'Now, then, you are getting reasonable. Give up your ideas about the unities (the unity of place is the only one I care about as the scenery then comes less expensive), and devote yourself to the study of theatrical effects.'

"'And my farce?'

"'Leave it with me; I will put it into the hands of a man of experience, and I will bring it out for you.'

"'And the terms?' said I, thinking of the fifty pounds I was to receive.

"'Well, I'll promise you this much,' returned Saveall, 'that if you will take half-a-dozen boxes, it shall cost you nothing further.'

"And so saying, he wished me good morning, and left me astonished and disconcerted."

EPITAPH ON THE VERNON PICTURES.

Deep in these vaults so cold,
That darken e'en our wit,
The *Gallery* behold
Descended to the *Pit*.

AWFUL COMMERCIAL CRISIS.—The Viennese complain that all trade is at a stand-still. This does not astonish us, seeing that they have lost their capital in consequence of its having been for some time very dangerously invested.

MORE AMALGAMATION.

AMALGAMATION being the order of the day—the great leading lines of railway being about to enact the "three single gentlemen rolled into one," we don't see why the principle should not be carried out, and why a more general amalgamation of goods should not be insisted upon. We would propose, with this view, that party-walls should be everywhere thrown down — that internal communications should be opened between every house in every street—that everybody should have a key to everybody else's cash-box—and that, in fact, everybody should stand in somebody else's shoes. Thus the whole of London would form one great and harmonious family: and, for our own parts, we are not so proud, or have no anti-Jewish prejudices to such an extent as would hinder us from fraternizing with Rothschild, and using his purse exactly as our own. The hint we have just given is one which we trust will not be without its effect in monetary circles.

SMITH O'BRIEN A POET.

WE observe that the small-beer rebel, having failed in his attempts against the Queen's English — personally speaking, is making desperate attacks upon the Queen's English — verbally speaking. In fact, having found himself unable to string up the Lord Lieutenant and his court, he has taken to stringing together rhymes in their stead. From the samples we have seen of the Honourable Gentleman's poetry, we should think that the following conveys a just idea of his general style:

"LINES WRITTEN IN PRISON.

"Here, because I was so feeble,
When I tried to be a rebel
On the common brown of Boulagh—
(Why, on that day, warn't I cooler?)—
Here, I say, I lie and languish,
And with paper, pen, and standish,
Write these lines, to say that when
I saw these horrid pollismen
A-coming up to seize and grab each,
I hid myself among the cabbage!
And so, no more from the chained lion
(That 's me), WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN!"

REASONS FOR GOING TO THE POLISH BALL.

1st. One may as well go somewhere these dull evenings. I have seen *Haydée*; Lumley's is shut, and the governor does n't approve of the Casino.

2nd. I am pretty sure to meet Ada there.

3rd. There will be several of the aristocracy in the room.

4th. I want to keep myself up to the mark in the Polka, before the winter parties of the middle classes begin.

5th. One is sure not to meet any of the "progress" clique there.

6th. At all events, there will be light, and pretty women, and music and refreshments.

7th. I may meet some good fellow to finish the evening with.

8th. My tailor has sent me a new waistcoat (an honest fellow, that!), and I may as well try the effect of it.

9th (*and last*). It does some good to those pour-devils the Poles!

OUR LEADER.

THE REACTIONARY MOVEMENT.

THERE is much chuckling, and not a little joyful cackling, among the Tories in Europe, at present, on the strength of Vienna's being in ashes; the Austrian idiot's being temporarily cocked-up again; the Prussian wavverer's having made up his mind for despotism; and much murder of radicals, generally, in cold blood being daily perpetrated. All this is very fine: this short-sighted savageness is very triumphant. We wish the cold-hearted beings all the satisfaction they can derive from sniffing the blood of poor BLUM—and no blood-hounds are keener—but we have not seen the end yet—nor have they felt it. There is a time coming when they will repent in sackcloth and ashes. The progress of revolutions is inevitable. Everybody knows that they must triumph in the long run. And when they do, what becomes of the oppressors—those who have blocked up the chariot-wheels of freedom with the carcasses of victims?

Let us look a little at the prospects of the German despots. First, we have the aged member of the House of Hapsburg, whose narrow and retreating forehead is surmounted by the Austrian crown. In addition to its scrofula and its stupidity, he has the cruelty of his family in all its rank luxuriance. But what has he to rely on against a people now fairly imbued with the doctrines of advancement? He has an army; but how long will a body composed from the people remain isolated from their opinions? Drill can't quash thought, or suppress human influences; and when these hireling murderers of their brothers have gratified the brutal passions of their nature and their profession, by a due enjoyment of what they have gained by their inhuman triumph, the feelings of manhood will begin to stir once more in their souls, and they will aspire to be citizens and not machines. They will begin to think it worth while to aspire to doing something on their own account. Then, think of the reaction! It will be well to think of it—in time.

As for the Prussian, his chances are worse. His people are more revolutionary. He can't trust his own mind for twenty-four hours to begin with, nor can he trust his army with the usual security of monarchs. This eccentric pedant —a vague "dreamer of dreams"—divided between theories and brandy—all vanity in sentiment, and vagueness in speculation—is not the man of action for a crisis. He would be a good king, were his empire a second-rate university; but if he allows himself to be coaxed or bullied into despotism and shuffling, he will only share the fate—without sharing the pity—that came upon Louis Philippe's despotism and shuffling, ensconced, too, as they were, in the plausible garb of respectability.

These Tory bigots of reaction have not the grounds of triumph that they imagine. Democracy is moving on like a Fate. A few more graves—a few more murders—it must triumph. The rabid yells of the Tory press are nothing more nor less than what Swift very vigorously denominates "the last howls of a dog that has been dissected alive."

PINS & NEEDLES.

Some person writing about Douglas Jerrold, says, "His sarcasm is terrible." So it is; but not half so terrible as his fun.

We see a work advertised under the title of "Rules for ascertaining the Sense contained in Greek Manuscripts." Why does the kind author go all the way to Greece? Does not charity begin at home?

Some foolish person recently asserted that George Thompson's intellect "was of no ordinary character." We must certainly state that it is not an ordinary affair—for we scarcely ever see anything of it.

We perceive that the management of St. Paul's Cathedral have raised their scale of prices to sixpence instead of twopence *per* head. We hope the spirited proprietors will find that this elevation in their scale, will cause an increase in their "balance."

The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's are always ready to pray for—we mean *prey upon*—the public.

Mr. Bunn appears to depend chiefly for success on his principal performers: so that if he succeeds, he may be justly called upon to "thank his *stars*" for it.

We hear that an essay is being written to prove that the inhabitants of the English metropolis must be the politest persons in the world. The principal argument rests upon the violent antipathy which Lord Cardigan lately expressed towards "London manners."

M. Vivier, the admirable horn-player, has been performing with the greatest success at Drury Lane. We are glad that the admirable Jullien is paying so much attention to wind instruments, as it shows that he is going to "take the (John) Bull by the horns."

The Manchester people are very proud of their machinery, and especially of their spinning-jennies. Experience, however, has proved, that of all the Jennies ever in that town, the most profitable one has been Jenny Lind.

A morning contemporary talks about the "political complexion" of the mass of the French people. It strikes us that they very much resemble an old dowager: they are exceedingly partial to *rouge*.

THE DANCE OF DEATH—The balls given by the Prince Windischgratz to the inhabitants of Vienna.

NOTHING NEW.—The papers mention, as something worthy of note, that when Her Majesty and Prince Albert were in Scotland they visited the distillery of Messrs. Begg and Co. As for ourselves, bearing in mind the frequent occasions on which Her Majesty and Consort have recourse to her faithful Commons for grants for new palaces, dog-kennels, &c., it does not at all surprise us that these Royal personages should have gone to *Begg*.

"NONE OF YOUR LONDON MANNERS HERE."

OUR readers may have perceived that Lord Cardigan, who for some years past has been less brutal in his conduct to the officers of his regiment—or has had less of his brutality made public than heretofore—has been "at it again." It's the nature of the nobleman, and can no more be cured than hydrophobia.

The last person he has insulted is Captain Noel, M.P. We are not going to waste our time and space in proving Cardigan to be what every one knows he is.

But we want to call attention to an expression of his—"None of your London manners here"—which was addressed to Captain Noel, on that officer's venturing to assert that he was with his troop, in spite of his colonel's assertion to the contrary.

We understand that in consequence of Cardigan's violent objection to London manners, and to anything civilised, either in conversation or conduct, he intends to enforce the following code of laws at the mess, which will be rendered additionally repulsive by having his signature affixed to them:—

"1. My aversion to black bottles is well known, and may be said to be a matter of history. Henceforth, not only the use of Champagne, Moselle, and other wines usually contained in the aforesaid black bottles, is forbidden, but also the consumption of wine of any description. I will not have the mess-table turned into a coffee-room, and will have none of your London manners here!

"2. The use of napkins is prohibited. These things may be all very well among your gentlemanly friends in London, but they won't do when you're with your regiment and Lord Cardigan.

"3. The man who begs the pardon of a person whom he has unintentionally offended is a blackguard, and I will have no such London manners here.

"4. The man who shall dare to imitate London manners, so far as to offer any act of civility to another, will be put under arrest.

"5. If any man shall presume to call a spoon a spoon, after I have assured him, in my usual plain-spoken manner, that it is a fork, he shall be made to apologize to me in the most abject manner for his impertinence: otherwise he will be tried by a court-martial for breach of discipline.

"(Signed) CARDIGAN."

THE OPERA ENVELOPE.

We perceive that a garment is being advertised under the title of the Opera Envelope. There have been many changes in dress from the invention of the mackintosh to the establishment of *paletots*, whether registered or unregistered, alpaca, llama, Syrian, or otherwise; but we confess we were never prepared for the announcement of an *envelope* as an eligible article of attire for *habitués* of the Opera. This *envelope* is for the present sealed in mystery, though at the same time it certainly bears the stamp of absurdity.

As we believe most of our readers are, like ourselves, quite ignorant of the appearance, formation, and peculiar uses of the "Opera Envelope," we beg to put the following questions to its inventor:—

1. How much are the *envelopes* per hundred; and is a smaller quantity than a quarter of a hundred to be sold?

2. Is the envelope fastened with wax or wafers, and in either case can it be used a second time?

INSANE FEAT.—Last week, a young man who had been carousing rather freely in a public-house at Knightsbridge, made a bet that he would drink a wine-glass full of the Serpentine water. His friends, although themselves inebriated, endeavoured to dissuade him from his rash resolution, but to no effect. The water was procured and drunk; but scarcely had the foolish fellow swallowed it, than he became a prey to the most violent convulsions. Medical aid was immediately called in, and the stomach-pump applied. The patient now lies in St. George's Hospital, but very little hope is entertained of his recovery.

AN EVERGREEN.—A country correspondent wishes to be informed whether a man can with propriety be termed a horticulturist, because he has got several choice specimens of different old Shrubs in his cellar?

A GREAT-GO AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE PRINCE CHANCELLOR ADMINISTERING TO *ALMA MATER* HIS PATENT PILLS COMPOUNDED OF "ENGLISH, FRENCH, HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, AND THE USE OF THE GLOBES."

THE FROG AND THE OX;

OR,

NAPOLEON THE LITTLE AND NAPOLEON THE GREAT.

THE STAGE DICTIONARY:

or,

ENCYCLOPÆDIA DRAMATICA.

(*Continued.*)

G.

GO.—To go, *a verb*. In theatrical parlance, if a piece succeeds, it is said to "go." Probably the phrase had its origin in the number of "goes" which successful authors are expected to stand.

GHOST (Stage).—A gentleman with a dash of whiting on his cheeks, who walks across the stage behind a piece of gauze in the glare of a blue light. "Does the Ghost walk?" is green-room slang for "Is there any money to be had on Saturdays." In the present hard-up state of the legitimate, it is generally found that if the Ghost walks frequently in Hamlet during the week, it very seldom walks in the treasury on pay-day.

GREEN-ROOM.—The parlour of the coulisse. It is generally magnificently furnished with a piece of cheap carpetting, a couple of cane-bottomed benches, and a capacious caraffe of pure water, with a single tumbler, on the chimney-piece. The green-room is a place of agonizing trial to young gentlemen who have been smuggled in behind the scenes, and who, if they have pluck to cross the threshold at all, commonly stand in the centre of the room smiling feebly, amid the well-bred stares of the habitués.

GALAXY (of Talent).—A word in frequent use amongst managers to designate a knot of people whom nobody ever heard of.

GAG.—When an actor mixes up extempore dialogue of his own with the author's text, he is said to "gag" his part. The Adelphi frequently furnishes striking specimens of the practice. For example, suppose Mr. Wright to be playing Macduff, and Mr. Paul Bedford, as Rosse, to be bringing him the tidings of the murder of his family, we should expect to hear the dialogue given as follows:—

Macduff. My children too? All the little pippity-poppetsies?
Rosse. Old woman—kids—slaxies—all that could be found.
Macduff. Oh, my eye—Jick—here's a go—nyetheir!
Malcolm. Be comforted:
Let's make medicine of our great revenge
To cure this deadly grief.
Macduff. He ain't got never no children as ever was—what! All my pretty ones? Did you—I beg to ask—say all? Oh, hell-kite! What, all the biling? The tottle of the whole—all my pretty chickabidies, and their dam—
Rosse. I say, Mac, don't swear—It ain't proper.
Macduff. I believe you, my b-o-o-o-o-y.

H.

HIT.—A thing oftener seen on the play-bills than in the theatres. Whenever a manager announces a "Tremendous hit," "Crowds turned away every evening," expect a stupid piece and empty benches.

HEAVY (Business).—The technical expression for the style of acting adopted by virtuous parents, or severe uncles, in farces, and that class of ducal potentates who come in at the close of Shaksperian pieces, at the head of the common council of Padua or Verona, and make a long speech to the principal personages in the play. We are very sorry to state, that so lightly esteemed are virtue and station upon the stage, that the "heavy gentlemen" in question rarely get more than thirty shillings a week.

HUNTSMAN (Stage).—The stage huntsman is always a gentleman with a green doublet and breeches, a broad-brimmed whity-brown hat, and ditto boots. In his hand he invariably carries a short tin-headed spear, though against what kind of game it can be used to advantage is a problem which the most strong-minded of men could never solve. The stage huntsman is gregarious, and the method of his hunting is to come on with his fellows in Indian file, then to look up and down the stage and fling his arms about like a telegraph, after which the whole party sing a chorus in this style:—

"Hark! hark to the bugle's breath,
As it cheerily chides the morn,
Then up and away to the greenwood gay,
To the sound of the hunter's horn!"

After this musical ebullition the huntsmen depart in Indian file as they came.

I.

INTRIGUE (Drama of).—A play in which everybody is in love with everybody, while everybody pretending to be somebody else is jealous of everybody, so that nobody knows nothing of the real projects of anybody, and everybody is perpetually being surprised in comical situations by somebody else, until in the end everything is happily wound up by somebody being married to everybody.

INTEREST (A Drama of Romantic).—A ghost, a pair of lovers, a trap-door, a chorus of huntsmen, a funny old seneschal, a moonlight effect by Grieve, two combats, an assassin, a mysterious hero in a black cloak and a sable plume, and a wrathful baron in jack boots.

INTEREST (A Drama of Domestic).—Consists of a virtuous girl who supports by her labour her father, mother, two grandfathers and grandmothers, nine brothers and sisters, eighteen nephews and neices, and four-and-thirty cousins. She is accused of theft and murder by a wretch who attempts in vain to seduce her; and, after a tremendous pile of circumstantial evidence has been reared up against her, she is suddenly proved to be innocent by the testimony of her lover, who was believed to have been drowned at sea fourteen years before, but who suddenly turns up no one knows whence, with a fortune which would astonish Rothschild.

A RACY SUBJECT.—A stag chased by Benvenuto Cellini round a wine-cup.

JUVENIS wishes to know whether Wordsworth had ever been a baker in early life, as he wrote a poem about the "White Dough of Rylestone." Juvenis must be an idiot, or a "progress" writer.

SUPERLATIVE COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.

THE officers of the Dædalus are placed in rather an awkward position. Having assured the public that they saw a great sea-serpent in the Atlantic, Professor Owen has been very swift in coming forward to demonstrate the impossibility of anything of the sort, and his noes are likely to weigh more than their eyes with the public. It is really very kind of the Professor to set the gentlemen right; and we trust that he will pursue boldly the same line of investigation, in which case the minds of travellers will be disabused of many erroneous impressions. When an enterprising navigator, henceforward, sees a thing approaching him with four legs, or two tails, as the case may be, he will not rush madly into the belief that an animal has been presented to his vision, but will doubt the beast and believe the Professor. We are afraid, however, that it would afford but little consolation to a man when on the point of being devoured, to reflect that the beast had no existence, and that when his melancholy fate was narrated, the learned Owen would dispute it in the *Times*.

The Professor is kind enough to admit, however, that they may have seen something, but not a serpent. It was probably a seal, or a sea-lion, he says. Considering that Captain M'Qhæ is a sailor, and ought to know what a seal is; that some half-a-dozen others were eye-witnesses and sailors also; and that the animal in question was twenty minutes in sight, and had a drawing made of it, really, the evidence for its existence and its being serpentine, seems tolerably good. We are quite certain that could evidence equally strong be brought to prove that the worthy Professor was an *habitué* of the Orange Tree, he would long ere this have been pursuing his studies, cheered by the society of Cuffey. He is quite right to bring his knowledge before the public on the question, and we are always glad to hear of him. Will he inform us—as the appearance of the animal's head seems a chief point—whether seals have crests, or not? We will keep a look-out for the future, in our annual journey to Margate, for similar brutes.

By-the-bye, could not Professor Owen throw some light on ethnology, by bringing his comparative anatomy to bear on the bones of the Ethiopian serenaders?

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—A young German reader of ours writes to say, after a profound cogitation of a few weeks, he has discovered that the most foolish act of which the Prussians have been guilty for some time was the nomination of Herr Pfuel to the helm of affairs, since this was evidently adding *fuel* to the flames.

MISTAKEN NOTIONS.

1. On sitting down some Sunday to dinner with one or two friends, whom you have invited three days before, you apologize for the simpleness of the repast, which consists of soup, fish, two courses, and a dessert, and tell them they must be content to take what you have got, as you have made no grand preparations on their account; it is a mistaken notion to suppose that they believe you.

2. A man's aunt dies, and leaves him her money to the amount of forty thousand pounds, and her favourite cats. He goes into mourning of the most sable hue, writes on note-paper with a black edge an inch wide, and inserts an advertisement in all the papers to the effect that she died most deeply lamented—but it is a mistaken notion to believe that he is particularly grieved.

N.B.—The cats disappear some fine morning, unless there is a special clause in the will regarding their preservation.

3. When people say that they shall be happy to see you at all times, without naming any particular day, it is a mistaken notion to imagine that they mean it.

4. When medical students return to the parental roof at about 12 P.M. very unsteady on their legs, and their hat knocked over their eyes, it is a mistaken notion to imagine that this unsteadiness in their gait is to be attributed to certain experiments they have been making on themselves to ascertain the effect of chloroform.

5. When a young gentleman indites a long letter to his father or guardian, and talks in it at great length about the wonders of nature, the beauties of science, or the sweets of learning, but ends with a postscript about his just having recollected that he was in want of five pounds for books or instruments, which said five pounds he should feel much obliged by having sent him—it is a mistaken notion to suppose that the postscript is not the most important part of the letter.

6. "The nearer to the fountain, the clearer the water," says the proverb; but those who will take the trouble to walk to Trafalgar Square will find that this is a mistaken notion indeed.

POWER OF THE PRESS.—A country editor of our acquaintance has such faith in the powerful influence of his pen, that he is in the habit of regarding all mundane transactions simply as a game of—*follow-my-leader*.

A BONE FOR THE PROTECTIONISTS.

THE French papers announce that negotiations are on the tapis between Spain and the Government of the United States regarding the sale of the island of Cuba to the latter. The same authority adds that this valuable freehold property had been offered to Mr. John Bull, but that he allowed himself to be outbid by Brother Jonathan. Just so! We are delighted to hear it. Once let Cuba become the property of Britain, and one of our most flourishing domestic manufactures would be for ever knocked on the head; no more Fulham Pickwicks, no more Minories cheroots. What, we would ask, in the name of all that 's fragrant, would become of the Hammersmith cabbage-gardeners; and the many Hebrew establishments in the metropolis that find employment in fabricating that native luxury, a full-flavoured Cuba, if foreign cigars should come into vogue? Forbid it, ye wise protectionists! Forbid it, ye anxious pa's and ma's, who are actuated by a parent's solicitude for your sons' nervous systems! Never, as you value the morality of Britain's youth, let that noxious narcotic tobacco cross the threshold of our immaculate—our sea-girt isle. For our own part, we must say that it is quite bad enough that our silk manufacture, our toys, our Jacks-in-the-boxes, and hobby-horses, should have been brought to the verge of ruin by foreign competition. This is deplorable; nevertheless, as philosophers, we thank heaven that things are not yet come to the worst. England still enjoys a monopoly in the manufacture of cheroots!

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF IT?

WE have often wondered what public men mean by the following epithets:—

THE PEOPLE.
THE PUBLIC.
THE MOB.
THE POPULACE.
THE RABBLE.

These words are continually used until the confusion becomes a confounded nuisance. Suffer us to tell each politician the way to use them, under the existing system.

THE PEOPLE . . . . Everybody or nobody.
THE PUBLIC . . . . Those who buy your pamphlets, &c.
THE MOB . . . . . Your tradesmen, servants, and so on.
THE POPULACE . . Those who drag your carriage at an election.
THE RABBLE . . . . All those who hoot you on the hustings.

You perceive that thus the position of any social unit varies with his conduct to you. Those who *don't* buy your pamphlets fall from the "public" to the "populace;" those who *won't* drag your carriage sink, in their turn, from "populace" to "rabble;" while, on the other hand, those who cheer you on the hustings rise from "rabble" to "populace," and so on through the various ups and downs of a life of humbug.

The penny-a-liner is fond of degrading people, by describing them as "the populace." This affected contempt, however, is nothing more than the envious hatred of a man—sprung literally from "the rabble"—for the superior orders.

HOLD YOUR MAG!

[FOR the information of uninformed subscribers, we beg to observe that in printing-offices a magazine is called a "Mag."]

Who was it cruelly killed poor Jerrold's Mag,
Spite of philanthropists' vile and vulgar brag?
Why did it month by month so clearly flag?
Why was it never read but by some old hag?
Why were its articles never worth a rag,
And only fit for our waste-paper bag?
Why did it ride to death th' unwilling nag,
Who over its dreary page would sometimes fag?
Why behind all other journals did it lag?
Why did each "paper" end with a clap-trap "tag?"
Why was it ridiculed by every wag?
Why for so long its dull existence drag?

—Because it depended on nought but stupid gag.

"WHERE ARE YOU A-SHOVING TO?"—We have been very much surprised at the obstinacy with which the Boy Fitzwilliam has persevered in his attempt to thrust himself on the West Riding constituency, in the face of his universally admitted ignorance and inexperience. We hear it asserted that his family are very wealthy. If so, why have they not spent some of their superabundance in educating their hopeful son? If ever he gets into Parliament, it will be by some such means as his contemporary, the celebrated Boy Jones, got into Buckingham Palace.

CHEAP OUTFITS FOR EMIGRANTS.—All that is requisite is, that each emigrant carry a small bottle of Soyer's sauce for the savages to eat him with. This is a piece of delicate attention which will make our surplus population quite popular with the heathen of cannibal propensities.

CASTING PURL BEFORE SWINE.—We understand that M. Jullien, pleased with the success of his *Pearl* of England waltz, is preparing a companion to it, under the title of the "Dog's Nose of Great Britain."

STEAM-BOAT TABLE TALK.

MONG other matters we found, in a manuscript in the British Museum, the following "Merrie jest of Maister Villiam Shakespeare and ye pike keepere at Vaterloo Bridge":—

"Maister Shakespeare returnynge to his lodgynge, which wᵃ in yᵉ Newe Cutte, on one nighte in yᵉ which he had much drunkenne of beere, did merrilye chaffe the guardian of yᵉ tolle, sayinge, yᵉ funnie fellow,

"'Prythee, good sir—marry, here is a Pennsylvania bond whereof I require yᵉ change—all but yᵉ one halfpenny due to yᵉ tolle."

"To yᵉ which yᵉ guardianne demurryne,

"'Look ye,' saith Will: 'supposynge anie body should ask after your healthe, what woulde you reply?'

"'Marry, sir,' quoth yᵉ guardianne, 'that I was amongste yᵉ middlynges.'

"'Nay, friend,' saith mad Will; 'thus should ye reply, "I' fackins, my maister, I am as becometh a pike man, beyinge *tol*-lol."' Ha! ha! ha!'

"Upon which merrie jeste yᵉ guardianne did let Will Shakespeare passe for nothynge."

NATURAL CURIOSITY.

There is at the present moment a man living in the City who has walked over Southwark Bridge. This great curiosity will shortly be exhibited at the Egyptian Hall. He is a quiet middle-aged person, with nothing at first sight remarkable in his appearance. The penny paid by this gentleman is still to be seen at the toll-house, preserved in cotton under a glass case.

AWFUL EXAMPLE.

Persons fond of eating whitebait should be warned by the fate of Alderman Gobbles. This civic functionary was in the habit of devouring such masses of the unoffending little fishes, that at length the steamer in which he used to go to Blackwall was regularly followed by a swarm of whitebait, who kept opening their little mouths as though to imprecate vengeance on the Alderman's head. Gobbles used to laugh at this. But mark the sequel. One evening, having drunk too much iced punch, he tilted head over heels out of the boat into the river. A dozen of wherries immediately put off to his rescue. But the Alderman was never seen again. Just as he disappeared in the water, the whitebait made a terrific rush at him, and in an instant he was pulled into a myriad of pieces. In his life he had eaten many whitebait; in his death many whitebait ate him.

IMPORTANT TO TEETOTALLERS.

The water of the Thames has been analyzed, and found to consist of the following ingredients, in the following proportions:—

Clean mud	8
Dirty mud	20
Dead dogs	6
Dead cats	10
Contributions from sewers	15
Scum	20
Dregs	20
Pure water	1
Total	100

EXPECTED COINCIDENCE.

The first stone of Westminster Bridge was laid about a century ago, and the men are working at it still. It is expected to be finished the same year that the Tunnel begins to pay.

MORE BLUNDERS THAN ONE.

Country gentlemen visiting London, and making excursions on the river, ought to be particular in asking the destination of the boat on which they take their stations. An affecting story is related of a respectable person from Somersetshire, intending to go to Richmond and Hampton Court, but who unhappily got on board a Gravesend boat. He had a map of the river and a steam-boat guide in his hand, but even these availed him nothing. By a singular fatality, he mistook Greenwich Hospital for Chelsea Hospital, looked upon Blackwall as Putney, took Erith for Hammersmith, gazed upon Purfleet as Barnes, considered Queenhithe to be Isleworth, slipped ashore at Gravesend, imagining that he was landing at Richmond, and finally minutely examined Tilbury Fort under the erroneous idea that he was inspecting Hampton Court.

GROSS MISCONCEPTION.

The ignorance of Londoners of the first rules of mechanical science is melancholy. When Hungerford Bridge was building, it was the firm impression of the inhabitants of Pedlar's Acre that the roadway was to pass over the top of the towers erected at either end of the Bridge, in this fashion—

A RICHMOND DINNER BILL.

(For which see Rose and Crown.)

Dinner (including pint of wine)	£0	7	6
Salt	0	1	0
Knife	0	0	6
Fork	0	0	6
Spoon	0	0	6
Water	0	3	6
Tumbler	0	0	6
Plate	0	0	6
Cheese	0	2	6
Desert	0	5	0
Waiter	0	1	0
Eight questions asked at waiter, at 2*d.* each	0	1	6
Washing your hands	0	2	0
Taking care of your hat	0	1	6
Sundries	0	5	0
Total	£1	13	0

A METHOD TO MAKE THE TIDE FLOW IN ANY DIRECTION AT PLEASURE.

If you wish the tide to flow up, contrive to have some particular business which leads you down to Gravesend in a hurry. If you wish the tide to flow down, take a boat up to Richmond. We don't know how the experiment may answer with others, but in our own case it never failed once.

A COMPENDIOUS TABLE OF WATERMEN'S FARES.

Pay one-third of one-half of what is asked.

SUNDRIES.

Battersea Reach.—From its frequent roughness, and the consequent frequent discomfiture of cockney voyagers Battersea Reach was originally written Battersea Retch.

Tilbury Fort was founded by an ancestor of Tilbury of the Haymarket.

Wapping Old Stairs is supposed to have derived its name from an old gentleman of the name of Stairs or Stares having been once set upon, and soundly drubbed there, by two watermen whose full demand he refused to pay.

EDITOR'S BOX.

We have to mention two successes at Covent Garden—that of Mdlle. Nissen in *Lucia*, and that of Mr. Bunn in filling his theatre.

Mdlle. Nissen was far better in *Lucia* than in *Norma*, which requires more tragic power than she possesses. Her representation of the character was similar in most respects to that of the various *Lucias* that have been seen on the Italian stage in England. Her acting was in many scenes exceedingly pathetic, and always intelligent, being devoid of the exaggerated melodramatic efforts which Jenny Lind used to attempt in the mad scene. We have no belief in what are called "new readings;" and have always endeavoured to impress on the public that the author or composer, in most cases, plainly indicates the style of any given part, and that every *artiste* who presumes to depart from it under the pretext of a "new reading," where there can be but one, is highly culpable. The nonsense, therefore, that has been written by a few journalists about Mdlle. Nissen having given a "new reading" to the character, although intended as complimentary to her, is quite the reverse. Burdini, who played *Ashton* when the *Lucia* was first produced in England at the Princess's Theatre, appeared in that part, and sang with the greatest taste. Sims Reeves played his best part in his best style. The brilliant and pleasing but "unclassical" *Haydée* continues to attract.

Mr. Bunn, in consequence of the "exigencies of the times," has lowered his prices, of course with the view of raising the wind. The result has been successful; the theatre is now well attended every evening, and altogether (as the gentlemen of the Whittington Club would say) is "very filling at the price." Mr. Bunn has done very wisely in making this reduction. He had only two courses to choose between—a reduction in his expenditure, with empty houses at high prices, on the one hand; and increased attractions, with full houses at low prices, on the other. In choosing the latter, he has merely acted upon the modern principle, which gives a volume of poems for a shilling, a trip to Paris for forty francs, and a Puppet-Show for three halfpence. Almost everything has decreased in price of late years, excepting the admission to theatres, and yet managers continue to wonder that they are not successful!

Jullien is continuing to do well at Drury Lane. His *Pearl of England* waltz is by no means so meritorious a production as some of his other compositions. Some of the airs (the opening one, for instance) are pleasing enough, but as for some other portions, which are intended as evidence of clever writing, there is this all-sufficient objection to be made to them, that they are no more to be danced to than the lugubrious waltzes of Beethoven. We know that there are some unconfined maniacs who fancy that Beethoven's waltzes are superlatively excellent, but they must remember that a waltz which cannot be waltzed to, possesses about the same merit as a joke which no one can laugh at, or as anything else—*Jerrold's Magazine* for instance—which fails to answer the purpose for which it was originally intended.

At the Haymarket, Shakspere's *Twelfth Night* has been produced with great success. Mrs. C. Kean, as *Viola*, is excellent, truthful, natural, and womanly. Miss Reynolds's *Olivia* was also a chaste unassuming performance; in fact, the whole piece was most effectively got up, and, in order to render it still more complete, Mr. H. Vandenhoff, as *Sebastian*, was the Twelfth Night "Cake."

At the Adelphi, a new farce, entitled *Slasher and Crasher*, has been very favourably received.

A retired trumpeter, of the name of *Blowhard* (Mr. Lambert), is possessed of a niece, *Rose* (Miss Emma Harding), and a sister, *Dinah* (Mrs. Laws). These ladies are respectively beloved by *Slasher* (Mr. Wright) and *Crasher* (Mr. Paul Bedford); and, on the rising of the curtain, are only waiting, in order that their happiness may be complete, for *Blowhard* to give his consent, which he is about to do, when a servant brings him in a letter. After its perusal, *Blowhard*, to the surprise of all present, suddenly declares that Messrs. *Slasher* and *Crasher* shall never become members of his family, and ends by ordering them to quit the house instantly—an order which they see themselves under the painful necessity of obeying, however reluctantly.

After the gentlemen are gone, the audience is made acquainted with the cause of this sudden change in the aspect of affairs. The letter contains information that Messrs. *Slasher* and *Crasher* are a couple of arrant cowards: the former having, the day previously, received, on the grand stand at the races, and in a most sensitive part of his body, a tremendous kick without resenting it; and the latter being president of an anti-duelling society, both of which circumstances cannot do otherwise than call down upon their heads the contempt of such a fire-eater as *Blowhard*, in his capacity of ex-trumpeter, naturally (dramatically speaking) must be.

In this state of things, *Crasher*, who does not like the idea of giving up the lady, determines upon impressing *Blowhard* with a false idea of their courage, and accordingly proposes to *Slasher*, that on their first meeting in the ex-trumpeter's presence, they shall get up a sham quarrel. *Crasher* is to throw a snuff-box, or a music-stool, or some other such trifle, at *Slasher's* head, and *Slasher* is to demand satisfaction. This request *Crasher* will immediately accede to, and they will then instantly set off for the ground, where a friend of *Crasher's*—one on whom he can rely, to whom he lends money—will charge the instruments of death with blank cartridges. They will then mutually receive each other's fire most courageously; and *Blowhard*, convinced of the falseness of his suspicions, will withdraw his opposition, and once more smile on their wishes.

Somehow or other, *Slasher* does not understand the plan, and, consequently, when *Crasher* insults him in the manner agreed on, is in an awful state of trepidation. Having, however, had recourse to a small brandy bottle which he has in his pocket, he plucks up courage, and manfully defies his opponent.

It is now the other's turn to be frightened: he endeavours, by all sorts of signs and winks, to make *Slasher* understand that he is not in earnest; but all to no purpose. They proceed to the ground, and exchange shots. After the first discharge, it is discovered that there are no balls in the pistols. This so exasperates *Slasher*, who is now worked up to such a pitch as to be totally regardless of all danger, that he demands swords; and, on these being furnished the two combatants, rushes on his antagonist, and puts him to flight. He then continues to pursue him with the most implacable fury, until *Blowhard*, convinced of his courage, restrains him, and accords him his niece's hand. He also crowns *Crasher's* hopes by giving him the hand of his sister—why, it is impossible to say, unless it is because, in his case, he is convinced of quite the reverse.

This was certainly the most clumsily contrived part of the whole piece, because it is not likely that the ex-trumpeter would suddenly act in a manner diametrically opposite to his character, and the practice of his whole life. It is much better managed in the French original, where there is no second marriage, and the part corresponding to *Dinah*, *Madame Beltois*, is the wife and not the sister of the old gentleman.

Wright was excellent, and kept the audience in a roar of laughter from beginning to end: he was most ably supported by Mr. Lambert and Miss Emma Harding.

The Showman has alluded to the French original; for, despite the authority of the bills, which assert the contrary, *Slasher and Crasher* is an adaptation—a clever one, it is true, but still an adaptation—the piece from which it was taken having been produced at the Théâtre du Vaudeville on the 9th October, 1835, under the title of *Le Poltron*, and printed in *La France Dramatique*, under the No. 228.

It is true that the author of *Slasher and Crasher* may be similarly situated to Puff, who, on being told that the line—

"Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee"—

which occurred in his tragedy, had also previously appeared in *Othello*, replied that this fact proved nothing more than that two great men had hit upon the same idea, and Shakspere had hit upon it first. If such be the case in the present instance, the Showman will be the first to acknowledge *Slasher and Crasher* as a new piece.

AN ATTACK ON THE POLICE.

So much has been said about the police of late, and they are so thoroughly well known to the public, that disgust for them is gradually beginning to subside, and they are actually becoming respectable through the very staleness of their infamy. Indeed, some affect to like them—a taste resembling that of connoisseurs for the corruption of a cheese. Men are beginning to yawn when their perjury is alluded to; and the low dirtiness of their sordid tricks in private—that is, area—life, ceases to amuse. The public eye must be kept upon them, however; and we have therefore drawn up a tabular statement for general use concerning them. In this (which we subjoin) the general reader will find much useful information:—

TABLE.

TRUTH.	POLICE STATEMENT.
A gentleman hums an air from *Norma*.	"He was roaring through the streets."
A gentleman gives a double-knock at his door.	"He created a disturbance in the street."
A gentleman, finding himself collared by a plebeian in blue, requests him to remove his hand.	"He made a violent attack on ——, 40 ——."
A gentleman has had half-a-pint of marsala for dinner.	"He had obviously been drinking to excess."

The above shows the difference between truth and police statement—or, truth and falsehood, that is to say. But there is a fact about this amiable Force—a fact which we mean to din into the ears of the magistrates till decency makes them attend to it—a fact as shocking as the perjury of the body, as disgusting as their private habits, and as dangerous as their public lies—and that is neither more nor less than this, that they are in the habit of taking bribes from the keepers of low taverns to blink their duty. No howling about "guardians of the public peace," &c. will serve as a reply to this There stands the fact. We have a public body to preserve order, paid by the country to do a duty, and by private scoundrels to neglect it.

RECKLESS CONDUCT.

Dear Mr. Showman,—I have just come home from India with my mistress, Mrs. Col. Glazedstock. Oh, dear! how ill I was! particularly in passing that horrid Cape of Good Hope. If you had been with us I am sure you would never have forgotten it all your born days. Now, I had often heard that sailors were very rough kind of creatures, but I did think they had some heart; such, however, is not the case, for although they saw how wretchedly unwell I was, and know that I return next month, they actually were for ever talking of doubling their horrid Cape.

Now, dear Mr. Showman, I think one Cape is quite enough, without its being doubled. We don't want the world to have as many capes as a coachman's coat; so therefore I hope you will step in and lend your aid in preventing so heartless and arbitrary a proceeding, or at least have it put off until after the return of

Your obedient servant,

Mary Muslin.

A SAVAGE LIBEL.

Sir,—What pretensions *can* Mr. Spinks make to respectability? I have seen him transported, branded with stripes on his back! descending to the lowest offices—the dirtiest tricks. In fact he is naturally of a base character, often cuts his best friends, and is altogether a very barefaced person.

Hoping in that you will give this exposure of infamy a place in your valuable columns,

I am, Sir,
Yours respectfully,

To the Showman. Stabber Sneak.

A COOL ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING.

Sir,—Having seen a copy of the letter Mr. Stabber Sneak has sent to you, I beg you will allow me a few lines to reply to his infamous accusations, which are the more dangerous as they are perfectly true, and an additional proof of the ease with which truth may be distorted by a malignant slanderer, for the vilest ends.

Sir, it is not to be disputed that Mr. S. Sneak saw me the other evening *transported*—with joy at the news of a legacy I received; that he saw me *brandied* pretty effectually—by four tumblers of the finest Cognac (he himself drank five at my expense). As to stripes on my back, I wore a striped shooting-jacket; and, sir, I regret to add was obliged to pull Mr. Stabber's nose for calling me "a horrid old *zebra!*" My slanderer continues to say that I descended to the lowest offices. Well, I confess to having descended into the cellar to get some more Cognac for 'the ungrateful Sneak. What he means by "dirty tricks" I am at a loss to conjecture, unless the calumniator refers to several games at *écarté* I was fool enough to play with a greasy pack of cards which he (Stabber) produced from his pocket, and which turned out to be marked and prepared for swindling.

Now, sir, having refuted the special charges, I can only repudiate with scorn the general imputation of baseness, which is evidently a veiled allusion to my well-known *base voice*. With regard to "cutting my best friends," being a sculptor by profession, I certainly do not wish to deny the charge; and as to my being "altogether a barefaced person," it is not my fault that nature has given me less than the average amount of beard and whiskers.

Hoping that the urgency of the case will excuse my prolix encroachment on your invaluable space,

Believe me,
Respected Showman.
Your sincere friend,
Praxiteles Spinks.

RAILWAY FRATERNIZATION.

Absurd Musical Rumour.—It has been ridiculously asserted that the talented M. Vivier, who has gained so much celebrity by his four notes on the horn, is about to publish a series of six letters on the trombone.

A short time since since there was a report that in certain parts of Mexico the soil was full of the purest gold ore. On the strength of this, several thousand adventurers set out from all parts of America; but as the bubble had burst before their arrival at the place of their destination, we would advise them to console themselves with the reflection that their hopes were all *o'er*, if the soil was not.

The Two Barrys.—The difference between Mr. Barry the clown, and Mr. Barry the architect, is that the former makes the house laugh at his tricks, and the latter plays tricks that make him laugh at the House. The general estimate of the former being rather low, and that of the latter enormously high.

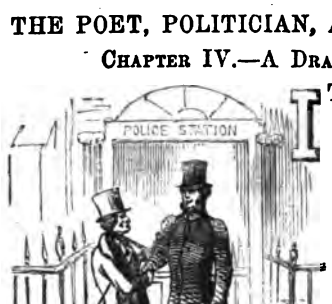
Latest News from our Berlin Correspondent.—The army is about to be disbanded, as Corporal Schmidt was heard to remark that soldiers at least would remain men of rank (and file) in spite of the democrats.

All Communications to the Editor or the Publisher should be addressed—Puppet Show Office, 334 *Strand*.

London: Published by George Vickers, at the Office of the Puppet-Show, 334 Strand, in the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex; and printed by the said George Vickers at the Office of Vizetelly Brothers and Co. Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.

THE POET, POLITICIAN, AND POLICEMAN.

Chapter IV.—A Dramatic Plot.



It was some time before I saw Tomkins again. It was evident that there was a wish on his part to conceal the continuation of his adventures. However, I willingly pardoned his remissness in breaking the appointment which he had made; for, if we consider it a misfortune to be compelled to hear all the history of a man's life when he has met with nothing but good fortune, we cannot blame the one who shows some tardiness in relating the particulars of a career which has been only a series of ill-luck.

Nevertheless, I was anxious to ascertain the fate of Tomkins and of his farce. I accordingly hunted him up at the station-house, and drew him forth covered with blushes—for though a policeman he was perfectly modest. Bashful men should never tell falsehoods: the excuses of Tomkins for not having called on me were so transparent that at last it only remained for him to throw himself on my mercy, and promise to come on the following evening, when, after a little trouble, I induced him to continue his narrative as follows:—

"My feelings on leaving the theatre were those of the bitterest disappointment. In the savageness of my heart I could almost have turned philanthropist, but my bad nature seldom prevailed long, and a cigar and half an hour's reflection quite restored my habitual serenity. I had gone to the manager with the idea that I was to produce a farce which, although a farce, was constructed on the same principles as the immortal tragedies of Greece; which moreover united the stern grandeur of the classical with the graceful picturesqueness of the romantic school; which did not disdain to borrow the wit which sparkles in the *vaudevilles* of France, the humour which glows in the comedies of England, together with something of German profundity, Italian gaiety, and Spanish dignity. I had, moreover, gone to him with the idea that I was to receive fifty pounds for my production. And how were my aspirations to be realized? All that my piece possessed of classicality and beauty was to be destroyed, out of compliment to the low comedian, and for the trouble which this would occasion to the reviser I was to sacrifice my claims to remuneration, and thank my stars for getting the farce brought out at all!" * * * * *

For some minutes Tomkins was unable to proceed. His recollections were too much for him. I therefore filled him a glass of grog, which had the desired effect of enabling him to continue.

"Excuse my emotions," said the poor fellow: "after the numerous scenes through which I have passed you may be sure that no ordinary reminiscence would cause me tears. I can now laugh at incidents which in my youth and inexperience have caused me many sleepless nights. But the sacrifice of wit to dulness, and good taste to a low comedian, always awakens in me the profoundest sorrow. It was Bolster, the fat and stupid buffoon, who pained me; the loss of the fifty pounds was nothing.

"But to come to facts. My farce was underlined as the production of 'one of the most popular authors,' the advertisements in the newspapers were headed with 'first night of a new farce.' I had a private box placed at my disposal, and the number of orders which I was privileged to send in on the first night was unlimited. The last rehearsal had taken place, but to this I paid no attention. The alterations made in my piece by the theatrical cobbler had sufficiently disgusted me to prevent my being present after the first reading. Besides, no heed was paid to my suggestions, and if I had told the first footman to bring in a letter in his right hand instead of his left, he would have persisted in his absurdity, and I should not have had the 'moral courage' (which I believe is the latest slang for impudence) to reprimand him in the presence of so many persons as were assembled on the occasion in question.

"On the morning of the day when the farce was to be produced, I awoke with the feelings of a man about to undergo 'the severest penalty of the law,'—not marriage but the other thing. I ate a hearty breakfast and read a work on philosophy for half an hour, when Junius Libel, the literary slanderer, called upon me in order to agree on arrangements for making the farce 'go,' as he expressed it in the slang diction of the press and the stage.

"At the request of this youth I ordered another breakfast with various accessaries which I should never have thought of, had not his fertile imagination suggested them. He ate with the ferocity of an ogre, and in drinking displayed the capabilities of ten reporters, after which he proceeded to arrange plans for the success of the farce. It was a long time before I could be prevailed upon to allow any illegitimate means to be resorted to in order to aid its fortunes, but Junius upset every one of my arguments with a sarcasm, and settled each scruple with a sneer. I became then an easy convert to his principles, and listened with attention to the announcement of his scheme.

"Young Libel was one of the principal contributors to a journal entitled the *Scorpion; a Satirical, Political, and Quizzical Chronicle*. It was sold for a penny, and had been produced with the several objects of bringing the government to terms on the ——— Bill, driving Mr. Glumley from the management of the Italian Opera, and writing down the *Edinburgh Review*. Neither of these objects had been attained, but nevertheless Junius Libel was an accomplished satirist; he had a healthy contempt for everybody, was great at magnifying a fault into a crime, and a perfect Joseph Ady in telling persons 'something to their *dis*advantage' on payment of one guinea per article from the proprietors of the journal. For the rest, he was strong in his friendships and was as happy to puff a friend as to abuse a man of whom he knew nothing one way or the other. Mr. Longprimer, the printer and proprietor of the *Scorpion*, had great faith in Libel, which principally arose from his giving himself a great many airs, and always insisting on having his money in advance. Being besides of a good-natured disposition, he used to oblige the young slanderer in a great many ways. He would allow his boys (or 'devils' as some persons insist on calling them) to be employed in carrying Libel's love-letters, and one of them was to be seen two or three times a-week emerging from his temporary master's 'chambers' (as he called his bed-room on a third floor) clad in a complete page's dress, which had been manufactured expressly for these occasions.

"Longprimer had, at Libel's earnest request, consented that he should be allowed to offer tickets for the first night of my farce to all his compositors. As Junius wrote his manuscript in a very clear hand, and never made alterations in his proofs, he was rather popular in the office, and it was soon arranged that the pit doors should be stormed at an early hour by a hundred and twenty men with hard hands and an aversion to standing any nonsense."

MORE DID YOU EVERS.

Did you ever know a Chartist orator begin a harangue about equality and the rights of man without calling his greasy auditory "ladies and gentlemen?"

Did you ever know an ugly man who was not fond of talking of the beauties of the mind?

Did you ever know a magistrate who was not "worthy," at least in the penny-a-liners' reports?

Did you ever know a farmer who was pleased with the weather?

Did you ever know a tradesman who could get in any money at all in these terribly hard times?

Did you ever know an actor who was not kept down by a disgraceful plot in the profession against him?

Did you ever know a theatrical critic who never recommended the "judicious employment of the pruning-knife?"

Did you ever know a real sailor who could dance a hornpipe?

And did you ever know a real smuggler who was in the habit of saying, "Ware Hawks—douse the glim!"

POPULAR FRENCH LOGIC.

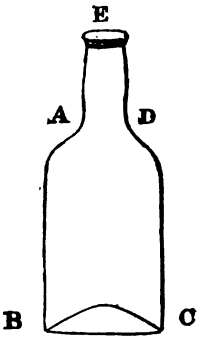
LEGITIMACY is the succession to supreme power of the members of a peculiar family, not because they are fitting depositaries for that power, but because of the accident of their birth.

But we, the French people, hate and have abolished legitimacy, therefore we will vote for Louis Napoleon to be President, because he is the nephew of his uncle.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF AN EMPTY BOTTLE.

WE perceive that Professor Ryan is giving lectures at the Polytechnic Institution on the "Philosophy of an Empty Bottle," out of which he no doubt gets a large measure of valuable information. However, there are doubtless more matters connected with the subject than are dreamed of in his philosophy, and we therefore take the liberty of publishing the following, by way of supplement to the Professor's lecture:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The bottle which I hold in my hand is what is commonly called a quart bottle, on the celebrated *luc. a non luc.* principle; for it certainly does not hold a quart. Many of you would probably accept my assertion as truth, and others would be fully satisfied were I to prove to them, by ocular demonstration, that I cannot put a quart into this quart bottle. I prefer adopting a plan more in accordance with the severe principles of science, and will therefore prove to you, by mathematical arguments, that the vessel called a quart bottle, which I hold in my hand, cannot contain a quantity of liquid equal to one quart.



Let A B C D E be a quart bottle.

Then A B C D E shall not contain a quart.

For let bottle A B C D E contain a quart;

And from bottle A B C D E cut off part A B C D = a pint.

And ∵ bottle A B C D E = a quart.

And part A B C D = a pint.

∴ the remainder E A D = a pint.

But A B C D = a pint.

∴ E A D = A B C D;

i.e., bottle's neck E A D = bottle's body A B C D, which is exceedingly absurd.

Wherefore quart bottle A B C D E cannot contain a quart.

Q. E. D.

Having, then, Ladies and Gentlemen, settled the question as to how much this quart bottle can contain, let us proceed to the more interesting inquiry of "What did it contain?"

It might have contained the Moselle for drinking which, at the mess table, Captain Reynolds incurred the just but temperate wrath of Lord Cardigan; it might have contained the generous Burgundy of the West-end clubs, the hot Port of the suburban back parlours, the noxious Marsala of the Whittington Slap-bang, or the soul-destroying gin of the labouring classes.

As it is, it contained neither the one nor the other, but simply some whisky, which I sent for from the Scotch stores yesterday afternoon. And now that I am lecturing on the "philosophy of empty bottles," I think the most philosophical thing I can do will be to send back the empty bottle and regain the threepence which was left as deposit on it, and which I can advantageously expend in practical experiments on a pint of half-and-half.

MISERABLE STATE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.—Louis Napoleon has borrowed all that he can boast of from his uncle, and will never be able to redeem any one of his pledges!

INGENIOUS DISCOVERY BY PUNCH.—*Punch* lately found out that "Joseph Ady, or the Secret" would be a good title for a burlesque on "Haydee, or the Secret." It so happens that the SHOWMAN had made the same discovery many weeks previously, and had informed the public thereof through his usual medium. We don't mind our funny friend's imitating our *programme* of the entertainments at St. Paul's Cathedral line by line, but we must really object to having our paragraphs transferred literally to his columns unless the same be duly acknowledged.

OUR LEADER.

HIGH ART AND LOW ART.

THE dodge which we have so often exposed in music, of passing off ponderous productions as sublime, and condemning pleasing melodies as frivolous, is now being tried in literature. One fool makes many, and the musical fools are now creating a vast horde of literary brothers.

The *Athenæum* recently came out with an article abusive of the light literature of the day; and, as that journal prides itself on its heaviness, it appropriately selected one of the very dullest of its *corps* to write the attack. Indeed, we should not wonder if the writer chosen were the mediocre son of the mediocre Scotchman who occupied a fourth-rate position in letters some years ago; or worse still even, the heavy young man who did the ponderous indignation in, and helped to kill, a magazine of radicalism that went out in snuff at no very distant period. The article was stupid enough for either of those persons; but, as the asininity of the *Athenæum* is inexhaustible, it is quite possible that even some stupider man than either of them was dragged out of obscurity for the occasion. However, it is not worth while to pursue the inquiry at present. At some future period we may harpoon these literary porpusses for our own and the public amusement.

It is amusing to hear the *Athenæum* abusing light literature, when we remember that Bulwer has described it as the "grace and flower of human culture." However, perhaps it is *because* it is the "flower" of culture that the heavy critics are anxious to destroy it. The antipathy of certain animals to flowers is well known; they prefer acorns, turnips, and husks. Let them indulge in such garbage, but not rush into gardens—otherwise rings must be put into their snouts to prevent them from doing harm.

The motive of the attack is as base as the execution is stupid. It is what Dr. Maginn called "low tradesmanlike dirt" that they are flinging. It is because the men they abuse *sell* that they assault them, and the morality of the attempt to injure them is on a par with that of the poor scribbler of Moses' advertisements, who carefully cautions the public against rival houses. The works of Reach, Mayhew, and the other gentlemen who contribute to the light literature of England, have a circulation more extensive than that of all the productions of these "high art" persons put together. And what a compliment do they pay the public in abusing the books that it chiefly patronises? The public is the real arbiter after all, as Dr. Johnson said when his *Irene* was damned; and it is a great pity that the *Athenæum* set cannot bear the condemnation of *their* failures with the same good sense and tranquillity, but will try to revenge themselves on their more fortunate rivals—as a naughty boy avenges himself for his whipping by beating one of his brothers, whose good conduct has made him a family favourite.

This sort of thing must be soon checked. Are the *Athenæum* critics quite safe from reprisals? Have none of them written vulnerable books—from the goggle-eyed poetaster of second-rate tea-parties (who, considering his poetical and personal pretensions, seems to try to unite Hyperion and a Satyr in his own person) to the leaden progeny of Caledonian dulness above alluded to?

It may be worth their while to consider this; and further, will they, who are so lofty in their notions, reconcile their moral assumption with the curious sympathy which is observed to exist between their *critical* and their *advertising* columns?

PINS & NEEDLES.

Since the Whig governor, Lord Torrington, went to Ceylon, the colony has been in dreadful difficulties; in fact, its geographical position must have been altered, since it has got into "Torrington Straits."

One portrait of the Emperor of Austria, published the other day, represented him with very thick lips; another made them thin. However, both may be right; since it is well known that he lies through thick and thin on every possible occasion.

A set of engineers have published a report upon the state of the sewers and dirty places in London. How comes the Whittington Club to have been omitted?

The West Riding has thrown young Fitzwilliam overboard. This shows a healthy state of the community, and proclaims its non-liability to be taken with fits.

Several actors have complained of the severity of our theatrical criticisms, and pretend that we have a general dislike to the "profession." We can assure these dissatisfied gentlemen that it is not their profession but their practice which we object to.

When the Whittington or Cat's Meat Club was first started, Jerrold's friends boasted that he was coming out with a bang. Instead of this, he only came out with a Slap-bang.

Cavaignac will have, we hear, to imitate Mahomet; for if the Mountain won't come to him, he must go to the Mountain.

We are heartily glad to see that a new translation of Kant's great work has been published; for everybody who reads the *Athenæum* and other journals must admit that *A Critic of pure Reason* is terribly wanted in this country.

The King of Prussia has frequently been accused of thinking of nothing but his own interests. The recent differences, however, between the throne and the Assembly proves that his Majesty can at times forget himself in a most extraordinary manner.

We see there have been some more disputes anent the Bishoprick of Hereford. Surely this must be the "See of troubles" alluded to by Hamlet in his famous soliloquy.

We were glad to see our old friend Roebuck as vigorous as ever in the Fitzwilliam affair. He contrasted capitally with "the boy," who certainly is fit for no Riding but a rocking-horse.

The *Court Circular* lately informed us that "the Queen, and Prince Albert, accompanied by the younger branches of the royal family, arrived at Osborne," &c. For the convenience of the two august personages just mentioned, we trust they were accompanied by the royal trunks as well as branches.

If by chance Her Majesty and Prince Albert had not been accompanied by the trunks alluded to in the preceding paragraph, we fancy that the Royal Theatricals would begin rather sooner than anticipated, and that the first piece—principal characters by Her Majesty and Consort—would be the farce of *Anything for a Change*.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT BLUM,

MEMBER OF THE GRAND CENTRAL GERMAN PARLIAMENT,

Murdered at Vienna, November, 1848, by contrivance of Prince Windischgrätz and Baron Jellachich.

BEHOLD a murdered patriot's honoured tomb!
The fearless orator lies mute in death.
Yet shall thy awful silence, Robert Blum,
Have speech more mighty than thy living breath.

Vain was thy sacred trust, in vain thy right
A conquered warrior's privilege to claim;
Thy coward judges, with a fierce delight,
Demanded, and obtained, eternal shame!

Barbarian cowardice, ungenerous, mean,
Fulfilled this deed accursed: yet shall thy shade
Rise terrible in many a battle's scene,
To paralyse the bigot's thirsty blade.

Woe to thy murderers—let infamy
Haunt them to the extremest verge of age.
Thou vengeful ball! thou axe! O pass them by!
Leave them to man's contempt and history's page!

There is a Greek maxim which tells you to know yourself. We suppose it was in conformity to this that Frankenstein created the monster by whom he was afterwards so long pursued; by acting thus he may with justice be said "to have made his own acquaintance."

THE BOY FITZWILLIAM.

WE are glad to see that this unhappy juvenile has retired from the absurd expedition into which he entered, of attempting to thrust himself on the constituency of the West Riding; although we have no doubt that the "retreat of the ten thousand" which his wealthy parent was doubtless prepared to spend in getting him in, caused much disappointment to the dishonest portion of the electors. Many absurdities have been perpetrated by constituencies before this, but let us thank ourselves that we have been spared the degradation of having an untutored, uncultivated (though we hope not altogether *unlicked*) cub, thrust into the parliament of England. The youth appears to have been more dull than the general run of unpromising boys. When before the last meeting, he actually could not comprehend the questions put to him! In fact his appearance at all was as well worthy of chastisement as the intrusion of any graceless whelp into an orchard. He was doubtless playing truant from school at the time he appeared at Leeds, and will, we hope, be duly punished for it.

Now that he is once more in his parents' hands, for goodness' sake let them have him educated, so as to spare themselves the pain of a repetition of such a discreditable exhibition as the young hobbledehoy has this time made. If he is to be a politician, why let them give him at least that trifling knowledge of politics that falls to the lot of country gentlemen.

We think that his friends are likely to do this now, and expect that the following scholastic scene will soon be witnessed in his papa's study:—

SCENE.—*The study.*

Master. "Now, Master Fitzwilliam, what does C O R N spell?"

Boy (whimpering). "Please, sir, I don't know!"

Master. "Now, there's a good boy, it shall have its West Riding yet, if it's not naughty! C O R N?"

Boy (blubbering). "I can't tell."

[*Here an interesting ceremony, to which we cannot more particularly allude, is performed by the indignant Master.*]

Master. "C O R N, corn. Be a good boy, sir, or—"

Boy (rubbing himself). "Corn!"

Master. "Bravo! It shall have its West Riding. I'll go and tell papa that it knows all about corn." [*Exeunt Master and Boy.*

SOCIAL SKETCHES BY GAVARNI—NO. I.

LONDON POLITENESS.

Obliging Londoner—TAKE THE FIRST TURNING TO YOUR RIGHT, THEN THE THIRD TO YOUR LEFT, AND YOU CAN'T MISS IT.

Grateful Provincial—OH !—I THANK YOU, SIR.

THE "MAN MADE OF MONEY."

WHAT money is he made of?

From his dulness, one would think he was made of lead rather than of tin.

From his worthlessness, one would imagine that he was not composed of bullion, but of (waste) paper money.

If formed of bullion, it must be of gold, the heaviest metal, for his weight is such that no one can support him.

But what money can he be made of, when every one acknowledges that he is not worth a shilling?

No: the "Man" is worthless; for if you get hold of him in a reading-room, you will find it impossible to change him for anything worth having.

SOCIAL PNEUMATICS.—In order ultimately to raise the wind, Louis Napoleon is getting up puffs in every direction!

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.—The other night, observing a crowd in the neighbourhood of the Whittington Club, we rushed to the spot (armed of course with our smelling-bottle), when we saw that the sensation was created by the arrival of a gentleman's cab, which had stopped at the door! Of course it was obvious that it could not belong to a member. We could, however, get no information as to who was its owner, and conclude therefore that some flunkey, having put down his master in the neighbourhood, had driven to the "club" to get a cup of coffee.

"STOP THIEF!"

THE STAGE DICTIONARY:

OR

ENCYCLOPÆDIA DRAMATICA.

(*Continued.*)

K.

KEMBLES (The family of the).—A numerous tribe of ladies and gentlemen who were remarkable for their attachment to the legitimate drama, and one of the chief members of which introduced horses upon the stage of Drury Lane, for the first time, in *Timour the Tartar*. The present representative of the family on the stage, Mrs. Fanny Butler, is remarkable for the great length and swelling dimensions of her "Oh, oha." When she was playing Queen Katherine, on the Shakspere night, at Covent Garden, we left the theatre as she was beginning one of these exclamations, drunk a glass of ale in Bow Street, and returned to our place in time to hear the end of the ejaculation.

KING (Stage).—The stage king is remarkable for always wearing his crown, which he is probably in the habit of giving out to the Lord Chamberlain every morning to be brushed up with whiting. He never moves from one room in his palace to another without a flourish of trumpets, a practice which we have no doubt is followed by actual potentates. Indeed we should not be surprised if Harper and Kœnig relieve each other by turns at Buckingham Palace, so as to play a few notes—say of the Post Horn Galop, or "Sich a Gettin' up Stairs"—every time the queen walks into her bed-room or her nursery.

L.

LAUDANUM.—See Legitimacy.

LEADER.—Generally the first violin of the orchestra. Latterly, however, the bands of theatres have come to be so numerously officered by conductors, directors, &c. &c., that we shortly expect to see an announcement of a new opera-house contain some such paragraph as the following:—

"The Orchestra will consist of one hundred performers.

Conductor	M. Costa.
Sub-conductor	Mr. Balfe.
Director	M. Benedict.
Manager	Signor Schirra.
Superintendent	Mr. Tully.
Comptroller	Mr. Wallace.
Inspector	M. Hector Derlioz.
Master	M. Jullien.
Leader	Mr. Blagrove.
Sub-leader	Mr. H. Hughes.
Secretary	Mr. Beale.
Chaplain	Mr. Smith.

"The other principal appointments in the orchestra have not yet been filled up."

LEGITIMATE.—The legitimate drama, in the eyes of the quacks who make the most use of the term, is generally understood to signify that class of plays which have five acts, no incidents, no effects, and no interest; but which it is reckoned praiseworthy and intellectual to sit through without falling asleep. Viewed in this light, the legitimate drama is a nightmare, a superstition, a wet blanket, a humbug. The SHOWMAN begs, however, to state, once for all, that every good play, into whatever number of acts it may be thrown, belongs to the legitimate drama. That there may be a legitimate burlesque, or a legitimate farce, as well as a legitimate tragedy; and that the people who would pin the public down to one form of dramatic expression as the only legitimate form, are as great quacks as any who ever started an universal pill or an universal ointment.

LIST (Free).—The roll of people who have free admissions to theatres is made up of two classes of names—those of the manager's friends, and those of his foes—those whom he loves, and those whom he fears. As a general rule, it is most respectable to be reckoned amongst the latter.

LORGNETTE.—A theatrical telescope used for dramatic stars. (*N.B.* Never ask your friend for the loan of his lorgnette during the ballet.) The lorgnette is useful for many purposes. We know a dramatic author, who, seeing a man hissing his piece in the pit—it was a first night—went up to the slips and dropped his lorgnette upon the hisser's head—by accident, of course. The man's scull was fractured, which didn't signify; but then the lorgnette was cracked, which did.

LOVER (Stage).—He always wears—that is to say, in modern pieces—white trowsers; he always bribes his enchantress's maid; he is always smuggled in to the mistress through this lady's agency. The interview is always interrupted by a choleric uncle, father, or guardian. The lover is then always concealed in a cupboard, where he always breaks the plates. The maid always says, "It's only the cat." The lover is, however, always caught, when it always turns out that he is the very man whom the choleric uncle, father, or guardian, has been tormenting the beautiful and accomplished niece, daughter, or ward, to marry, and so the stage lover and the stage young lady are married accordingly.

QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE WHITTINGTON CLUB.

[FROM OUR OWN REPORTERS.]

THE usual quarterly meeting of this institution was held recently in the Club Rooms, Strand, Mr. Douglas Jerrold in the chair.

The Chairman said, that in meeting them on this occasion he was sorry to say that he was obliged to confess that, as parent of the institution, he had been very neglectful of his children (*Hear, hear*). They, however, could not complain, as he had treated them no worse than he had other of his offspring, such as Miss Robinson Crusoe, Master Tom Thumb, and that darling infant Mrs. Bib's Baby. He had not only neglected them, but further, he had been guilty of cruelty to animals, for had he not abandoned "*Punch's* Little Bird?"—a bird which, he had no doubt, a disgusting periodical of the day would, in its black malignity, assert to be a gosling! (*Tremendous laughter, which rather disconcerted Duggy.*) There were no doubts of the advantages of this institution. They had good wholesome beef to eat; and as to their intellectual wants, were they not amply provided for by the supply of an admirable newspaper, and a brilliant portrait? (*A laugh.*) There was all that could gratify the body and the mind. When the youthful member pushed away his pewter plate with the potato peelings upon it, could not his eye wander to that nobler plate on which were stamped the striking lineaments of the countenance of a great man of this day? (*Tremendous cheering.*) In conclusion, he hoped that the Whittington Club would prosper, nay, haply produce, like another of his offspring, some great literary work. (*Here a gentleman, who had incautiously entered the house, cried, "I hope not," and was instantly removed.*)

At this period the "Hymn to Douglas," the work of some genius of the Club, in a moment of inspiration, was sung by the company. As it is exceedingly probable that none of our readers ever heard of it, we subjoin the first stanza, assuring them that it is *bonâ fide* the genuine doggrel of some dog of the club, and intended to do honour to the founder.

"The noble Douglas leads the van,
For progress toiling all he can—
A spirit in the form of man,
God-patented nobility!"

The first thing that strikes one in this delicious *morceau* is its admirable appropriateness to the subject. "Sweets to the sweet," &c. "All he can" is a deliciously poetic bit. We really don't believe that Keats could have done anything like it. Indeed we don't.

After this inspiring strain a report was made of the favourable progress of the potato-can; and after the usual complaints about the four-penn'orths of beef, &c., the meeting broke up.

PROBLEM.

Given—An estate in Tipperary. *Required*—The rents.

Any one solving the above problem may have the estate in question to himself. The title-deeds are now in the hands of our butterman.

A STUPID INSULT.—A small paper—which having in vain endeavoured to injure us by fair means, has now resorted to falsehood—quoted a paragraph last week (in which a joke appears on "R.A." and "ray!") as being extracted from the PUPPET-SHOW. The paragraph in question never disgraced our columns: it appeared in *Punch*.

A HINT TO PRETENDERS.

THE SHOWMAN presents his compliments to the supporters of M. Louis Napoleon, and begs that some one of them, who happens to be acquainted with the useful art of reading, will proceed forthwith to read the following sentence to his chief. It is the 94th maxim of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld.

"*Les grands noms abaissent, au lieu d'élever, ceux qui ne les savent pas soutenir.*"

The SHOWMAN further hopes that the said supporter, who can read, will proceed to illustrate this maxim to Monsieur, by such homely examples as may be comprehensible by his intellect. Thus: let him understand that if a man be the rickety son of a great prize-fighter, it will not do for him to go into the ring on the strength of his father's name alone, &c. Let him add also, that it is well to understand this in time, else when in the ring he will find it too late.

THE TRIUMPH OF COTTON.

Two or three times, in what is called the Season
By those who make pretensions to gentility,
To hold a Drawing-Room the Queen agrees on,
And give full scope for cringing and servility.
On such occasions, all St. James's Street,
Pall Mall, the Park, are scenes of great commotion,
Which all attempts of the Descriptive beat
To give you of them more than a faint notion.

From ev'ry quarter, to that dingy pile,
Surnamed St. James's Palace, a long file
Of carriages, which seemeth without end,
As slowly as a snail its way doth wend.

And in these self-same carriages, arrayed
In all the pride
Of silk and satin, jewellery, and lace,
There may be spied
Full many a fair and beauteous blooming maid,
Whose sentimental, or else laughing face—
Whose blue and soft, or black and sparkling eye—
Which makes the brilliants which she wears to pale—
Will most assuredly not fail
To leave a most uncomfortable trace
Of the one glance you caught as she passed by.

Then, too, there 're those old, painted, wheezing hags
Called dowagers, who, as is most notorious,
Can scarce more hold together—like those flags
Hung up, in highly tattered plight,
As trophies of some famous fight—
The only difference is, they 're not so glorious.
All men of sense most surely will agree
In our idea: these hateful hags would act
More wisely to be thinking of the black
Plumes which we see
The undertakers place on hearses,
Than of the white ones which they love to wear.

Besides all these, the coaches bear
Old mummies of the other sex as well;
Who—though they're now so doating, trembling, drivelling,
And so far in their second childhood snivelling,
That it seems strange their friends should let them roam
A step from home
Without their nurses—
Think that for them Dame Nature 's worked a spell,
And though all other men may change, they—they alone
Still are what they have been in days long flown.

It was, then, at a Drawing-room last year,
That as young Lotzofdibbs, the son and heir
Of the rich railway chairman of that name,
And who's but waiting for his father's shoes,
Was coming up the stair
(Or stairs, which meaneth just the same),
His sword got 'twixt his legs, and made him stumble.
At this, Lord Hawsetayle, of the Blues,
Who happened to be standing near,
Was heard, with a sardonic sneer,
To mumble:

"Well—really—on my honour, I declare,
It seems he can't rely on those legs there,
More than on others I could name."
No sooner had his lordship these words said,
Than Lotzofdibbs turned firstly pale, then straightway
very red;
His bosom panted, and his eye flashed flame.
Then, going to his lordship, he began:
"I 'll not be ridiculed, by any man.
This very instant, I demand and claim
That you retract your words, or give me satisfaction."
"I should prefer the latter," said his foe.
"Good," answered Lotzofdibbs, "then let us go
And find some place for our slight transaction."

Now, reader, that you may
Clearly perceive the hidden sting,
Which, in the words, that Hawsetayle chose to fling
In Lotzofdibbs' visage, lay,
We think 't is now the proper time to say,
That by the legs he spoke of in his sally,
His lordship had referred to those possessed
By Ma'mselle Entre-Chat, who, 't was confessed,
Had got the best of all great Lumley's *ballet*.
This lady Lotsofdibbs had once adored,
With letters pestered, and with presents stored;
And, in her love supremely blissful, said,
He meant to go still further, and to wed.
But, ere the marriage could be brought about,
Lord Hawsetayle had stepped in and cut him out.

* * * * *

Within a shooting-gallery near at hand,
With scowling looks the rival heroes stand:
A space of fifteen paces is between,
And in each grasp a deadly weapon 's seen.
And now the signal 's given. "One—two—three;
Fire, gentlemen"—they straightway do so—see,
The balls have missed their destined mark, for there
Unscathed, unhurt, uninjured stand the pair.
Now once again they fire, but this time, though,
Lord Hawsetayle, having aimed his bullet low,
The murderous metal
In Lotzofdibbs's calve thought fit to settle.
The doctor rushes straightway to the spot,
And having got
His instruments all ready,
Begins to probe about to find the shot.
Yet Lotzofdibbs sustains the operation
With mien unaltered, and with bearing steady,
He flincheth not.
He beats the far-famed Indians all hollow;
For, though he knows that amputation
May quickly follow,
And that his dancing he must then give o'er,
And round a ball-room lightly twirl no more.
Nor e'er again in polka shine or waltz—
He bears it like a Roman: not a word
Or groan to issue from his lips is heard.
But all this fortitude, which must excite
Our wonder, admiration, and surprise,
We think it right
To tell you might
Perhaps arise
From this slight circumstance—the calve was false!

MORE THEFTS.—*Punch* recently had a paragraph containing the double merit of a theft and an absurdity. It purported to be an advice to the French people how to obtain quiet, recommending them with that object to "take a *Nap*." Louis Napoleon, being a fool, is naturally preferred to the other candidates by the author of this paragraph. The joke, however, on his name is about thirty years old, having first been made by Thomas Moore, as everybody having the slightest tincture of letters is well aware. The *Punch* gang, having been many discreditable things in their day, are now becoming LITERARY RESURRECTIONISTS—digging up dead jokes and vending their carcases to the public.

JUPITER NODDING!

THE *Times*, which is most masculine and vigorous in its leaders, occasionally descends to twaddle in its literary notices. Thus, while it thunders against Lord Brougham in the first, it is found in the second to load with panegyric the heavy cant of Warren, and even to praise the poetry of Willmott—which in reality is nothing more than the feeble chirping of a church mouse—as if its melody was as divine as that of St. Cecilia. No doubt, the object of Mr. Willmott was very pure (for we won't suppose that he even thought of the probability of getting any money by the sale of his poems); no doubt, he is a well-meaning young man, wears a white choker, preaches with perfumed cambric in hand, and—like Thackeray's Sydney Scraper—never exceeds his half-pint of port; but notwithstanding these qualifications, we don't exactly think he ought to be mounted on a column of the *Times*, like a poetical St. Simeon Stylites! Something more is wanting than good intentions and good rhymes to fit a man for a seat on Parnassus in company with Chatterton, Keats, and Tennyson. Coventry Patmore has poems twice as good as anything that Mr. Willmott has done; but Jupiter has never condescended to honour him in the same way!

The reason is obvious. If a man chooses to get hold of a religious dogma, and sprinkle it over with flowers—however commonplace—he is always exalted into a genius, in deference to the prejudices of bigotry. For our part, we would treat all these sacred singing birds as the Roman Consul treated the sacred birds, in one of the naval expeditions of the Punic Wars—we would pitch them overboard directly!

Porson remarked that Southey's geese were all swans. The feathers are already beginning to drop off Kirke White. Don't let us have them transferred to Willmott.

LITERARY AND PHILOLOGICAL.—Calling on a non-literary friend the other day, we were much astonished by his telling us, with great glee, that he had just "got up an Italian article." On investigation, it turned out that the article in question had no connexion with the present political crisis, but was simply a lesson in the Italian grammar which he was studying—as the Italians wished to legislate—"without a master."

AN UNGUARDED ADMISSION.—Letting Urquhart into Parliament.

ARCHITECTURAL.—Several Irish bricklayers (supposed to be secretly implicated in the O'Brien business) have retired from the profession, declaring that since the late rebellion, they feel an insuperable aversion to the sight of a scaffold.

ROYAL PROMISES FOR SALE.

To be be sold by auction, to the lowest bidder (that is, the greatest snob), the following promises by the present King of Prussia, a great many of them broken:—

Lot 1. To give the people a free constitution seven years ago; oaths, and pledging his honour as, &c., &c., inclusive.

The lots that immediately follow are too numerous to mention, being to the tune of some hundreds of strong serviceable perjuries to a like effect.

Lot 362. A promise to banish a liberal author (kept most conscientiously). Several similar lots on sale.

Lot 500. A promise to govern only as the delegate of the people, &c., if they would be generous enough not to shoot him at the outbreak of the revolution. (This lot was considerably damaged.)

Lot 501. A promise to himself never to keep faith with his subjects when out of range of rebellious muskets. (In good preservation.)

Lot 502. A promise never to make any promises in future, but to hoist the black flag of despotism, and fight openly for the principles he practises secretly. (Quite new, warranted to last till the defeat of his troops by the liberal party.)

Lots 503 to 10,000 will be sold in the course of the next year, if the king be still alive to carry on the manufactory.

HINTS TO MUSICAL CRITICS.

GENERAL MAXIMS.

1. In writing for the *Daily News*, abuse Balfe, snarl at Auber, sneer at Donizetti, carp at Bellini, patronise Rossini, extol Handel, glorify Gluck, and rave about Beethoven. Remember that because Handel was a great musician, *therefore* every one who writes in a different style from that of Handel must be a fool. *N.B.*—Melody is appreciated by the million, and is therefore vulgar.

2. In writing for the *Morning Post*, praise a singer or composer not according to the talent of each, but according to the theatre at which they are heard. In noticing the performances at Lumley's, a celebrated authority was in the habit of alluding to the "divine inspiration and majestic appearance of Grisi;" but when *La Diva* seceded to Covent Garden, the critic talked about the "fury of the southern woman, with a waist like a Heidelberg tun."

3. A *Times* critic must always stick up for the heavy British school of dreary classicality. Macfarren and Sterndale Bennet would not stoop to the invention of melody (which is only something to "tickle the ear"), but their compositions are "majestic," "severe," "sublime," and "full of grand harmonic combinations."

4. For the *Observer* write stupidity, and misquote Italian from the *libretto* of the opera under notice.

5. In *Punch* praise Lumley's (Delafield is sparing with his free admissions). Give two puns for a pit ticket, an epigram against "the other house" for a stall, a column of jocular puff for a box in the fourth circle, and a long article, comparing the Royal Italian Opera to the Grecian Saloon, for one on the second tier.

MINOR MAXIMS.

1. An air is never sung by a vocalist. It is always "rendered," "given," or "interpreted."

2. The female voice is either *soprano*, *mezzo-soprano*, or *contralto*. The safest thing to predicate of a voice is, that it is a *mezzo-soprano*, as you then cannot be very far wrong either way. If unable to say what a voice is, you can generally say what it is n't; as the odds will, of course, always be in your favour against it being one of three things.

3. Abuse anything which is particularly pleasing to the audience. You will thus prove yourself a person of superior taste.

4. In order to prove your powers of observation and the nicety of your discrimination, bestow a good deal of praise on an obscure passage for the *piccolo;* or say, "We may here remark a phrase of great beauty which the composer has given to the bassoon"—a delicate attention, for which the bassoon will ever after be grateful.

5. It is very fashionable to apply to music epithets which belong properly to other branches of art. Besides, it is a mistake to suppose that music appeals only to the ear. Many great authorities speak of the colouring of a *concerto;* others leave the organ of vision for that of touch, and allude to the "masterly handling" of a subject; very many intrude into the realms of taste, and style an air "delicious;" and some few will go so far as to patronise the sense of smell, and say that an opera is "redolent" of something or other.

The *Morning Post* went mad after the revolution of February, and has not yet come to its senses. Last week it was raving about the murders of Blum and Bem, which it disposes of with a vulgar but at the same time sanguinary "serve them right." After denouncing all the writers of all but the Tory journals as revolutionists and conspirators, it "argues" (we like to be courteous) that the radicals should not be indignant at the fate of the unfortunate Blum without equally commiserating the case of Smith O'Brien. This is slightly absurd on the part of the *Post*, for there is no proportion between the sympathy with Blum, and the antipathy towards O'Brien; the fashionable maniac is unintentionally striving not to injure the German, but to benefit the Irish cause.

We understand that a great number of Paris wood engravers are seeking for employment in London. Poor fellows! They are not the only people who have had to cut their sticks out of France.

BOARD AND LODGING.—Some of the London penny-a-liners, not content with merely living upon a report, are too often accustomed to dwell upon it for a considerable time as well.

EDITOR'S BOX.

JULLIEN is getting on brilliantly with his concerts. The theatre is crowded nightly by an audience who are enlivened by the polkas, pleased by the selections, delighted by the instrumental and vocal *solos*—we beg pardon, *soli*—and sent to sleep by the classical pieces, to be roused to consciousness, and ultimately to loyalty, by the *British Army* and *God Save the Queen.*

The greatest attraction at present at DRURY LANE is unquestionably M. Vivier, who, regardless of the difficulties experienced by other horn-players in bringing forth the resources of their instruments, seems determined to "do what he likes with his own," and accordingly exhibits all the sonorousness of the cornet with the brilliancy of the violin, the plaintiveness of the violoncello, the power of the trombone, the gravity of the opheicleide, and the light playfulness of the piccolo. A whole work might be written on Vivier's metamorphoses. In *alto* passages his horn assumes all the character of a flute or an oboe; in its lower notes it is a bassoon; and in *arpeggio* passages it is frequently mistaken for a harp.

The selection from the *Huguenots* is spoken favourably of by the *habitués* of Jullien, but it is not liked. This, one of the most dramatic operas in the modern *répertoire*, is fortunately not of a nature to admit of its music being rendered both vocally and instrumentally with equal effect; and for the simple reason that none of M. Jullien's soloists, however talented, can vie in expression with Mario or Viardot Garcia, the *Huguenots* of Drury Lane can merely serve to remind the dissatisfied listener of the admirable performance of Covent Garden.

The greatest nuisance connected with Jullien's is the extreme loyalty of the audience. We do not object to loyalty when exhibited in a rational manner, and even the Special Constable mania met with no severe treatment at our hands. What we particularly dislike is the exhibition of loyal feeling by means of disagreeably loud applause, uncovering the head under difficult circumstances, and *encore*-ing music of which every sensible person is heartily sick. We should not have complained if *God Save the Queen* had only been played once; we might have remained silent even under a double infliction; but when we have *Rule Britannia* superadded, with an *obligato* accompaniment of crushed hats and rumpled hair, we must really speak out. We are not of a revolutionary tendency; but if monarchy is to be supported at such an expense, we shall hoist the red flag in a very short time.

There have been two revivals at COVENT GARDEN—the *Lady of the Lake* and the *Love Spell*. In consequence, we suppose, of the reduction in prices, another revival has also taken place, that of public confidence, the boxes being well attended, the amphitheatre pretty full, and the pit crammed. We believe the *Lady of the Lake* was translated, adapted, or whatever he may call it, by Mr. Mark Lemon, though where he picked up sufficient Italian to manage the business heaven only knows! However there is the translation, and a fine specimen of the poetic literature of the country it certainly is. Every one knows where a beggar on horseback will ride to, but this is nothing to the extremes to which Mark will proceed when he is once fairly mounted on his Pegasus. At one time the animal prances and plunges among a crowd of inappropriate epithets; at another he sneaks through a host of "words not exceeding two syllables;" then he appears as if he really could n't get on any further, until he darts furiously off into a meadow of false metre; and if he temporarily escapes from this, it is only to have a "shy" at common sense, or a sly kick at Lindley Murray. At last he gets Mark regularly in a corner, where we leave him, like a bad boy, for the present. We may at another period

"Revenir à notre mouton."

Altogether we consider the production of the *Lady of the Lake* an ill-judged act. We certainly have all the splendid scenery which was used so effectively during the performances of the Royal Italian Company, but we miss Costa's orchestra; and as for the singers, in their case the comparison is odious indeed. It is too hard upon Harrison and Co. to have to appear in parts which have been so lately assumed by Mario, Grisi, Alboni, &c.

At the HAYMARKET a new two-act comedy, by Mr. Dion Bourcicault, and entitled the *Knight of Arva*, has been produced with great success. The hero, after whom the piece is named, is a native of the Emerald Isle, uniting the fiery courage of a Hotspur to the winning graces of a Richelieu. When the public first makes his acquaintance, the *Knight of Arva*, being rather in want of the metallic currency of the country (Spain) which he is then honouring with his presence, manages to exist on certain flash notes, as they may be termed, of his own making; namely, a flash of his sword for his host, and a flash of his eye for his hostess. This state of things does not, however, continue long. Fortune, and what is more, the *Duchess Marina*, whom he accidentally meets and intentionally fascinates, smile upon him. *Don Diego Volpone*, also, the prime minister of the Duchess, mistakes him for the *Duke of Suffolk*, who is sent by *Henry the Seventh*, of England, to claim the Duchess's hand, and he consequently lends him all the aid in his power. This sets the crown upon the whole affair—and the Knight's head, in the shape of the ducal one which he, of course, obtains; the piece winding up with the solemnization of the marriage between him and the Duchess. Mr. Hudson, in the principal character, like a cat which, as he himself might say, you must kill nine times before it will die, was all life, and brought down continued peals of applause with as much ease as, in the piece, he is supposed to bring down his man. Mr. Tilbury, as *Don Diego*, and Mr. Rogers, as an Austrian Envoy, were as successful as usual; while Mr. H. Vandenhoff was rather more so—from the fact of his playing the part of a noble diplomatist, and the vacant look which he habitually wears being particularly suitable to a character of that description. Mrs. W. Clifford, as the *Baroness Buckramstern*, looked as stern and as stiff as her name demanded; while Miss Reynolds, as the *Duchess Marina*, played with even more talent than she is wont, and presented a picture of female grace and loveliness that it would have sorely puzzled her great namesake, Sir Joshua, to equal.

At the LYCEUM, *Two Owls in One Ivy Bush* had the great merit of conveying an impressive lesson of the liability of human nature to err. It is beyond the power of the SHOWMAN to understand how the management of this theatre, so famous for its tact and discrimination, could ever think of accepting such a piece as the one under consideration, in which the whole fun consists in the painful exhibition of the vagaries of two old men, who are so nearly verging on second childishness, that they extinguish candles with their hats instead of the extinguisher, put their watches in the saucepan instead of the eggs, and indulge in sundry other tricks of a similar spiritual description. The audience bore this monstrous infliction for some time; at last, however, it could no longer restrain itself, but unequivocally expressed its bad humour, which could only be surpassed by that on the stage—which, namely, the humour, or rather the attempts at it, was considerably worse.

A farce entitled the *Model Couple* has been produced at the PRINCESS'S. We have not yet been able to see it, but we are afraid from what we hear that it is not worth much. That stupid old musical drama, or "opera" as some people call it, *Love in a Village*, "commands" a success which it by no means deserves. We are afraid the audience at the Princess's are rather slow in acknowledging merit. We have seen Mademoiselle Thierry—a *danseuse* of the greatest natural intelligence, vivacity, and grace, and who has evidently studied in the best school—we have seen her, after executing a *pas* to perfection, meet with about a third of the applause which was afterwards bestowed on a buffoon, whose talent consisted in making himself appear ten times as ugly, awkward, and ridiculous, as nature (otherwise bountiful in this respect) had intended.

At the ADELPHI, a new burlesque, entitled the *Enchanted Isle*, has been brought out in a manner which reflects great credit on the management. The scenery is most beautiful, the dresses excessively rich, and the different members of the company who play in the piece very assiduous in their endeavours to make the most of their parts. As to the burlesque itself, it will, no doubt, have a short run, as certain classes who frequent the *Adelphi* look on vulgarity as wit,

and the substitution of a *v* for a *w*, as in "*v*ill" for "will," or "*v*ont" for "wont," or *vice-versâ*, as in "*w*eal" for "*v*eal," and so on, as the acmé of humour. Should the authors attempt anything new, the SHOWMAN would recommend them, as "fast" writers, to choose puns of less ancient date than in this case they have done, for, with the exception of a few that were original, and of as many more which had appeared in the PUPPET-SHOW, the greater number were first made in some remote period of the Christian era. The SHOWMAN would also hint, that if such mere tautological expressions as "no, my bird, you shan't carry such a *bur*den," "a peck most un*exp*ected," "a demon *demon*stration, "*cum multis aliis*," are once allowed to be facetious, we stand a chance of being inundated with a flood of witticisms of a similar force, such as "ah! a pin—the *pin*nacle of my hopes,"—or "oh! a needle—a *need*less gift to me," and so on, *ad infinitum*, which would decidedly be bringing the comic literature of the day to a state much to be eschewed. In a word, however Enchanted the Isle might be, the SHOWMAN cannot say that he was; and although again the piece is announced to be a burlesque of the *Tempest*, the SHOWMAN is decidedly of opinion that it is not destined to take the town by storm.

FACTS ABOUT LONDON LIFE.

1. IN the region which is bounded by Hudson's on the north-west, Gliddon's on the north-east, Rees' Cigar Divan on the south-east, and Alvarez's on the south-west there were sold, during the last six months, twice as many real Havannah cigars as were imported from the Havannah into the whole of Europe for a period of a year and a half.

2. There are sixteen tobacconists in London, each of whom has purchased the exclusive right of importing *meerschaum*. They never bring actions against one another, and are all very expert at their business, frequently manufacturing one hundredweight of *meerschaum* into twenty tons of *meerschaum* pipes.

3. Nearly all the publicans in London are models of disinterestedness. When the duty on French brandy was upwards of one pound per gallon, they would sell it at four shillings per bottle, and thus lose money sooner than let the public be put to any material expense for their beloved cognac.

4. Only a few dozen of Tokay are made each year, and these are (that is, they were before these revolutionary days) retained for the private use of Prince Metternich, or sent as presents to the different courts of Europe. Nevertheless, every young man you meet between Hyde Park Corner and Temple Bar has drunk Tokay, and declares it to be "capital tipple."

5. There can be no cedars at present in the whole world. The extraordinary number of cedar pencils sold in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square alone, at one penny per dozen, proves that every cedar in the universe must have been put under contribution long ago.

6. There are ten or twelve musicians concealed under, above, or at the side of the orchestra of the Casino. This is actually the case, for "the orchestra is composed of fifty musicians," and not more than forty, at most, are visible to the naked eye.

7. The bands of the Royal Italian Opera and Her Majesty's Theatre are much larger than is generally supposed. There are at present one hundred musicians at the watering-places, two hundred in the manufacturing towns, and three hundred in London, all of whom are from one of the two orchestras above-named.

In spite of a hint the SHOWMAN threw out a little time since, Mr. Webster will still continue to say, when playing in his adaptation of the *Réveil du Lion*, "That's *me*—that's *me* again," and so on. Surely Mr. Webster does not do this under the mistaken notion that these faults of grammar constitute the "*me's* en scène" of which he sometimes reads in the papers?

A SANITARY MOVEMENT.

Lady—"DEAR ME, COUNT, YOU DON'T LOOK WELL TO-DAY."

Count—"OH! I HAVE DONE VARE FOOLISH TING—VARE FOOLISH TING—I HAVE WASH MY NECK!"

AWFUL EFFECTS OF "NOW AND THEN."—The *Atlas*, in speaking of *Now and Then* says, "*Now and Then* addressed to the public at large, has kept many a lawyer from his bed." This is very possible; but it has certainly sent many, who are not lawyers, to a premature couch.

INTERESTING SPECULATION.—It is always curious to trace the origin in an author's mind of those great passages which fix themselves in a nation's memory. We wonder whether Walter Scott, when he wrote of the "Douglas in his hold," in his great Poem, was thinking of Mr. Jerrold during his nautical career! The hold would have been so naturally Duggy's haunt!"

A morning paper, in speaking of the Court of Arches, denominates it as "one of the most venerable institutions of our country." Our contemporary must surely have meant "as one of the most *Fusty*.

The Prussian Assembly meditate issuing a proclamation to the army, declaring that it is illegal for the same to conform to the orders of the Ministers who have been impeached. We suppose the Assembly would consider such an act on the part of any regiment one of *rank* treason.

A paragraph has been going the round of the papers to the effect that a quantity of "real mountain dew" has been deposited in the royal cellars, to be distributed during the Christmas festivities to Her Majesty's guests. The latter will of course gulp it down with *due* gratitude.

Q. Why is a dinner at the Whittington Club naturally a tremendous business?

A. Because it 's an awful (offal!) affair.

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THE POET, POLITICIAN, AND POLICEMAN.

Chapter V.—A Dramatic Catastrophe.

"NOT only, sir," continued the Inspector, "did Junius arrange for a demonstration of compositors; he had also made plans for a tumult of applause from a gang of medical students who were to be stowed away in the upper boxes, and a burst of enthusiasm from a party of select friends who were to be assembled under his immediate guidance in the dress circle.

"Nor was the other sex neglected. For some days before the eventful evening the printer's boys had been rushing about in the page's costume previously alluded to, bearing epistles of which the object was to secure the attendance of various fair friends, who were subsequently arranged in positions more or less conspicuous according to the personal attractions of each. This process of course required the greatest delicacy, but Junius managed it admirably. In one of the private boxes was a young lady from a glove shop in Regent Street, where he had been for some time in the habit of spending all his money in making purchases for which he had no use; but, having once gained her affections, he altered his conduct, and bought articles on credit in order to present them to more recent attachments. The young lady went by the name of Lesbia Stanley, but it was rumoured that her real appellation was Sarah Brown. However that may have been, she was a very nice girl: lively and affectionate, but rather passionate, she was aptly described by Junius as 'an angel with a dash of the devil in her.'

"Lesbia, as I before said, was in a private box. It was the same one in which I was seated; and I confess I was rather pleased with the arrangement. Whether Junius had in any way counted upon this I am unable to say, but the only object which he alleged was, that when the audience should by their acclamations force me to bow from the box, I might be seen in company with a young and lovely female.

"In other parts of the theatre were various ladies, moving in different situations of life, but nearly all connected in some manner with the stage or places of public amusement. Altogether they formed a very fine collection, from the young girl whose *valse à deux temps* justified her in expecting a speedy admission into the ranks of the *corps de ballet*, to th experienced *coryphée* whose success had induced her to retire temporarily from the stage in hopes of being offered an engagement for the principal parts.

"The 'priming' of my supporters was a subject on which Libel bestowed the greatest attention. The ladies were furnished with gloves and promises of gloves (the latter preponderated), and the select party of friends intended for the dress circle were asked by Libel to dinner—the dinner was at my expense, but still it was Libel who asked them, and who received their compliments on the admirable manner in which everything was served. It was agreed that we could n't stand the medical students at dinner, and they were accordingly invited to come afterwards to have a 'weed and a glass of grog;' this would of course secure their attendance, and render them enthusiastic in my praise.

"I had some discussion with Junius as to what means should be adopted after our supporters had been amply provided with meat and drink. I was for reading the farce aloud, and marking the points where the applause was to be given, but Junius opposed this with a resolution which almost went to hurt my vanity. It was then proposed that, when at the theatre, I should boldly give the signal myself by raising or dropping my handkerchief as the case might be, but this modesty and the fear of discovery equally forbad. Junius thought my scruples childish, but ultimately it was decided that it would be more decorous for him to be the leader in chief of the party. The pit section was to be commanded by an Irish compositor who could imitate the noise of a charge of cavalry by thumping his stick on the floor; and the medical division in the upper boxes was to be headed by a youth to whom I had promised half-a-dozen bottles of whisky, and who, having been plucked three times, was lost to all sense of shame.

"As for the ladies, it was impossible to unite them. The farce was left in their hands with a strong recommendation to mercy, and a portrait of the author as he never appeared on any occasion, the painting having been picked up in the Lowther Arcade by Junius, who knew their tastes, and said it would suit the purpose admirably.

* * * * * * *

"The curtain rose, and the appearance of Bolster, the very low comedian, was hailed with a round of applause from the dress circle, where Junius was making himself exceedingly conspicuous. The Irish compositor took the hint, and the noise of a hundred and twenty sticks clattering in unison against the floor rose from the pit. The medical students were behind hand, but they certainly made up for their tardiness in the energy which they displayed.

"Bolster, who was not accustomed to this reception, bowed and forgot one of the points. I did n't swear, because Lesbia was at my side, and I wished to introduce myself into her good graces.

"Presently 'No, you don't,' the 'catch-word' of the piece, was pronounced, and Junius with the greatest promptitude again gave the sign. In an instant the house resounded with the applause of my friends, and I was beginning to fancy myself a Shakspere, when some respectable people in the pit uttered a contemptuous 'Hush.' Envy is at work, thought I.

"A few minutes, and again the 'catch-word' was heard. This time Junius let it pass, and the sensible compositor contented himself with the gentlest possible titter; but the stupid medical students burst into a roar of laughter, and of course drew all the attention of the audience towards them.

"'Silence,' and 'turn them out,' were among the remarks provoked by this ill-judged approbation.

"This opposition only served to render the medical students obstinate. I subsequently learned that one was 'screwy,' another 'bosky,' a third 'slewed,' a fourth 'slightly cut,' a fifth 'toppy,' a sixth 'beery,' a seventh 'lushy,' an eighth 'boosey,' and a ninth 'in a state of gin.' This I believe signified nothing more nor less than that they had all been drinking too much both for their own good and that of my farce. In vain did the girls smile and titter at my *double entendres*, still more vainly did the select party of friends express their admiration at my sarcasms, and the compositors applaud my jokes. The medical students

insisted on shouting at everything, the audience were determined to put down the nuisance, all my other supporters were compelled to remain silent, and even the Irish compositor's stick was no longer heard in the pit.

"But why, sir, should I dwell on so painful a subject? Owing to the medical students' support my farce was damned, and I think you will not blame me when I tell you that I did not send the half-dozen of whisky which I had promised to the leader of that gang of miscreants."

RARE INSTANCE OF GRATITUDE.—In the present plodding matter-of-fact age, it is quite refreshing when we can record an instance of a benefit being reciprocal. This was eminently the case with Mr. Mackintosh: he made the discovery of Indian-rubber capes, and the Discovery, returning the compliment, made him.

JERROLD'S HERO.—Mr. Bennett, of Cheapside, in advertising his watches, announces "That time is money." Considering the immense amount that Mr. Charles Cochrane at present has on his hands, we imagine he must be the "Man made of it."

WHIG POLITICAL PUNCTUATION.—Of course we are proud of our colonial empire. But, disaffected as our dependencies are becoming under Earl Grey, we fear we shall soon have to speak of our semi-colon-ial empire. That is to say, however, if the Whig secretary do not put a period to it altogether.

PROPER (AND SOMETIMES IMPROPER) NAMES.

BY A VERY YOUNG JOKER.

Why is Miss Rain-forth so called, when her showers of notes come forth with no particular facility?

Why is Miss Romer so called, when she so seldom roams from the text of the composer?

Why does Mr. Rafter go by so unfortunate a name, as a Rafter naturally suggests a stick?

Why does Mr. Burd-ini, by his name, provoke a comparison between himself and a nightingale.

Why does Mr. Whitworth suggest to his enemies that he is not worth a whit?

Why does Miss Lucomb suggest, that as for the audience she is just the one to look 'em in the face?—(*cries of oh, oh!*)

Why does Mr. *Bore*-ani merely Italianize a plain English monosyllable?

Why does so good a dancer as Mademoiselle Thierry bear a name which allows persons to observe that "*Thierry* requires *practice?*"

Why does Miss Birch suggest so many sweeping allusions?

Why does Mr. Barker bear such a name, when even without it any one would have known him to be a puppy?

Why does the tenor at the Princess's have such an asinine name as Bray'em?

Why does Miss Woolgar bear a name which admits of so frightful an alteration, by the substitution of a single "u," in place of the double "o"?

Why did not Mrs. Fiddes retain her original name of Cawse, which suggested that the same Case must always produce the same effect.

A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT.

THE Emperor Nicholas is absolutely furious at the insurrectionary movements in Hungary. Being, however, unable to chastise the rebels in any other way, he has solaced himself with hurling anathemas at their heads, and also with actually ordering that the names "Alexander" and "Michael" shall be withdrawn from the two Hungarian regiments which actually had the audacity to throw off the yoke of an idiotic tyrant, and join themselves to Kossuth.

This, of course, must be a heavy deprivation for the poor fellows; they may, however, perhaps manage to survive it. But the effect of the Emperor's vengeance will not, we fear, be limited to Hungary. Who can assure us that the imperial anger may not be catching, and that, before this meets the eye of admiring millions, the unfortunate proprietors of Victoria Villa, or the tenants of Albert Row, may not have received the royal commands to find some other denominations for their habitations, in lieu of the august ones just quoted, because they may have been heard to grumble at the burdens imposed upon them by the periodical additions to the Royal Family, or express their opinion that the national money might be otherwise employed than in building dog-kennels for Prince Albert, or new palaces for Her Majesty, at a moment when distress and misery are the inseparable companions of so many of our fellow-subjects.

Punch lately published an article in French. It was stupid, so we supposed the editor approved of it; but it was in a foreign language, so we wondered how the editor read it.

OUR LEADER.

HIGH ART.

THE "pigmies" of the *Athenæum* are "pigmies" still, though "perched" on the "Alps" of High Art. The air up there is too rarefied for them—they gasp uneasily in its atmosphere—shiver in its pure coldness, and are dizzy with its lofty elevation.

"How much we are above you Low Art men," cry the pigmies. "Yes, you are above us, as a monkey is when he goes up in a balloon! The ascending power is in the balloon, not the ape. You may go up in the balloon of High Art if you please, but you will not be reverenced the more for it."

If the *Athenæum* gentlemen were *really* inspired with the feelings, or gifted with the powers of high artists, we should take off our hats, bow, and yield. The man who can finely paint "The Last Judgment" is, of course, greater than the man who can only finely paint a domestic scene; but better a fine domestic scene, than a trashy "Last Judgment." George Cruikshank is terribly low art, no doubt, compared with the great Italian masters; but what is he, contrasted with every booby who sets up to imitate them! The *value* of anything, Whateley tells us, depends on the *quality* of it. Now, no man in England can do what George Cruikshank does; but how many artists are there who can turn out a respectable angel, or a Madonna, looking like a female of the middle classes in her Sunday attire. Yet, venture to reason with any of that set, they extend their wings, cock up their beaks, and crow out "High Art" till the dunghills round about echo with the noise.

"High Art," in literature, would put Marston in the same school with Shakspere, and would stick the author of *Pickwick* in a school below Lovell. In acting, it would set Hicks down as having more talent than Charles Mathews. In painting, it would place Landseer below Mr. Howard; and in music, would degrade the composer of "*She is far from the land*" (whoever he was) beneath Mr. Macfarren. In fact, rigidly carried out, the principles of these profaners of the name of High Art, would end in elevating a Regent Street artificial flower above every rose which happened to grow in a plebeian garden.

Those ears must indeed be dull (as well as long) which would prefer some classic symphony on a cathedral organ (groaning like the *drone* of a gigantic bag-pipe), to a melody of Auber's played on the piano. No doubt the first is as scientific as it is dull; but ask any human heart or head—worth asking—which is most musical, most natural.

The best of the matter is, that the jargon of the would-be disciples was utterly unknown to the great High Artists whom they affect to ape! Shakspere did not rave about the unities; and when

"——— cantu commotæ Erebi de sedibus imis
Umbræ ibant tennes ———"

to listen to the music of Orpheus—depend on it that that distinguished performer played something more like Auber than Beethoven, else he would have probably been detained by Pluto as an additional tormentor of those whose crimes had sent them *ad impia Tartara*.

PINS & NEEDLES.

We see a work, by Mrs. Cowden Clarke, advertised under the title of *Shakspere's Fools*. We presume it to be some account of the great majority of commentators upon the poet.

The northern lights have recently been conspicuous in the metropolis. After the rejection of Mr. Macaulay at Edinburgh, our readers may rest assured that they were not from Scotland.

We perceive that a new machine has been invented for cleaning windows. If it will only remove the dirty tax upon them, the SHOWMAN promises his patronage to the inventor.

Some lectures in favour of vegetable diet are in course of delivery at the Whittington. We suspect that the proprietor of the potato-can recently established in the dining-room is at the bottom of this proceeding. Upon further consideration, perhaps this vegetable-diet agitation is simply an appeal to the members to return to the congenial thistle!

In the third number of the "Man made of Money," we are told that he survives after he has had a pistol bullet in his heart. This, after all, is not remarkable, considering that from the first he has had such a quantity of lead in his head!

It is considered by many that Mr. Fitzwilliam in his recent address expressed no decided opinion. We are not surprised at this, as the only decided opinion he seems to have possessed was, that he would not be elected.

Reports are rife of the approaching union of the *Morning Herald* with another daily paper. The alliance, however, cannot be a matrimonial one, as nobody can marry his "grandmamma."

We read in an Irish journal, that the Catholic clergy have been stirring up the fiery zeal of their flocks. This, we presume, is the proper use of the holy poker that the Irish are so fond of alluding to.

Such is the heavy nature of the *Athenæum*, that even its praises can only be compared to sugar of lead!

We see that a tradesman is advertising a certain black and blue reviver as very efficacious in giving worn-out clothes a most brilliant appearance. We recommend that it be tried on the shabby habits of the Whigs!

When we reflect on the endeavour now making by a certain honourable candidate to humbug the electors of the West Riding, we cannot deny that the case of Culling Eardley was the most atrocious attempt at calling simples ever known.

We are constantly seeing advertisements of "Voices from the Crowd," "Voices from the Mountains," and "Voices of the Night." We cannot but think it a great pity that Mr. Bunn does not engage a few of these celebrated voices at Covent Garden.

HOW APPROPRIATE!—There are some rumours in the papers that there is to be a general thanksgiving by the clergy soon. Surely this cannot be on account of Baptist Noel's secession!

REWARDS OF MERIT.

THE Emperor of all the Russias (by-the-bye, how many Russias are there? and what a lucky thing it is that there's only one Emperor for the lot!) has been pleased to address the following autograph letters to Prince Windischgrätz and to Baron Jellachich:—

"FIELD-MARSHAL PRINCE WINDISCHGRATZ,"—

"I have just been informed of the most delightful, blood-thirsty meritorious occupation of Vienna, by the gallant scoundrels whom the Emperor has intrusted to your command. These troops have shown themselves well worthy of their reputation and you; they destroyed with bomb-shells the houses of, and nobly murdered in cold blood the men, who had dared to ask justice from an Imperial idiot in the capital of the Monarchy! It is your intention to follow up your wholesale massacres by private murders, and to wage war against liberty wherever it may raise its head. By doing this, you and your gallant cut-throats will make a highly appropriate conclusion to a series of important services you have done to the cause of hereditary idiocy, despotism, murder, starvation, discontent, and assassination, throughout Europe!

I thank you, from my heart, personally, for the slaughter of Robert Blum and others. A hecatomb of Radicals is the true sacrifice for the altars of the Jupiter of Despots. I cannot resist the temptation of sending with this, the insignia, in the best blood-stones, of my Order of St. Beelzebub.

Yours sincerely and affectionately,

"NICOLAUS."

It will not be necessary to give the letter to Jellachich in detail, for he being only the *second*-"best of the cut-throats," only came in for the minor infamy of being made a Knight of the First Class of the Order of St. Moloch. We have not the slightest doubt that the two warriors who have thus been invested with Holy Orders by the "Prince of Darkness," will prove worthy priests of the sombre divinity at whose altars the offering is the blood of freemen.

UNPOETIC MEDITATIONS.

BY BETTY LA MARTIN.

(Suggested by a recent translation of *Lamartine's Poetic Meditations*)

Now, like a polished warmingpan, the sun
Hooks it from this here world. I sits alone,
And blacks young master's boots. Alack-a-day!
He little thinks the bother as he gives!
They shines like diamonds; but, drat the boy!
To-morrow they 'll be dirtier than ever!
Why don't he wear, I hoften hasks myself,
Them patent Halberts, what eternal shines,
And perishes afore they lose their gloss!

THE WHITTINGTON SLAP-BANG.

FRIGHTFUL efforts are being made to keep the Slap-bang up to its usual mark, and

DOWN AGAIN TO EVEN MONEY!

may, we understand, be soon expected as a signal of some alterations with regard to the five-pennyworths of beef. The POTATO-CAN progresses favourably, and the cheering sound of "'taters—all hot!" will, no doubt, soon resound through the lofty halls of the establishment. A lecture on the ORIGIN AND TRUE USE OF THE POTATO-CAN will shortly be delivered.

We understand, also, that a series of lectures, taking a moral view of club institutions, is in course of preparation. The gifted author will, we hear, prove the superiority of the Whittington to the British and Foreign Institute, in rank and comfort. He will further explain the miserable fallacy still believed by many, that it is inconsistent for a man who attacked the "Institute" because he was ejected from it, to complain that people should attack the inferior club, the "Whittington," to which they never belonged. He will further prove it to be quite natural and proper, that a man who has libelled every human institution all his life, should affect great indignation when a little sarcasm is used against himself. We wish the lecturer joy of his task.

THE CERTIFIED PAUPER.

1. THE RECEPTION.

"Pray walk in, Sir. I'm delighted to see you."

2. THE WARMING-PAN.

"Would you like an extra blanket, Sir?"

3. THE VALET.

"Your boots, please, Sir; and do you shave with hot or cold water?"

4. THE BATH.

"Are you ready for the hot linen, Sir?"

5. THE BREAKFAST.

"Would you like to look over the *Times*, Sir; or shall I bring the *Morning Post?*"

6. THE DEPARTURE.

"I'm quite satisfied with the arrangements, and shall recommend your Union to my friends."

"THE POPE HE LEADS A HAPPY LIFE!"

OLD SONG.

EDITOR'S BOX.

THE ultra-loyalism of Jullien's audience rages as furiously as ever. A contemporary has been trying to be very funny about a nightly demolition of hats, which does not take place. If he has had his hat cracked—that is, if he has had his hat placed on a level with his head—we will send him four and ninepence to buy a new one, provided he will only be quiet. As Lord Brougham once observed under similar circumstances, "There is no fact, and very little fun."

Had George Colman been present at the late revival of his *Jealous Wife* at the HAYMARKET THEATRE, he would not only have owned that his utmost expectations had been realized, but that they had been surpassed. On no occasion has the SHOWMAN ever seen a piece better sustained. There was not, as has so often been the case, under the abominable *star* system, one actor of acknowledged celebrity walking through the comedy, surrounded by a number of miserable sticks, who seemed only brought on in order to give the *cues* necessary for him to go through his part; but every character—from that of *Mr. Oakley* down to that of his coachman *John*, or from *Mrs. Oakley* down to her maid *Toilet*—was admirably filled, and the result naturally was a most perfect and artistic *ensemble*.

The *Mrs. Oakley* of Mrs. C. Kean was a triumph of art, or rather—no—it was a triumph of nature; for while witnessing this talented lady's impersonification, it was impossible not to feel persuaded that she had so identified herself with her part that she and *Mrs. Oakley* were for the time being one and the same individual, and that all she said and did were the result not of any premeditated idea, but of uncontrollable impulses flowing from the heart.

Mr. C. Kean's *Mr. Oakley* was quiet, gentlemanly, effective, and, what is still more, dignified. As Mr. C. Kean played the part, every concession to the unfortunate jealousy of his wife was made in such a manner as not to create contempt for any weakness on his side, but merely to excite the feeling that *Mrs. Oakley* was unworthy of the kind behaviour she experienced.

Mr. Webster's *Major Oakley* and Keeley's *Sir Harry* were admirable; while Miss Reynolds as *Harriet*, and Mrs. W. Clifford as *Lady Freelove*, were what they always are—excellent.

The SHOWMAN had almost forgotten to mention that Mr. Howe's *Charles* was another added to the many proofs that gentleman has lately given of the progress he is making in his profession. The SHOWMAN supplies this omission the more readily, as he feels he is under an obligation to Mr. Howe for the correction of a grave error under which he has been labouring.

The SHOWMAN used to suppose that the beaux of former days, like the dandies of the present, were in the habit of putting their hats on when they went out to make visits. Such, however, could not have been the case, since Mr. Howe, as *Charles*, roves about all London, from *Mr. Oakley's* house to the inn in Holborn, where *Russet* has put up, and from the inn in Holborn back again to *Mr. Oakley's*, with his head as bare as a bluecoat boy's, unless indeed he left his hat under a chair in the hall before coming up. If this is the case, perhaps he will have the kindness to forward a note to that effect to the PUPPET-SHOW office as soon as possible, as the SHOWMAN has written a paper on the subject, which he means to insert in his forthcoming work on national costumes.

An *Appeal to the Public* has lately been made to the public at the LYCEUM, and the adapter—for it is but an adaptation of the French piece *Sous une porte Cochère*—must have been highly gratified at the manner in which it was responded to by the public. *Mr. Felix Rosemary* (Mr. C. Mathews) is about to marry a *Miss Charlotte Smith*, a lady who is an habitual resident in Northumberland, while he himself is a denizen of the metropolis. It is true that he has never seen her, but that, of course, is not at all improbable—in a farce. Be that as it may, however, *Mr. Felix Rosemary* is about to buy the wedding-cake, when he is obliged to take shelter from a passing storm under a gateway in Fleet Street. In order to while away the time, he occupies himself with thinking of an unknown fair one whom he has accidentally met a little before, and whom he has heard sigh out, as he passed her, the words "Heigho! Bilberry."

Now, "Bilberry" is not a romantic name: on the contrary, it may, with a considerable degree of exactitude, be defined as smacking strongly of the quality expressed by the adjective "commonplace," and yet it sets *Mr. Felix Rosemary* thinking who and what its possessor can be, that thus engrosses the fair unknown's thoughts.

At this juncture the lady comes in, of course. *Mr. Felix Rosemary* scrapes an acquaintance with her, and in his endeavours to pierce the mystery which envelopes Bilberry, plunges into all sorts of dilemmas, which, however, are all eventually cleared up by his discovering that the lady whom he has been talking to is the identical *Charlotte Smith* whom he was to have married, and *Mr. Bilberry* the fortunate mortal who has supplanted him in her affections.

The piece cannot boast of much wit in the dialogue, or interest in the situations; the great novelty in it is the circumstance of *Mr. Rosemary's* appealing from the stage to the public whenever he feels himself puzzled or embarrassed: this experiment possesses the charm which all those do that seem to admit the public into the confidence of the *coulisses*, and consequently was successful.

Mr. C. Mathews played with even more than his ordinary ease and spirit, and was ably supported by Miss Howard.

Everything is dull at the PRINCESS'S. Mr. Maddox cannot expect the public to attend the performance of *Love in a Village*, an opera which in our opinion was always stupid, and which now, from constant repetition, has become thoroughly tedious. On hearing the song about somebody's "dog and gun," one naturally wishes the dog were hanged and the gun burst to atoms. The following is the present state of Mr. Maddox's establishment:—He has a bad farce acted by bad actors. He has very good singers, and no attractive opera for them to play in. Two good dancers (Thierry an exceedingly graceful one), and no *ballet* in which to exhibit their talents. Some time since, with *Léoline* and *Esmeralda*, the theatre really had attractions; at present it has none. Next week we shall probably have to notice a new ballad opera by Loder. We perceive also that an opera, entitled the *Heart of Midlothian*, is about to be produced; this we imagine to be an adaption of *La Prison d'Edinbourg*, which some years since met with great success in Paris.

While speaking of musical matters, we must not omit to mention in the most favourable manner the "Wednesday Concerts," a series of which are now being given on the cognominal day at EXETER HALL. Don't be frightened by the name of Exeter Hall. The concerts are not dull, dreary, and affectedly classical, but arranged with the greatest discrimination and good taste. We object decidedly and once for all to Mr. Sims Reeves singing Braham's ballads, when he is so infinitely superior in music of another description; but beyond this we have no fault to find. There are a class of musicians who turn up their noses at Jullien's quadrilles, and shrug their shoulders at Kœnig's polkas. These men say to the public, "Come and hear Beethoven Smith's sonata, or Handel Snooks' concerto. It only costs seven shillings and is very classical." But the public say, "No! Jullien's music may not be intellectual, but at all events it is n't dreary. Beethoven Smith's is so exceedingly dreary that we can't make up our minds to listen to it even to discover where the intellect lies." And the public stick to their Jullien and their Jullien's polkas.

The directors of the "Wednesday Concerts," however, knowing well that polkas tire after the fifteenth repetition, and that after all the music without the dancing is very much like the mustard without the beef, have advanced several steps higher than the polka level: knowing also that extremes meet, and that although the public may get tired of Jullien they won't listen to Beethoven Smith at all, they have not advanced to the brink of what B. S. impertinently calls "classical" music. Heaven preserve them from it! Let their motto be "Beware of the musical mad dog," and the concerts will meet with the success which their excellence and cheapness deserve.

LOUIS NAPOLEON FOR PRESIDENT.

THE eagle of the sausage-shop has laid a fetid egg, and we are going to pelt him with it. To drop metaphor, Louis has issued a manifesto, and we are going to show up its absurdity.

It opens with a dash of impudence and vanity, as a dung-hill cock, before fighting, gives a shrill crow.

"*My name* presents itself to you as a symbol of order and security."

What does "my name" mean here? If it means Louis Napoleon, what "order and security" are presented by the name of the Boulogne invader? If it means my *family* name, of course it is a symbol of "order" preserved by imperial bayonets, and "security" guaranteed by an army —ready to invade foreign countries, and to dominate over its own.

"I am not an ambitious man," says Louis. Why then land at Boulogne with the eagle?—why are you a candidate now? The National Assembly does not want you, neither do the middle classes nor the Red Republicans.

Louis tells us that he was educated "in free countries," and in the "school of misfortune." Did free countries teach him to aspire to a dictatorship? Besides, how did he live in free countries, and what does the "school of misfortune" mean? Poor fellow, was he unlucky at billiards?

Louis next runs over a list of necessary reforms—the old cant list, which everybody knows by heart; but, unfortunately, these, which were in progress of accomplishment before he arrived in France, have been delayed by his present proceedings. Civil war would delay them still more, and Louis is helping to bring that about. How fond he must be of reforms!

Louis concludes by saying that "there is one mode of doing good, and that is to will it." We were not aware that the human will was so powerful before. Can Louis do all that he wills? All that is known of his power is, that he is deficient in intellect; and all we see of his will, is sufficient to show that he wishes to raise himself from personal vanity.

THE ABSURD OF ALL OBSERVERS.—The *Observer*, in speaking of that worse than all bad farces, *Two Owls in One Ivy Bush* (which had been damned finally, and once for all, some days before the publication of the journal), said that it was likely to run for ten or twelve nights! and this after it had been unable to creep on during one representation!

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

No one can accuse the SHOWMAN of not being liberal in his opinions, or of refusing to advocate, to the best of his power, the right of all classes. "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," has, in consequence, invariably been his motto. As great evil, however, has resulted to the popular cause from the conduct of certain unprincipled persons who have made the famous words just quoted the excuse for all sorts of outrageous and highly offensive conduct, the SHOWMAN will proceed to show what acts a person can, by no twisting and torturing the words Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, ever be permitted to perpetrate.

A. No landlady or servant-maid is at liberty—

1. To keep your morning paper half-an-hour down stairs, in order to read it, before bringing it up—you only hiring the said paper for one hour every morning.

2. To sit in your arm-chair, and, after you have come down in your slippers and dressing-gown, and put the tea in the tea-pot, to drain and drink the essence, filling up again with water as soon as you have returned to your bed-room and are known to be sure for half-an-hour shaving.

3. To bring you up but a pint and a half for every quart of the homely but refreshing half-and-half, which you may choose to order, and to account for the deficiency—if remarked—by asserting that the pot in which it was brought from the public-house, previously to being transferred into the more respectable but far less genial earthenware, "ran so."

B. As regards Equality, although it is our proud boast that we are all equal in the eye of the law, no landlady or servant-maid is for one moment to suppose that this theory of equable rights holds good—

1. With respect to hair-brushes, tooth and other combs, pomatum, and Rowland's Macassar.

2. With regard to cambric pocket-handkerchiefs.

3. In what concerns any stray copper or silver coins you may leave about.

C. And, finally, to treat of Fraternity, if you happen to be living with a brother, the relationship does not of necessity invest him with a right—

1. Of wearing out your dress varnished leather boots in the Park, while you have been depriving yourself of that pleasure, in order that you may have them new, or nearly so, at a ball to which you expect to be shortly invited, and are in the hopes of meeting HER, and where, of course, you wish to make a profound impression.

2. Of going to some shop where you have credit, and running up a large amount in your name: the only consolation you obtain, when you become acquainted with the frightful and unexpected amount of your liabilities, being the confession that it certainly is too bad, but the bill "must be paid." Such conduct as this can only be surpassed by that

3. Of some individual in the street who might attempt to pick your pocket of your purse, or rob you of a chain or diamond pin, under the pretext that he, too, was a "Man and a Brother."

WHAT OF IT?

IT 's no use trying. We attempt to put down a grievance, and if we at length succeed, up it springs in some fresh place, or in some new form.

We attacked the nomenclature of books, but the monster evil has many heads, and we cannot be continually fighting this Hydra on the "one down another come on" principle. Would that we possessed the red hot iron wherewith to seal our blows effectually!

The new style of title is a singularly odd one. Nothing in the mysterious "Omoo," or enticing "Cold Meat and Pickles" line, but a simple assertion of a fact which may or may not be true, and which, when brought before the reader, can only induce him to exclaim, in the words which head the present article, "Well, what of it?"

We have just seen a little book (which is certainly clever enough), having as a title the by no means startling piece of information, that "Hearts are Trumps!" Well, supposing that hearts *are* trumps—what of it? Is there any reason why hearts should not be trumps? And if the author means by his assertion to state that hearts enjoy the sole privilege of being trumps, we tell him plainly that he is in error, and, moreover, owes an ample apology to spades, clubs, and diamonds, for his calumny by implication.

If the author's object were to convince the public that in certain cases "hearts are trumps," he might have done so without writing a book on the subject; and it requires no great logical power to prove that, absolutely speaking, "hearts are *not* trumps."

We can fancy the author, after making his brilliant discovery as to what hearts are, or rather as to what they might be if favoured by certain fortuitous circumstances—we can fancy him rushing off to his publisher, and soliciting him to inform all London of the important fact. Some persons look upon the inventor of printing as the greatest man who has yet lived; others award the preference to the man who discovered buttered toast; we, however, award the palm to the genius who brought all his intelligence, all his perseverance, and all his wit, to bear upon the relation existing between hearts and trumps, and published the result of his labours to a delighted world.

We are happy to inform our readers that the same author is preparing some works under the titles of *The Queen beats the Knave; A cannon counts two;* and *Ties pay the Dealer;* also, *Dogs are Quadrupeds; A dumb man can't speak;* and *A pig can't fly!*

THE STAGE DICTIONARY:

OR,

ENCYCLOPÆDIA DRAMATICA.

(Continued.)

M.

MANAGER.—A dramatic autocrat whose duties consist in not answering letters addressed to him, in not reading pieces sent to the theatre, and in never being at home to anybody but Stars and juvenile lords, who take private boxes for the season, on condition of having the run of the green-room and full liberty of flirtation with the ballet. Furthermore, the manager is understood to show his powers of literary composition in the play-bills, in which singular works of fiction you will generally see a three-parts damned farce paraded as

ANOTHER HIT! TERRIFIC SCREAMER! COME EARLY!

A peculiarity of managers is, that they never appear to be in the least discouraged by any amount of bankruptcies or *débuts* at the Insolvent Debtor's. Let an execution be put into the Theatre Royal, Field Lane, on Friday night, and on Monday morning you hear that the manager has opened the Theatre Royal, Common Garden; while the next week's Sunday papers speak of him as that "able and excellent *entrepreneur*, who has so long and so ably catered for the amusement of the public."

MELODRAME.—This is a species of entertainment which has acquired—and not without reason—a very bad name. However, there may be such a thing as good melodrame as well as bad, and a really superior play of the class is by no means to be sneezed at. Ordinarily, however, the Fitzball school of melodrama is manufactured out of an ancient castle, with an usurping baron, a number of pairs of russet boots, three trap-doors, four murders, a ghost, a rightful heir, a crowd of retainers, a chorus

of banditti, a persecuted heroine, a scoundrelly steward, an honest old woodman, a comic peasant with a red nose and a scolding wife, and lots of blue fire in the last scene, where half of the wicked characters are suddenly stabbed by the other half, who are themselves collared by the virtuous characters in a grand tableau on which the curtain falls.

MAZARINE.—The mazarine floor is that portion of the theatre beneath the stage from which good fairies ascend through traps, and down to which Don Giovanni and similar improper personages are conducted by that class of demons who appear to be peculiar to the stage, and whose principal employment seems to be rushing about shaking rosin torches—after which they occasionally adjourn to public-houses in the vicinity of the theatre.

MUSIC (Speaking through the)—Is stage slang for those bits of dialogue given in the critical points of melodramas to a low scratchy accompaniment of violins in the orchestra: Thus, if a man be about to murder his particular friend, or to set fire to his house with the intention of burning his wife, mother-in-law, thirteen children, three nursery-maids, cook, housemaid, chamber-maid, and page in buttons, it is held dramatic and effective for him to speak the soliloquy in which he indulges beforehand, to a subdued squeaking of fiddlers. As, however, we never knew a man in real life who performed either of the feats above alluded to, we are not in a position to state whether the effect in question be natural and legitimate or not.

N.

NOTARY.—The stage notary is remarkable for having no practice except in that branch of his profession connected with marriage contracts. Furthermore, he appears to be in the habit of transacting business in the open air, and at a table brought in by one of the chorus, and set down in the principal street of the village. Occasionally, however, when the contracting parties are counts and countesses, we find the notary within doors, but he always keeps in a corner of the room, and his avocations appear to be confined to spreading out a roll of paper, which the bride and bridegroom sign by means of a pen without any ink in it. After which the notary goes quietly away without bidding good morning to any of his employers.

NOVELTY.—Among the "Novelties" which managers daily advertise, we should like very much to—but we don't expect that we ever shall—see the following:—

Mr. Wright giving only the words set down for him.
Miss Reynolds dressing in the costume of the period she is representing, if that costume be not in her opinion becoming.

Mr. Gustavus Brooks having the slightest idea of the meaning of what he is saying.
Mr. Oxberry knowing his part.
And (which would be amusing for the fun of the thing) to see *Mrs. Kean*, *Mrs. Keeley*, or *Mrs. Glover*, playing any characters they may undertake—indifferently.

VERY PROBABLE.—We have not heard the rumour in literary circles (for which reason we believe it) that the title of Mr. Charles Dickens' Christmas book is mythical and esoteric in its signification. "The Haunted Man, or the Ghost's Bargain" is said to mean "The Haunted Men, or Bradbury and Evans's Bad Bargain." We believe that these unhappy publishers are nightly tormented with the shades of Miss Robinson Crusoe and Mrs. Bib's Baby, and that their "bad bargain" is "The Man made of Money."

NORTHERN ECONOMICS.

ECONOMY is the order of the day. So says Moses' poet—*vide* the newspapers, *passim*—and so say the Liverpool Economic Association. The latter body, who are particularly active in promulgating their plans of retrenchment, have circulated the following hints, in the hope that the reception such floating straws may meet with will serve to show how the wind blows:—

Prince Albert is much overpaid. We propose to allow him thirty shillings a-week, and the liberty of applying throughout the West-end for Christmas boxes.

The sum allowed to the Commander-in-Chief is monstrous, and his duties trifling. We would propose to unite with them those of an arcade beadle, and to allow him coals, candles—or perhaps rushlights—with one pair of high-lows annually.

Our naval expenditure is almost incalculable, and yet we have hundreds of ships laid up idle in ordinary. Why should not these vessels be fitted up as colliers and sent to ply between London and the Northern ports; or, if they are to remain in Portsmouth and Plymouth, the necessary mechanism might be constructed 'tween decks, and they would be useful as floating calico manufactories.

The expense of the establishments at Windsor, Buckingham Palace, and Osborne, press heavily on the tax-payers. Why should not the royal family go into lodgings?—in which case any respectable cook-shop in the neighbourhood would contract for supplying their table, and send in the beer in pewter, which is by far the most pleasant mode of drinking it. In case of Prince Albert wishing for variety, he might dine at the Whittington Club for sevenpence, including meat (small plate), bread, potatoes, and a half-pint of porter.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

It has been rumoured lately, among circles likely to be well-informed, that a case of much interest, to gentlemen of the long paletot (or authors), will be brought before His Honour The Showman, for trial, at no very distant period. It appears that some gentlemen, finding in the possession of Mr. Charles Dickens, on his property called *Dombey and Son*, a kid, or boy, called Young Dombey, of a nature superior to the other kids in Mr. Dickens' possession, began to have suspicions that kidnapping had been committed by that distinguished gentleman. The kid in question, Young Dombey, was so poetic in appearance, so sublime in idea, that these gentlemen agreed that he could not possibly be a brother of Rob the Grinder, of Bailey Junior, or of other young kids of the Dickens' family.

Inquiries were made, and it was suspected that Mr. Dickens had, like a gypsy, first appropriated the boy, and then disguised him to make him pass for his own—to borrow a joke originally made by Churchill in the *Apology*, and subsequently stolen by Sheridan in the *Critic*.

Well, in a short time, it was found that in the distinguished Sir Edward Bulwer's (we protest against Lytton) *Zanoni*, there was a kid—a son of Zanoni the great and Viola the beautiful—resembling, marvellously, Young Dombey, in all that was wonderful about him, and only unlike him in what was unnatural and offensive to a pure taste. In short, the inquirers into the matter began to believe that Dickens, like a Cockney Prometheus, had stolen the fire from the Jupiter of fiction to light the earthenware clay of Mr. Dombey's son!

An opinion was soon taken from a young gentleman, whose name appears in another part of our paper. We subjoin it:—

OPINION.

Being asked whether there was ground for supposing that the kid in question, Young Dombey, was stolen from Zanoni, my first task was to determine whether the two kids resembled one another? I find that Young Dombey is principally remarkable for a precocious development of the faculties—a premature dawning of the soul. These are evidenced in the luminous appearance of his face, in the mysteriousness of his conduct, in the strange intellectual abstraction—so uncommon at his age—which distinguishes him, and in his deep feeling of the wondrousness of nature (evinced by his gazing at the sea, &c.), which differs exceedingly from the stolid pap-eating contentment of the children of the middle classes generally. Turning to examine the child of Zanoni, I find a precocity very much the same—an intelligence quite preternatural—a similar brightness of soul—in fact, I find the boy equally distinct from children of his age; and further, that his loving nature is evinced towards his parents, in much the same way as Young Dombey's to his sister Florence.

What then are the points of difference? Young Dombey is older than Young Zanoni. But Young Zanoni appeared some years before; and there is reason (in my opinion) for believing, that Mr. Dickens, having seen young Zanoni, took him as he then appeared, and, some time after, introduced him to the public as a being of more advanced years. That difference of years makes the difference between the two, and by that, all difference in their peculiarities may be explained.

I am therefore of opinion that there are grounds for action against Mr. Dickens, on the charge of kidnapping.

(Signed) Junius Libel.

The Honorable and Reverend Baptist Noodle has left the Church of England. It is alleged as something in his favour, that his opinions differed *very slightly* from those called orthodox. We were not aware that a quarrel was more justifiable in proportion to the provocation being slight. On this principle, we may expect to hear of a man boxing his mother's ears, and saying, in justification, that "it only arose from a dispute about the weather."

The Game of Goose.—We perceive by the papers that Louis Philippe and a numerous company have been visiting Sir Robert Peel at Drayton Manor. We think the company great geese for venturing so close to these two old foxes.

A SNOB'S EPITAPH.

BY A BROTHER SNOB.

He went to casinos, he studied *The Gent;*
Devoured his grub
At the Whittington Club;
And "wondered what art and philosophy meant."

PUNCH'S NONSENSE.

We were somewhat suprised a month or two since at seeing in our favourite publication, *Punch*, an article written in the French language. A few weeks more and we found the dose repeated; gradually the symptoms have become more rabid, until last week—(we don't like giving bad advice to our readers, but let them look at the number)—we have nearly a page devoted to an article relative to the French constitution, written in French, which is generally inelegant, and occasionally incorrect.

Where are the honest English hearts who used to rejoice, in print, at the idea of John Bull kicking out "the nasty Frenchmen with his propagandist notions?" Where is the sturdy Lemon, staunch advocate of British beef and—British beer? Is the Whitefriars' Homer nodding? Yes, we are afraid Mark has been reading his own articles!

With our well-known mathematical turn of mind, we cannot help asking for some reason—not that we have any absolute right to expect reason from Mark Lemon—but we cannot help inquiring the cause of thus resorting to a foreign language to express commonplace, or, indeed, any other ideas.

We suppose our Whitefriars' friends, who boast of a European reputation (but who, at the same time, don't enjoy one), intend publishing separate articles for every country in Europe. They will found their defence on the various cries of "French for the Frenchmen," "German for the Germans," &c.

As far as a large portion of the public are concerned, it would not be of the least consequence were the whole number to appear in Koptic; and a memorial is already being got up, by a numerous class who prefer Scythian, requesting the proprietors to have the journal printed in that sonorous tongue.

If the writers were to publish the jokes from the *Corsaire*, *Charivari*, &c., in the original language, instead of marring them, as they too often do, in the translation, we should be the last to complain. If Mark would sell his small beer "neat as imported," we would be silent. As it is, and as friends of the establishment, we cannot help advising the *Punch* writers to write as well as they are capable of doing in their own language. We have, we think, previously expressed our opinion that as they can't conduct their periodical properly, they had better give it up altogether; but although they won't attend to this advice, which is really well meant, let them not be possessed with the idea that the English language is not good enough for them. Have they exhausted all its resources? Can no wit, no sarcasm, no illustration, be expressed in the tongue in which Sterne, Swift, and Pope, wrote; and must they, after failing in this, seek a second failure in that of Lesage, Voltaire, and Boileau.

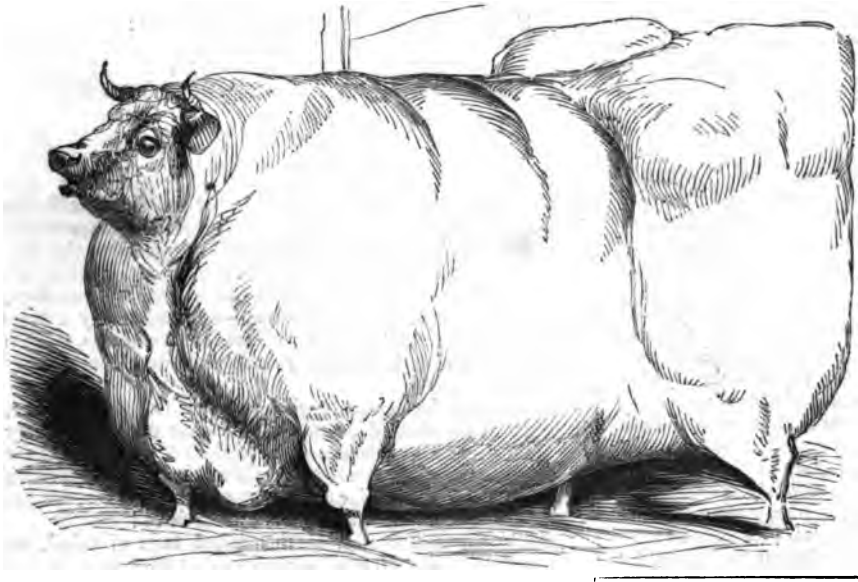
This writing in French is almost a novelty in literature. Great Englishmen, however, have written in the languages of Greece and Rome. Therefore, we say, you, liberal and accomplished Mark, pen us an ode in the language of Catullus;* and you, classical and enlightened Douglas, indite us a parody in that of Aristophanes. Be not modest, esteemed Lemon; be not bashful, beloved Jerrold!

* We beg to suggest "*Punch's* little bird," now dead, as a subject. We are quite sure Mark will make as much of it as Catullus did of Lesbia's sparrow.

Weights and Measures.—We see that a grocer was fined the other day for having false weights in his shop. We have no doubt that the articles he sold were bad as well, and that he thus illustrated the lines in *Hamlet*—

"In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand will shove by justice!"

ANNUAL CATTLE-SHOW.



THE PRIZE OX.

THE PRIZE PAUPER.

SAFETY RAZORS.—We see a razor advertised, by means of which the most nervous person may shave himself on board a steamer or in a coach, without a mirror, and equally without danger of cutting himself. This, it must be acknowledged, is a remarkably ingenious species of razor, but it is nothing at all to one which we intend to bring out shortly, and by means of which a person without hands may shave himself standing on his head on the top of an Eau-de-Cologne bottle, placed on the saddle of a high-trotting mare performing a steeple-chase across a heavy country. Persons with a little spare time on their hands may realize a handsome fortune by becoming agents for the sale of the article.

GOOD NEWS.—The public will at length be able to read the German intelligence. Amongst all the Schieckensteins, Windischgrätz, and other jaw-destroying words, we have at last hit upon Herr Simson. The pleasure was as unexpected as it was refreshing, and we cannot but congratulate ourselves on having been the first to call attention to the agreeable fact.

A few days since, the clerks at the office of the Electric Telegraph were startled by an announcement that the Boy Fitzwilliam, candidate for the West Riding, was "returned." Their surprise, however, ceased, when, shortly afterwards, the dial-plate disclosed the word "home."

THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.!

AN advertisement, with the above heading, has lately been inserted in some of the papers by the reverend incumbent of one of the city parishes, to the effect that he has opened a course of instruction in "Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Mathematics, &c.," for the benefit of those happy individuals who, in consequence of their employers having agreed to shut up their establishments somewhat sooner than they were wont, happen to have a leisure hour or two on their hands after eight o'clock P.M.

To our weak mind it had seemed that the best thing these young men could do, when released from the duties of their respective professions, would have been to amuse themselves with a quiet chat with a friend, enlivened perhaps by a puff or two of the social weed, now and then diversified by the perusal of some sterling author, or a harmless visit to the theatre.

Such, however, is not the opinion of the reverend advertiser. According to him, the best means of reviving an unfortunate shopman or clerk, who has been on his legs running half over London perhaps, or pent up in an ill-ventilated warehouse from eight in the morning until eight in the evening, is to cram him with Hebrew or confound him with Conic Sections—as if the former were necessary to enable him to serve out a pound of tea, or the latter indispensable to the right measuring of a yard of ribbon.

As a necessary consequence of this new system, we expect to see some notice of the following description shortly appear in the columns of the *Times*:—

ON MONDAY NEXT will appear a New Edition of NEWTON'S PRINCIPIA, with a few words on the Integral and Differential Calculus, followed by a short treatise on Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, and the use of Algebra as applied to Geometry. Composed by JOHN GEORGE SARSANET, Draper (of Messrs. Swan and Edgar's), during his dinner hours, and after 8 P.M.

Or else—

PUBLII VIRGILII MARONIS OPERA. Ad Præstantium Librorum Lectiones Accuratè Recensuit RICARDUS JOBSON (de Dakin et Co., St. Paul's Churchyard).

By the way, there is one branch of education which the reverend advertiser has not mentioned in his programme: this is much to be regretted, as he has shown himself to be a perfect adept in it, and the hints he might have given could not have failed to prove inestimable: we allude to the science of HUMBUG.

London: Published by GEORGE VICKERS, at the Office of the Puppet-Show, 334 Strand, in the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex; and printed by the said GEORGE VICKERS at the Offices of Vizetelly Brothers and Co. Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.

THE POET, POLITICIAN, AND POLICEMAN.

Chapter VI.—Tomkins jumps out of the Frying-pan of the Drama into the Fire of the Press.

WITHIN a few days after the production of my farce," continued Tomkins, "it was noticed by the Puppet-Show of the period in the following terms:—

"'Some nights since a farce, bearing the absurd and therefore appropriate name of *No, you Don't*, was in existence at the ——— Theatre. We have no doubt that it was damned the first night, but we really could n't stop to see the conclusion of such trash. It is the worst farce we ever saw, and we have seen many which were supremely stupid. We have not heard whether the writer was led on to the stage by his ostler in attendance, but if the audience whistled for him it must have been in order to pelt him. The piece, in addition to being nonsensical, was as long as the ears of its author—and we say this with a full recollection of his asininity before us. We do not wish to be in any way severe upon the young dramatist, but we must remind him that the stage is not a common on which every donkey may graze with impunity.'

"The above *critique* did not, you may be sure, tend in any way to dissipate the grief which I was suffering on account of the failure of that on which I had set all my hopes. My friend Junius endeavoured to turn the tide of public opinion in favour of my farce; but not even a second Cyrus would have been able to change the course of such a Euphrates. In vain did my solitary supporter call on the people of England (through the limited medium of the *Scorpion*) to 'rise as a man and assert the claims of neglected genius.' They had no opportunity of listening to me, for in spite of the stings inflicted by the *Scorpion*, Saveall said that he 'would never again have his theatre disgraced by such a scene as had occurred on the first night of *No, you Dont*.'

"Junius continued for a short time to puff me in the columns of the *Scorpion*, and whenever there was a lack of novelty, no matter at what theatre, he suggested the propriety of securing my services. 'There is Tomkins,' he would say, 'who is evidently destined to do great things, actually unemployed, when the drama is at its lowest ebb. This must not be tolerated!'

"People, however, persisted intolerating it, and the public were at last informed that the farce should be published. This project was at once knocked on the head by the printer informing me that its expenses should be paid in advance. Thus are men of genius restrained by mere tradesmen! thus is mind rendered subservient to matter!

"Even in this juncture I did not despair. The Pharisee thanked providence that he possessed many virtues. I am always grateful for being blessed with a few faults. I am vain—it is excusable now that I am Inspector of the ——— Division—but it is a weakness which I have always enjoyed. Vanity is power when knowledge is worse than useless, and the conviction that I was a good dramatist, and all the newspaper writers bad critics, supported me at a period when a modest Shakspere would have cut his throat in desperation.

"But although vanity is a great consoler, one cannot live on it. This axiom became strongly impressed on my mind one morning that my landlady refused to bring up breakfast agreeably to my summons.

"Was inviting oneself to breakfast one of the rights of 'neglected genius?' With my accomodating logic, I soon convinced myself that it was, and accordingly hastened to Libel's to appease my appetite, and inform him of the unconstitutional manner in which the 'house' had stopped my supplies.

"Junius received me cordially, but he also was afflicted. His connexion with Longprimer had terminated, and the *Scorpion* appeared to be in its dying agonies. There was no hope of inducing the original proprietors to continue it any longer. Junius was indignant, but Longprimer was decided.

"It often happens that those journals which enter the world in the greatest triumph make their exit quite unheeded. I am ignorant as to how or when the *Scorpion* first made its appearance, although a rival paper alluded to it as being 'spawned in corruption' and formed out of some peculiarly obnoxious slime. However this may have been, it is quite certain that if it had perished few persons would have troubled themselves about its fate. But Junius swore that he would not 'stand by and see it served that way,' and accordingly it was necessary to determine at once as to the best means of saving his dying child.

"He was never altogether without resources, and even now he could insure the *Scorpion's* life, but it would be at the expense of its future health.

"Aided by my advice, he decided to save the infant, even though its subsequent existence should be one of pain. The operation was a dangerous one, and might merely serve to prolong the patient's misery, but that was better than allowing the child, and that a first child, to die.

"Junius was honoured with the friendship of a gentleman named Rowdy Skribbel, who had been long desirous of contributing to the *Scorpion*, but whose articles Junius had, from motives of prudence, uniformly excluded. This amateur writer was rich, and it was now in his power to give the paper at the same time the principle of life and of death. His contributions would be the bane, and his money a very acceptable antidote. The co-operation of this person was the dangerous remedy on which my friend ultimately determined.

"'And you, Tomkins,' said Junius, 'won't you join us?'

"'I should be very happy, but really—'

"'But really what?' he interrupted. 'If you intend cultivating your talents for modesty, there may be some objection, but otherwise I can see none. You have more talents than a good many writers who enjoy celebrity, and are better educated than several who have almost a European reputation. What are those persons who call themselves the "eminent writers of the day?" One is a man who, having gained a name without any one knowing how he acquired it, is sufficiently prudent not to write a single line. He originally kept a pot-house in a low part of London, and thought that because he failed as a publican he would be successful as an author. He was good natured, and gave "tick" to some thoughtless *littérateurs*, who knew far more about gin than they did of Greek. They could n't pay him, but they managed to persuade him that he was a genius. They ruined him as a publican, but set him up as a writer. A little business talent, plenty of impudence, and a touch of good fortune (which does favour the "*fortes*" alone) did the rest.'

"'But he is an exception,' I urged.

"'Let us hope so,' continued Junius; 'but I fear not. There is Juggle-us, the philanthrophist, who made his way almost entirely by an assumption of benevolence, and an exercise of ill-nature. After failing in various pursuits more or less elevating, he commenced writing dramas for the amusement of the transpontine *canaille*. These generally inculcated some great moral principle, such as the injustice of calling on a poor man to pay his rent. His doctrines were much admired by the rabble, and he took care to introduce them into whatever he published. This is what you may have heard spoken of as the system of "writing with a purpose." At length he became ambitious, attacked the entire aristocracy for the sins of some score of its members, and abused the church *en masse* because half-a-dozen clergymen had erred in the course of as many years. He has great facility in inventing specious names. He brought out a newspaper, one-half of which was full of libels, and the other of absurdity, under the pretext that he was advocating the great cause of human progress. He then started an eating-house (which he called a club), and every young man who had been entrapped into joining it was tormented into buying the founder's portrait, and taking in his libellous and philanthrophic newspaper. He prides himself on having materially injured an excellent institution to which he once belonged (and to which he actually did some harm by not paying his subscription), and has slandered all that is respectable, until at last—by gigantic efforts, I admit—he has almost raised himself to a decent position in society.'

"'But,' I ventured to observe, 'I have heard that Juggle-us is a man of liberal education, that he is a genuine philanthrophist, and that he has never written anything but what is noble and dignified.'

"'As for his liberal education,' replied Junius, 'I can

ell you this much: Although a plagiary by inclination, he was never known to make an actual quotation from any writer of note. Greek he does not know even by sight, and his acquaintance with the Latin language is confined to "*bis dat qui cito dat*," with adim vision of "*Rusticus Expectat*," and a hazy notion of the "*facilis descensus Averni*." You may judge whether he is a genuine philanthrophist, when I tell you that his venomous disposition is the object of the remarks even of his intimate friends; he resembles a philanthrophist as much as a hyæna does a lamb. This man actually pursued a gentleman with all sorts of malignant representations because the latter, in his capacity of critic, found fault with a drama written by Juggle-us, and which was full of witless sneers and stupid malevolence. Depend upon it, Juggle-us was a happier and a better man at that auspicious period when he was engaged at a minor theatre to write a part for a pig. He was proud of it at the time, and his flatterers used to assure him that on the back of that pig he would go down to posterity.'

"'Well,' said I, at last, 'say no more about Juggle-us, and I will join you.'

"'Give me your hand on it,' cried Junius, 'and I will tell you of a plan of which I have just thought.'

"Here, however, Rowdy Skribbel made his appearance."

A BILL OF THE PLAY.

	£	s.	d.
Two-horse fly from Blackheath and back, in order to spare my own horses	1	10	0
New dresses, gloves, &c.	8	14	0
Price of private box	2	10	0
Glass of sherry for myself, to dissipate the intense melancholy engendered by Mr. H. Vandenhoff's comic acting	0	0	6
Doctor's account for curing Mrs. Jawkins and the four young ladies of violent influenza, contracted by waiting in corridor half-an-hour, while fly-man was getting drunk in some public-house unknown, and impossible to discover	6	7	2½
Flannels, hare-skins, comforters, opodeldoc, and ointment, necessary for the treatment of an attack of rheumatism, caught by having had to drive home through the rain myself, instead of the fly-man before-mentioned	3	0	4
Total	£18	11	4½

(Signed) JAWKINS JAWKINS.

A DANGEROUS UNDERTAKING.

We lately saw an advertisement of the memoirs of Sir William Kirkaldy, in which that hero is described as "a stout man who always offered, by single combat, and at the point of the sword, to maintain whatever he said."

We hope, for Sir William's own sake, that he was not engaged on any of the newspapers of the period, or he would have been unable to maintain his assertions "by single combat," even on the "one down the other come on" principle. If we were to give our "answers to correspondents" at the point of the sword, we should (unless we chanced to be run through on the first occasion) have more persons on our hands (sometimes in a perfectly literal sense) than we should know what to do with.

But if we, who always speak wisely and truly, should be likely to suffer by such an arrangement, what would be the fate of others who do neither!

Fancy Jerrold, and the viler portion of the writers for the *canaille*, having to "maintain whatever they said," supposing that the grosser part alone of their unfounded assertions should be objected to. Imagine the writers on German affairs in the *Post* and *Herald* having to answer for their calumnies on Blum and Bem.

We think the only way in which it would be judicious to apply the principle would be by selecting those writers for its trial who are looked upon by the public as the most eminently ridiculous of the day.

The following would be the result:—

Mark Lemon would, immediately after the publication of his book (which we shall have much pleasure in reviewing next week), be covered with wounds.

The writers of pseudo-philanthrophic nonsense would be annihilated ten minutes after the recognition of the doctrine.

THE LAWYER'S BILL.

DEBTORS, Messrs. NINCOMPOOP and Others, on account with DOE and GRABB.

Advising you on an uncertain day
(When you were out, and we were far away)
To sell your field called Whiteacre, which oft
Is called, or styled, or named, the lawyer's croft.
To writing sundry letters, sent "with speed,"
To divers persons, none of whom could read.
Waiting on these said persons to explain
Said letters: they being out, to call'd again.
When, not having seen them (as they all were dead),
Writing to their executors instead.
To seeing you when you were out of sight.
To reading notes from men who could not write.
To papers, wafers, tapers, wax, and ink.
To stamps and postage, perjurers and drink.
To all these things united we affix
This moderate charge—£1000 10*s.* 6*d.*
Be not at this, our gentle friends, dismayed,
We lie as cheap as any in the trade.
We break men's hearts at 10*s.* 6*d.* a go—
Women's, more moderate, at 6*s.* and 6*d.*
Try our false witnesses at 4*s.* and 10*d.*
Such consciences to stretch! just hear the men!
For this last hint we charge another pound:
Pray send your clerk to bring the money round.

DOE AND GRABB.

To Messrs. NINCOMPOOP.

ARISTOCRATIC PLUCK.—His Royal Highness Prince Albert observed, after the perusal of a life of Young Dutch Sam, that the best proof of what superiority is inherent to noble birth was to be found in the fact that when no one else could compete with the celebrated prize-fighter whose adventures he had been reading, the Marquis of Waterford alone was often accustomed to "stand Sam."

THEOLOGICAL.—It is to be hoped that Douglas Jerrold is a man of faith; but no one can compliment him on his good works.

OUR LEADER.

WHERE IS THE FRENCH REPUBLIC?

We hope that the French are now very well satisfied with their February revolution. Their joy must be something extraordinary; and those, in particular, who were wounded during the fights for freedom, must be hopping about on their wooden legs in uproarious delight. To have got rid of a monarchy—that was a good step; to shoot some starving *ouvriers* was not a bad hit; and to wind up with an Emperor without brains—is a conclusion of the most satisfactory nature.

One must certainly give the French the credit of having a fastidious taste. First of all, they tried a citizen-king; growing tired of him, they kicked him out and took a poet. In a short time they dismissed the poet as coolly as one would send off an organ-boy from the door, or a ballad-singer from the street, and set up a soldier. Sick of the soldier, they have now picked up a ruler who is neither citizen-king, poet, nor soldier, but simply a fool. They have ended where another nation would have begun.

We feel curious to know how France is to be governed. The members of the government being nobodies, and the President at its head being worse, and the National Assembly being at once elected by the people and diametrically opposed to its opinions, it seems difficult to say who is to govern. And we feel curious to know what has become of the middle classes, who supported Cavaignac; also of the Red Republicans, who are favourable to Socialism; and of the Legitimists, who are opposed to both. We think that in the various discontents of these classes are the elements of a very good row; and that Louis Napoleon is precisely that sort of stick, the rubbing of which will produce the fire necessary to ignite the inflammable material.

On the whole, no class of persons have more reason to be pleased with this last result of the French revolution, than those against whom that revolution was first levelled.

PINS & NEEDLES.

The "electric light" was last week exhibited from the capital of the Duke of York's column. The creditors of his Grace lament that it is the only "capital" ever likely to be distinctly shown them.

General Cavaignac has been hanged in effigy at Lyons. The general does not mind it an F I G.

We perceive that there has been another swelling of the Thames. A medical friend informs us that he is sure it would not be a "white one."

A medical friend informs us that there is a disease prevalent amongst the higher classes at the present time, attended with considerable nausea. It no doubt arises from the constant sickening intelligence of the state of their fellow-aristocrats abroad.

Ferdinand of Austria, having abdicated, is about to seek an "asylum" at Prague. He could not seek anything more appropriate.

Sir Gulling Hardley Kandley has been suffering from a cold. We hope the "hot water" he is in will be sufficient for the cure.

The *Times* states that the bone of Ireland is rapidly wasting away. If it is only the "bone of contention," it is not to be regretted.

In allusion to the Duke of Buckingham's embarrassments, it has been remarked that his son, the Marquis of Chandos, acted like Esau; he sold his birthright, and got a "mess" in exchange for it.

The votes have been cast up, and Louis Napoleon will be elected. Let the new president beware, however: we are much mistaken if he himself is not shortly cast up as well as the votes, for we are sure that, ere long, France will be heartily sick of him.

An ironmaster has addressed a letter to the *Times*, to the effect that the Bank of England, not content with their monopoly of making bank-notes, have lately, with a greediness which would do honour to hogs, been dealing extensively in iron—pig-iron, of course.

The French patriots express continual wishes (set to music) to die for their country. Their only efforts, however, appear to be to live on it.

One of the papers, speaking of the qualities of the electric light lately exhibited in Trafalgar Square, says, "A gentleman assures us that he could read *Jerrold's Newspaper* at a distance of fifty yards from the light itself." This we don't believe. The light is a wonderful one, but it could n't enable the man to do impossibilities.

A PASSAGE FROM A COCKNEY DON JUAN.

* * * * *

XL.

A 40 sat in Susan's half embrace,—
She half retiring from the Peeler's arm;
And thinking, "I 'm afeard, I 'll lose my place:
I 'm sure the 'situation' has its charm;
And, oh! how can I meet my missus' face?—
If she should enter—goodness, gracious, marm!"
Just at these words there stood upon the floor—
A lady—who had gently turned the door.

XLI.

Her eyes were of that bright transparent blue,
That 's only seen in violets and the ocean;
A swimming, sparkling, palpitating hue,
Such as wild flowers, when a stream, in motion,
Bears them along; and on her lips the dew
In drops of whiteness glittered. I 've a notion,
That not one dew-drop could in beauty reach
Those drops, except the moisture on a peach.

XLII.

"Susan," the lady spake, "in one month hence,
You leave my service, hussy, be assured.
Stop—I will listen now to no defence,
To your inventions I am long inured;
I 'm well acquainted, now, with each pretence,
And of my fond credulity am cured—
I owe it to my kindness and my qualms
Of conscience, that I 've missed so many hams.

XLIII.

"Where are the hams from wild Calabria's coast,
That weeks ago in yonder larder hung?
Where is the tea, the butter, and the toast—
The olives, that a poet might have sung—
Oh! where are they? The pickles, too, the boast
Of all our street—the active reindeer's tongue.
Alas! where all the stores I lately saw,
Gone to you greedy Peeler's horrid maw!"

XLIV.

The lady ceased, and o'er her features fair
Their came a pallor delicately white,
As lilies shivering in the spring's pure air,
Or venture of a female ghost at night.
Then, slowly rose that Peeler from his chair,
And in his eyes there sparkled a strange light—
A light, like lava, rushing through the snow
On Ætna's top, down to the plains below.

XLV.

No word was heard from Susan or the dame,
He took his hat from off his manly brow—
Let fall his cape—and then he said, "What shame
Shall light upon that gentle damsel now?"
The lady gazed a moment, "Was 't the same,
Yes, yes—oh, false to every human vow—
'Tis he!" A mortal faintness then came o'er her,
For 't was her husband that she saw before her!

"POOR LITTLE TING!"

Two friends of little Louis Napoleon are going about, boasting that he wrote his Manifest all himself—all out of his own head! Considering what abominable trash it is, we are not surprised at it. Why don't they go about telling everybody something of the following sort about him:—

"He can really wash himself, we assure you, gentlemen. He does not require a nurse at all; he has given over slobbering himself, and does not wear pinafores. You may trust him to walk about by himself, without having any apprehensions that he will fall down. He is not afraid of the cat really; and has ceased to believe that the moon is made of green cheese!" &c. &c.

It would be just as rational to claim merit for him on these grounds, as on the ground that he wrote his puerile wishy-washy proclamation, "all himself."

Some nations believe idiots inspired. Has French scepticism (hitherto the most fearless in the world) actually come to that pitch. We pause for a reply—and expect, as a sign for it, the ring of a Republican musket.

REVERIE OF THE NEW PRESIDENT.

VANS *versus* FATHERS.

AN EPISODE OF JULLIEN'S BAL MASQUE. BY THE COUNT CHICARD.

MR. RAITAWAIGH is a plain-spoken London merchant, possessed of a house in Harley Street, and likewise of a wife and seven daughters, with power to add to their number. On going to office one morning, he perceives immense placards, announcing the *Bal Masqué* will take place on the 18th. Now he has an instinctive dread of this peculiar kind of Terpsichorean amusement, for he knows by experience what it costs. On looking into the *Times*, he sees that the *Bal* is advertised there as well. He immediately retraces his steps, and rushes to the newsvenders. To his great relief, he finds the latter has not as yet sent the matutinal sheet; and thereupon tells him there is no necessity for doing so until after the 18th.

He then proceedeth home, and, contrary to his usual practice, condoleth with Mrs. Raitawaigh on the state of her nerves. This lady, who has formerly been a children's dressmaker, holds it interesting to be very nervous, and consequently is in the habit of lying on the sofa all day. This has always been a sore point with Mr. R.; but on coming back to-day, he feigns to be struck with her bad looks, and asks her how she is. To this she replies—"That, after eating her breakfast (of three rounds of toast, and four eggs, by-the-way), she had felt 'that' nervous as to be under the necessity of reposing on the couch." "Ah! my dear," replies Mr. R., "I think a trip to Richmond would do you a vast deal of good." "Oh! yes, papa," echo the young ladies, "Richmond is so romantic—if that dear love of a minstrel were only there now"—What would be the case if he were, we are not destined to learn, as the conversation is cut short by its being agreed on that Mrs. R. and daughters shall proceed to Richmond in the evening, Mr. R. supposing that they will then be able to see none of the *posters*. In order to be doubly secure, he himself volunteers to go out and make a few purchases of which they stand in need.

On his return from shopping—in the course of which process he has been guilty of asking for a yard of the best mixed pins, and demanding an ounce of superior tape, to the immense amusement of several young Whittingtonians, who condescend to act as shopmen in the establishments he visits, and look with supreme contempt on his ignorance—he rather prides himself that he has done the trick.

But M. Jullien is well acquainted with the human heart: on such cases as these he has reckoned. Mr. Raitawaigh i seated on the sofa, very blandly, when he is aroused by hi eldest daughter's exclaiming, "Oh, my!—La! Lizzy—d look, pa!" on which he goes to the window, and, to his infi nite horror, beholds a monster packing-case, reaching up t the first-floor window, placed on four wheels, drawn by on horse, and profusely covered with announcements, in all sort of outlandish letters, that M. Jullien will give a grand *Ba Masqué* on the 18th. Raitawaigh at first pretends not t know to what his daughter alludes, and exclaims with singularly stolid expression, "Ah, yes, Brown's house cer tainly does look better since it has been done up." "Brown' house! La! pa, I do not mean that," says the youn lady: "do you not perceive that M. Jullien is going to giv a *Bal Masqué* on the 18th?" "A *Bal Masqué!*" screan all her sisters in concert, "Oh! how nice!" "And onl five shillings to the dress circle," continues the first youn lady. Mr. R. now tries to change the conversation b talking of the different articles necessary for the Richmon trip, and leaves the room to order the carriage.

This is the very worst thing he could ever have done for on re-entering, he perceives that a council of war ha been held in his absence. On his alluding to the trip, he i informed that change, and change alone, can do Mrs. R any good, and that she would see much more of that at th *Bal Masqué* than at Richmond. Mr. R. mutters somethin about his not seeing much change out of a ten-pound not if they go to the *Bal*, and then adds, in a louder tone, tha they are not obliged to proceed to Richmond if they do no choose, but that they will go nowhere else. Hereupon Mrs R. says—"This is too much—she did not think she shoul be subject to this when she took him for better or fo worse;" and the young ladies cast reproachful, thoug silent, glances, and, in tones of virtuous indignation, speal *at*, although not *to*, him, and tell their mamma "Not t mind—that they will not desert her, whatever other peopl may do;" the long and short of the matter being, tha Raitawaigh is at last regularly bullied into acceding to thei wishes.

The intelligent reader will of course understand, that lady blessed with such powerful means of action as weal nerves like Mrs. R., does not fail to convert the places i the dress circle, at first granted, into a private box for si guineas, and a new dress a-piece for herself and each of th girls.

PROVERBS AND MAXIMS.

A MAXIM IMPROVED.—We are told that "To say little and perform much is noble." We beg to suggest, that as far as Mr. H. Vandenhoff is concerned, it would be preferable to read the phrase thus: "To say little and perform less is merciful."

MAXIMS.

Heaven helps those who help themselves, as we said at a Billingsgate fish dinner.

Better a tyrant who issues ukasses, than a wife who talks curtain lectures.

Late, late to bed, and late, late to rise,
A'int the way to be healthy, but quite otherwise.

'T is the early bird picks up the worm, but 't is the early worm that get's picked up by the bird.

AN ILL-FOUNDED TRIUMPH.—The Tories are cacklin about their triumph over Radicalism. These political "babes should not hollow before they are out of the "wood" o revolution.

ANECDOTES OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

It is a remarkable thing, that while Smith can enjoy all the delights of privacy—while Thompson can return unobserved to his diurnal chop—while Jones can squable with his wife without the whole particulars being repeated to the world (that is, to the lodgers next door, and the family over the way)—it is a remarkable thing, we say, that His Royal Highness Prince Albert and Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who certainly do not court publicity, can do nothing, however domestic, without the whole particulars being instantly known to a multitude of persons who will answer for the accuracy of each item of the intelligence.

The Showman, who is not altogether unknown to the public, can give a rose to a young lady, order a pair of patent-leather boots, dine at Greenwich, quarrel with his great-grandmother about the propriety of carrying latch-keys, and all without the public having the slightest suspicion of the occurrence of any one of these facts. Not so His Royal Highness and Her Majesty. They might have a *tête-à-tête* in an inner dungeon, and in six hours afterwards the whole conversation would be repeated in the most minute detail at all the tea-tables of Clapham and Brixton.

It is said that much information may be gathered from the mistakes of others. It is on this principle that we have collected the annexed anecdotes for the instruction of our readers: we may premise that we had them direct from a lady, who had them from another lady, who knows some one that has a friend "about the palace." We don't know whether our readers can be persuaded to believe the subjoined: if not, let us at the same time assure them that "none others are genuine."

ANECDOTE I.

(FROM THE CLAPHAM EVENING PARTIES.)

Previously to the marriage of His Royal Highness Prince Albert and Her Majesty Queen Victoria they were together at a ball, when Her Majesty presented His Royal Highness with a *bouquet*. His Royal Highness, borrowing a penknife from a friend, instantly made an incision in the collar of his coat with the view of placing the *bouquet* in it. The incision was, however, too large, and he accordingly repeated the operation on the other side of the collar, but with no better result. He ultimately placed the token in his button-hole.

ANECDOTE II.

(FROM THE WHIST TABLES OF THE HAMMERSMITH ARISTOCRACY.)

His Royal Highness Prince Albert is in the habit of coming down late to breakfast. One morning he had rather overslept himself, and did not make his appearance until after Her Majesty Queen Victoria had commenced breakfasting. Some words ensued, after which Her Majesty poured out what tea was remaining in the teapot into her cup, put some water into the pot, let the tea stand for a few minutes, poured out a cupful of it, and deliberately threw it into the face of His Royal Highness; upon his venturing to complain, she flung a plate of buttered toast at his head, and ultimately rang for the servant to remove her husband and the breakfast things.

ANECDOTE III.

(FROM THE FASHIONABLE ASSEMBLIES OF PUTNEY.)

One night when both the operas were closed His Royal Highness Prince Albert resolved to go to the pit of the Adelphi at half-price. After the performance was finished, he went to the Garrick's Head to have a chop, and, stopping later than he expected, lost the last omnibus to Pimlico. Her Majesty Queen Victoria, annoyed at her husband stopping out so late, told the servant to lock the door, put the chain up, and go to bed.

In the meanwhile His Royal Highness had taken a cab, telling the driver to give him a shilling's worth towards Buckingham Palace. When the cab arrived at its destination there was no possibility of knocking the people up, and His Royal Highness was obliged to sleep in the conveyance all night.

ANECDOTE IV.

(FROM THE CONVERSAZIONE OF THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY OF BRIXTON.

It is *étiquette* at the palace balls for Her Majesty herself to give the invitation to the person with whom she wishes to dance. On one occasion, Her Majesty being without a partner, commanded His Royal Highness Prince Albert, who was dancing the polka with Lady ——, to come to her. In a few minutes she left Prince Albert and commanded Prince George of Cambridge to leave his partner and dance with her. Subsequently she stopped Lord Alfred Paget, took him away from his partner, and danced with him as long as her caprice lasted.

"EPISODES OF INSECT LIFE."

The Showman presents the public with a synopsis of the contents of the work bearing the above title. They are as follows:—

Chapter I.—Leaves from the Note-book of a deceased Centipede.

Chapter II.—Passages from the Diary of a late Blackbeetle.

Chapter III.—A Crisis in the Life of one of Douglas Jerrold's Fleas.

Chapter IV.—Pages from the Autobiography of a Cockchafer with a Pin through his Tail.

Chapter V.—My Wife and I, or How we fell into the Cream-Jug. By a Suburban Earwig.

Chapter VI.—My Parental Experience. By Daddy Long-legs.

Chapter VII.—Evenings at Home. By a Hairy Spider.

Chapter VIII.—Recollections of the Whittington Club. By a Bug, who knew it well.

Chapter IX.—Cabbage Leaves, or Pugs in my Life. By an Eminent Caterpillar.

Chapter X.—A Concise Narrative of the Cruel Treatment which I experienced at the Hands of Charles Dickens, Esq. By the "Cricket on the Hearth."

THE BLACK SERPENTINE.

(Air—*My Beautiful Rhine.*)

How mad 't is to wander, if Sol chance to shine
Upon the unhealthy and black Serpentine.
See! the dull noxious haze—noxious haze,
Which his beams from the thick waters raise;
And no more on its banks shall the rash mortal roam,
For stiff on a stretcher they 'll carry him home.

CONUNDRUM.

Q. What is the difference between a law stationer and his clerk?

A. While the latter merely engrosses the deeds, the former engrosses the profits.

THE CHARLES DICKENS OF THE OCEAN.

We perceive that the publisher of a forthcoming work entitled *King Dobbs*, after entreating the public attention to the author in several sentences of great power and beauty, ends by calling him the "Charles Dickens of the Ocean."

There is something very grand in thus dividing the world (as the books on geography say) into land and water for the especial accommodation of authors. It will put an end to a great deal of rivalry and jealousy, and gradually the various schools of literature will merge into the two grand ones of "blue jackets" and "land lubbers:" there may be a class between the two, and known as "Amphibious," but the two great divisions will always remain tolerably distinct.

Before the "blue jacket" school is regularly started, we should recommend the selection of a separate sea for each writer. The "Charles Dickens of the Ocean" is ambitious, and all will not be equally successful. Many of them must rest contented with a "North Sea reputation," or "a name which extends from the Buoy at the Nore to Boulogne Harbour."

We should also suggest that each "blue jacket" writer should adopt a distinctive title, in imitation of the attractive one to which we have called attention. If this plan were acted upon, we should in a few years have a periodical announced with articles by "the most eminent writers of the sea," including—

"The Carlyle of the Caspian."
"The Macaulay of the Mediterranean."
"The à Beckett of the Baltic."
"The Angus Reach of the Red Sea." And
"The Albert Smith of the Sound."
The whole under the superintendence of the
"Puppet-Showman of the Pacific."

These new names will also have the advantage of opening a new field for the cultivation of sarcasm, and considerable effect has already been produced by stigmatising a really sensible young man as the

"Bill Jerrold of the Bosphorus."

A FAIR COMPARISON.—If we reckon up the numerous occasions on which France, Germany, Italy, and Austria have lately been announced to be "in the throes of a great and momentous crisis," and compare their number with the price of the paper in which such announcements appeared, we shall find that, as in the case at Greenwhich on Easter Monday, we have at least got "three throes a-penny."

THE COCKNEY LOVER'S SERENADE.

I ARISE from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night;
When the oyster-shops are closing,
And the gas-lamps burning bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
But A 60, on his beat,
Has led me—who knows why?—
From thy chamber-window, sweet!

WHAT NEXT?

AT the last sessions held at Upton-on-Severn, a barber, of the name of J. Layton, appeared in court as the criminal, while the curate of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Kent, was the accuser. The prisoner's offence was, no doubt, of a most heinous description, since it could move a person of the sacred profession of his prosecutor—two of the principal articles of whose creed are charity and forgiveness—to come forth against him. Aye! it was, indeed, of a terrific nature! "Had he stolen?" asks the reader; "or committed murder?" or no, you would never guess—he had shaved a customer on Sunday morning!

If a man consults his own natural good sense, it will tell him that there can be no great harm in shaving a person on Sunday morning; but the Rev. Mr. Kent, either having no natural good sense to consult, which we should think highly probable, or being above such a plebeian proceeding—which little bit of pride would agree so well with his sacred calling—consults nothing but an old superannuated statute of Charles I., by which the shaving of one man by another on Sunday, is certainly a punishable offence.

But if the Rev. Mr. Kent revives one absurd and unrepealed statute of Charles I., why not revive all? As the prisoner's legal adviser told him, he would have plenty to do. If he consult the archives, he would find that a person may be mulcted £50 for wearing brass buttons instead of cloth ones. Why does not the Rev. Mr. Kent profit by this discovery? Why does not he have some hundreds of thousand circulars printed and sent round to all the Brummagem brass button-makers, and also to those of his friends who indulge in pages with skeleton suits, and the two usual rows of buttons down the front? Oh! Rev. Mr. Kent, what a field is open for your exertions here. What a harvest you might glean by abstaining from prosecuting, on condition that the offending brass button-wearers should pay you a certain sum. You would collect a vast deal of money, reverend sir, and as, of course, self-aggrandisement is not your end, you could found some society with a high-sounding name, merely retaining for your trouble the post of secretary, with a salary proportionate to your merits; and as these, in your own idea, at least, are doubtless great, you would not be such a loser after all.

But if the Rev. Mr. Kent object to one man shaving another on Sunday morning, he may, perhaps, object to his shaving himself—there is but one step from the first to the last of these two actions; and if he object to a man shaving himself, he will, of course—and with equal reason—be averse to his brushing his hair, or cleaning his teeth, or washing his hands; while as to any individuals daring to polish his boots or beat-out his coat, such a thing would, of course, never enter his head.

The fact is, reverend sir, if we were to follow out your principles, instead of appearing on Sunday in a manner befitting the solemnity of the day, as much as lay in our power, and dressing with more care and attention than on ordinary occasions, we should be walking about like a set of savages, uncombed, unbrushed, unwashed, as dirty and disgusting as are the tricks which some persons are guilty of to gain popularity.

There is no doubt that your persecution of the barber has rendered you famous among the tea-drinking, scandal-loving old dowagers of the place in which you reside. Your wish of "achieving greatness" there, has, no doubt, been fulfilled. But this, in the SHOWMAN's opinion, is not enough for your merits, and, consequently, you shall "have greatness thrust upon you." Your fame shall not be confined to a little country place: the SHOWMAN has taken you by the hand, and on the banks of the Ganges, in the back woods of America, in the mines of Australia, amid the snows of Siberia—in one word, in all places where the PUPPET-SHOW is read, shall your name become a "household word." Eratostratus fired the Temple of the Ephesian Diana, that he might be known to posterity: he is so—as the greatest specimen of overweening vanity that ever lived. You persecuted the barber, and instead of being celebrated in the annals of Upton-on-Severn merely, as, perhaps, might have been your object, you shall be handed down to future ages as the greatest instance on record of——of——have you ever, in the course of your reading, reverend sir, met with the expression, "most egregious stupidity?"

LEGAL LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE report which appeared in our journal, some time ago, of the preliminary proceedings in the Dickens' KIDNAPPING case, naturally attracted much attention. Mr. Junius Libel, assisted by a select committee, is now prosecuting the inquiry. A digraceful attempt to bribe the SHOWMAN was made by some interested party, who sent him a MS. letter of Chatterton's (once in the possession of Sir H. F——), and a ring that had glittered on the third finger of Ninon de L'Enclos. With a pang, the splendid temptations were returned. Duty triumphed! (As for the vulgar fellow who sent to the villa a dozen of Madeira, a barrel of oysters, two rein-deers' tongues, and a boar's head, to tempt HIS HONOUR, he is hereby informed that he is looked on with unutterable scorn and contempt—*and shall not have the articles back*—in order that he may be duly punished!)

The kidnapping inquiry has led to other investigations; and charges of dishonesty—from the highway robbery of a great idea down to the petty larceny of a bad pun—will be shortly brought against many literary individuals.

For example, Mr. Dickens will be charged with appropriating the idea in the third stanza of Macaulay's *Battle of the Lake Regillus*, and availing himself of it in the opening chapter of the *Battle of Life*.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton will be called to account for availing himself of a metaphor of Carlyle's in his *Zanoni*, and one of Dr. Johnson's (from his masterly Preface to Shakspere) in *Harold*. If convicted, the Baronet will have a severe sentence (from a philippic) inflicted; for, what excuse for stealing can be made for the rich? Who would sympathize with a Lord Mayor charged with walking off with a leg of mutton?

Several articles of Tennyson's have been found in the possession of Master Coventry Patmore (vide *Lilian*), but it is said that he will be leniently dealt with, on the score of youth.

An inquiry will also be made into the following points, about which there is some suspicion of guilt in the minds of the PUPPET-SHOW COMMISSIONERS:—

1. How much of Mr. Thackeray's morality can be traced to the writings of Carlyle?
2. How much of D'Israeli's hero-worship to ditto?
3. How much of Smith's *Mr. Ledbury* can be traced to Paul de Kock?
4. What has Mark Lemon stolen from *Tom Thumb* and *Jack and the Bean Stalk?*
5. How many metaphors, thoughts, and suggestions, has Douglas Jerrold helped himself to from English writers, from the days of Marlow to those of Addison? (See, *inter alia*, the works of Jeremy Taylor and Dr. Donne.)
6. Where the dense is the well of English *defiled*, from which some of the very young scribblers (one in particular) must have stolen their turbid balderdash?

N.B. The Commission sits daily in the offices, Curzon Street, Junius Libel, Esq., in the chair.

N.N.B.B. Lunch at two P.M.

SUCH IS LIFE!—Who would have expected that such a poor sinner as Louis Napoleon would have been declared "one of the *elect!*"

THE STAGE DICTIONARY:

OR,

ENCYCLOPÆDIA DRAMATICA.

(Continued.)

O.

OFFICER (Stage).—It is not easy to tell his regiment from his uniform, which is frequently a compound of the accoutrements of a dragoon, a rifleman, a marine, and a lancer. He is particular, however, about wearing white ducks; that is to say, ducks more or less white. He is always in love with the farce young lady; he has always got a smart tiger, and generally comes upon the stage just before the curtain falls, leading the young lady forward, when both of them fall on their knees before the choleric uncle, father, or guardian, and confess that they have been married on the sly (the ceremony not having taken quite three minutes), after which they ask the old gentleman's forgiveness and blessing, which they never fail to receive, to the discomfiture of the comic lover, who evinces his grief by speaking a funny tag.

O. P.—The initial letters of "Opposite Prompt," generally meaning the right-hand side of the stage, looking to the audience. The expression O. P. is principally used by gentlemen who are more intensely theatric in their notions and habits than theatrical people themselves; the latter generally designating the sides of the stage simply as the right and left.

ORDER.—A complimentary admission, used by managers to secure critical and approving audiences, and by newspapers to secure eligible advertisers. As a general rule, the people who are best able to afford paying, are those who are most strenuous in the pursuit of orders.

P.

PART.—The synonyme which an actor generally uses for character or personage. Actors have peculiar ideas of "strong" and "weak" parts. Thus, throwing about seven chairs and two tables; hiding in a cupboard, and smashing all the crockery; kicking Paul Bedford in an inhuman manner; squashing a baby; winking at particular people in the pit and boxes; and occasionally saying, "Ah, Jack, things is n't as they used to was"—all these processes, we say, constitute Mr. Wright's notion of a "strong part." When an actor is perfect in the text of a character—a rare phenomenon—he is said to be

"UP IN A PART."

PIT.—Where once the critics sat. The critics now sit wherever their orders will admit them.

PLAGIARISM.—Apply to Mr. Dion Bourcicault, or, indeed, to almost any dramatic celebrity of the day, all of whom are perfectly competent to give the necessary information.

PLOT.—An article of French origin—never manufactured in this country. See "La France Dramatique," and Nugent's Dictionary.

POINT.—The barb of a joke. Many modern jokes must be exceedingly cutting, for in so skilful a manner are they tapered, that the point is perfectly invisible.

PROMPTER.—A useful though invisible personage, who occasionally gives dramatic readings from the wing, for the benefit of actors who have forgotten or never learned their parts. The prompter is generally the principal character in a Haymarket revival. If any of our readers have occasionally wondered how the report of a pistol, fired outside, came in so pat at a particular junc-

ture in a play, the above representation will probably satisfy them.

"PRUNING-KNIFE—A judicious application of the," strongly recommended by morning paper critics, when they have been kept by a new piece later than they wished—from a pleasant supper-party.

PROPERTY.—Any implement used upon the stage. Thus, an actor may say, with perfect truth, that he has "a fine property down in Yorkshire"—meaning only, a Roman helmet which he left in pawn at Leeds.

Q.

QUEEN (Tragedy).—Generally a happy compound of Mrs. Siddons as the tragic muse, and a cheesemonger's wife scolding the maid-of-all-work for forgetting to bring in the beer. The tragedy queen is remarkable for the length of her train of cotton velvet, and the brilliance of her crown of purest brass. She walks across her royal halls making a short pause after every stride—a mode of progression which, we presume, is practised by Her Majesty when she takes her usual promenade on "the Slopes." The tragedy queen is generally of an uncertain age,

and, as the above faithful representation proves, often of rather crummy nature than otherwise.

QUID PRO QUO.—A sum of £500 for five acts of rubbish, called the "Prize Comedy." For further particulars, apply to Mr. Webster or Mrs. Gore.

QUOD.—A vulgar word for "prison." The ultimate resort of legitimate managers.

PROFOUND OBSERVATION.—Remarking once, to a friend of ours, that men rarely stick to each other cordially in the literary profession—"Yes," he said, "there are plenty of bricks, but there 's no mortar!"

General Rule for Poor People.—If you happen to have any relations in India or Australia who have amassed large fortunes, cease to regret they are so far away, and to sigh for their return, as their being so would not alter the state of things in the least. They would be quite as distant then as they are now.

SHABBY-GENTEEL.

Those readers of the Puppet-Show whose Lares are planted in the metropolis, may have observed now and then about its streets a set of individuals who obtrude, in the most offensively unobtrusive and modest manner, their woes upon the passers-by with a view of exciting their pity and charity. This is what is familiarly termed doing the "shabby-genteel dodge." Of late years it has not been so popular as it once was, but it is now beginning to recover itself from the desuetude into which it had fallen.

The Showman has been, for the last twelvemonth, intimately acquainted (by sight) with a fine specimen of the species.

The individual referred to does not patronise any locality exclusively; but with a fine feeling of impartiality, highly creditable to his heart as a man, and his judgment as a speculator, now takes up his station at Temple Bar, then in Leicester Square, while on some other occasion he may be seen in the suburban district of Pentonville, or the aristocratic region of Belgravia.

As regards his appearance, he is always habited in a suit of very rusty black, brushed scrupulously clean, with several very visible darns artistically disseminated over its surface, the too great monotony which nothing but darns would produce being agreeably diversified by a piece most artistically let in to the right knee of his trowsers, and another on the left elbow of his coat. His hat boasts a crape band; his neck an intensely white and Methodist parson-looking cravat; his boots, which are resplendent with Day and Martin, or it may be Warren, are each ornamented with a large and conspicuous patch. His inward man is constantly immersed in thought. This is proved by the fact that his eyes are invariably riveted on the ground, and that he is so unconscious of what he is about, that although his is that sort of modest bashful distress which shuns the gaze of men, he somehow or other is always to be found in the most busy thoroughfares. Another strong argument in favour of his obliviousness is, that whenever any one gives him anything, he always forgets to offer them in return any of the sticks of sealing-wax, or boxes of matches, or any other light and gentlemanly, although humble, merchandise which he has in his hand, of course, for sale.

But the most extraordinary circumstance about the subject of this sketch is the fact that his hat, boots, and clothes, seem immortal; for while the Showman, who rather prides himself on being careful with *his* clothes, has worn out two frock-coats, one paletot, six pairs of trowsers, three hats, and boots innumerable, his shabby-genteel acquaintance seems still to have the same shining trowsers with the already-mentioned piece, the identical shoes with the identical patches, and the self-same hat-band with the self-same rusty look.

Now this can only be accounted for by two suppositions: the first of which is, that the shabby-genteel individual is an impostor, and never has a new coat except it be very old, and patched, and darned, after the most alms-exciting model; and the second is, that he has discovered some blue and black reviver of the most extensive and extraordinary powers, which completely set the ravages of time at defiance.

If this be the case, and it must be, unless we adopt the first proposition and look upon our shabby-genteel friend as an impostor, which would be preposterous, the Showman would venture to suggest that the shabby-genteel individual should offer his secret to Government, who would, no doubt, be liberal for once, and buy it for the benefit of the poor wretches of lawyers' and other clerks who rub their coat-sleeves threadbare in writing twelve hours a-day for £80 a-year; by doing this the shabby-genteel individual aforesaid, would be doing a considerable service to a great number of his fellow-men, and would also enjoy the pleasant reflection that his seediness had sown the seeds of a good harvest for himself.

Seeming Contradiction.—It at first sight appears to be an impossibility, that many of the box-keepers and other officials at the different theatres should have retained their situations so long, when the bills announce "new appointments" on the occasion of every fresh piece produced.

Advice to Bashful Young Men.—You go down in the country to the villa of your intended's father. You are alone with the fair one in the garden after dinner, and would fain whisper into her ears those very soft nothings which lovers delight in, but you are afraid the rest of the company will see what you are about. In this case, the best thing you can do is to get her to walk by you, while you are seized with a sudden fit of improving the paths with the garden-roller. This will set inquisitive glances at defiance, and prove an admirable roller-blind.

MUSICAL REVOLUTIONS.

M. Jullien's annual series of concerts has now closed. One of the principal novelties, as all London knows, was "God save the Queen," played by four military bands, in addition to M. Julien's usual orchestra. A new "French Quadrille" was also advertised, but never performed.

The fact is, music has now become connected with politics, and *dilettanti*-ism will henceforth be divided into Whig and Tory. That F. M. (frightful muff) the Duke of Wellington was applied to for permission to allow the military bands to join M. Jullien. The F. M. refused. He would not permit Her Majesty's soldiers to be connected with a man who purposed bringing out a quadrille founded upon such horridly democratic airs as *La Marseillaise* and *Mourir pour la Patrie*. Besides, M. Jullien might have seduced them into his service in order to aid in the performance of the obnoxious music, and then the trombone of aristocratic Britain would have had to breathe forth the revolutionary sounds of democratic France, the opheicleide would have snorted the most republican noises, and even the clarionets and flutes would have been forced for a term to throw off their allegiance to the English Sovereign.

This could never be tolerated, and it was ultimately arranged that mutual concessions should be made. The F. M. allowed the bands to attend the concerts, and M. Jullien consented to withdraw the offending quadrille from his *programme*. The diplomatic talent evinced on this occasion by M. Jullien is spoken of as something extraordinary. It is understood that if M. Jullien will condescend to accept the office, the French Republic intend appointing him ambassador to the English Court.

Now, as the F. M. objects to the military bands performing revolutionary quadrilles, we presume he will not tolerate their taking any part in operas of a similar tendency. As the F. M. is a person who professes to act upon principle as opposed to expediency, we are surprised that he ever could have allowed any members of military bands (there are many of them in our theatrical orchestras) to assist in the performance of *William Tell*, where the people actually rise in revolt.

In the French quadrille we merely had a composition founded upon airs which were sung to words which expressed a sentiment to the effect that it is a very fine thing to die for one's country. In *William Tell* we have an oppressed people rising against a tyrannical governor. We have the same in *Massaniello*, and many other operas. Even in *La Favourite* there are some disrespectful words uttered in reference to a king; and when Duprez threw down his sword and exclaimed, "*Je puis braver le roi*," the action was certainly not performed with that courtesy which the F. M. would have deemed requisite towards a royal personage.

As the military musicians will, of course, be no longer permitted to play in the orchestra of any of our theatres, unless the entertainments be of strictly monarchial tendency, their earnings will be much diminished. In consequence of this, a very great deal of bad feeling prevails, and we hear that a young drummer, who has only lately gone into service at St. George's barracks, intends leaving his situation, and has actually made up his mind to give a month's warning to the F. M.

The (Toe-and-)Healing Art.—The Polka.

HANS OFF!

THE above title has been taken from the *Man in the Moon*, and as it has taken a great many better things from us, we don't mind confessing our plagiarism. But to come to our "subject"—which we mean to dissect according to rule as soon as we have nothing better to do—Hans Christian Andersen has been writing a book, containing a chapter full of sentiment about the loss of a button.

Now we do not want to imitate the noodles of the drama, and to raise a cry about the realms of the British talent being invaded by the foreigner; but, at the same time, we cannot allow a puling writer to escape, merely because he is a Dane; or, as the Fleet Street Buffoon would say, although he is a Dane, we will expose him to public dis-dain.

Every one who knows anything worth knowing knows that we have "a soul above buttons;" but on the present occasion we propose to stoop, like Andersen's unfortunate hero, trusting always that we shall not cause any dismemberment of our nether clothing, and lose the hand of some fair heiress who may be on the look-out for us, as was the fate of the wretched creature above alluded to, and who stooped, not to conquer, but to be conquered by his rival—that great and deserving man, who preserved his pantaloons in an integral state! We will then descend and throw into our own amusing operatic form that twaddle which Hans (we cannot call him Christian) has already told in very serious prose.

THE "LAST BUTTON."

Dramatis Personæ.

SNIPKINS, *a Fool.*
SNOBKINS, *a Bully.*
SARAH SCROGGINS, *a vulgar Coquette* (engaged to SNIPKINS).

ACT I.

SCENE. *The Entrance to a Ball-room.*

Enter SNIPKINS *in very tight trowsers.*

Recitative.

With some misfortune I am always curst,
I fear my pantaloons will shortly burst.

Adagio.

Where is my Sarah,
When will she come?
But, alas! I 'm so nervous
That I shall be dumb—
E 'en if she come.

Allegro.

Oh no! for now my braces are longer,
Joy! joy! for now my hopes are far stronger.
Oh! wit, through thee how altered the case is
For thou hast told me to let down my braces!
My wit hath told me to let down my braces.

Enter SARAH SCROGGINS.

SNIP. Sarah, come, in me, your love, confiding,
Where till now, my dear, have you been hiding?

SARAH. Pray, Mr. Snipkins, do not make too free;
What warrants you in speaking thus to me?

SNIP. (*Recit., aside.*) What, false! than that I 'd think
That she had taken too much drink!

Aria.

Are the stars but deceptions—
The clouds all my eye?
Is the moon only moonshine,
And humbug the sky?
Yet easier far such belief should be mine,
Than belief in the falsehood they whisper is thine.

SARAH. (*Agitato.*)

Ah, no! thy fears are false,
The rumours are untrue;
True as the needle to the pole,
So true am I to you.

Ensemble.

SARAH and SNIP. } Now no more in { Sarah / Snipkins } doubting,
Snipkins / Sarah } will no more be pouting;
Hush! I hear the music's call,
Let us haste to join the ball. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SNOBKINS.

Moroso.

Let them haste to join the ball,
Snipkins' pride shall have a fall;
Snipkins soon his teeth shall gnash,
I will settle Snipkins' hash.

Exit, muttering—Yes, I will settle—settle—will settle—Snipkins' hash.

(*Con anima è fortissimo.*)
Yes, I will settle Snipkins' hash.

ACT II.

SCENE. *A Ball-room.*

The Bohea-mia Polka is heard in the Orchestra.*

Chorus.

Hark! those strains so joy-inspiring,
All the noble guests admiring,
To begin are now desiring.

SNIPKINS *appears.* (*Agitato.*)

Rage! despair! delirium tremens!
I am thrown upon my beam-ends!
When I stooped to tie the sandal
Of my Sarah, passed that Vandal
Horrid Snobkins. I, excited—
All my hopes of Sarah blighted—
Rose in furious haste: eftsoons,
Spoiled were my pair of pantaloons!
May that button be accurst
Which from off my trowsers burst!

SARAH *appears.* (*Vivace.*)

Why, sir, look you like a goose?
Would you, then, play fast and loose?
You 're engaged for this next dance;
Come, then, for I see the glance
Of your rival is upon me—
Even now he, perhaps, hath won me;
And unless you come at once,
I shall cut so dull a dunce.

SNIPKINS. Really, love, I feel so ill,
I can't conform unto thy will.

(*Aside.*) Curse my braces, curse my buttons,
Cursed be my pantaloons;
Doubly, trebly cursed be Snobkins—
Sarah will be his, eftsoons!

SARAH. Now, farewell, thou never shalt be mine;
And, of course, I never will be thine.

Chorus and Finale.

Curse his braces, curse his buttons, cursed be his pantaloons;
Curs 'd be Snipkins, curs 'd be Snobkins, who will marry her, eftsoons.

* The Bohea-mia Polka, composed for *thés dansants* of the aristocracy, and shortly to be published at the PUPPET-SHOW Office.

ABORTIVE ATTEMPT AT SELF-AGGRANDIZEMENT.—A member of the Whittington Club says that proverbs and maxims are great humbug, for that though, in consequence of having read that "the hand of the diligent maketh rich," he has actually made a point of shaking hands with three most industrious Irish labourers every morning for the last six months, he is not a whit more wealthy than when he began. On the contrary, he is rather out of pocket, having had to pay for sundry drams swallowed by his semestral and Hibernian acquaintances.

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THE POET POLITICIAN, AND POLICEMAN.

CHAPTER VII.

TOMKINS thus continued:—

"My conference with Junius was for a time put an end to by the appearance of our Crœsus. His business with the journal, as I have previously explained to you, was to be restricted as much as possible to the noble duties of paymaster. He was not even to have a seat in our councils: the Chancellor of the Exchequer was, on this occasion, to be excluded from the cabinet.

"It has been observed, that the process of establishing the unity of a journal, generally ends in a violent quarrel between all and each of the contributers. It appeared probable that this great truth would find a fresh illustration in our case, for Rowdy Skribbel became obstreperous, and actually maintained that he had a right to a voice in the arrangements. His arguments were at first upset, one by one, as he brought them forth, until at last he hinted at the possibility of his withdrawing his pecuniary support. Junius then, in a very ingenious manner, took another view of the question, and proved in the most satisfactory manner, that he had all along been deeply penetrated with the absolute necessity of Skribbel aiding him with his valuable advice.

"It having been once settled that Skribbel was to be allowed to hazard a remark as to the best means of spending his own money, Junius set about discovering some way of effectually preventing him from the exercise of the valuable privilege. After a few moments' consultation (with himself), he determined, in the very teeth of his late concession, to assume absolute authority, and, in accordance with this resolution, stood up and said something of the following nature:—

"'The *Scorpion* is dying! The *Scorpion* must not be suffered to expire! The question then naturally arises, how is the *Scorpion* to be saved?

"'A new *Scorpion* may always be obtained by the outlay of a large sum of money. Our sympathies, however, are with our old and cherished *Scorpion*, to which we have become more attached in proportion as it has become more feeble. Besides, while we have not sufficient money to create a new *Scorpion*, we have quite enough to procure that sustenance and medicine which are required by the old one. Our intention, then, having been formed, let us at once consider the means for carrying it out.

"'I have at various times sought for an expedient to save a dying journal. It is a philosopher's stone which has yet to be discovered, and perhaps it is better for the public that it should be so. However, I have made numerous attempts. I have given away pianos at the rate of one to every thousand subscribers (I never had more than nine hundred, so that I was quite safe). I have presented a journal and a hot cross bun to every purchaser in Easter week, and have raffled gigantic plum-puddings amongst my supporters at Christmas. During these periods, the paper would sell; but as the purchasers never made their appearance at any other time, I have horrid suspicions that they ate the bun, but did n't read the journal—that they forgot the merits of my articles in the excellence of the pudding. Of course, I decided that I would never again appeal to the brutal appetite of the mob. I reflected that England was a commercial country, and determined to interest the public in the success of my speculation. I offered to make every subscriber a shareholder in the paper to a certain amount. Would you believe it? No one would accept the munificent proposition!

"'I then appealed to the political feeling of the country. I announced that my paper had been suppressed by the Government. Injured ministers! Libelled cabinet! Not one of the senate had ever seen a copy of it! This plan, however, told for a period. I had sympathisers (pity I despised), and these became purchasers of the paper (which was brought out under a new name, for a single week.) The journal was then suppressed by the printer—those infernal printers insist on having their bills paid—but, like a Phœnix, it rose from the ashes of copy which was contained in the waste-paper basket. What was I to do? I was obliged to live. Wits might not "see the necessity of it," but I differed from them.

"'As a last resource, I determined to adopt philanthropy. It is too often a refuge for the destitute, and even something worse; however, a fixed principle will sometimes yield to probable hunger. I turned philanthropist.'

"'What,' I observed, quite astonished, 'with the awful example of Juggle-us before you?'

"'I confess my crime readily,' Junius responded; 'but I turned philanthropist, though not with profit, for I was (and I am still grateful for it) quite unprepared to adopt the profession thoroughly. That which I resolved upon was to distribute a portion of the profits of my paper to the poor devils who were subscribers to it. I advertised that the proprietors of the —— (I forget the name of this particular organ), 'deeply affected by the state of destitution in which the poor of London were living, or rather existing, had resolved on giving away one-half of the profits, in order to relieve the more pressing necessities of the metropolitan paupers.'

"'This move, although I flatter myself it was rather ingenious, did not altogether succeed.'

"(I ventured on a smile at Junius qualifying his own idea as ingenious.)

"'I observed that smile,' proceeded the orator, 'but shall not be deterred by it from continuing. I repeat, that the notion was ingenious, and for this reason—that it might have the effect of bringing money to the publication, and could, at all events, take nothing away from it. You perceive that I was to give away half the profits—none of the receipts. Now, had the receipts amounted to a hundred (instead of only five pounds) per week, there would have been no profits: had they even attained the gigantic sum of a thousand pounds per week, still there would have been no profits *(Oh, oh! from myself on the opposite bench)*. Mr. Tomkins may howl as long as he thinks fit; but the brayings of a certain quadruped must not be allowed to interfere with the oration of a man of letters. I therefore maintain, that in any case that may or may not be supposed, the profits—that is, the ostensible profits—could never have risen above those of Jerrold's paper—in short, that they would have been nothing at all. And for this simple cause—that when the receipts once assumed a tangible form, the printer could actually have been paid a portion of his bill. Supposing them to increase still further, why, of course, the salaries of the writers would have been raised. In case of extreme good fortune, they would have been again raised; and so on to a fabulous extent. You perceive, then, that as far as the poor were concerned, there would never have been any profits.'

"'How, then, did your scheme fail?' I exclaimed.

"'Merely,' replied Junius, 'because persons either disbelieved in my philanthropy, or, like the majority of the benevolent, were unwilling to part with their money unless they could, at the same time, secure the consciousness of having performed a noble action, and the certainty of possessing with it some very tangible benefit. People will pay a guinea in order to do good to the poor, and to go to a fashionable ball; they will pay willingly their admission to a fancy-fair, where they pay tribute, at the same time, to the suffering and to the fashionable world: but ask them to relieve the metropolitan paupers from indigence, and support a talented paper, and the wretched fools (simply because the journal is not very well known) will at once button up their pockets.

"'I have now enumerated how commercial, political, and philonthropical ideas have——'

"Here, however, I stopped my friend, as Skribbel appeared tired, and, in fact, had gone to sleep."

A celebrated Ethiopian serenader, who, like many great men, had been ill-treated by his countrymen, exclaimed on his death-bed, "*Ingrata patria ne* OSSA *quidem habebis!*"—a quotation which, but for its being made in such circumstances, we should call a "happy" one.

NO. 43

SHOCKING INGRATITUDE.

Mr. Showman,—I have, in my time, been witness to many acts of gross ingratitude. I take one instance from thousands,—I have lately beheld the French abandoning one who has saved them from all the terrors of civil war, to choose M. Louis Napoleon, a man who has not done a single thing for his country, except amuse it by his ridiculous conduct. I have also read and agreed with *Shakspere*, when the latter says—

"——— Thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As Man's ingratitude;"

but I never imagined I should become acquainted with this vice in such a monstrous form as I did a day or two ago; for, in happening to cast my eyes over an advertisement in the *Times* of a Sale of Wrecked Goods at the London Commercial Sale Rooms, I actually, after a few uninteresting items, felt my blood congeal with horror at perceiving one of the lots consisted of "Gray Domestics!" Yes—"Gray Domestics," and packed up in bales.

Now, Mr. Showman, I ask you if this is just—is it generous? Domestics are flesh and blood as well as other men; and are they to be shipped off in this heartless manner? What renders the matter worse is, that they were "gray," actually grown gray in the service of an ungrateful country—none of your hobbledihoys—your smart lads, who unite the offices of page, groom, footman, and butler, in their own insignificant persons, and who might, perhaps, be shipped off without any great loss to society at large; but no—they were gray domestics—and this is to be their reward! Exported, and most likely afterwards sold.

Why, if this be allowed to continue—if the law does not interpose—who knows where this sordid spirit of innovation may stop?—may it not even extend to the higher classes? and if so, may we not expect, at no far distant day, to see, in some Australian City Intelligence, that Lord Morpeth was "done"—which, by the way, would not be the first time—at so much; while Lord J. Russell was quoted—which, I am free to confess, might perhaps tickle his vanity as author, but would not better his condition—at so much more.

Trusting you will insert this letter in your journal,
I remain, your obedient servant,
A Philanthropist.

WHAT DOES HE MEAN?

An individual of the name of Ford has lately been advertising what he terms his "Eureka Shirt." Now, we are all aware what is the signification of "Eureka"—that is, when we say all, we, of course, except ladies and Whittingtonians, for whose benefit we beg to say, that "Eureka" is the Greek for "I have found."

We further know, and our friends of the fairer sex know as well as we do—the only exception, in this instance, being the Whittingtonians—that Archimedes made use of this word "Eureka" on his finding a satisfactory answer to certain abstruse questions in science: the said questions, like Madame Wharton and her fair colleagues, being regular *posers*.

Besides making use of the expression on the occasion alluded to, Archimedes, with a degree of haste which would lead us to suppose he had not previously bestowed that attention on his toilet which modern fastidiousness—in opposition to the old classical disregard for trifles, as evinced in the costumes of most of their gods and goddesses—requires; Archimedes, we say, rushed into the street bawling out the said word "Eureka," in a manner which may be esteemed very classical by great scholars, but which would, in our days, inevitably expose the person thus exerting his lungs to be taken up by H or E something or other, to the station-house.

To return, however, to Mr. Ford. Does he mean to say that he has found a shirt as Archimedes did a secret? If so, why does not he advertise it in the papers, with a promise to restore it to its proper owner on payment of the expense of the advertisement?

But has Mr. Ford stopped here in his imitation of Archimedes?—or has he thought fit to extend his powers of imitation still further, and run down Fleet Street or the Strand with the same classical disregard to minutiæ as his illustrious model? If so, we cannot praise Ford's conduct.

Again, Ford speaks of his "Eureka Shirt" in the singular,—has he only found one? or does he mean by this one to designate two, three, four shirts—in fact, a whole multitude of shirts?

Or, does perhaps the "Eureka" apply to the public instead of to Mr. Ford? and is every one of his customers, on walking off from Ford's shop with a packet of Ford's shirts under his arm, entitled to exclaim "Eureka," I have found it—that is, I need not pay for it, on the well known principle of our school-boy days, of "Findings, keepings,"—a principle which, as we all know, tacitly abolished every idea of payment, or anything of that very absurd and common-place description? We anxiously await a reply; and if the question be answered in the affirmative, we venture to promise Ford, not only our own custom, but that of every gentleman connected with the Puppet-Show.

The Hiddiotic Nuz. A seelex komppany of hasses is brynging out the Hiddiotic Nuz, whych wyll maike all Hongland *spelle wrong in six lessons!* Thys is gode nuz to ye poore! Subbskrypshons to bee sent to jon Songeares, Hobscure Court.

Christmas Festivities. The Christmas Box which the Showman can most conscientiously recommend to his rich friends, is one forwarded to their poor relations, and containing a turkey and et ceteras, with perhaps a few bottles of wine and a Twelfth cake.

N.B. There is no objection to the Christmas Box being a Chi stmas Hamper.

OUR LEADER.

BULWER FOR LEOMINSTER!

Sir Bulwer Lytton has condescended to address the electors of Leominster, and those worthies will not condescend to make up their minds to vote for or against him. They go to the hustings—listen with gaping mouth to one of the greatest men in England—and having gratified their vulgar curiosity, depart without offering him their support. Cannot the idiots understand, that when a man, who has all Europe for his audience habitually, goes, hat in hand, to solicit the favours of a knot of provincial tradesmen, he is doing them an honour which the sale of their beggarly town by auction would barely repay! The blocks and stones that followed Orpheus, had more sense than these fellows, who are deaf to poetry and wit. But such are mobs in all ages. The mere rabble is incapable of elevation; and Barabbas would be their choice to-day, if submitted to them, as he was two thousand years ago.

For our part we confess, that had we a vote for Leominster and were, at the same time, the bitterest Tory that ever starved a tenant—we should bestow it on Sir Edward in honour to his intellect and his fame. If we voted against him, we should be haunted by visions of "Zanoni," the "Dweller on the Threshold," and half a hundred of his creations for a month. The severe countenance of "Ernest Maltravers" would glare upon our four-poster, and the pale visage of "Lucretia" shine through our curtains, at 13*s.* 6*d.* per yard. But the absence of enthusiasm is one of the most melancholy characteristics of an age in which Bulwer fails to be appreciated, Albert Smith obtains a reputation, and Mark Lemon passes for a literary man.

The attempt of the juvenile Peel to stand for Leominster, is another instance of the predominance of what may be called the cub nuisance. We have boys—and stupid boys, too—sticking themselves up everywhere. We were in hopes that our signal castigation of the Boy Fitzwilliam, would have struck terror into the hobbledehoys of England—but it has not. If the cubs succeed in forcing themselves into Parliament, why, we shall be having marbles played on the floor of the house, kites flying in Parliament Street, hoops driven along the Treasury benches, and toffy vended openly by Joe Hume inside the bar. Nothing will remain, then, but to furnish the Speaker with a birch rod.

PINS & NEEDLES.

We hear a good deal about "amphibious" stories. Are they amphibious in the sense of the wonderful animal exhibited in Wombwell's Menagerie, which died in the water, and could not live on the land?

The Boy Fitzwilliam was in such a hurry for Christmas, that he got his goose cooked two or three weeks since.

Conciliation Hall is to be turned into a chapel. To judge from the fate its last occupiers met with, we feel very certain that it won't suit the Ranters.

Poets and others have been lauded to the skies for their humanity in turning aside when they met worms in their path. Prince Windischgrätz does more than this—he gives the worms food.

The Portuguese have sent a steamer to Naples in search of the Pope. His Holiness, however, must be of opinion that he has had vapouring enough already, without the addition of steam.

An individual has been robbing the libraries at Oxford. Being captured, however, it is to be hoped he will find himself, as he found the books—"regularly shelved."

A correspondent of the *Times* wonders why the senators of St. Stephen's suffer St. Margaret's Churchyard, Westminster, to exhale such offensive airs, when they have to respire it themselves. We suppose this is because, having to tolerate the "disagreeable airs" of Mr. Anstey during an oration, those of St. Margaret's shrink into insignificance.

A Mr. James Hannay has written a work called "Hearts are Trumps." It is very certain these hearts do not belong to the Whigs, for although they manage a good many tricks, they never succeed in obtaining any honours.

Mr. T. Wilson advertises that he has discovered a remedy for smoky chimneys. Considering the immense quantity of smoke which issues from Mr. Anstey's throat, we shall be glad to hear of his being operated on as soon as possible.

Sir Culling Eardley Eardley thought he should be elected for the West Riding by the strength of the dissenting interest. As he has lost his election, however, by nearly 3000 votes, the "dissenting interest" must have been stronger than he anticipated.

The Koh-i-noor, a diamond the largest and most precious in the world (recently the property of the Sovereign of Lahore), is to be quickly transmitted to Victoria by the valour of our troops. The Sikhs must be of opinion that the diamond has "cut" them very sharply.

Louis Philippe found out, when too late, that the Montpensier tie was a perfect choker for his government.

A Curious Reflection.—If, after all, as Mr. Dickens would prove in his *Haunted Man*, the remembrance of past sufferings be a substantial advantage, how would any orthodox Brahmin perusing that work regret the lost recollection of his supposed scrapes in the forms of birds, beasts, and fishes during whole ages of transmigrations! Yes, but to remember vividly the miseries of being hooked as a gudgeon! twirled as a cockchafer! or kicked as a puppy!—what sources of intellectual improvement and moral reflection!

Curious Fact.—It has been remarked that wig-makers are the only persons who never complain of a "falling-off" in their customers.

In allusion to the Duke of Buckingham's embarrassments, it has been remarked that his son, the Marquis of Chandos, acted like Esau; he sold his birthright, and got a "mess" in exchange for it.

Q. Why is a doctor prescribing for a patient like a man running from danger?
A. Because he is acting in his sphere (his fear).

OUR COURT O REVIEW.

"*The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain,*" by Charles Dickens.

Mr. Dickens has become a kind of literary "wait," who gives a serenade to the public every Christmas; but we are bound to admit that the effect on the whole is generally more soothing than disturbing. In fact, his later Christmas works have been complete failures, and this last, which aims at being very supernatural, is chiefly so in this respect, that it is supernaturally dull.

The "Haunted Man" is a chemist, who is perpetually tormented by the memory of having been jilted by a girl in early life. A phantom, represented as the very image of him (and so he is in point of dulness), continually reminds him of this, till he at last begs him to take away his memory of "suffering and wrong." The phantom obligingly consents, making a proviso that he (the "haunted man") must confer the same forgetfulness on everybody that he encounters. To this the haunted man agrees, and the remainder of the story is taken up with an account of his conferring it on a newspaper vendor and his family, a poor student, a dying reprobate, a beggar boy, a doting old man, and some other less important characters, the whole ending by his recovering his memory through associating with the wife of one of his servants, and everybody else recovering their memory—except the author, who has forgot himself from the beginning.

The moral of the story is, of course, that the memory of wrongs and sufferings is rather a good thing on the whole, as it purifies the soul and refines the feelings. We are not aware, however, that this was ever doubted. The idea of being "made perfect through suffering" is as old as Christianity, and required no illustration; and we certainly did not want a five shilling book to teach us a truism. Perhaps Mr. Dickens only became acquainted with the fact a little while ago, but he should not have presumed that it was not known to the public.

The supernatural machinery of the work is but clumsy. No reason is afforded why the phantom should be a likeness of the haunted man, while the bestowal of the gift seems to smack of the tricks of mesmerism. The gradual recovery of the haunted man from the mysterious influence cannot be explained either metaphysically or naturally. With regard to the "savage boy," who forms a principal character, he is the old street ragamuffin melodramatically dressed up, and only serves as an illustration of the fact that the poor ought to be better attended to. The declamation about educational neglect is rather below the usual average of the leading articles of the progress journals.

In style, the book abounds in Mr. Dickens's old affectations and old faults. Six pages are devoted to description of what has been a thousand times described before, and there is an unnatural baby such as we have been painfully familiar with in such unnatural works for some time past.

On the whole, however, Mr. Dickens's Christmas Book is as good as it was expected to be.

EFFECTS OF AN INDISCREET MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE.

SCENE—*A Dining Room.—(* SMITH *and* ARISTOCRATIC FRIEND *taking wine.)*

Enter STRANGE MAN *(loquitur)*—"I hope I sees you well, MR. SMITH ; yo 'll excuse me, sir, but bein' out o' work, owin' to Faythe bein' obligated to give up th' fearm, I thou't, as yo 've married moa cousin, and keeps a wehicle, yo' moight take me on as coachman."

ANIMATED LUGGAGE.

THE SHOWMAN was struck the other day with an advertisement calling his attention to a newly-invented "Self-Protecting Railway Portmanteau." Upon proceeding to the depôt of the ingenious inventor and making inquiries, the following peculiarities of the Portmanteau in question were explained to him—peculiarities which he considers to be quite unrivalled, and as rendering the contrivance worthy of extensive patronage:—

Should the Portmanteau be placed in a wrong carriage, it will immediately shout out to the guard, and call his attention to the mistake.

Should the weight of the Portmanteau be pronounced to be above the permitted standard, it will remonstrate with the officials, and threaten that its master will never travel on that railway again.

Should any suspicious-looking personage lay hold of the Portmanteau in a crowded terminus, it will call for the police.

Should an attempt be made to open the Portmanteau by any person not its master, it will start up and ejaculate "Hands off!" in a determined manner.

Should the Portmanteau, from its position on the top of the luggage van, perceive any danger of an accident, it will immediately warn the other luggage, all of which will therefore have an opportunity of jumping off the carriage, and thus alarming the conductors of the train.

The SHOWMAN considers this invention well worthy of public patronage.

THE FANCY.—A member of the National Assembly of France is now in London, learning the art of boxing and self-defence, that he may be prepared whenever he moves an amendment to any popular measure.

Great complaints have been made that the stone of the New Houses of Parliament is already decayed. A "fast man" says he would not object to this, if Barry's building were only "the cheese."

REPREHENSIBLE CONDUCT.—Some young gentleman, who has evidently mistaken our office for that of the *Family Herald*, says that the lady he has been courting has refused to receive his addresses any longer, on the plea that he is an inconstant lover. In this he says she is wrong, for although he may have been unfaithful to her, still, as he has never lived a moment without loving some one or other, he is decidedly a most "constant" lover.

THE "FONETIC NUZ."

IT is our own opinion—and we have no wish to obtrude it offensively on an intelligent public—but *it is* our opinion, that Mr. W. M. T—k—y, or M. A. T—tm—h, is at the bottom of the "Fonetic Nuz" movement! Who, but the author of "Jeames's Diary"—who, but "Pleaceman X"—is capable of such spelling?—that 's what we rest our theory upon. It is our deliberate judgment, that Mr. T—k—y entertains the design of revolutionising the language of this country. What may be expected if "Pleaceman X" be longer tolerated, it is vain to predict, and would be painful to speculate on. Meanwhile, we content ourselves with setting the public on their guard against this insidious assailant of our language.

HIGHLY UNGRAMMATICAL, BUT STRICTLY TRUE.—When one person flatters another, it is not the former, but the latter, who is the flatter*er* of the two.

The *Times*, a few days since, contained an advertisement offering a reward to any one finding a "Sable Muff" which was missing. Probably the sable muff alluded to is Boz's Juba, of whom nothing has been heard lately.

A correspondent inquires whether the "*First Player*" in Hamlet was partial to billiards, as the Prince of Denmark, in speaking of him, says, "Had he the *cue*—"

THE NEW ELECTRIC LIGHT.

We understand that some very stirring times are coming—at any rate, the old practice of stirring the plum-pudding will be kept up at the country seats of all the fine old English gentlemen who enrich the Puppet-Show by their—yearly subscriptions.

An Object of Pity—We regret to state, that a gentleman of our acquaintance, whom we have hitherto regarded as a reasonable being, has recently excited the fears of his relations by frequent aberrations of intellect. Some idea may be formed of his tottering reason by his supposing that the electors of Leominster are incapable of receiving a bribe.

"*Bis dat qui cito dat.*"—If this favourite quotation be a truism, a tailor who is paid in ready money, immediately on the delivery of every other coat, has no farther claim upon you.

How to Double the Sale of the "Comic Almanac."—Publish a key to the jokes.

THE GOOD AND THE BAD FAIRY.

A CHRISTMAS TALE, DEDICATED TO THE MOTHERS OF ENGLAND.

Once upon a time, there lived a bad Fairy—and we have every reason to believe that she exists now—whose name was Stupidity. Now, this Fairy was one of those who, on account of her vicious qualities, had never been led to the St. George's of Fairy-land, but had always remained in a state of what some intensely ironical wight has designated, single "blessedness." In consequence of her having been singled out to be a singular instance of spinstership—for nearly all the other Fairies were married—Good-Deeds to Contentment, Charity to Happiness, and so on—Stupidity's temper had become rather worse than the most florid imagination, that of Lord Ellesmere for instance, could well imagine. Hardly anything made her so angry as to behold the connubial happiness of her fellow Fairies, although she maliciously asserted such instances were very rare—in which case Fairy life must have more nearly resembled our own than we have hitherto believed; but it was at the sight of children that her rage, like Mr. Anstey's taste for speaking, or a nicely suspended carriage with patent springs, knew no bounds; and whenever she saw a pledge of this description, she used to observe, with an attempt at a pun as atrocious as the spirit which dictated it—for Stupidity was famous for the abuse of the vernacular, in fact, she was the Fairy Gamp of Fairy-land—"Nothin' gave her so much pledjure as when she rendered the pledger of such a pledge, which was the father or mother indiscriminately, that is, both of them, as unhappy as possible."

In consequence of this improper infirmity in her temper as regards every prop of our more or less old age, she was always on the look-out how she could do every one of them as much harm as possible. Now, in this she was not particularly successful, except in a few families where another bad Fairy, Over-Indulgence, used to visit, and coddle and pamper children up in such a manner, that there was sure to be something the matter with them if they took the least exertion more than ordinary, or ever felt a breath of air upon their cheeks.

At Christmas, however, Stupidity was always amply revenged. At that season, a kind of demon, called Infatuation, used regularly to come in with the Holly and Misletoe, the raisins, and the currants, and the British wine, and completely blind the Mothers, and Grandmothers, and Aunts of England—and not only them, but the Fathers. The consequence of this was, that Good-Sense, who is generally an especial favourite with the Women of England, and treated with great hospitality by them, was driven out, and Stupidity reigned paramount.

Stupidity's triumph now commenced: her first step was to take the form and bearing of another Fairy, named Kindness, who was the inseparable companion of Good-Sense, and therefore banished with her. In this disguise, Stupidity would creep into the hearts of the Mothers of England. The effect was as instantaneous as it was awful. These partners of our joys and our woes would immediately commence cramming their offspring with all manner and sorts of things, in a most frightful manner. If these deluded females could only have reflected on the fact, that the stomach of an ordinary person—Aldermen are of course excepted—is only as large as a breakfast cup, and therefore, in the dear juveniles, does not probably exceed that of an egg ditto, they must have refrained with horror. But no; they went on—day after day—night after night—cram—cram—cram—stuff—stuff—stuff—until Twelfth-Day was passed, and Good-Sense, who had been knocking at the door all the time, generally managed to find re-admittance with the Doctors. The latter had been the only persons not blinded by Infatuation—they had their eyes wide enough open, but, on that very account, perhaps, said nothing. On the return of Good-Sense and Kindness, Stupidity and Infatuation used, of course, to be obliged to take flight, but not before they had seen the future Statesmen, Poets, Princes, Policemen, and Eminent Writers of England in a most horrid and uncomfortable state of repletion, and booked for a course of medicine of the most drastic description.

Mothers of England! This used to be the course of things when Fairies existed. Have matters changed now they are gone? If modern Englishwomen get rid of all the harmless superstitions of former times—superstitions which served to beguile many a weary hour of our forefathers' lives,—surely enlightenment ought, at the same time, to be as unsparing towards the abuses which existed at the same period.

"Wait a Little Longer"—A medical man in the *Times* of Tuesday advertises for a "turn-over" apprentice. If he only waits till the medical schools close in April, he may have a "summer set" to his heart's content.

SECRET CONSPIRATORS.

Sir,—The attention of a selfish and unreflecting government is immediately attracted by the merest shadow of political conspiracy, or of any combinations affecting their own class, and its industrious monopoly of power and importance. But, Sir, it is far otherwise with those secret and no less dangerous conspiracies against society, which are planned in darkness and obscurity, by designing and unprincipled individuals. In the hope, then, that the attention of the public and the enlightened press will be drawn to the subject, I beg leave to intimate my suspicions, founded on the most startling circumstantial evidence, of certain base and perilous conspiracies between—

Firstly, The Paving Commissioners and the Bootmakers, who make a point of covering one's road home, from an evening party, with vast strips of broken granite, each stone whereof is peculiarly adapted to the destruction of dress boots, and the augmentation of Mr. Hoby's bills.

Secondly, Between the China dealer and the Cat,—which is too well understood to require further allusion.

Thirdly, Between the Tailor and the Builder and Carpenter, who make a point of leaving huge ragged nails protruding from the paling surrounding every new edifice, for the express purpose of destroying the garments of the unhappy passengers.

Fourthly, Between the Landlords of Public-Houses and the Keepers of Lodging-Houses, who always pronounce the impossibility of obtaining another bottle at half-past eleven, when one has a few friends to supper—an insuperable obstacle to the maintenance of reasonable conviviality.

In short, Sir, there are a thousand mystic associations, for the annoyance of the frank and easy-going public, in constant action, having for their object to empty their pockets, curtail their enjoyments, and add unnecessary troubles to the ordinary trials of humanity. These, Sir, I hope you will feel it your duty to expose, and beg leave to subscribe myself

Your very obedient,

Chopscamp Crackemoff.

To The Showman.

EDITOR'S BOX.

At the HAYMARKET an "entirely new farce," entitled *Your Life's in Danger*, has been brought out with great success. The scene is laid in one of the petty states of Germany, and the fun consists in *Cutlet* (a cook)—we mean, *John Strong*, an English servant—being taken for a certain Baron, implicated in some one or other of the various revolucionettas which have lately been the fashion in the land of stoves and *Saurkraut*.

Keeley was excellent, and most ably seconded by Mrs. W. Clifford as *Madame Pomp*—no, *Von Schoonenberg*; while Mr. Rogers as *Meddlemake*—that is, *Krakwitz*—and Miss Emma Stanley,—the SHOWMAN would have said Mrs. Humby, but he feels he is getting confused, and as such a thing is a phenomenon—about as rare as honesty in a Whig, sense in Mr. Anstey, or wit in Mark Lemon—he (*i.e.* the SHOWMAN, not Mark) feels that he owes it to himself and his country to give an explanation of so strange an event.

The fact is, that a farce called *Cutlets for Two*, and which bears the most striking resemblance to *Your Life's in Danger*, has been brought out at the PRINCESS'S. Great men, we all know—and *Puff* is our authority on the subject—may sometimes hit upon the same idea, or even write the same line; but we were not prepared to see Chance make them compose exactly the same farce, with the same plot, the same disposition of the scenes, almost the only difference being, that the names are changed and the dialogue slightly altered. Such, however, is the case in the present instance; for not only does *Your Life's in Danger* bear a mere distant resemblance, but it is as like it as one pea to another, or Lord J. RUSSELL to be out of office before the end of next year.

This certainly is a most strange coincidence, and one calculated to afford food for reflection to every one of a philosophical turn. As for the SHOWMAN, he will not pretend to give any opinion on the matter. A vulgar mind might perhaps think the similarity of the two farces explicable by the fact of their both being "taken from"—to use *Puff*'s expression—the same French one; but the SHOWMAN repels this supposition with indignation,—for how is it to be supposed that the author of *Your Life's in Danger*, an "entirely new" production, would so designate his bantling, if it were merely an adaptation? or how can any one imagine that, even if he were so inclined, Mr. Webster, who deprecates everything foreign, would allow him to do so?

As regards the merits of these two farcical *Dromios*, *Your Life's in Danger* is rather better adapted—the SHOWMAN begs pardon, better written—than *Cutlets for Two*, which is somewhat too long, and much too indecent in several instances. With respect to the actors, however, Oxberry was quite as funny as Keeley, and Mrs. Selby and Miss Emma Stanley in no way inferior to Mrs. W. Clifford and Mrs. Humby. But Truth obliges the SHOWMAN to own, that Miss Reynolds and Mr. Rogers were infinitely superior to the lady and gentleman entrusted with the corresponding parts at the PRINCESS'S. Should any one, however, be rash enough to doubt the SHOWMAN'S word, all he can say is—and he has not the least doubt Mr. Webster and Mr. Maddox will entirely agree with him—"Go and see both pieces for yourself."

Since the production of the *Haunted Man*, the ADELPHI has been actually crowded to the very ceiling—a sealing proof how successful the piece has been. Were the SHOWMAN asked to account for this, he should say that it was owing, first, to the careful way in which the piece is put on the stage; secondly, to the excellent way in which it is acted; and thirdly—and, though last, by no means least—to the fact that it claims Charles Dickens as its first parent. Had it not been for this circumstance, it is a matter of great doubt whether an audience, and that an ADELPHI one, would sit so quietly to listen to the enunciation of abstract ideas, and not crave for those stirring incidents, those moving accidents by flood and field, of which they are generally so fond. However high—or low—the *Haunted Man* may rank as a literary production, it is not dramatic, and, therefore, ought not to have been adapted—to use the usual term, which is a bad one, since it not, and never will be, adapted—for the stage.

The *Milly* of Miss Woolgar has added another leaf to the green wreath of laurel with which her brow is already circled, and if, to adopt the prayer on which the piece is founded, "Heaven keep our memory (as) green" as is the laurel of that wreath, the roots of which spring from the inmost recesses of our hearts, the SHOWMAN will merely observe that our memory is likely to remain as verdant as even the fisherman and his wife, so famous for their three celebrated wishes, could have desired—had they been consulted on the subject. Wright and Mrs. F. Mathews were of course, also excellent; in fact, the same may be said of all the other performers in general, and Miss Ellen Chaplin in particular. This, together with the beauty of the scenery which reflects great credit on the artists, cannot fail to render the *Haunted Man* an immense hit, or make *The Ghost's Bargain* as good a bargain as the management have made for some time.

Music has taken refuge at EXETER HALL, where Sims Reeves, Whitworth, and many other English singers, more or less good—but less good generally speaking—are to be heard every Wednesday. As far as English opera, however, is concerned, there is no hope.

The last expectation was destroyed a fortnight ago at DRURY LANE THEATRE by the production of *Quentin Durward*—an opera which was to have supported the theatre in prosperity, but which, in fact, only helped it to its death.

The *libretto* of *Quentin Durward* (spoiled from Sir Walter Scott's novel) was by Fitzball, and worse than anything that even *he* had previously produced. Mr. Fitzball's name was almost a guarantee that the "poetry" would be without either rhyme or reason; but he had succeeded, in this instance, in also depriving it of rhythm and grammar.

Luckily, Mr. Laurent, the composer, did not receive any inspiration from so foul a source as the Fitzball *libretto*. The music, however, was in itself rather poor, and only occasionally redeemed from insipidity by some trait which shows that far better things may be expected from Mr. Laurent, who is a very young man. However, the composer will certainly improve, while Mr. Fitzball has unfortunately grown old in affected and stupid prose, and worse "poetry." Mr. Fitzball should be kept for the exclusive entertainment of the transpontine districts. Give us the nine muses for this side of the Thames, and Surrey is quite welcome to the tenth.

TOO MUCH TO BE BORNE—The *Bedford Times* relates that a kitten, which had been drowned and buried six weeks was lately seen to come out of the earth again alive. Though many may not believe it, we do. It was, no doubt, Whittington's Cat, indignant at the insult cast upon its master by the "Whittington Club"—a circumstance amply sufficient to summon up the animal.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

GENTLEMEN,—I have to congratulate you upon the flourishing state of our Republic. While other nations have been occupied in establishing principles, you have been judiciously making money. Their hearts have been filled with enthusiasm, but the gaps in yours have been soldered up with tin.

You have made a great conquest in Mexico. It is one of the blessings of a Republican form of government, that their warlike operations can be carried on by ruffians. This is infinitely better than having a regular army; for the first can live on plunder, while the second must be supported by pay.

You continue to enjoy a liberty entirely unknown to European nations; for, while they must pay a servant, you may whop a nigger. They are fined if they make a disturbance in the street—your rabble may do what they please; and to them, the tyranny of respectability is unknown.

In fact, you are the greatest nation on the earth, governed by the noblest laws, and by

Your obedient servant,
JAMES POLK.

THE STAGE DICTIONARY:

OR,

ENCYCLOPÆDIA DRAMATICA.

(*Continued.*)

R.

RANT.—See G. V. Brooke. Since it has been rumoured that he intends to return to the Olympic, rents have fallen seriously in Wych Street.

REHEARSAL.—The following sketch gives a notion of a theatre during rehearsal. Fancy the house three parts dark—a struggling gleam of dirty light slanting down from the windows at the back of the gallery and the skylight above the flies. The scene which is "run on," consists of half the interior of a cottage and half a landscape. In the orchestra there is a single performer with his violin. On the left hand corner of the stage stands a small table with a guttering candle, pen and ink, and the MS. of the new piece. Three chairs are placed near it—one for the prompter, one for the stage manager, and one for the author. A group of shabby mildewed-looking people are hammering and stammering out the dialogue—and a crowd of chatting girls are giggling at the wing, to the intense disgust of the prompter and the frequent wrath of the stage manager.

This is the way in which the business is carried on:—

Mr. Dobbs. "You mean to say then—that—that—"
Prompter. That "you're the man."
Mr. Dobbs. Thank you—it will be all right at night—"that you're the man."
Author (*humbly*). If I might suggest, the emphasis upon the you—"*you're* the man."
Stage Manager (*to the wing*). Now then, ladies—don't keep up that chattering there. Confound it! there's no hearing one's own voice for you.
Ladies (*aside*). Yah! Nasty thing! Go along. Yah!
Dobbs (*to Author*). Ah—Yes—hum—so—very good—I'll remember—

[*A Pause.*]

Stage Manager. Why the devil don't you go on!
Mr. Bobbs. How can I go on without my cue—
Dobbs. I gave you—your cue—"man."
Bobbs. That's not the cue.
Dobbs. It is.
Bobbs. It's not in my part.

[*Both go with their parts to the prompter's table, and squabble for twenty minutes. Stage Manager abuses all the carpenters he can find. Author sits humbly, or flirts with the ballet, as his temperament may incline him. Prompter invokes curses on the head of the call-boy, who has disappeared, no man knows whither; and fiddler in the orchestra plays wonderful flourishes for his private recreation. All this lasts half-an-hour, and then the rehearsal goes on again.*]

ROBBER (Stage).—The stage robber seems a twin brother to the stage assassin. He wears the russet-coloured boots, black worsted curls, broad leather belt, and dirty face, which are the characteristics of all stage ruffians. Indeed, considering that the *mauvais sujets* of the boards are always so characteristically attired, it seems to be gross negligence, on the part of the police of the countries which they inhabit, that they are not apprehended and brought to justice long before the play begins.

RUN.—The period during which a piece is played every evening. Thus the author of "Two Owls in an Ivy Bush," at the Lyceum, can boast that his piece had a run of one night. We would advise him, however, to say nothing about it.

S.

SITUATION.—A peculiar collocation of individuals connected with each other by some startling or equivocal relationship struck out at a particular juncture of the play. For example, should nine people, each with a dagger in his hand, suddenly open nine doors, each intending to kill the other eight, whom he expected to find in the room, such a simultaneous proceeding would form a very striking and ingenious situation.

SMUGGLER (Stage).—A fierce-looking gentleman with black whiskers, a sort of canvas kilt, sea boots, and lots of pistols in his belt, who defrauds the revenue by going about shouting, "Ware hawk," "Dowse the glim," "There's sharks abroad."

SOPRANO.—The subjoined cut faithfully represents a celebrated prima donna singing the following exquisite stanzas by Mr. Alfr--d Bu—nn:—

BALLAD.

When lip, and friendship's blythest tears
Are quivering in the air,
And nought but love's impassioned fears
Are sunk in rapture's lair—
Oh! then I feel, what all must seek
In this bright gem to be,
The sacred trust—to guard the weak
Upon the azure sea!

SPECTACLE.—A play got up with plenty of glitter, pomp, and tinsel—the gilding which makes Shaksperian revivals go down at Sadlers' Wells and elsewhere.

STALLS.—The "West-end" of the pit.

STICK.—In order to acquire a full and perfect notion of a stage stick, we would advise you to go to the Haymarket any night that Mr. Vandenhoff, jun., favours the public by acting. A single visit will prove the fact. Fisher, at the Princess's, is also a fine specimen; and as for young Farren, he is a bundle of sticks knotted by the cords of dulness into one compact faggot of asininity.

SYLPH.—An aërial being, all wings, legs, and floating gauze petticoats, who, by reason of her elfin nature, is enabled to glide off and on the stage without moving her limbs, in the style displayed by the above faithful representation.

SUPERNUMERARY.—More properly called "stupidnumerary," but generally known amongst theatrical people simply as a "super." A gentleman who personates the retainers of haughty barons, the senators of mediæval republics, the robbers of the Black Forest, the guests at ducal or royal entertainments, the happy peasants in melodramas, and the respectable passengers who walk past cheesemongers' shops in pantomimes.

T.

TENOR.—A vocal gentleman whose hard fate it is always to be crossed in love. The subjoined cut represents the state of mental

anguish in which he rushes off singing D in alt. and, like a bird, betakes himself to his "wings." Although, however, we have heard the voice of the tenor break in the extremity of his love-lorn pangs, we do not believe that a similar accident ever happened to his heart.

TREASURY.—A peculiar department in a theatre which is of not the slightest use if the "legitimate" be the staple of the performances.

TAG.—The propitiatory address spoken to the audience before the fall of the curtain. As the lines we write must form the "tag" to our own dictionary, we beg to recommend—*apropos* of the subject—to that celebrated dramatist Mr. Marston never to trouble himself by writing a tag for his pieces, as by the time that that welcome portion of the performance comes off, the audience are sure either to be asleep, or—wiser still—to have gone home.

WORKING A SUBJECT LITERALLY TO DEATH.

THERE is nothing like working a subject to death. If Mrs. Wollop brings out a successful work about a given Mrs. Johnson, she is not content to leave the old lady alone at the end of the book, but must needs torture the poor creature in a second series—if a spinster, by getting her married; if a married woman, by killing her husband; if a widow, by marrying the unfortunate thing over again.

Then, when her London career is used up, she is sent to a foreign land, though what she may have done to deserve transportation, beyond boreing the public, it is impossible to say. In fact, there is no end to the various forms in which the literary Soyer may serve up Mrs. Johnson. We think her quietly domiciled in Timbuctoo for the remainder of her life, when, lo! she springs up on Mont Blanc, or is discovered on the banks of the Nile. Like the harlequin in the pantomime, she is constantly appearing in all sorts of places where the public have the least right to expect her; and if at last her adventures terminate with the grave, her acquaintances have so little faith in the possibility of her absence for any length of time, that an announcement of "Mrs. Johnson in the planet Jupiter" would not, by any means, astonish them.

The French, however, beat us hollow in "working a subject." If, in the first onslaught, the writer does not have his subject killed under him, he instantly commences riding it to death, and ends by sending it round and round through every phase of existence, as the decayed horse is ultimately employed in turning the mill.

The public are pleased with a narrative of Jérome Patmot's adventures in search of a new hat, and forthwith we are favoured with a continuation of his adventures in search of a new hat-band. Provided the public will stand the hat-band, out comes a history of his numerous failures, but ultimate success, in obtaining a pair of pantaloons, the straps being reserved as affording matter for a sequel to the interesting romance.

After much deliberation, we have arrived at the mature conclusion, that for a good, steady beating-out of a commonplace idea, we have English writers who can be backed against the world. For ingenious wire-drawing, accompanied by unblushing impudence and a total disregard for dates, we must, however, bow to the French as our superiors; and to M. Dumas, as the *facilè princeps* of the whole school, all France must go down on bended knees.

For M. Dumas is bound by no vulgar prejudices. He is a true philosopher of the school which ignores time and disregards the existence of space. Give him a baby in arms, and, before the babbling boy arrives at manhood, he has seen more adventures, taken part in more battles, and killed more men, than usually falls to the lot of a whole regiment of dragoons during a twenty years' European war. You fancy the hero has finished, and is to repose on his laurels. Quite a mistake; he has not yet begun. The feats of heroism, the deeds of chivalry, which he has hitherto accomplished, have been merely preliminary exploits. His sword must not rust in the scabbard, and in six short months he is moving in new scenes, fighting new battles, achieving new victories. Now, thinks the reader, the noble fellow must enjoy the dignified repose which he has so gloriously earned. He will turn his spear into a ploughshare, and, like Cincinnatus, devote himself to rustic amusements and the cultivation of summer cabbages.

Vain delusion! ill-fated reader! The novelist jumps over a period of twenty or thirty years, and again are we introduced to the valiant adventurer. We approach him with feelings of reverence, for he must be getting old, and age commands respect even from the children of levity who read romances. An inch in the human proboscis is looked upon as no trifle; what, then, must we consider a quarter of a century in a man's life?

"A quarter of a century afterwards!"—one's thoughts turn naturally to the "*Mémoires d'outre tombe.*" The man may have died.

But observe; the paper on which the work is printed is not edged with black, and this is a delicate compliment which M. Dumas would most certainly have paid to his defunct hero. We open the book expecting to find our friend decrepit, and perhaps imbecile. Quite the reverse. The old fellow is as gay, as light-hearted, as witty, as brave, and as strong as he was at five-and-twenty. It is evident that M. Dumas has discovered the secret of eternal youth, and administered it to his literary offspring.

However, leaving the question of eternal youth to M. de Balzac, who, we hope, will treat of it in a supplement to his *Recherche de l'Absolu*, let us express our conviction—a conviction founded upon reason and experience—that even M. Dumas' heroes must at last get aged. Our old friend "*pallida mors*" will at last come with the unerring knock. We shall not be the last to weep when the beloved "*Trois Mousquetaires*" take their final and inevitable departure; but we advise M. Dumas to be again up and stirring, if he would chronicle more of their deeds ere they go. Already they have advanced to the age of slippers and water-gruel. If Dumas be a brute, let him wield the pen while there is yet time; otherwise let him not disturb them in their old age. They have done some service, and merit their repose.

VERY "NATURAL."—Mr. Wombwell is of opinion that great things may be expected of Prince Louis Napoleon, now that he has been "stirr'd up with a long pole."

THE MEMOIRS OF A VALET-DE-CHAMBRE.

(FOR ONE HOUR ONLY)

BY OUR BRIXTON CORRESPONDENT.

THE shades of evening were falling, I sat half dozing by the fire, when a sudden knock aroused me from my torpor, and Ferdinand Fitzmuff, my old schoolfellow, burst impetuously into the room.

"How are you, Blanker, my boy? Is that a cigar! good! just pass me the lucifers. I am going to take a great liberty" (Fitzmuff always was, whenever I saw him); "I must dress here for an evening party—I suppose I can have my boots cleaned; you see they are devilish muddy—not a speck of Day and Martin visible; all metropolitan mud, sir—darkness invisible as the poet has n't got it. Hollo! just ring the bell for some hot water! You can lend me a clean shirt, I suppose? All right! You don't happen to have any kid gloves by you?—No? never mind; these will do. I shall not put them on, and who will be the wiser?

"I say" (by this time I had ushered Fitzmuff into the bedroom), "is that pomatum or bear's grease? a Southdown bear, I expect, in its life time—eh? Why don't you laugh? three hair-dressers choked themselves over that identical *ludibrium!*"

"I am very sorry, Ferdinand," said I, "there is not a shirt left in the drawer. It is Friday, and—"

"All the same, a front will do. What! no front? What's to be done? This, you see, is a second day's Corazza—not quite the thing for a *soirée musicale;* is it? Confound the handkerchief for not being broader! It won't cover the little pink crumpled columbines. Any *chalk* in the land? What are you grinning at? Human ingenuity—stay, I have it! That's a white choker, capital idea! (better than a table-cloth;) cross it over the chest—now for the handkerchief, pull it down in front, pin it with six pins, and, to guard against all contingencies, button the top button of the waistcoat! The columbines are buried. Just go and stick the tongs in the fire; I've curled my hair by winding it round a hot poker before now! Let us go into the other room. Where is the inkstand? So much for that impudent button peeping like a snail out of its shell. I'll just ink the stocking where I know that hole in the left boot comes just over the little toe. Give me a brush behind. Do I look the thing? All right—I can buy a pair of straps as I go along. You ought to keep *Eau-de-Cologne*—what a vile weed that was; it smells like I don't know what! Egad, if my braces only keep all right with the one button behind! And now for my charming cream-skinned darling of a Lucy! You are not thirsty, are you?—well, I shall call again soon. Good night, old fellow; sorry to give you so much trouble. But I always was a well-dressed fellow, and it don't do to sacrifice one's reputation—ha! ha! ha!"

And Ferdinand Fitzmuff departed.

A DEEP REVENGE—An "Old Wig" suggests in the *Times* that the Westminster Courts be removed to the site of buildings between Lincoln's Inn and Temple Bar. A defeated plaintiff suggests that, as an improvement, they should merely be moved a little more south—viz., into the Thames.

"ANGELS AND MINISTERS," &c.—A bridegroom writes in the *Times*, that his lady, following the example of the great, has refused to be married without three clergymen are present. The "fastidious fair" must be of a "divine" disposition indeed.

WORK FOR MR. COCHRANE—Mr John Allan Ramsay states that he has introduced the vaccine lymph into the system of cows and sheep, for the prevention of small-pox. Cannot Mr. Cochrane agitate the public for the erection of a "Royal Sheep and Cow Small-Pox Vaccine Institution?"

POSITIVE AND COMPARATIVE.

Q. What is the difference between an exploded boiler and a penny loaf?

A. The one 's *bust*, the other 's *buster*.

"DOCTOR BIRCH AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS."—There was one misery in addition to the hereditary curse of *cane* and their other multifarious sufferings, not dreamed of in the philosophy of Dr. Birch's young friends—the painful scratches of Michael Angelo (!) Titmarsh's etching point!

THE mistletoe bough is at present hanging in the castle hall, and the ordinary rules of prudery and formality will simultaneously be suspended as a pendant.

CONUNDRUMS.

Q. Why do people object to have their portraits daguerreotyped by Mr. Beard?

A. Because being taken *by the beard* is derogatory.

Q. Where should all charming women be buried?

A. In *belle-grave square* (Belgrave Square.)

Q. What lane do the ladies like best to walk in?

A. *Mouseline de Laine.*

CANONS OF CRITICISM,

BY T. K. K. SCURVEY,* ESQ.

CRITICISM is the art of persuading the public to buy whatever books the critic thinks proper. The basis of all criticism is self-confidence—its exercise is bold assertion—its tools are puffery and brag—its weapons are various—the bite, the dagger, the shrug, the sneer, the snowball, the squirt, &c; besides, cold water, the mop, dirt, the pea-shooter, &c., are useful accessories.

The first object of criticism is to sell the journal in which it appears; the second, to make that journal a valuable property (by advertisements, &c.); the third, to damage rival publications; the fourth, to puff the books of the contributors to the journal; and the fifth, to injure the writers of books of a rival school.

Canon 1. Always review heavy expensive books first. You thus get copies of such books from the publishers, and can sell them for at least half-price. Besides, the public are too lazy to read them themselves, and are content with what they can pick up about them in your journal. Therefore they buy your journal for the purpose. The way to review a heavy book, is to say in a few clumsy sentences (the information in which you crib from the book itself) that it is a very great production, and to whip twenty pages of it into your columns.

Canon 2. "No advertisement, no puff." The steady occupier of a page of advertisements deserves encouragement. Accordingly, all his histories are "profound," all his novels "lively and imaginative," all his poems "sublime," and all his treatises of the "highest utility."

Canon 3. When one of your contributors publishes a book—puff it. If it goes against your conscience—deduct it from his salary.

Canon 4. When a book is written by one of the contributors to a rival journal—cut it up. By the same rule—cut up any book that is praised by a rival journal. Your contemporary of course has private interests—and they are hostile to yours.

Canon 5. Always keep a couple of heavy fellows about the office, to do the bone-grubbing business. Thus, when a man publishes a poetical work—say on ancient Churches or Buildings—the duty of the bone-grubber is to grub about in the British Museum, till he has found out that the author to be abused has got the name of the sexton wrong in so many instances—the height of the door in so many more—birth and death of the parish clerk in so many more, &c. The array will look very formidable when drawn up.

Canon 6. As a general rule, abuse the light literature men habitually. But it will look well to praise one of them occasionally; for then you will have an opportunity of abusing the others, and making your number readable by copious extracts from the book under review.

* For an interesting poem by Scurvey, see my Album.—SHOWMAN.]

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